Tudor Life

THE TUDOR SOCIETY

The Tudor Society Magazine

Members Only
Nº 76
December 2020

MAKE GOOD CHEER WHO WISHES

Gingerbread Men and the Tudors

Margaret Tudor - A Tale of Two Christmases

Pies and Snowballs

Jovial Jestbooks and Tall Tales

PLUS

Walter Raleigh Swashbuckling

AND MUCH MORE

A Visit to Ancient Alfriston

by **Ian Mulcahy**

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Make Good Cheer Who Wishes

I come bearing good gifts and even better articles. For this Yuletide issue of "Tudor Life," I'm delighted to offer a signed copy of "Young and Damned and Fair," my biography of Queen Catherine Howard. I discuss how Catherine celebrated her Christmases in the book, so it seemed appropriate to celebrate with a gift of my own to thank our readers. Details on how to enter and win can be found on the give away page, along with two other amazing offers for Tudor Society members! These sit alongside a treasure trove of articles for this issue, themed around "Make Good Cheer who Wishes," Wishing each and every one of you a happy, safe Christmas, holiday season, and end to a troubled year,

ABOVE: A luxurious Marchpane showing Anne Boleyn's falcon motif and the HA monogram. This photo was taken at Hever Castle. © 2019 Tim Ridgway

GARETH RUSSELL
EDITOR

Tudor Life

NOVEMBER

Will Somers
Henry VIII's jester

LAUREN BROWNE EXAMINES

Jovial Jestbooks and Tall Tales

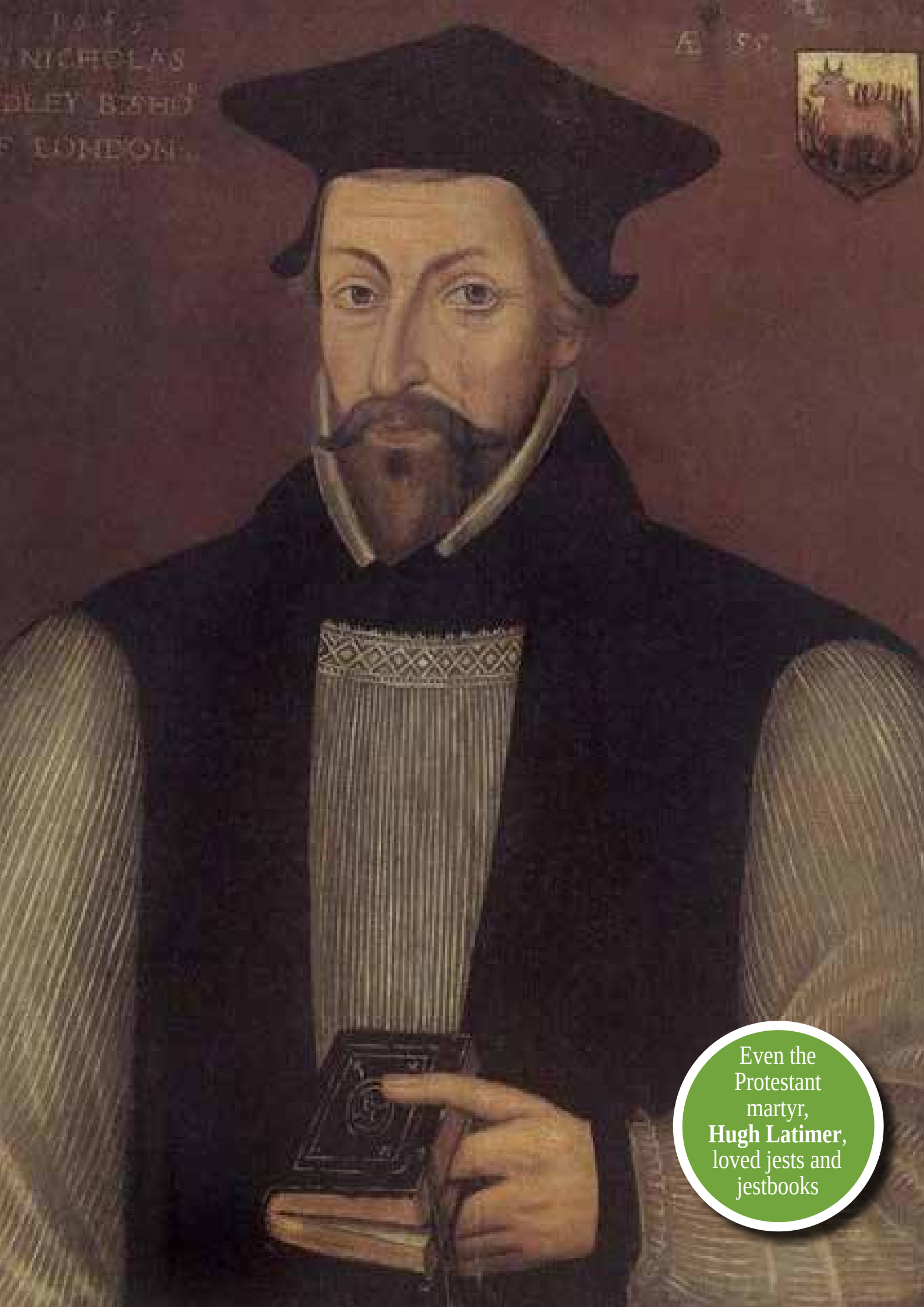
Once, the devil disguised himself as a horse in order to carry a scolding woman into Hell. She, realising the rouse but unperturbed, kicked about the devil's flanks and pulled the bit so forcefully that he gladly deposited her back on her doorstep and fled. And so, dear reader, learn from the example of the scold so that
'when the Devil comes for you, you need not care a fart.'

Paraphrased from 'How the devil, though subtle, was gul'd by a scold' in William Chappell (ed.), *The Roxburghe Ballads,* vol. II, (London, 1874), pp. 366-371. Although this is a quotation from a seventeenth century ballad, it is thought that this tale is taken from a much older jest.

Jestbooks were an extremely popular form of cheap literature and, though often aimed toward the middling and lower sorts, were enjoyed by readers and listeners across the social strata. Young men gathered in alehouses and would delight their friends with bawdy jests about courting couples and rich widows. Millers, smiths, and barbers would entertain waiting customers with merry tales of Long Meg of Westminster, or short quips about scolds and drunkards. The clergyman, in an attempt to keep his audience's attention would recite a tale from the popular *Hundred Merry Tales (c. 1525).* And on cold winter nights, gathered around the fire in a pleasant chamber, a country gentleman would read to his company the exploits of The Pinder of Wakefield.

In the early modern period, a jest would have been commonly understood as a prank, and a jestbook was a collection of comic prose tales or anecdotes. They generally follow one of three typical formats. The first, and earliest version, is a loose collection of short, unrelated stories which may have been the author's own creation or, more commonly, a collection of jests from various sources. The second has been termed 'jest-biographies' by the historian Ernst Schulz, and were typically short jests which were grouped around a particular character. These stories were not coherent narratives, did not expand upon character or place, and made no attempt to link each jest. Rather, they were similar to the loose collections but were lent some semblance of cohesion from the main character. The final category was an expansion of the jest-biography into a comedic short story which had a loose narrative. These stories were often gathered in collections, and they would focus on the same main character.[1]

1 F. P. Wilson, 'The English Jestbooks of the Sixteenth and Early Seventeenth Centuries', *Huntington Library Quarterly,* vol. ii, no. ii, (1939), p. 122.



Even the Protestant martyr, **Hugh Latimer**, loved jests and jestbooks

The jestbook may have originated in Renaissance Italy, with Poggio's collection *Facetiae*. By his death in 1459, Poggio's work was known throughout Italy, Germany, France, Spain in England, by those who could read Latin. However, jests were a much older source of entertainment which were passed down through the oral tradition. It is worth noting that many of the jests enjoyed by the Elizabethans and Stuarts could have also been enjoyed by Chaucer's contemporaries.

The *Hundred Merry Tales* is often cited as the first English jestbook, although this has often been contested by historians. It was undoubtedly popular as several editions were printed throughout the Tudor period and beyond. *Hundred Merry Tales* falls firmly into our first category of jestbooks, as it features short anecdotes, and would be akin to the joke books we are familiar with today.[2] Hugh Latimer, chaplain to Edward IV, in his sixth sermon before the king, recited a joke from this volume when he referred to a woman who was asked by her neighbour where she was going. 'Mary sayed she, I am goynge to S. Tomas of Acres to the sermon, I coulde not slepe al thys laste nyght, and I am goynge now thether, I neuer fayled of a good nap there.'[3]

Jests like the one above may still entice a snigger from a modern reader, but some early modern jests are no longer considered amusing and may even be termed sadistic. The mentally ill and disabled were persistent targets. Take *The Unfortunate Hog of the South* for example; the titular character is described as a person of 'little wit, crump-shouldered, crook-backed, google-eyed, splayfooted, crooked legs, and so deformed, that he was hated of man, woman and child'. The 'pleasant history' of this unfortunate fellow recounts how he was abused, beaten, set upon by dogs, whipped, cast into an open grave, forced into the stocks, and then covered with excrement.[4] Other traditional targets were foreigners, most especially the Welsh, but surprisingly not the Irish. Cuckolds were also the frequent butt of jests, and their masculinity was harshly mocked. They had lost control of their 'property' (read: wives) and the natural order of things had been subverted. This was another common thread in the jestbooks, as well as other popular literature and folk celebrations; the 'world turned upside-down' was a great source of entertainment.

Many 'heroes' of jestbooks were unsavoury characters and they fit it into the popular literature genre of thievery and roguery. Such heroes had free-reign to insult symbols of authority – most commonly members of the clergy or yeoman farmers, who would have been the most immediate authority figures among the poorer readers to which the jestbooks were primarily aimed.

2 I'm thinking in particular of *Penguin Pocket Jokes, Dad Jokes: The Cheesy Edition, A Man Walks into a Bar, Jokes for Blokes,* and *Jokes Every Man Should Know.*

3 Taken from F. P. Wilson, 'The English Jestbooks', p. 144.

4 Bernard Capp, 'Popular Literature' in Barry Reay (ed.) *Popular Culture in Seventeenth Century England,* (Beckenham, 1985), pp. 216-217

"Henry VIII and his Six Wives," a movie which dramatized how the Tudors enjoyed themselves and their sense of humour

Bodily functions, the great leveller, were also frequently, and often graphically, used in such tales.[5] Such attacks on authority would be especially appealing to the young, and in particular young men. Some of the heroes were schoolboys who rebelled against their parents and caused havoc for the adults like an early modern Dennis the Menace. Misogyny was also extremely prominent in many jests, again appealing to young men.[6]

Popular folk figures were often the main characters of jest-biographies and short stories. Long Meg of Westminster, who was identified as a real woman named Margaret Barnes by Bernard Capp in 1998, was a prominent character in both jestbooks and ballads. She is frequently depicted beating up men who misbehave in her tavern, cross-dressing, and in some stories she even goes to France dressed as a solider and performs heroic deeds on the battlefield. This is a far-cry from the real Long Meg, who was in fact a brothel-keeper imprisoned in Bridewell prison. Of course, Robin Hood was a perennial favourite, as were Tom Thumb, George Greene the Pinder of Wakefield, Oliver Smug, Tarlton, and later Black Tom.

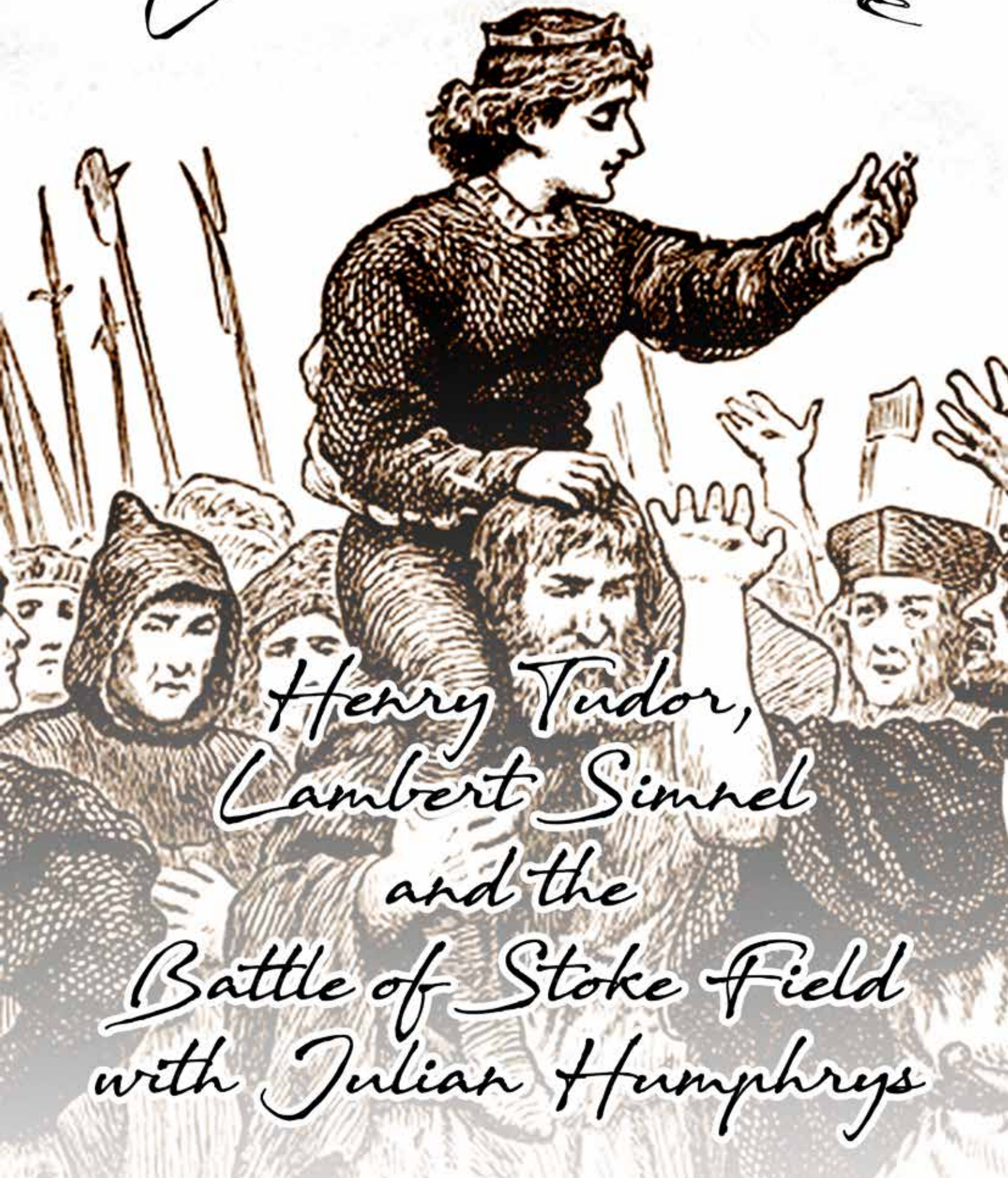
Humour in the Elizabethan period, and well into the Stuart era, was generally bawdy and hinged on sex, farting, scatology, and the subversion of societal norms or expectations. The break from the rigid moral and social code would have provided light relief to many across the class divides. The comedy encouraged by the debasement of the poor, disabled, and mentally ill have not stood the test of time, and I'm glad they have been relegated to our history books. But some of the jokes – such as the one about the devil and the scold, or the woman who goes to church to nap – are really no worse than our own Christmas cracker cringers or chocolate bar gags!

LAUREN BROWNE

5 *ibid.*, p. 216

6 Tim Reinke-Williams, 'Misogyng, Jest-Books and Male Youth Culture in Seventeenth Century England', *Gender and History,* vol. xxi, no. ii, (2009), pp. 324-339.

The Last Battle



Henry Tudor, Lambert Simnel and the Battle of Stoke Field

with Julian Humphreys

MODERN DAY GINGER BISCUITS

WHICH CONTAIN THE LUXURY TUDOR SPICE – GINGER

Can You Catch the Gingerbread Man?

by Kyra Kramer

Legend has it that one of Queen Elizabeth I's cooks made the first gingerbread man, starting a Christmas tradition than endures to the present day, but whether or bit the gingerbread man began with Good Queen Bess, gingerbread itself was certainly eaten as part of Christmas celebrations in Britain both long before and long after the Tudor era. Edibles containing ginger -- along with suet, raisins, butter, sugar, eggs, cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves -- were consumed at the midwinter feasts for centuries because it was believed these foods and spices 'warmed' the body's humors, thereby staving off cold and illness.

In a way, the Tudors were right about the warming effects of those comestibles. Ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves are all vasodilators that make you feel warmer when you ingest them, as well as counteracting the constriction of blood flow into your hands and feet that cold weather causes. Likewise, foods like butter, sugar, eggs, raisins, and suet provided the extra calories the human body needs in combat chilly temperatures. Therefore, it was definitely a good thing that people were eating dishes with these ingredients as part of their Yuletide celebrations. However, if these foods and spices were so good to eat in northern climates, it begs the question of why were they only associated with the 12 Days of Christmas? Why wasn't ginger and its warm humoral cohorts part of an all-winter diet for the Tudors?

Simply put, it was because most of the ingredients needed to make Christmas recipes were nearly worth their weight in gold. Spices, in particular, were particularly expensive because they were so hard to get. Ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves were all native to Southeast Asia, and had to be imported to Europe at great risk. The kingdoms of Britain in turn bought these spices from the Portuguese or Spanish traders who had recently broken the Venetian monopoly on the spice trade. Once in London, the spices were purchased wholesale by spice merchants and apothecaries, and then sold onwards at markup to

the general consumer.

If an unskilled Tudor labourer was lucky, he might make as much as £4 a year (which was 960 sterling pence per annum). A pound of ginger cost 12 pence in London -- roughly a sixth of a worker entire monthly wage. Likewise, cloves cost 36 pence per pound (almost ½ of your monthly income), cinnamon cost 24 pence per pound (⅓ of your wages a month), and nutmeg cost roughly 20 pence a pound (or the equivalent to a weeks worth of work). Moreover, spices grew more expensive the further you got away from the capital. In Oxford, the same pound of ginger cost 28 pence, half again as much as it had cost in London, while the harder to transport cloves cost three times as much per pound. If we paid the same price for spices today as the Tudors' did then, it would (based on the average yearly income in the UK) cost us £416 for a pound of ginger and £1250 for a pound of cloves at the very least.

Then there was the exorbitant price of sugar, which was viewed as a medical spice rather than a type of food. Sugar purchased in London cost a whopping 183 pence per pound, which took a man 9 weeks worth of work to pay for. In the early Tudor era, sugar was still imported by way of Arabia from plantations in India, but the colonization of North America in the 16th century meant that most sugar sold in England had come from Spanish or Portuguese traders. The difficulty of getting sugar all the way from Brazil or Jamaica nevertheless kept the price of sugar sky high. It was so valuable that even monarchs used it sparingly in dishes, and honey would remain the sweetener available to most Tudors. One way that the Tudors would try to economize on sugar was to purchase the syrup created by the third boiling of the sugarcane plant, which the Spanish called melaza. Although melaza became Anglicized to "molasses" in North America, in England it became known as black treacle. The use of black treacle instead of crystallized sugar in Christmas treats is why treacle (or brown sugar containing molasses) is still the key ingredient in traditional gingerbread recipes.

Aside from the always exorbitant prices of spices and sugar, were Yuletide necessities such as raisins, eggs, butter, and suet expensive as well? For the most part -- yes. Raisins, which had to be gotten from southern Europe, were never cheap. A pound of raisins cost around 5 pence, which was much less than ginger but still almost 3 days of wages for an unskilled worker. Eggs and butter were less expensive in the summer, when cows were producing milk and hens were fat, but they become more costly in the winter. A dozen eggs would set you back a silver penny or more in December, which was as much as many men earned in a day. Butter was sometimes completely unavailable,

at any price, because it could only be made when cows were giving cream-filled milk and it was hard to store. By midwinter, milch cows would have been producing only small quantities of thin, less fatty milk. That's why many traditional Christmas pudding recipes often leave out butter altogether in favor of suet, the rendered fat from around a food animal's kidneys. It was assumed that you would still have suet from the autumn's butchering, but you probably wouldn't have much butter.

The hard-to-come-by dairy milk would have been used to make another expensive Christmas treat -- a posset. To make posset the Tudor cook would boil milk and add wine (itself another expensive ingredient) to curdle it. When it had cooled, the whey was pressed out and the curds were mixed with the expensive additives of eggs, ginger, sugar or 'sweet wine', citrus juice, and nutmeg. This dessert would eventually morph into the drink the modern reader would call eggnog, popularized when the sweet wine of a posset was replaced by newly imported rum in the 17th century.

Considering the cost of making gingerbread or raisin-filled puddings, it is easy to understand why only the wealthiest Tudors could have consumed these foodstuffs regularly throughout the winter. For all others, fruitcake and the like were for *very* special occasions ... and what could be more special than the 12 Days of Christmas?

The expensive foods consumed during Yule were why an exchange of presents, except among the very wealthy, didn't a common Christmas tradition until the Victorians. The Tudors had a Father Christmas, but he was more about spreading adult cheer in the forms of food, wine, and dancing than he was about delivering toys for children. When you had already made the extravagant edible gift of foods that were worth a month's salary, there was no need to gild the lily by handing over a toy or trinket to your family members as well. People who could afford it might have given one gift to a patron or a relative on New Year's Eve or Twelfth Night, but the idea of a pile of presents on Christmas morning wasn't popularized until there was actually a Christmas tree to put them under in the 1800s.

Frankly, I think gift giving would be altered even now if spices and sugar remained as expensive as they were for the Tudors. A Christmas stocking bulging with raisins and candy would be worth as much as a roomful of toys, and everyone would look at mince pies in a whole new light if they still cost you about £50 a bite!

KYRA C KRAMER


THE PRI:
MER, IN ENGLISHE
and Latyn, set foorth by the Kynges
maestie and his Clergie to be taught
learned, and read: and none other
to be vsed throughout all his
dominions.
IMPRINTED AT
London vvithin the precinct of
the late dissolued house of the
Gray friers by Richard Grafton
Printer to the Princes grace,
the. vi. daye of Septembre,
the yeare of our lorde,
M.D.XLV.
Cum priuilegio ad im=
primendum solum.

O splendor gloriae: Tudor piety and ritual Tudor Music at Christmas

TUDOR MUSIC AT CHRISTMAS

Dr Geoffrey Webber is directing a concert including some Tudor music on Monday 7th December. Here he discusses some of the background to the performance...

The Hampstead Collective was formed this summer as a creative response to the current pandemic, the musicians all being regular performers at Hampstead Parish Church in North London. Its aim was to discover new ways of performing sacred music for small forces that would be able to flourish during restrictions, reaching both smaller audiences in person and more listeners via live-streaming. One of these initiatives falls under the title 'Sacred Meditation', a mingling of vocal music with the spoken word on a particular theme, often based around a single composer and writer from the same period. Two of this series focus on Tudor England. The first took place in early September entitled 'When two or three are gathered together…', which featured William Byrd's Mass for Three Voices and the writings of Richard Hooker. The second is 'O splendor gloriae – Tudor piety and ritual', based on the period and person of Henry VIII, which takes place on Monday 7th December. The main musical items are two magnificent large-scale Antiphons – *O splendor gloriae* jointly composed by Christopher Tye and John Taverner, and *Eterne laudis lilium* by William Fayrfax – whilst the readings all come from Henry's Primer of 1545. Primers in this period were often employed as vehicles by different theological factions within the church, either conservative or evangelical. Since they were mainly intended for the education of the young, and did not contain complete liturgical Orders of Service, the precise choice of content was in the hands of each compiler. Henry, who frequently expressed his disappointment at the continual theological in-fighting within his church, intended his Primer to end this confusion, hoping that it would be "all things to all persons...that all parties may at large be satisfied" – an early example of what one might call a typically Anglican compromise. The readings chosen from the Primer include Henry's Preface, some material from 'Evensong' and prayers that show the influence of both reformers such as Thomas Cranmer and Catholic humanists such as Erasmus.

Tudor Society members are welcome to come!

Tickets for all the events can be bought on the website www.thehampsteadcollective.com
Tell them the Tudor Society sent you!

MARGARET TUDOR and JAMES IV

SARAH-BETH WATKINS

MARGARET TUDOR - A TALE OF TWO CHRISTMASES

Margaret Tudor married King James IV by proxy in January 1503 and in July she left her grandmother, Lady Margaret Beaufort's house at Collyweston to start a new life in Scotland as their queen. Margaret left behind her father Henry VII, grandmother, brother Henry and sister Mary. Her mother had died the same year. It was a huge wrench for the thirteen-year-old princess and she had had much time to mull over her loss and what a new life in Scotland would bring on her long progress north. Her marriage was celebrated on 8 August 1503 at Holyrood Palace with great pomp and ceremony but for the young Tudor it was also a day of sadness.

After their wedding she had been looking forward to settling down into married life. James was handsome and athletic and did his best to make his homesick wife happy but he was older than Margaret and she would soon find out about his relationships with other women.

Her first Christmas with her new husband was one of home truths. She had been looking forward to the season of festivities in Scotland known as Yule from the Old Norse jól. James was good at spoiling her and making sure she had everything she could wish for but his generosity masked his guilty conscience.

Margaret had an abrupt reality check when she found out the king's illegitimate children were housed at Stirling Castle. It is not certain which children they were but by now he had a son and daughter, Alexander and Catherine with Margaret Boyd, a daughter Margaret by Lady Drummond, a daughter Janet by Isabel Stewart and not only that but James was still seeing his mistress Janet Kennedy whom he had housed at Darnaway Castle. She would be his longest serving mistress and would bear the king three children. Margaret was understandably upset and her Christmas was marred with the knowledge of her true situation. James went all out to try and cheer up his young wife.

And she was showered with even more gifts for New Year when James gave her a '"heavy ducat," weighing an ounce of gold … two rings, set with costly sapphires, and on the following day two pearl-studded crosses'. Her ladies were not left out and also received gifts of gold chains and jewellery. Her first New Year in Scotland may have made her homesick but James kept her thoroughly entertained with daily performances of plays and disguisings, music and feasting. Master John, the master of revels and also James' physician and alchemist was charged with organising the performances including a morris dance 'in which six male dancers, attired in dresses of red and white taffety, and one female dancer in a blue robe, all wearing head dresses of blue, red, and variant or various colours, performed sundry evolutions'.

Margaret had no choice but to accept James' platitudes and get on with her new life in Scotland but after the king was killed at the battle of Flodden, things would never be the same again.

By 1515 Margaret was fleeing Scotland after a disastrous term as regent. She had had two sons by the king, one posthumously. Heavily pregnant by her second husband, the troublesome Earl of Angus, and severely ill she was travelling to Morpeth when her labour pains started and she was rerouted to Harbottle Castle where she gave birth to her daughter Margaret Douglas. Christmas 1515 was a terrible time for Henry VII's daughter once so young and vibrant now torn between two countries and still suffering from excruciating sciatica.

In April she was allowed to begin her journey southwards to visit her brother, Henry VIII. By May Margaret was well enough to reach London and was warmly embraced by her brother and his wife, Katherine of Aragon. She was sorely missing her son James and mourning the loss of her younger son, Alexander who had died the previous December at Stirling castle. She had her new daughter to care for but she had not heard from her husband and was close to despair. She had no money and had arrived with few clothes or goods. Henry made sure that she was well looked after and celebrated with two days of jousting and a banquet

where Margaret had pride of place. After all her troubles and losses, for this brief spell in her life, Margaret was embraced by her family and living in the luxury that was her right as a Tudor.

But trouble left Margaret for long. She was plunged into despair again when she heard the news that her son James V was ill. Her brother was furious and wrote to the regent, the Duke of Albany, to tell him that if the young king died he would be held fully responsible. Margaret feared for her child until she heard that he was in fact recovered from his illness.

Henry made sure that Christmas 1516 – the last one she would spend with her brother - was one of the best she had ever experienced. The Palace of Placentia at Greenwich was festooned with decorations and no expense spared on elaborate entertainment and feasting. Twelfth Night was magnificent with a sumptuous banquet enjoyed by all and the masque of the Garden of Esperance 'set with flowers…of silk and gold, the leaves cut of green satin…in the midst of this garden, was a pillar of antique work, all gold set with pearl and stone' with an arch 'crowned with gold; within stood a bush of roses red and white, all of silk and gold' was performed.

'The King with eleven others, were disguised after the manner of Italy, called a mask: a thing not seen before in England. They were apparelled in garments long and broad, wrought all with gold, with visors and caps of gold. And after the banquet was done, these maskers came in, with six gentlemen disguised in silk bearing staff torches, and desired the ladies to dance'.

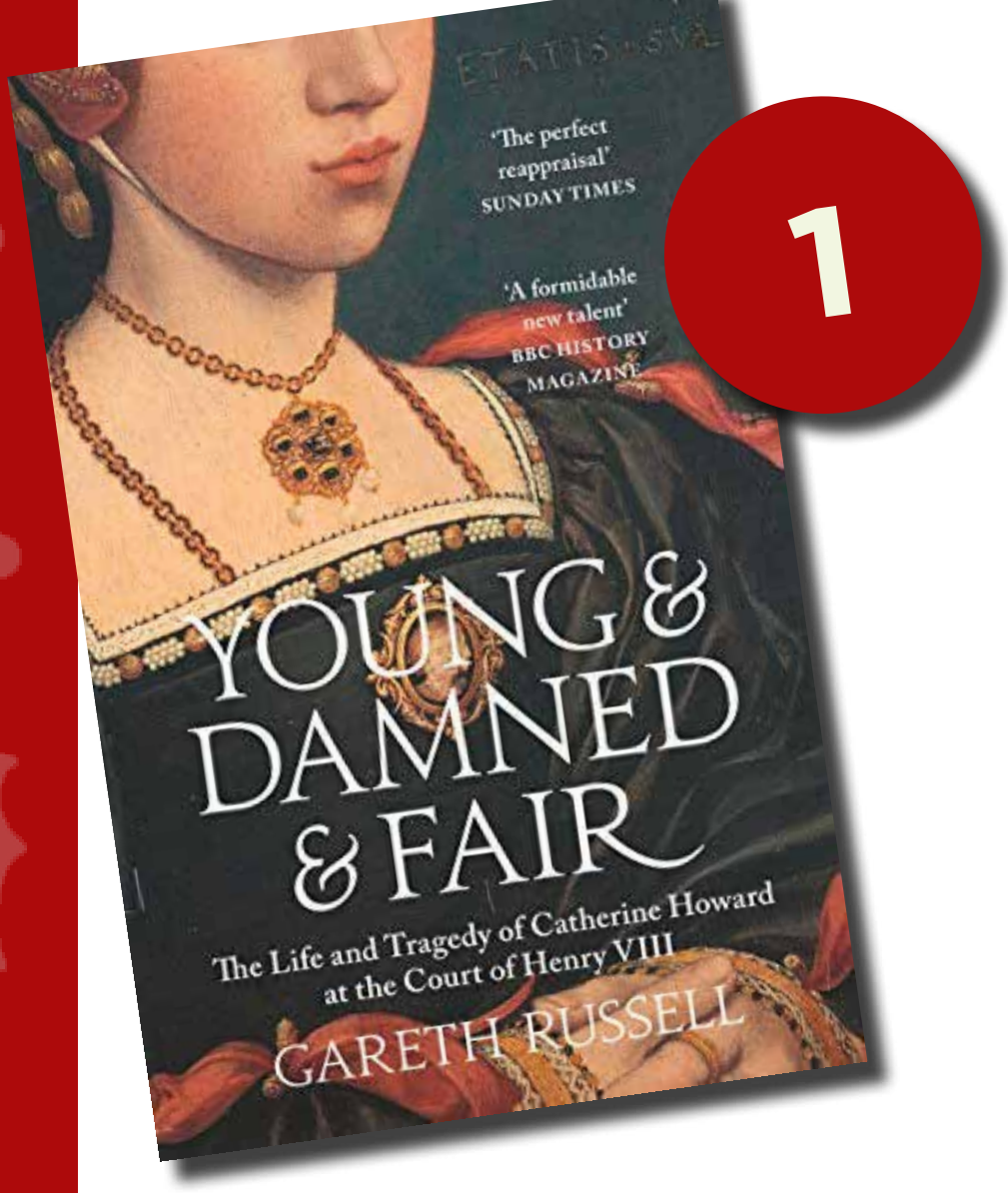
It was hard for Margaret to join in given her situation. She had to borrow £200 from Cardinal Wolsey for New Year gifts but these were given with love and gratitude to her brother and his wife. Soon it would be time for her to return to Scotland and another tumultuous chapter in her life would begin. But the memory of this last fabulous Christmas with her family would stay with her forever.

SARAH-BETH WATKINS

THREE SPECIAL XMAS DEALS

LIMITED TIME OFFERS!

Tudor Life



Gareth Russell has kindly offered to give away a signed copy of his best selling book "Young and Damned and Fair".

Born into nobility and married into the royal family, Catherine Howard was attended every waking hour – secrets were impossible to keep. In this thrilling reappraisal of Henry VIII's fifth wife, Gareth Russell's history unfurls as if in real time to explain how the queen's career ended with one of the great scandals of Henry's reign. This is a grand tale of the Henrician court in its twilight, a glittering but pernicious sunset during which the king's unstable behaviour and his courtiers' labyrinthine deceptions proved fatal to many, not just to Catherine Howard.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GO TO THIS LINK:

www.tudorsociety.com/december-2020-tudor-life/

LEAVE A COMMENT BEFORE THE END OF DECEMBER 2020 AND WE'LL ENTER YOUR NAME INTO OUR PRIZE DRAW

The "Boleyn" behind the Netflix for Royals

The Tudor Society heads behind-the-scenes with a relation of Anne Boleyn, Nick Bullen, a BAFTA award-winning producer who has set up the world's first Royal TV channel and streaming service.

For those who were present at Anne Boleyn's beheading at Tower Green on 19 May 1536, many would not believe the impact her execution would have on royal history or consider that it's still talked about today. In fact, the Boleyn's are still making an impact to this day in the world of royalty.

Did you know a relative of Anne, Nick Bullen, is running the world's first TV channel dedicated to Royalty and the world's only Royal streaming service - True Royalty TV? A name Anne might find a touch ironic given the context of her demise.

Nick Bullen, alongside Gregor Angus and Edward Mason, co-founded True Royalty TV, a streaming service devoted to royal content.

The British Royal Family is the fourth biggest brand in the world – after Amazon, Google and Apple - but amazingly there was no TV channel devoted to Royals and their unique history. And it was a "Boleyn" that made it happen.

Nick is the CEO and founder of BAFTA award-winning production company Spun Gold, where he has been making the best in royal documentaries for the last 10 years.

"A lot of the programming I've done over the years has been with the Royals and about the Royals and about royalty around the world," Nick tells us, "But I thought, why isn't there a home for all this amazing content? That's when True Royalty TV was born!"

SEE OVER FOR THE OFFER!

Subscribe and you get access to the best documentaries from around

True Royalty TV

the world and through the ages. Covering a millennia of royal history covering scandals, murders, battles and court intrigue. There's even a show where you can learn to cook a royal banquet - and even learn how to make some pretty spectacular Tudor desserts!

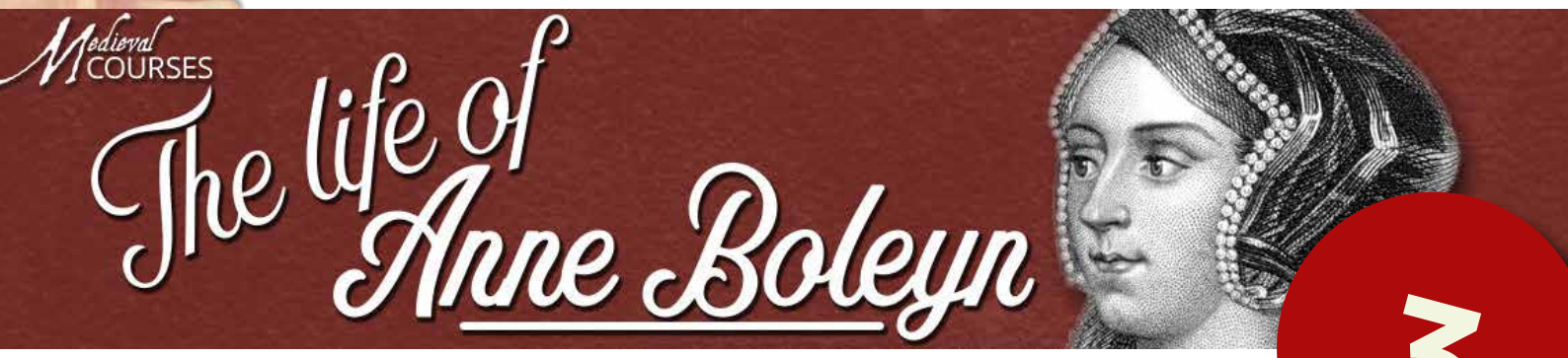
As well as their direct service, True Royalty TV is also available on Apple TV, Amazon Fire TV, Cox, Sling, Xfinity and is also a premium Roku Channel in the US.

> "We've loved developing the platform," Nick explains. "It's a tight-knit family and we have loved unearthing all the different kinds of royal fans from across the globe. I think that has been the most rewarding and intriguing part of the journey so far. There are several different types of fans, from the niche interests to the broader interests, and even tribes of fans, particularly when it comes to Kate Fans vs Meghan Fans. What is amazing is you see how fascinating the thousands of years of history is to everyone around the world. For us, True Royalty TV is recording history as it happens."

True Royalty TV are offering The Tudors Society readers 20% off an exclusive 6-month or 12-month subscription offer! This is offer valid until the end of 2020

Head to: **https://trueroyalty.tv/the-tudor-society/**.

Use the promotional code: **THETUDORSOCIETY**



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One lucky Tudor Society member will be enrolled on "The Life of Anne Boleyn" course at our sister site MedievalCourses.com and you'll be able to learn all about this queen. Anne Boleyn is the most popular and also the most divisive of Henry VIII's six wives. Some view her as an ambitious, social climber and home-wrecker who played a game and ultimately lost, others see her as a tragic victim of an egotistical tyrant obsessed with having a son, and still others see her as a queen whose views and ideals led to her making enemies who moved against her and brought her down in a brutal manner.

Who was the real Anne Boleyn? One lucky member si about to find out!

Simply visit **https://www.tudorsociety.com/december-2020-tudor-life/** and leave a comment. You'll also be in with the chance to win Gareth Russell's signed book! ***Entries before the end of December 2020***.

THE TUDOR SOCIETY

Members' Bulletin

Happy Christmas!

Well, thankfully we've got to the end of 2020 and if we're lucky, 2021 will be a much better year for everyone. While I'm writing this bulletin, lock downs and measures to control the virus worldwide still seem to be in force. If we're lucky it'll all calm down soon! Our thoughts go out to those who've been affected in some way by this pandemic.

It has been a pleasure this year to see so many new members come into the Tudor Society. We've got lots planned for 2021 including five historical tours, the new format Friday Videos continuing to grow and develop and so much more. We're also thrilled that so many new historians are coming into the Tudor scene. It is wonderful to see primary sources re-evaluated once again, and, every now and then, completely new things are uncovered. Long may it continue. And yes, we're still waiting for someone to find the original full-length portrait of Anne Boleyn that we know is out there somewhere!

So, as we see out 2020, let's hope that 2021 brings us all that we desire. Happy Christmas to you from all at the Tudor Society.

Tim Ridgway

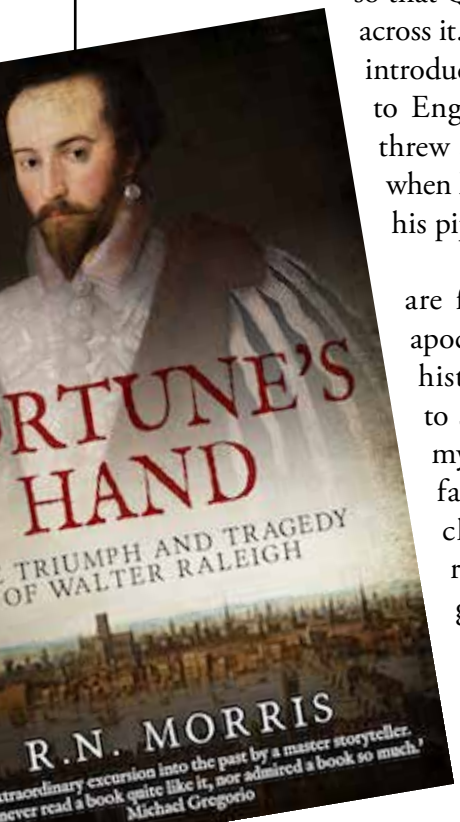
WALTER RALEIGH, THE MYTH BEHIND THE MAN.

Roger N. Morris is the author of Fortune's Hand, a new novel about Sir Walter Raleigh, a man whose life has been re-invented over and over...

I'm not a historian. But like most people who are not historians I carry around in my head a stock of ideas about the past, a ragbag of preconceptions and misconceptions, without really knowing where they come from. As a child, I had the Ladybird Book of Elizabeth I. In fact, I still have it. As a teenager, I watched Glenda Jackson in Elizabeth R. A little later, it was the second series of Blackadder, the one with Miranda Richardson as Elizabeth.

Like I said, not a historian.

But the one thing I knew for sure about Walter Raleigh was that he spread his cloak across a puddle so that Queen Elizabeth could walk across it. I think I also knew that he introduced the potato and tobacco to England and that his servant threw a bucket of water over him when he came upon him smoking his pipe.



The biographies of Raleigh are filled with other similarly apocryphal-feeling stories. The historian has a responsibility to separate the man from the myths. The historical novelist faces a slightly different challenge. Our primary responsibility is to tell a good story. In one sense, the historical record and the accumulated mythology are equal grist to our mill. But so too can they both get in the way of the story we want to tell.

If persuasive myths make it hard to see the real person, myths and history together make it hard to imagine a fresh, original character.

And so, the best advice I could give to aspiring writers of historical fiction is to avoid the key personages of history and focus on the ordinary people, whose lives are not recorded. It's good advice (which I failed to follow myself) because it allows you the novelist the space to do your job, which is to make things up. If there is nothing known about a character, or better still, he or she did not exist, then your imagination is free to create. Of course, your creation will be informed by whatever research you have done, but the great virtue of this approach is that your character can do what you need it to do for the story you want to tell.

That is not the case if you have tied your story to an actual historical figure. In my novel, which is narrated by Walter Raleigh, I wanted to include the story of the ill-fated colony he attempted to found in Roanoke. One of the things that I was surprised to learn is that Raleigh himself didn't actually go on this expedition. He stayed at court with Elizabeth I. If the story is told strictly from his point of view, the only account of this episode that I would be permitted to include would be drawn from the correspondence

and reports of those who went. My instinct was that that would slow the narrative down and turn the book into a different kind of story to the one that I was trying to write. Another difficulty is that the colonists disappeared and what happened to them is still a mystery.

The solution was provided by the over-arching framing device of the novel. The narrative is imagined as Raleigh's stream-of-consciousness as his head lies on the chopping block. His life flashes before him. At this ultimate moment of his life, time becomes elastic, so that the whole of his life can be encompassed in the blink of his eye. Not only that, he is suddenly looking out through supernaturally all-seeing eyes. He is the omniscient, God-like narrator par excellence. He sees himself as 'Water', owning with pride the nickname that Elizabeth bestowed on him as she mocked his West Country accent.

In this guise, he bears his colonists on their way, and is there with them as the crashing surf when they land.

It may seem a poetical device, but I feel that it is in keeping with both the literary sensibilities of the Elizabethan age and the fact that Raleigh was himself a poet.

But it's a brave historical novelist who knowingly takes liberties with the historical record. And a shoddy one who does it unknowingly. Of course, if you are writing a novel that consciously presents an alternative version of history, along the lines of Abraham Lincoln: Vampire Hunter, then you have a lot more latitude.

This example might provoke a few smiles, but I actually I think there is a serious lesson that can be taken from it for all historical novelists. The Abraham Lincoln of that novel is Seth Grahame-Smith's Abraham Lincoln, in the same way that the Walter Raleigh of Fortune's Hand is my Walter Raleigh.

In other words, you are free to offer your own interpretation of a well-known historical figure, though if this diverges markedly from received opinion then not everyone will be happy. I remember being on a panel of historical novelists at a literary festival. We had come to the end of our various spiels and the discussion was opened up to the audience. A hand went up and a woman in the audience asked a question that was along the lines of "How dare Hilary Mantel make Thomas Cromwell a sympathetic character? He was a monster. She is wrong. This sort of thing makes me so angry." It perhaps goes without saying that Dame Hilary was not one of the authors on the panel and we were left to justify her creative choices as best we could.

> Raleigh's biography abounds with stories that have attained the status of myth. There's the one about a benefit dinner given to raise funds for a voyage, at which his (grown-up) son Wat is behaving boorishly. Raleigh is so incensed he boxes Wat's ears. (Raleigh was forever boxing ears or stuffing mouths with wax.) Rather than retaliate directly, Wat strikes the diner on his other side and tells him to pass the blow on until it goes all the way around the table to reach Raleigh. Given young Wat's general waywardness, this one may well be true. I also like to believe the story about Raleigh's widow Bess carrying around his mummified head in a velvet bag after his execution.

In the historical fiction it writes, every age reimagines the past, trying to make sense of it in the context of its own perspective. At the same time, the historical novelist is trying to make sense of the present too. What I choose to see and emphasise in my account says as much about me as it does Walter Raleigh. I'm not embarrassed by that. On the contrary, I would argue that's the whole point.

But why write a novel about Walter Raleigh at all? That question is especially pointed today when the kind of colonising project that he initiated is subject to extreme scrutiny and criticism. As a writer, I am interested in what drives human beings to do the things that human beings do, even if they are things I don't approve of. In Terence's words: "humani nihil a me alienum puto" - I consider nothing human alien to me. (I also write crime novels in which people murder one another. That doesn't mean that I am an advocate of murder as a way of solving life's problems.)

Walter Raleigh was a fascinating, charismatic man. He wrote poetry that could be at times surprisingly self-aware. He was also, judged by the standards of today, a war criminal. To my eyes, those contradictions are what make him both extremely human, and a very interesting character for a novel.

R.N.MORRIS

Thomas Seymour, 1st Baron Seymour of Sudeley
by Nicholas Denisot c 1547

Susan Abernethy talks about...

SWASHBUCKLING TUDOR PERSONALITIES

Occasionally, you will see on television those old movies where Bette Davis played Queen Elizabeth I. In "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex", the late Hollywood actor Errol Flynn played Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Essex, as a charismatic and charming character. Flynn may have been on to something as he made a career out of playing swashbuckling swordsmen in films like "The Adventures of Robin Hood" and "Captain Blood". Essex and these fictional men were handsome, conceited, vain, and adventurous, swaggering daredevils. But were there actual headstrong adventurers like this throughout history? And did they come to a good end? Here are a few examples of swashbuckling personalities from the Tudor era.

THOMAS SEYMOUR, 1ST BARON SEYMOUR OF SUDELEY

Thomas Seymour was one of the brothers of Jane Seymour, the third wife of King Henry VIII of England. He was considered handsome and very ambitious, serving as Lord High Admiral for two years. Jane's son and Thomas' nine-year-old nephew became King Edward VI upon the death of Henry VIII in January of 1547. According to Henry's will, a council was appointed to rule during the minority of Edward. But Thomas' elder brother Edward, Duke of Somerset was extremely determined and managed to get himself named Protector of the Realm, in effect *de facto* regent and ruler of England.

While it had been the custom in

the past for uncles to rule together during a king's minority, Somerset made it clear Thomas would have no significant role in governing. As a consolation, Thomas remained Lord High Admiral and given the title of 1st Baron Seymour of Sudeley but given no significant responsibilities. Thomas made a very rash secret marriage to Henry VIII's widow, Katherine Parr without the consent of the council, putting him under further suspicion. Thomas managed to gain the guardianship of the king's sister Princess Elizabeth and another important heir to the throne, Lady Jane Grey.

The death of Katherine Parr, in September of 1548, made Thomas one of the wealthiest men in England. Thomas may have conspired to marry the Princess Elizabeth himself and he had plans to marry Lady Jane Grey to King Edward. As his relationship with his brother deteriorated, Thomas began to plot Somerset's overthrow. The young king was kept a virtual prisoner with reduced resources and limited visitors. Thomas did his best to insinuate himself into the good graces of the king by giving him money. He also tried to convince Edward he didn't need the Lord Protector to rule for him. At one point, he forced his way into King Edward's bedchamber at night. The king's dog may or may not have been killed during the incident.

It is unclear why he did this but he may have been trying to gain custody of the king. Certainly, forced entry into the king's bedchamber was a serious offense and Thomas' boundless ambition managed to get him into extreme trouble. He was arrested shortly after this incident and charged with treason about a month later. He was convicted and beheaded on Tower Hill on March 20, 1549.

ROBERT DEVEREUX, 2ND EARL OF ESSEX

Robert Devereux was a relative of Queen Elizabeth I through the Boleyn-Carey connection and he grew up as a ward of the Queen. He spent time as a young man in the household of William Cecil, Lord Burleigh and attended Cambridge, graduating with an MA. He was exceedingly handsome and brilliant, wrote poetry and was masterly in the ways of courtly love. After his mother was widowed, she secretly married Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the great favourite of Queen Elizabeth in 1578. In 1585, Robert's mother convinced him to join Elizabeth's court in London.

In December of 1585, Essex was granted permission by the Queen to accompany his stepfather and the English Army in their mission to aid the Dutch in their war against the Spanish. He participated in some of the fighting and was made a knight by Leicester. He was finally released from

Robert Devereux, 2nd Earl of Essex
by Marcus Gheeraerts the Younger c. 1596

his wardship and given full control of all his estates. When Essex returned to court in 1586, Elizabeth noticed the handsome young intellectual and he became a distraction from her troubles with Mary Queen of Scots, who was executed in early 1587. The Earl of Leicester actively promoted his stepson as a part of his own political agenda.

Essex soon became a constant companion to the Queen, even playing cards with her until the wee hours of the morning. Leicester lobbied for a promotion to Lord Steward on the condition that Essex get his old position as Master of the Horse, thus ensuring he remained in close contact with Elizabeth. In late 1587, Essex openly quarrelled with Sir Walter Raleigh but suffered no loss of favor. During the crisis of the Spanish Armada, Elizabeth made Essex general of the horse under Leicester's command. After the Armada, Leicester retired to the country to rest and Elizabeth allowed Essex to move into his stepfather's old lodgings.

The Earl of Leicester died in September of 1588 leaving his finances in tatters and Essex's mother in distress. Essex hadn't been at court long enough to gain the experience needed to cultivate allies and retain his stepfather's patrons. Eventually he did gain the assets of Leicester, especially the royal monopoly on sweet wines which served as the bulk of his income for many years. The Earl's death reanimated the rivalry between Essex and Raleigh with the two men nearly coming close to blows with swords. At Christmas of 1588 and several days later, they were at the point of duelling at Richmond before the Queen and the Privy Council intervened.

Essex didn't see much promise for his own future at the court of the aging Queen and her councillors. He even went so far as to secretly contact Mary Queen of Scots' son King James VI, Elizabeth's likely successor. Essex was very keen on playing a principal role in the future of the kingdom. Resentful of the tight restrictions of the court, he longed to distinguish himself with military service. He considered various opportunities to practice his profession of arms, including funding a secret naval operation to Portugal with Sir Francis Drake. The Queen expressly forbid him to join this expedition but Essex fled court and joined the sailing ships in April of 1589.

He fought bravely but the expedition was a disaster. Inevitably, he had to face the Queen. Elizabeth was infuriated by his disobedience, but he quickly charmed his way into regaining her favor. He also garnered the support of many of Elizabeth's favoured councillors, including Sir Francis Walsingham, whose daughter he married. He participated in other military adventures and became a Privy Councillor. He eventually renewed his rivalry with Raleigh

and started a new feud with William Cecil's son and successor Robert Cecil. He began to suffer from bouts of depression. Based on his unruly behaviour, it seems clear Essex was suffering from some kind of mental illness.

In 1599, at Essex's insistence, Elizabeth appointed him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, sending him there to put down a rebellion with sixteen thousand troops, one of the largest armies ever commissioned in Ireland. He was instructed to meet the rebels and engage and defeat them. Instead, he avoided them and eventually brokered a humiliating truce. The Queen forbid him to return to England but he disobeyed her orders once again. He arrived in London and appeared before the Queen, surprising her in her bedchamber at Nonsuch Palace before she had donned her wig and makeup. This further example of blatant disobedience forced Elizabeth to have him confined to his rooms as the Privy Council proceeded to interrogate him. He was advised to retire from public life.

For a while, it appeared as if his fortunes were looking up. But in June of 1600, under pressure from his perceived enemy Robert Cecil, Essex was tried and convicted. He was deprived of his public offices and confined. By August he was released but his monopoly on sweet wines was not renewed, leaving his income drastically reduced. This so enraged Essex, he began fortifying his house, gathering his followers and recruiting anyone who would listen to his grievances against the Queen's councillors. On the morning of February 8, 1601, he marched with his men into the City of London and demanded an audience with the Queen. It was unclear what his objectives were and this gave Cecil the opportunity to immediately have him declared a traitor. Essex returned to Essex House and surrendered.

Essex was tried by his peers on February 19, 1601 and found guilty. On February 25, he was beheaded on Tower Green, being the last person to be executed within the precincts of the Tower of London. His earldom was forfeit until it was restored to Essex's son by King James I and VI, after Elizabeth's death. These are just a couple of examples of head-strong, self-aggrandizing daredevils of the Tudor era. It appears that swashbuckling was hazardous to one's health.

SUSAN ABERNETHY

"The Seymours of Wolf Hall: A Tudor Family Story" by David Loades
"Edward VI: The Lost King of England" by Chris Skidmore
"Elizabeth I" by Anne Somerset,
Entry on Robert Devereux, 2nd Earl of Essex in the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography written by Paul E J Hammer
Entry on Thomas Seymour in the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography written by G W Bernard

ANCIENT ALFRISTON

WITH IAN MULCAHY

For this month's Tudor walk I've been in East Sussex looking around Alfriston, a picturesque village of just over 800 inhabitants within the South Downs National Park. Located 3.5 miles inland at a gap in the downs through which the River Cuckmere flows on its way to the English Channel, the village's name derives from Tun, a farm, and Aelfric, a South Saxon (Sussex) name. We are visiting Aelfric's Farm.

Humans have been active within the area for millennia with numerous ancient hill forts and burial sites existing within a few miles of the village, the closest being a 5,000 year old Neolithic Long Barrow of 56 metres in length, 20 metres wide and standing to a height of 1.5 metres. Positioned high on the downs half a mile to the west of the village, archaeological excavations suggest it was later reused during the Bronze Age. Earlier archaeological evidence from the lower ground in the village includes a Lower Paleolithic (150,000 – 500,000 years ago!) hand axe and Mesolithic (6,000 – 12,000 years ago) flint workings including 25 axes and over 200 blades.

The earliest evidence of settlement within the parish comes by way of the remarkable discovery of an early Saxon cemetery 500 metres north of the village during building works in 1912. The find included 120 graves complete with grave goods including axes, knives, spearheads, shields, glass drinking horns, 5th century pottery and Roman coins and beads. There is no evidence of continuity of settlement from those who populated the 6th century cemetery (nor, indeed, any evidence that those interred lived in the area) and the Domesday entry for Alfriston records just 2 villagers and 7 smallholders. During the 12th and 13th century the Abbots of Battle were keen traders of land in the Parish, as recorded in the charters of The Abbey and records exist of five weavers working in the parish towards the end of the 13th century. By 1406 the population of the village had grown to around 200 people, including bakers, brewers, smiths, butchers, tanners, weavers and cobblers and Henry IV granted Alfriston a charter to hold a weekly Tuesday market. During the 16th century, cloth making was a major local source of income, but the decline in this industry during the latter part of the century contributed to a corresponding decline in the fortunes of the village, which saw the population fall to around 120 by the end of the Tudor period, before rising again in the second half of the 17th century.

ONE OF THE **BEST PRESERVED GROUPS** OF MEDIEVAL AND TUDOR BUILDINGS IN SUSSEX

With the mass development and expansion of towns and villages across Sussex in the period from the mid 1800s to the outbreak of World War 2 having passed the village by, the layout of the centre of modern day Alfriston is broadly similar to that which the Tudor inhabitants of the village would have known and one can

The Church of St Andrew

confidently say that this layout hosts one of the best preserved groups of medieval and Tudor buildings in Sussex.

Having parked the car in a tourist car park a little north of the village, we will start our walk on *The Tye* (the village green) to the west of the village and close to the river where the oldest identified building in the village, **St Andrews Church**, stands on a small man made mound enclosed by a flint wall; earthworks which predate the current church. The first documented evidence of a church at Alfriston is in Pope Nicholas IV *Taxatio*, a record of ecclesiastical property in England and Wales compiled in 1291/2. No evidence remains, or has been found at least, of this church though the assumption must be that it stood on the site of the current structure. Known as 'The Cathedral of The Downs', the huge building was constructed in 1360 and has changed little since. Who commissioned such a large church to serve such a small village, and why, remains unknown. The Church was granted to the nearby Michelham Priory in 1398 before being taken for the Crown in 1536 following the dissolution. In common with many Sussex towns and villages, Alfriston had a Protestant Martyr and theirs was Richard Hook, who was burnt to death in Chichester late in 1555.

A stone's throw to the south of St Andrews is the rather special **Clergy House**. A typical 4 bay Wealden Hall House, the property has a central hall open to the roof, projecting end bays and a thatched roof and remains one of the few Wealden Hall Houses that can be seen

The front and western aspect of the Clergy House

in pretty much its original form, though it does now have a chimney at one end which was probably added in around 1550. Recent dendrochronological analysis has confirmed that the house was constructed between 1399 and 1407. Dilapidated and on the verge of collapse, permission was granted in 1879 for the demolition of the house, but the work was not carried out and in 1896 The National Trust purchased the Clergy house for £10, making it the first building to fall under the custody of the fledgling organisation. Now restored, the house is open to visitors.

Three hundred metres to the south west of the Clergy House is **Deans Place**, of which the two bay western crosswing is of a similar age to the Clergy House and represents the surviving portion of what was originally a much larger medieval house. The main portion of the current building dates to around 1600 and was probably built on the footprint of the lost portion of the late 14th/early 15th century structure. The entire building has an 18th century brick façade, rendered in places, and there have been considerable 20th century extensions to facilitate its current use as a hotel.

Heading back north to the High Street, the first building of Tudor interest that we come to is **Moonrakers**, a very late Tudor period timber framed house with low ceilings that has been refaced in brick. The building now operates as a restaurant and I would highly recommend their omelette and chips for lunch, but mind your head on the way in and out! On the opposite

Deans Place, with the late 14th/early 15th century crosswing to the right

Moonrakers. Recommended for lunch!

side of the road and a little closer to the market is **Steamer Cottage and the Old Farmhouse**; the much altered remains of a 15th century Wealden Hall House. Next door is another 15th century Wealden Hall House, the confusingly named **Steamer Cottages**, which is well disguised behind a painted 18th century frontage.

Opposite is the **George Inn**, yet another 15th century Wealden Hall House. The timber framing is still visible for the (quite considerable) length of the first floor, but the jetties were underbuilt in brick and flint during the 19th century. The building has an unusually large service bay and it is known that the southern end once had a covered wagon way leading to the rear which leads us to conclude that The George was purpose built as an inn. Next to The George is **Tudor House**, a late 16th century or early 17th century timber framed building with a modern shop front on the ground floor and tile hung walls above.

Opposite the Tudor House is the brilliantly unique **Star Inn**. Dating from around 1520, the Star was built by the Abbot of Battle to serve as a hostel for friars and has a full length jetty and timbers decorated with carvings including a depiction of St. George slaying the dragon, St. Giles & St. Julian either side of the door and lots of little faces, said to be green men symbolising rebirth. At the end of the block is **The Old Manse**, the left hand portion of which is claimed to date back to 1500 and opposite is the grandly named, but modest in appearance, **Manor House**. Built in the mid 16th century, this house had a floored

Steamer Cottage and the old farmhouse

The 15th century George Inn

Tudor House

The Star Inn and its interior

The Old Manse

Manor House

hall when built, but utilised a smoke bay.

Into the Market Place, now known as Waterloo Square, and **The Market Cross** Dominates the centre of the space. First erected in 1406, just the socket stone and lower part of the shaft are original; the current base was added in the mid 19th century (replacing a more typical stepped base) and the top portion of the shaft required replacement in 1955 following an argument with a passing lorry! The cross itself was broken off and smashed beyond repair by a drunken Canadian soldier in 1919.

To the west of The Market Cross is **Ye Olde Smugglers Inn**, said to have been in existence since 1358. The current building isn't that old, however, with the oldest part being the weather boarded timber framed crosswing encroaching onto the market square which was built in approx. 1600. The crosswing was an extension to the original medieval inn which was replaced by the rest of the extant building using the original timbers in the 17th century. The modern name is appropriate as it was owned by Stanton Collins, the leader of a notorious local smuggling gang during the early 19th century when it was known as The Market Cross Inn. The building has 21 rooms, 47 doors and 6 staircases along with various hiding places, all designed to confuse any excise men who may have come knocking.

To the north of the cross is **3 – 8 Waterloo Square**, a late Tudor building which is now home to several shops, but was the parish workhouse between 1743 and 1789 and later served as a barracks for troops heading off to the continent to fight in the Napoleonic Wars (hence Waterloo Square?). The front of the building is now faced in various materials, but the timber framing is visible on the western aspect as

The Market Cross

Ye Olde Smugglers Inn, with the 16th century Crosswing encroaching into the Market Place

you head out of the centre of the village towards Winton Street, 500 metres to the north of the village and accessed via West Street.

Towards the top of West Street you will pass a crucifix erected in 1919 which marks the site of the Saxon cemetery discovered 7 years previously and if you turn right at the crossroads into Winton Street you will soon see **Thatchover**, a chocolate box thatched and timber framed late Tudor cottage, possibly containing remnants of an earlier structure. Almost opposite is **Well Cottage**, another late Tudor structure with probable earlier origins hidden away in the fabric of the building.

Next to Well Cottage is a public footpath which takes a short scenic countryside route on high ground back to the village where the temptation will surely be to visit one of the three historic inns to rest your feet and have a relaxing drink whilst reflecting on your exploration of Alfriston.

IAN MULCAHY

Alfriston Character Assessment Report (Roland B Harris, 2008)
Alfriston Conservation Area Appraisal Management Plan (South Downs national Park Authority, 2014)
British Listed Buildings
National Trust
PastScape (Historic England)
The Buildings of England: Sussex (Ian Nairn & Nikolaus Pevsner, 1975 revision)

3-8 Waterloo Square

Thatchover

Well Cottage

Inside the hall of Old Clergy House

Mary Stuart
(by an Unknown Artist)

The Marriages of Mary, Queen of Scots

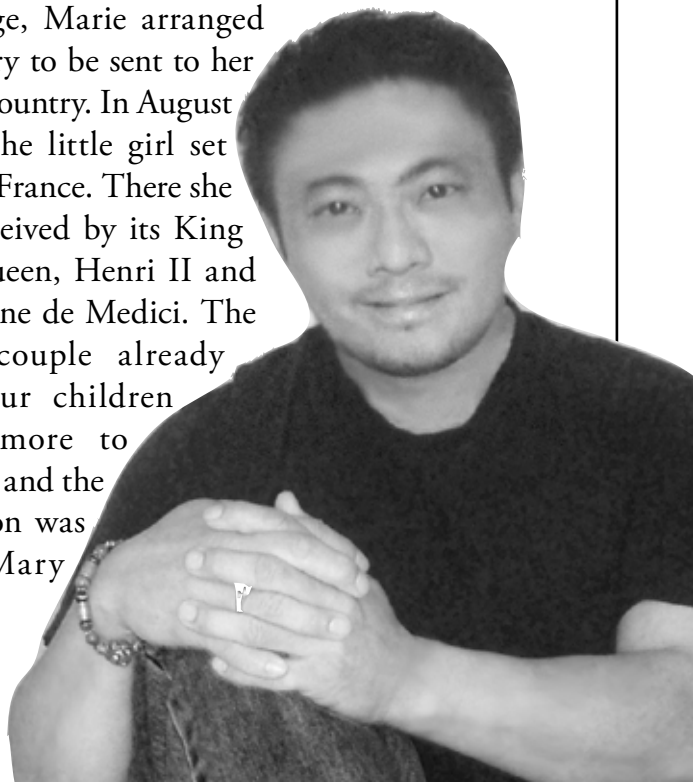
by Roland Hui

In her lifetime, and in the centuries after her death, Mary Queen of Scots has been viewed as a romantic figure. Born Queen of Scotland, she would later become Queen of France as well, and as some believed, she ought to have been Queen of England too. Mary's life certainly did not lack drama. Born to the highest estate, she would eventually end up a prisoner in England, and even lose her life by the order of her cousin Queen Elizabeth. The romance of Mary Stuart was also exemplified by her marriages - three in fact - though sadly only one of them brought her happiness.

As Mary's father, King James V, died just six days after her birth on December 8, 1542, it was assumed that the infant Queen would remain in Scotland for her upbringing and training until she came of age to rule. However, politics dictated otherwise. England, Scotland's neighbour to the south, had its own plans for Mary. Her great-uncle, King Henry VIII (the brother of Mary's paternal grandmother Margaret Tudor), wanted her as a bride for his son Prince Edward. With Mary as his daughter-in-law, Henry would have Scotland under his thumb. He had always envisioned it as a subservient nation. "The Kings of Scots have always acknowledged the Kings of England superior lords of the realm of Scotland", he said, "and have done homage and fealty for the same".[1]

Some of the Scots, being pro-English, were agreeable to the match and signed the Treaty of Greenwich in 1543, promising Mary to Edward. But others who resented English interference in Scottish affairs, thought otherwise, and instead looked to France as an ally. When the pact was subsequently repudiated, a furious Henry VIII sent his brother-in-law, the Earl of Hertford, to punish the Scots in May 1544.[2] In what was called the 'Rough Wooing', Hertford laid waste to Edinburgh, Leith, 'sundry other towns and villages', and 'such ships and boats as we found in the haven', as he reported back to the King.[3]

At Henry VIII's terrible onslaught, Mary's mother, the French noblewoman, Marie de Guise, was afraid for her daughter's safety. To prevent her from being taken and forced into an English marriage, Marie arranged for Mary to be sent to her native country. In August 1548, the little girl set sail for France. There she was received by its King and Queen, Henri II and Catherine de Medici. The royal couple already had four children (with more to follow), and the intention was that Mary



would be brought up with them. But because she was Queen Regnant of Scotland, she was given precedence over her royal playmates, with the exception of young François as he was the heir (the 'Dauphin') to the French throne.

Mary was a beautiful and graceful child, and King Henri was very fond of her. 'She is the prettiest and most graceful little Princess he has ever seen', a courtier said. Mary was also very 'amiable and intelligent', making her the perfect future Queen of France.[4] Catherine de Medici, on the other hand, while she was outwardly friendly towards her daughter-in-law to be, was always wary of her on account of her ambitious family, the Guises, whom Catherine disliked.

By the spring of 1558, Mary, at fifteen, was deemed to be at an age ready for marriage. On April 24, dressed in white and glittering with jewels, she processed into the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris where she was wedded to the Dauphin. Mary was now called *La Reine Dauphine* (*the Queen Dauphin*) while François was titled *Le Roi Dauphin* (*the King Dauphin*).[5] As Mary's husband, François was effectively King of Scotland. This was expected, but what was not, and was not made known to the Scots by the French, was that Henri II had Mary - taking advantage of her naivety - sign over her kingdom to him. According to secret documents she had agreed to before her wedding, if she failed to produce heirs and died before her husband, Scotland would belong to France.

As Mary and François had grown up together as children, it might reasonably be assumed that her love for him was one of fondness rather than passion. In person, the Dauphin was unimpressive. He was rather short, especially in comparison to Mary whose tall stature was always commented upon. He also lacked eloquence (he stuttered when he spoke) and he did not look very robust. Still, they were very compatible. According to the King, 'from the very first day they met, my son and she got on as well together as if they had known each other for a long time'.[6] But because of their youth and the bridegroom's precarious health, historians have questioned whether Mary and François ever actually consummated their union.

As Henri II was still only 39 years old at the time of the marriage, there was every expectation that François and Mary would have ample time before they assumed the throne. But in July 1559, a horrific accident occurred. The King, who enjoyed martial sports, was jousting. He managed to shatter his opponent's lance, but the wood splintered, and some of the pieces pierced Henri's eye and throat. The royal physicians did their best for him, but he died ten days later.

After the proper obsequies for the late King were done, his heir was crowned François II in September. But what should have been a long reign for the young King and his wife was stopped short in December 1560. François sadly passed away at the age of 16 from an ear infection leading to complications. Mary was devastated at the loss of her beloved husband, but after she observed the traditional forty days of mourning,

François II
(by François Clouet)

wearing a long white veil (the 'deuil blanc') as a widow, she had her future to think about. Her relatives, not wanting to lose their influence at the French court, pushed for a new marriage for Mary with François' brother, the new King, Charles IX. But the boy was only 10 years old, and the match was opposed by his mother. Queen Catherine, wanting to remain the power behind the throne as she was during the reign of her late son, was most reluctant to give up her position. Seeing no future for herself in France, Mary decided to return to Scotland.

Upon her return, much had changed in her kingdom since she had left as a little girl. Her mother, Marie de Guise, who had acted as Regent, had died, and the country was controlled by nobles and clergy of the Protestant religion. As Mary was a Catholic, her rule was much resented. To strengthen her authority, Mary looked to marry again. One of the most eligible bachelors was Don Carlos, the son of Philip of Spain. However, Catherine de Medici did not approve. As her daughter Elisabeth of Valois, whom Mary had been raised with, was married to King Philip, she was afraid that Mary would be a rival to her at the Spanish court. Upon her mother's instructions, Elisabeth used her influence upon Philip to prevent the marriage of her former friend.

Not only was Queen Catherine against her former daughter-in-law's match with Spain, so was Mary's cousin Elizabeth of England. A marriage with such a great power, according to Elizabeth, would be viewed as an act of aggression against her. Not only that, Mary taking a Catholic husband was also perceived as a threat. Even though Elizabeth had peacefully ascended the throne upon the death of her half sister Mary Tudor in 1558, some Catholic rulers - not to mention some of the Queen's own subjects of the same faith - did not accept her as Sovereign. The marriage of Elizabeth's parents, Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, had been illegal, they believed, therefore the lawful Queen was actually Mary Stuart, another descendent of King Henry VII, the founder of the Tudor dynasty. In fact, when Queen Mary died, Henri II had proclaimed his daughter-in-law and his son as the rightful rulers of England. Elizabeth never forgot this insult, and thus began the long rivalry between the two cousins.

Despite Elizabeth's antagonism towards her, Mary still hoped to win her favour. As the English Queen had yet to marry and produce a successor, Mary was widely considered her rightful heir. There was also their mutual cousin, Lady Katherine Grey, to consider, but Elizabeth had never liked her, and in 1560, Katherine fell into disgrace when she made a secret marriage behind the Queen's back.

To get into Elizabeth's good graces, Mary announced herself willing to follow her cousin's advice as to who she should pick for a husband. Elizabeth's reply was shocking - Lord Robert Dudley. That she would suggest such a person was an affront to her, Mary exclaimed. Dudley was a commoner by birth, his family was tainted by treason, and he was a Protestant.[7] Furthermore, he was touched by scandal. Lord Robert was rumoured to be Elizabeth's lover, and her sake, he had allegedly murdered his wife Amy Robsart.

Even with Elizabeth's tacit promise of the succession in her favour should she wed Dudley, Mary had set her sights elsewhere. In February 1564, a young man had come from England to the Scottish court. Mary was immediately captivated by him. As it was reported, 'Her Majesty took well with him, and said that he was the lustiest and best proportioned long man that she had seen; for he was of a high stature, long and small'.[8] This paragon was Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley. Born in 1545, he was actually a cousin of Mary (and of Elizabeth) as another descendent of Henry VII, and thus had royal blood in him too. Darnley had actually met Mary before on two occasions in France, but then, she had apparently taken no notice of him. This time, she was smitten by his good looks. On

top of that, the young man was well educated, charismatic, and a Catholic.

Encouraged by his ambitious parents, the Earl and the Countess of Lennox, Darnley began wooing the Queen. He was skilled in verses, and one of the poems he wrote her went:

My hope is you for to obtain,
Let not my hope be lost in vain.
Forget not my pains manifold,
Not my meaning to you untold.
And eke with deeds I did you crave,
With sweet words you for to have.
To my hape and hope condescend,
Let not Cupid in vain his bow to bend,
Not us two lovers, faithful true,
Like a bow made of bowing yew.
But now receive by your industry and art,
Your humble servant, Harry Stuart.[9]

Mary was won over by Darnley, and despite resistance from her own councillors, she made up her mind to have him. On July 29, 1565, at the Palace of Holyrood, Mary, dressed in black as a widow, made her vows with Darnley. Afterwards, her mourning clothes were set aside to signify that she was now a married woman again. To further celebrate her new happiness, Mary had money struck with the likenesses of herself and her new husband. She even allowed his name to come before hers on the coins.

But Mary's joy was short-lived. In truth, Darnley was arrogant, mean spirited, and prone to drink. He and his wife often quarrelled, leaving Mary, now pregnant, to seek solace in a friendship with a court musician named David Rizzio. That his wife preferred the company of a mere servant was too much for Darnley, and he was convinced to join in a conspiracy by the Queen's enemies. On the evening of March 9, 1566, while Mary was hosting a small dinner party in her chambers, the King burst in unannounced with a band of armed men. Rizzio was seized and stabbed over fifty times. A horrified Mary was then held captive.

After the conspirators had left her under Darnley's watchful eye, Mary convinced her weak willed husband that he too was in danger, as his newfound 'friends' will soon turn on him as well. Frightened, Darnley agreed to a plan of escape. The two, along with a handful of supporters, were able to sneak away from Holyrood, and ride to the safety of Dunbar Castle. During the journey, Mary begged Darnley to slow down for the sake of their unborn child. But the King, convinced that he would be killed if captured, ignored her pleas and urged his horse forward. If the baby should die, he shouted back, they could simply have another. Darnley's answer only made Mary hate him more. At Dunbar, the Queen was able to rally her supporters to her, and soon she was at the head of an army 8000 strong on the road back to Edinburgh.

Back on her throne, Mary's relationship with Darnley only worsened. When their son James was born on June 19, Mary even had to make a public pronouncement that the baby was truly his, as Darnley had made hints that he was not the father. Things got so bad that Mary avoided her husband's presence altogether, and when she referred to him, it was with such harsh words that 'cannot for modesty, nor with the honour of a queen, be reported what she said of him'.[10]

In early 1567, the King fell sick. It appeared to be smallpox, though some said it was syphilis caused by his dissolute living. His illness seemed to have alleviated the tensions with his wife as Mary took him under her care, and in February, brought him to at house at Kirk o' Field to recuperate. But in the early morning of the 10th, Edinburgh was rocked a great explosion. When the citizens hurried to the source of the blast, it was discovered to be the lodgings of the King - now in ruins. Surely, he was inside and killed, the people murmured. But then word came that his body, along with that of his manservant, was lying in a nearby garden. Apparently, Darnley had noticed suspicious activity around his house, and he and his attendant fled. Though they managed to escape the detonation, they were both then strangled to death. A woman even claimed to

Lord Darnley and Queen Mary by Robert Dunkarton after Renold Elstrack

have heard the King begging for mercy in his last breath.

Mary was stunned - or she claimed to be - by the murder of her husband. She was lucky to not have been at Kirk o' Field as she attended a wedding banquet that night. But some believed that it was but an alibi. The Queen, they whispered, had lured her husband with feigned affection to the house, which was packed with gunpowder as Mary already knew. This was just speculation - and continues to be to this day - but Mary's behaviour afterwards did not help her reputation. Instead of going into mourning, she appeared indifferent. Was it shock perhaps? And she even went to another wedding the very day after the King's death to everyone's astonishment. Although Mary did order her court to go into mourning, the command was given five days afterwards. Furthermore, instead of secluding herself for a full forty days as she had done at the passing of François II, Mary was seen in the company of James Hepburn, the Earl of Bothwell.

Mary had known Bothwell from his previous visits to France, and he was a loyal supporter of Marie de Guise during her regency of Scotland. That he had faithfully served her mother endeared Bothwell to Mary. She was evidently drawn to his tough forceful manner, and she may well have been sexually attracted to him too in spite of herself. But Bothwell was already a married man, and he was universally suspected of plotting the King's death. Mary either believed in his innocence or she was in conspiracy with him.

For whatever reason, she appeared to protect Bothwell. Even when Queen Elizabeth appealed to her cousin 'to take this thing so far to heart that you will not fear to touch even him whom you have nearest to you if he was involved', Mary did no such thing.[11] And likewise, she ignored Catherine de Medici's threat that if she did not fulfill her promise 'to have the death of the King revenged to clear herself, they (the French) would not only think her dishonoured, but would be her enemies'.[12]

When Mary did bow to public pressure to have Bothwell tried for Darnley's murder, it was a mockery of justice, her critics said. The grieving Earl of Lennox was not allowed to bring his retainers with him to the hearing, and ultimately, he did not dare come to Edinburgh at all as the city was full of Bothwell's supporters. With no man daring to accuse him, Hepburn was acquitted. The people were outraged, and soon placards were seen around the city showing a hare (Bothwell's personal emblem) and a mermaid (a symbol for a prostitute in reference to the Queen).

That Mary was Bothwell's paramour and his partner in crime was the opinion of many. In April, a curious incident occurred. After paying a visit to her son Prince James who was being cared for at Stirling Castle, Mary and her small retinue were surrounded by Bothwell and his soldiers. He had come to take her to safety, he announced, and he conducted her to Dunbar. What happened there remains a mystery. It was said that Mary was raped by Bothwell. But as her enemies told it, it was no assault at all. The Queen's kidnapping was entirely preplanned with her consent. What we do know for sure is that on May 15, the two were married (the bridegroom having just obtained a divorce from his wife Jean Gordon), and by Protestant rites as Bothwell demanded.

The Earl of Bothwell (by an Unknown Artist)

Again, Mary's behaviour, like that following Darnley's murder, is puzzling. Between her abduction and her marriage, she gave Bothwell honours and gifts, but then after the wedding day, she was seen as depressed and despondent, so much that she threatened to kill herself. But then later, far from wanting to end her own life, Mary would say that rather than abandon her new husband, she would follow him 'to the end of the world in her petticoat'.[13]

Whatever the case, Mary stuck with Bothwell. Whether she was guilty or not in the murder of Darnley, she genuinely believed that a number of noblemen and churchmen supported her third marriage. In fact, they had made their intention known in the so-called 'Ainslie Tavern Bond', in which they petitioned Mary in writing to wed one of her subjects (that unnamed person being James Hepburn of course). However, later it was said that their signatures were obtained by force.

Bothwell's unpopularity was made clear when those hostile to him rose in revolt. A clash of arms at Carberry Hill on June 15 was avoided when Mary asked for a truce. She would surrender to the Protestant lords fighting against her if Bothwell was left unharmed and permitted to go into exile abroad. They agreed. As Hepburn rode away, it was the last Mary would ever see of him.[14]

Instead of being honourably treated and allowed to resume her rule as she expected, Mary was taken into custody by the lords. As she passed, the crowd hooted and jeered, calling for her death as a murderess. She was then imprisoned at Loch Leven and forced to abdicate in favour of her infant son. In time, Mary would escape and even make her way to England, only to be put in detention by Elizabeth. While in captivity, she would plan to marry again (with the Duke of Norfolk) in hope of freedom. But this was not to be. Mary would remain unwed and a prisoner until her tragic end on February 8, 1587.

ROLAND HUI

1 Edward Hall, *The Triumphant Reigne of Kyng Henry the VIII,* London: T.C. & E.C. Jack, 1904, II, p. 328.
2 Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, was the brother of Henry VIII's third wife Jane Seymour, and uncle to Prince Edward.
3 British Library, Additional MS 32654, f. 198.
4 Susan Doran, *Mary Queen of Scots: An Illustrated Life*, London: The British Library, 2007, p. 27.
5 *Discours du grand et magnifique triomphe faict au mariage de tres noble & magnifique Prince François de Vallois Roy Dauphin*, Paris, 1558, p. III.
6 John Guy, *Queen of Scots: The True Life of Mary Stuart*, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 2004, p. 45.
7 Robert Dudley's grandfather Edmund was executed for corruption by Henry VIII in 1510. His father John, Duke of Northumberland, died on the block in 1553, as did his brother Guilford in 1554, both for supporting Jane Grey (the sister of Katherine Grey) as Queen, instead of Mary Tudor.
8 James Melville, *Memoirs of His Own Life*, (edited by T. Thomson), Edinburgh: Bannatyne Club Publications, 1827, (reprinted by AMS Press, 1973), p. 134. By 'small', it was meant that Darnley was slim figured.
9 British Library, Add. MSS 17492 fol. 57. Spelling has been modernized here.
10 David Hay Fleming, *Mary Queen of Scots, From Her Birth to Her Flight into England*, London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1898, p. 136.
11 G. B. Harrison, *The Letters of Queen Elizabeth*, London: Cassell and Co., 1935, p. 49.
12 *Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series, of the Reign of Elizabeth*, VIII, no. 1053.
13 Patrick Fraser Tytler, *The History of Scotland From The Accession of Alexander III to The Union*, Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo, 1866, VII, pp. 87-88. Mary's part in Darnley's murder and her relationship with Bothwell remain controversial. For evidence of her guilt, see: Jenny Wormald, *Mary, Queen of Scots: Politics, Passion and a Kingdom Lost,* London: Tauris Parke Paperbacks, 2001. For an opposing view: John Guy, *Queen of Scots - The True Life of Mary Stuart,* and Susan Doran, *Mary Queen of Scots: An Illustrated Life*.
14 Bothwell ended up in Denmark where he died in a prison in 1578. Before his death, Mary planned to have her marriage to him annulled so she could marry the Duke of Norfolk.

TONI MOUNT

A Forward-Thinking French Surgeon – Ambroise Paré [1510-90]

I don't often write about people of the sixteenth century unless they have a definite connection to England – in other words, unless they can be described as 'Tudors'. However, having a deep interest in the history of medicine, Tudor England is rather a disappointing place for me in this regard. Most Tudor medical practitioners hadn't strayed very far from their fifteenth century predecessors but, on the Continent, one surgeon who was beginning to think outside the medieval box was a Frenchman, Ambroise Paré. He was coming up with some intriguing ideas, so this month, I'm making an exception. Unfortunately, his work wasn't studied in England so his useful discoveries did not catch on here but in this article I'm going to explore some of Paré's achievements.

In Europe, the years spanned by the Tudor monarchs' reigns witnessed endless wars, leading to some new innovations, particularly in battlefield surgery, giving a man like Ambroise Paré the opportunity to hone his surgical techniques and experience on the wounded.

Paré was born in 1510 at Bourg-Hersent in northwest France. As a child, he had first watched and was then apprenticed to his older brother, a barber-surgeon in Paris. He was also trained at the Hôtel-Dieu in that city, France's oldest hospital. In 1522, near Metz, a man had been stabbed numerous times with a sword and, unsurprisingly, was expected to die. But young Paré, only a lad of twelve but with nothing to lose, believed he could treat the unfortunate victim:

Posthumous portrait of Ambroise Paré
by William Holl [c.1590][1]

I was his doctor, pharmacist, surgeon and cook: I bandaged him until the end of the treatment, and God healed him.

This was his modest conclusion. Once his apprenticeship was completed, Paré decided to join the French army. One day in 1536, at the very beginning of his military career, there was a shortage of elder oil for cauterising the wounds of amputees and other injured men. It was common practice at the time for surgeons to seal wounds with boiling oil – an excruciating procedure which often failed to work, keeping out infection, as it was supposed to do. As the newest recruit, Paré was reluctant to complain about having no oil, so he took the very risky step – both in terms of his future career with the army and the lives of the soldiers in his care – of inventing his own method of sealing the wounds. Instead of using oil, he made a tincture of egg yolk, turpentine and oil of roses and applied that to the men's injuries, but he wrote later that:

I could not sleep all that night, for I was troubled in mind and the dressing... which I judged unfit, troubled my thoughts and I feared that next day I should find them dead, or at the point of death by the poison [infection] of the wound, whom I had not dressed with the scalding oil.

The following morning, to his amazement, the soldiers who had been treated with the tincture were in a much better condition than those who had been treated with boiling oil.[2] Paré kept his job and continued to serve with the French army for thirty years, thanks,

Ambroise Paré et l'examen d'un malade by James Bertrand[3]

probably, to the antiseptic properties of the turpentine in his mixture. As his career progressed, Paré refused to use cauterisation to seal the limb stumps of patients after amputation. In this case, he reverted to the use of ligatures to tie off the blood vessels, just as the first-century doctor, Galen, had done for the Roman gladiators. Cauterising with red-hot irons didn't always stop the loss of blood and the shock of its application was sometimes enough to kill the patient. Although Paré's procedure was less painful for the patient than cauterisation, the ligatures themselves could introduce infection, complications and death, so were not always an unqualified success nor frequently adopted by other surgeons.

For his new technique, he designed the *bec de corbin* or 'crow's beak', a predecessor of modern haemostats (arterial forceps to clamp the blood vessels). Paré detailed the technique in his 1564 book, *Treatise on Surgery*. During his work with amputees, Paré noted the pain they experienced as sensations in the 'phantom' amputated limb. He believed that these phantom pains occur in the brain and not in the remnants of the limb – as medical opinion agrees today. However, although some of Paré's ideas may have been new to the medical profession, other useful knowledge had its origins in old wives tales. Paré put at least one of these to good effect. This is what he noted (in French, of course):

One of the Marshall of Montejan's kitchen boys fell by chance into a cauldron of oil being almost boiling hot. I being called to dress him, went to the next apothecary's to fetch refrigerating [cooling] *medicines commonly used in this case. There was present by chance a certain old country woman who, hearing that I desired medicines for a burn, persuaded me at the first dressing, that I should lay* [there] *to raw onions beaten with a little salt, for so I should hinder the breaking out of blisters or pustules, as she had found by certain and frequent experience.*

Instead of dismissing the countrywoman's advice out of hand, as other medical professionals may well have done, Paré decided the remedy might be worth trying. The next day, he reported that where he had put the onions, the boy's body was free of blisters, but other areas, untreated with onions, were badly blistered. Shortly after this experiment, it happened that a member of Montejan's guard, Captain Rat, was severely injured when his gunpowder flask caught fire. The man's face and hands were 'grievously burnt'. Again, Paré treated the patient with the onion mixture but, because he regarded it as an experimental procedure, he only applied it to parts of the man's face; the rest he treated with 'the medicines usually applied to burns'. When he changed the dressing, he discovered, as in the first case, the onions had prevented blistering and excoriation (skin peeling), although the other areas, treated in the normal way, were 'troubled with both', whereby he wrote, 'I gave credit to the [onion] Medicine'. He published his first book, *The method of curing wounds caused by arquebus and firearms,* in 1545, refuting the belief of his contemporaries that gunpowder was poisonous and this poison caused the wounded to die, no matter what was done by the

surgeon. Theriac – that supposed antidote to all poisons used since before Roman times – was still in general use to treat gunshot wounds.

In 1542, during a battle, Marshall de Brissac was shot in the shoulder. The shot had to be extracted but proved difficult to locate. Undeterred, Paré asked the patient to stand in the exact same position as at the moment he was shot and was able to trace back the path of the shot, from the entry wound to its likely final location. It was found and successfully removed. This is a forensic technique still in use today, most often to determine the position from which a bullet was fired, though laser technology has removed most of the guesswork.

Paré wasn't only interested in battlefield surgery. The new anatomical ideas being introduced by andreas versalius and others intrigued him. He developed a number of instruments and designed prosthetic limbs for his amputee patients, even constructing artificial eyes from porcelain and glass, then enamelling them with gold and silver. Another of his interests was obstetrics. He re-introduced 'podalic version', a procedure in which the position of a foetus in the uterus (usually a second twin that is presenting transversely or obliquely) is manipulated so that its feet will emerge first at birth, giving it a chance of survival. More of a backwards step, Paré also introduced the lancing of infants' gums during teething, believing this would aid the teeth coming through. At the time, it was thought babies could die because the teeth 'lacked a pathway' through the gums. His controversial practice was continued until almost the end of the nineteenth century when, thankfully, it went out of fashion.

The picture below comes from Paré's book *Anomalies and Curiosities of Medicine*.[4] It illustrates the case of an Italian woman, Dorothea, who allegedly gave birth to undecaplets [eleven foetuses at once], having already given birth to nonuplets [nine]. The supportive hoop must have been vital but I'm not sure who invented it. Paré's pupil, Jacques Guillemeau, translated his work from French into Latin, making it more accessible across Europe but, as I said before, England was slow to realise

Fig. 23.—Pregnancy with 11 fetuses (after Paré).

how useful Paré's work was to medicine. Not until 1612 did an English translation become available as: *Childbirth; or The Happy Delivery of Women.* Although collections of his writings were first published in Paris in 1575 and frequently reprinted with several German and Dutch editions, readers in England had to wait until 1634 when Thomas Johnson finally produced an English translation.

In 1552, Paré left the army and went into royal service to attend the French king, Henry II (r. 1519-59). Excellent surgeon as he was, Paré could do nothing to aid the king when he suffered a fatal blow to his head during a tournament in 1559. Nevertheless, future Kings of France trusted themselves and their courtiers into his care. He went on to serve Francis II, Charles IX and Henry III.

According to one of the king's ministers, Sully, Paré was a Hugenot (a Protestant in Roman Catholic France) and on 24 August 1572, the day of the infamous St Bartholomew's Day Massacre, King Charles IX returned the favour, saving Paré's life by locking him in a clothes closet. It's a great story, but

there is no evidence that the royal surgeon was anything other than a devout Roman Catholic. Paré died in Paris in 1590 from natural causes, at the age of seventy-nine.

I hope readers have enjoyed this little venture into foreign fields, exploring just a few of the sixteenth century's medical innovations.

TONI MOUNT

1 Wikipedia
2 http://www.sciencemuseum.org.uk/broughttolife/people/ambroisepare.aspx .
3 https://www.actualitte.com/article/monde-edition/ambroise-pare-la-rencontre-de-la-medecine-et-de-l-humanisme/97182
4 https://www.sciencesource.com/archive/Dorothea--Pregnant--16th-Century-SS2576427.html

Leanda de Lisle's "After Elizabeth" gives a fascinating juxtaposition of the macabre and the merry, the graceful end and the gaudy beginning, by comparing the royal court's final Christmas under a Tudor monarch to its first under the Stuarts. Suzannah Lipscomb's "The King is Dead" narrates Henry VIII's final Yuletide and the power politics at play.

For fictional portrayals of Tudor cheer and Yuletide, Margaret George's "The Autobiography of Henry VIII" and C. J. Sansom's "Dissolution" give thrilling imaginings of 16th-century Christmases and winters.

Screen time has generally focused on it less, although the BBC's "The Shadow of the Tower" shows some seasons of festive entertainments under Henry VII, while 1972's "Henry VIII and his Six Wives" dramatizes the Yuletide and winter celebrations that of course coincided with the short like of Prince Henry, Duke of Cornwall, in 1511.

Gareth Russell

Yuletide - a Tudor Christmas

PIVA will, Covid restrictions allowing, be performing our seasonal show, "Yuletide – a Tudor Christmas" at the **Albany Theatre in Coventry on Friday, 4th December.** The show will commence at 7.00pm. We had originally been booked to play in the small studio theatre but, as the pantomime has been cancelled, we're now playing in the much larger main theatre. This means that social distancing can be maintained for the audience and also with a huge stage to fill, we'll be well distanced too!! We will, of course, be appropriately performing pieces from the Coventry Mystery Plays – it seems too good an opportunity to miss.

Tickets will be on sale from Monday, 19th October and can be bought direct from the theatre. **https://albanytheatre.co.uk/** If you're within travelling distance of Coventry please come and support live music and help keep the theatre going as well!

The picture below was taken at our last concert at Swalcliffe at the beginning of March, just before Lockdown.

The 12 Days of Christmas Cardinal Number Crossword

I) Gloriana!
II) First husband of Mary Queen of Scots
III) First Pope of the Counter-reformation
IV) English Nobleman executed in 1572 for his support of Mary, Queen of Scots, in opposition to Elizabeth I
V) Holy Roman Emperor during Henry VIII's 'Great Matter'
VI) Son of Henry VIII's third queen, Jane Seymour
VII) Giulio de' Medici (Pope Clement VII)
VIII) Legendary Tudor Monarch, famed for his plentiful marital disasters
IX) Son of the French king Henry II, who is believed to have died of tuberculosis in 1574
X) Excommunicated Martin Luther
XI) Nicknamed 'The Universal Spider'
XII) Father of Queen Claude of France, who was served by a young Anne Boleyn

"Quiz answers" on page 67

Christmas Treats

by Claire Ridgway

A Yummy Christmas Drink

My very favourite Christmas drink is a snowball, which was very popular in the 1970s in the UK. I remember my mum and grandmother drinking snowballs every Christmas and being allowed the odd small sip. Now, for me, Christmas isn't Christmas without a few snowballs!

Homemade advocaat for making snowball

(Based on a recipe by Marcia Simmons on seriouseats.com)

10 egg yolks
½ tsp salt
1 1/3 cups (approx 270g) sugar
1/8 tsp ground cinnamon (or to taste)
1 cup (approx 240ml) brandy
2/3 cup (approx 160ml) vodka
2 tsp vanilla extract

Cover the bottom of a medium saucepan with about an inch of water and bring to a simmer and then turn heat to low.

While the water is heating, whisk the egg yolks with the salt, sugar and cinnamon in a bowl until the sugar is dissolved and the mixture falls from the whisk in creamy pale yellow ribbons.

Add brandy and vodka while mixing.

Place the bowl over the simmering water and whisk while cooking until the mixture thickens so that it forms a coating on the back of a spoon (approx 8 mins) or use a thermometer to heat to at least 54.5°C/130°F.

Remove from heat and stir in vanilla extract.

Pour into a sealable glass container or bottle.
Refrigerate for at least 6 hours before use.
Keeps in the fridge for up to 1 month.

Making a snowball

Our 15ml of lime cordial or lime juice over ice in a glass.
Our over 50ml advocaat and 50ml lemonade, and stir gently.
Garnish with a maraschino cherry.

Tudor-style mince pies

Mince pies are a British Christmas tradition and date back centuries. Today, they tend to be individual pies filled with a mixture of suet, dried fruit and spice, but in medieval and Tudor times they also contained meat, usually mutton.

The medieval or Tudor "minced pye" traditionally had thirteen ingredients. The mutton in the pie represented the shepherds who heard the good news of Christ's birth from the Angel Gabriel, and the other 12 ingredients represented Christ and his apostles. The pie was just one large pie and it was "crib-shaped" to represent Christ's birth.

Here are some recipes for you, whether you'd prefer to make a traditional Tudor-style pie, or enjoy the modern version.

Based on Elinor Fettiplace's Tudor recipe from "Elinor Fettiplace's Receipt Book" edited by Hilary Spurling.

(For 48 small pies or one large one to feed 10-12 people)

680g shortcrust or puff pastry, homemade or shop-bought for small mince pies, or half amount for 1 double crust pie baked on a pie plate or in a tin.

225g lean minced meat (mutton was traditionally used)
225g shredded beef suet
225g currants
225g raisins
Pinch ground ginger
Pinch ground mace
½ level tsp grated nutmeg
1 level tsp cinnamon
1 rounded tsp salt
2 rounded tsps sugar
Grated rind of 1 orange

6 tbsp rose water (or mixture of rose water and sherry)

Roll out pastry as thin you possibly can, use a cutter to cut into rounds to fit your tin (smaller rounds for tops).
Divide mixture between rounds (1-2 heaped tsps for smaller individual pies).
Moisten edges with water and top with smaller rounds, crimping edges to seal.
Prick with a fork.
If you're making a large pie, you can decorate it with pastry shapes.
Glaze with milk or beaten egg yolk.
Bake at 220ºC/425ºF/Gas Mark 7 for 20-30 mins for small pies, 30-40 with last 10 minutes slightly cooler for large pie.

Modern mince pies

(Based on Paul Hollywood's recipe)
Pastry:
375g plain flour
260g butter (unsalted and softened)
125g caster sugar, and extra for sprinkling
2 large eggs
Filling:
600g jar mincemeat (or see mincemeat recipe)
2 satsumas, segmented
1 finely chopped apple
zest of 1 lemon
icing sugar for dusting

Rub together flour and butter until the mixture is the consistency of breadcrumbs.
Add the caster sugar and 1 of the eggs (beaten first).
Mix.
Tip onto worktop or board dusted with flour and fold until the pastry comes together.
Wrap in clingfilm and chill for 10 minutes in the fridge.
Mix satsumas, mincemeat, apple and lemon zest in a bowl.
Preheat oven to 220ºC/200ºC fan/Gas Mark 7.
Roll out pastry until it's approx 3mm thick.
Use a 10cm round cutter to cut out 16 bases and put in a muffin tin.
Fill with 1 ½ tbsp mincemeat mixture.
Brush edges with beaten egg from second egg.
Roll out the left-over pastry to 3mm thick again and use 7cm round cutter to cut 16 tops.
Press on top of bases to seal.

Glaze with beaten egg, sprinkle with caster sugar, make small cuts in top or prick with a fork.

Bake for 15-20 mins until golden brown.

Leave to cool before removing.

Dust with icing sugar.

Modern Mincemeat

Based on BBC Good Food recipe

(Makes 850g)

150g currants

150g sultanas

100g raisins

75g mixed peel

Zest of 1 lemon

Juice of 1 lemon

75g suet (normal or vegetarian)

1 small cooking apple, peeled, cored and chopped finely

1 ½ tsp mixed spice

1tsp ground cinnamon

200g dark muscovado sugar

100ml brandy

Sterilised jars (if not using straight away) – wash in soapy water, leave to dry naturally, then heat for 20 mins in oven at 100°C. You'll need to spoon in the mincemeat while warm. Cover top with a circle of baking parchment and put on lid.

Place all of the ingredients except the brandy in a large saucepan.

Cook over a low heat for 10 mins, stirring occasionally, until sugar and suet have melted into the other ingredients.

Remove from heat. Leave to cool to room temperature.

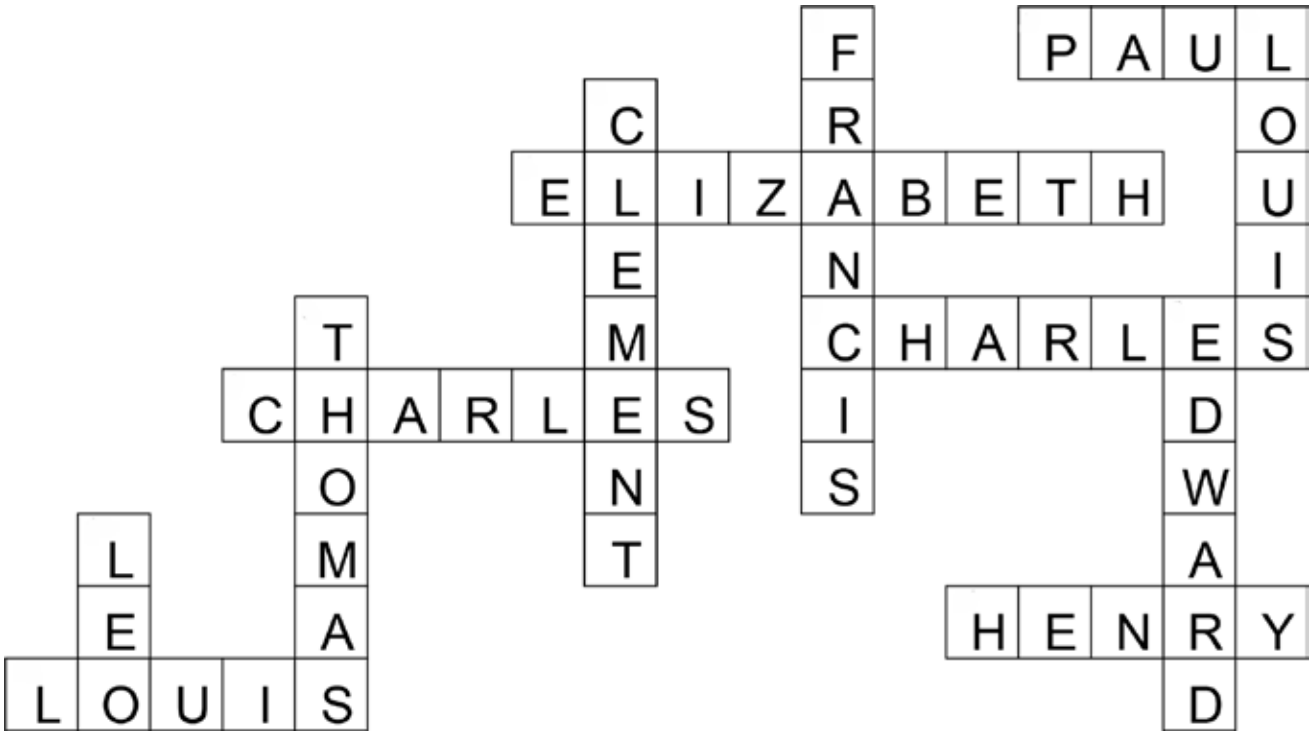
Stir in brandy.

Use straight away or store in sterilised jars in a cool, dry place for up to 6 months.

A funfair ride at Hever Castle, Kent
(Photo taken 2019)

Quiz answers

How did you do? This was a fun quiz, but we need more! If you would like to write a quiz, cross-word, word search or any other such puzzle, please send it to info@tudorsociety.com



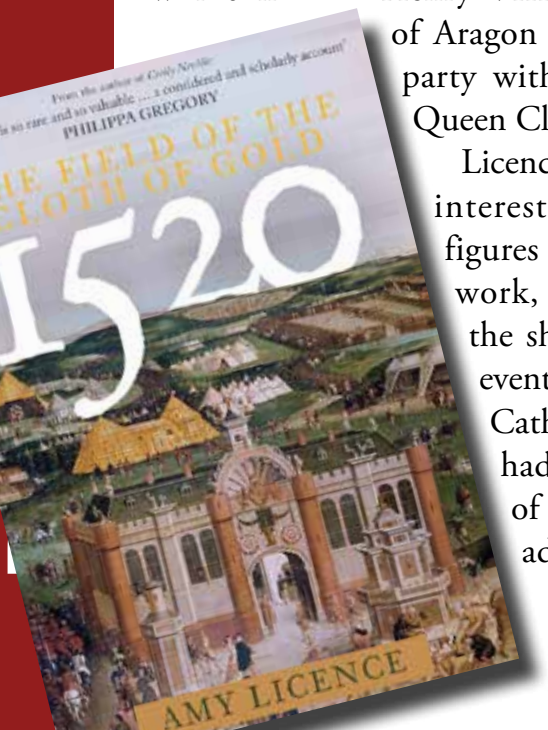
Charlie on Books

1520

Amy Licence

2020 was the 500th anniversary of the Field of Cloth of Gold and was set to be a year full of events and lectures. However, due to the pandemic, that sadly did not happen. Thankfully, one of the books released to coincide with the anniversary was not delayed and that is Amy Licence's *1520: The Field of Cloth of Gold*. It is one of only a couple of books released on the subject and is the only one, at time of writing, to be aimed at a general audience. Licence has written many books on the period and will be familiar to many here for her accessible works, with this latest one not disappointing.

The author starts by giving the reader some context as to what the world was like in 1520 before examining the individual figures on both sides. This includes the English party with Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon and the French party with Francis I and Queen Claude.



Licence includes many interesting facts and figures throughout her work, demonstrating the sheer scale of the event. She tells us that Catherine of Aragon had a total retinue of 1,260 and that, added to Henry's total, *'this made 5,804 people in attendance upon the king and queen. The king and his company also had 2,406 horses while the queen had 817, making 3,223 horses in all'*. This would be hard to imagine if not for Licence's descriptions and storytelling ability, even in a non-fiction book.

The author also addresses one of the most well-known incidents from the event, that being the wrestling match between Henry VIII and Francis I. She asks some interesting questions in regards to it and makes the reader question its existence.

One thing that slightly lets the book down is the lack of proper references, even though it is clearly well-researched. There is nothing to back up the figures as there are no page numbers with the references. This would not be expected from the author of a popular history book, but it is still a little disappointing as it has several appendices as well that could have been useful for research.

1520: The Field of Cloth of Gold is an engaging account of one of the most impressive events held in Henry VIII's reign. It holds the reader's attention, just like the rest of her work, yet is still detailed and informative. It does not dumb anything down and so proves the author's skill. I would recommend this book to anyone wanting to know more about the Field of Cloth of Gold, as well as the relationship between the different countries at the time, as it provides a good look at this, outside of the actual event.

ELIZABETH I'S SECRET LOVER

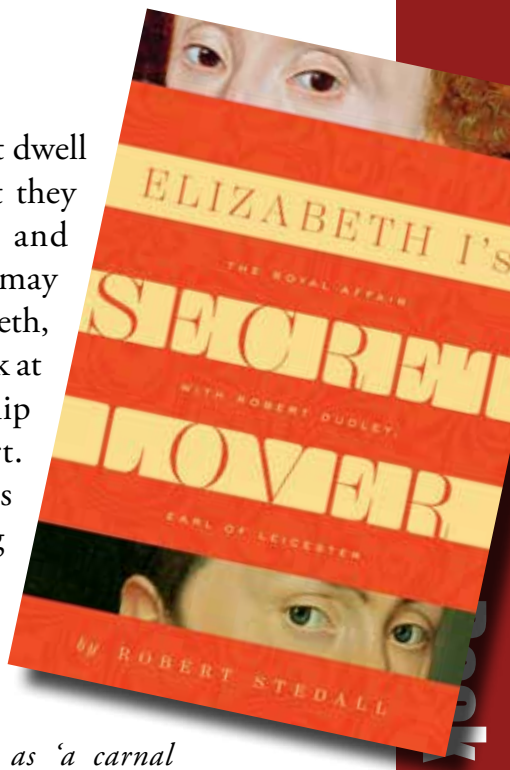
Robert Steadall

There is something fascinating about the relationship between Elizabeth I and Robert Dudley, with the appeal of the almost forbidden relationship resulting in many works, both non-fiction and fiction, being written on the subject. However, there are only a select few books solely on Robert Dudley, with the latest being *Elizabeth I's Secret Lover: Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester* by Robert Steadall. The title is an odd one, as their relationship was not really a secret. Most, if not all, of the English court knew that the two were close. On the other hand, we do not know if they were lovers or not, which could be what the title is alluding to. Confusing titles aside, this is a good book that looks at the career and life of the man who held the Queen's affections.

The book starts with the history of the Dudley family to provide some context to the reader, looking at them during the Wars of the Roses and the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII. Steadall then writes about Dudley's childhood and how he first met the future queen:

> *'It became important for these powerful men that their children should attend classes arranged for Edward and Elizabeth... In about 1545, they were joined by Edward Seymour, Hertford's son; Henry Brandon, who had recently succeeded as 2nd Duke of Suffolk; and Robert Dudley, despite them being a few years older. This brought Robert, who was 12, into close contact with his contemporary, the Princess Elizabeth. Although her academic talent far outstripped his, they became close friends, sharing interests in 'riding, the chase and dancing'.'*

Steadall does not dwell too much on what they may have done and what impact this may have had on Elizabeth, soon moving to look at Robert's relationship with Amy Robsart. This includes the compelling theory that they married for love:



> *'Cecil later described Robert's union with Amy as 'a carnal marriage, begun for pleasure and ended in lamentation'. With Sir John Robsart being 'a relatively insignificant country squire', the connection has to be viewed as a genuine love match. Warwick generally sought politically helpful alliances for his sons and daughters. His other children all made more glittering connections.'*

The author does not just focus on Robert's romantic relationships, as it also examines his role in the Dudley family and their involvement with putting Lady Jane Grey on the throne.

The book is well-referenced but readable, history books tend to be one or the other but thankfully this is both. It is also helpful as some of the author's theories are a little controversial and will divide people, especially those concerning how far Elizabeth and Robert's relationship went, as well as what happened to Amy, so it is useful to have those references to back the theories up.

Elizabeth I's Secret Lover is an interesting biography on one of the Virgin Queen's closest companions. It may be misnamed, but do not let that put you off reading it. It offers good insight into his relationship with Elizabeth I and may make some readers question different aspects of that relationship. I would recommend it to anyone interested in his life and Elizabeth I.

CHARLIE FENTON

WENDY J. DUNN ON WRITING

KILLING OUR DARLINGS.

My dear reader/ writer,

I confess – it takes me years to write a novel. The Light in the Labyrinth is the only novel of mine which I managed to complete in two years, and that was because I had a PhD scholarship financially supporting me for close to four years. Other periods of my life I have written my novels in the midst of working as a teacher, and also as a woman whose life involves Family and Friends (please note the capital F). Writing is vital part of who I am, but I strive to balance all those things necessary for the sanity of my existence.

But there are other reasons why it takes me so much time to finish a novel. In previous columns, I have written about the drafting process. The first draft is all about writing for the eyes of one reader, the writer. The first draft of a novel takes me at least one year. Then I start draft two, draft three, draft four. These subsequent drafts involve a lot of rewriting and killing of 'my darlings' – when I decide what makes the final draft.

Below is a cut chapter from draft three of *Falling Pomegranate Seeds: All Manner of Things,* my new novel, which will be published on January 15th, 2021. It was a chapter I wanted to keep, but I took it out of my novel when it crossed the 150,000-word count. I had more rewrites to do, and wanted to ensure All Manner of Things was a work of around 160,000 words. This chapter had to go if I was to have any chance to achieve that.

A few paragraphs of this chapter I have reworked in other parts of my novel, but the bulk of it remains cut away from the whole. I thought and hope my readers here may enjoy this section as much as one of my beta readers who was just as sad as me to see this chapter go.

D E L E T E D CHAPTER FROM ALL MANNER OF THINGS.

Enclosed in the andas, the girl María dropped to her knees beside her cousin Catalina. She drew the

long hair away from her princess's face, holding the bowl for Catalina to vomit into. The tapestry behind her friend caught her eyes. Strung up at the head of the andas, the tapestry of Tristan and Iseult swayed with their every movement. Even in the gloom of the andas, the threads of the tapestry shimmered with the bold colours of summer, bringing home the reality of holding a bowl half full with vomit. Hearing Catalina's weak laughter, she broke her eyes away.

"I have stopped counting the times you have looked at that," murmured Catalina.

María shrugged, "It disturbs me." She spoke softly, not wanting to wake the snoring Doña Elvira Manuel. She looked again at the picture of the young man and woman sitting close beside one another in a sunlit garden, not touching with their bodies, but locked together in eternal, joyful longing with their eyes.

Doña Elvira continued to snore. The middle-aged, squat, swarthy-skinned woman leaned against one side of the andas, at the top of Catalina's pallet, cushioning the princess's body with her own. She had fallen asleep some time ago, and not woken when Catalina cried out for the bowl again.

Her pale skin sheening with sweat, Catalina

closed her eyes. “Now the food I ate this morning no longer churns inside of me, I shall try to sleep. It is all I want to do.”

María pushed down her own urge to heave up the little she had eaten that day, glancing back at Catalina when she murmured, “Mother, oh my mother...”

She remembered peering with Catalina from the peephole in the andas when they departed from Santa Fe. Catalina’s mother, Queen Isabel, had stood alone, her aged face frozen with grief, whilst King Ferdinand returned to the nearby royal alcazar. The queen’s figure became smaller and smaller, until they could no longer see her. She had no need to speak to Catalina to know of her sorrow. Like now, she had taken her friend’s hand, and gave what comfort she could.

Releasing Catalina, she sat back, spread her hand on her upper thigh, looking around in misery. *Do not weep. Catalina has more reason to cry than you. She is to wed a stranger. You had a choice about coming to England with her.*

Catalina paled, and opened distressed eyes. Once more, María moved in with the bowl, tending to her, soothing her. Catalina inhaled a ragged breath and fell back into the arms of her now woken up duenna. The woman, wiping beads of sweat from her charge’s brow, scowled with bushy eyebrows and gestured to María. In answer, she carefully placed the bowl of vomit on the bottom of the andas and soaked a cloth in a bowl of water fragrant with lemon and cloves, and cleared a stray tendril of fever-drenched hair from Catalina’s mouth before gently washing her face. For two awful days she had watched her friend grow weaker. The fever struck her down, hard. Again, Catalina, her face ashen and exhausted, laid back on her pallet and closed her eyes.

María reached for the reassurance of her woollen red mantle. In defiance of the heat, she draped it across her knees, and stroked it. Her mother had made it for her. She lifted a length of it to her face, smelling her in its folds. Each careful and exact stitch seemed to record her love, and her pain at their parting. Not wanting to let go of her one remaining link to her mother, she tossed the mantle over her shoulders, pulling its hood over her head, pretending the mantle was her mother’s arms around her again.

At the start of her journey, she believed her nearly sixteen years had readied her for painful farewells; not just life’s farewells, but also the farewell of death. Clutching her mantel tight to her body, she realised she deluded herself. She gazed back at Catalina, her prima hermana. *Farewell. I detest the word. I cannot say farewell to Catalina, or be separated from her*

The little space in the andas denying them a servant, she picked up the half full bowl of vomit with great caution. The rock of the andas swished the contents, threatening to spill it over her. Reaching for the large ceramic flask filled with sour wine, she

edged her way around the other women, untied the heavy drapery dividing them from the outside world and pulled it aside.

She paused and breathed in fresh air, gazing longingly at the escort of horse-riders. Behind them, more pounding hooves echoed from another strong band of Aragonese cavalry protecting their rear. Every horse in the cavalry from the best Castilian bloodlines, she yearned to be astride one of them, a yearning flooding every fibre of her being. The drumming horses's hooves ate up summer-scorched soil, flicking up red swirls of dust for the wind to catch and blow into her face. She pulled back a little, rubbing at her watering eyes, before rinsing the silver bowl, over and over, pouring the liquid onto the ground.

The bowl clean, she slumped against the opening, and breathed in again deeply, smelling a breeze hinting at an early morning shower. She turned, gazing inside the andas. Weeks ago, at the start of their journey, she had taken for granted the rich interior. Now, the walls of the andas closed in on her, suffocated her. Glitter of gold thread and the abundance of densely embroidered cushions scattered everywhere only added to her sense of imprisonment. Made for display and not comfort, they only served to get in the way of everyone and gave less room to move. Even the exquisite tapestries, lining the walls of the andas, seemed to exist simply to stifle them. They not only blocked out the light, but also any chance of a flow of air from outside.

Every day, for endless weeks, it was *jerk, sway, rock, jerk, sway, rock; jerk, sway, rock, jerk, sway, rock,* until it became the whole reason and rhythm of her life. The hours of continual movement even weaved their way into her dreams at night and woke her, displaced, distressed. Since leaving Santa Fe, she and her companions had endured long, hot and exhausting hours of entrapment, while oxen pulled the royal andas through difficult terrain.

She sighed, wishing she could keep the canvas screens untied and let in sunlight, and air. She ached for living air, renewed air, air she could inhale deep into her lungs, air that would return her again to a girl of fifteen. A girl who believed herself ready to claim adulthood, rather than this weak, unhappy stranger who now took her place. Weary, heavy of heart, she released the stiff drapery, took off her mantle and returned to kneel again at Catalina's side, and the heat and stuffiness of their closed-in-world.

All of them in the andas seemed struggling today with the heat. Inés Vanegas, the pretty, fifteen-year-old daughter of Catalina's long-ago nurse, bowed her head, her eyes half-closed, no longer making any attempt to read her treasured copy of *The Consolation of Philosophy*, now open, but abandoned on her lap.

Near her, María de Roja, the most beautiful of Catalina's attendants, slumped against one of the large hard cushions. The daily demands

of their journey had sucked her loveliness dry – so dry, it had left her once perfect face haggard. Blue shadows ringed her eyes, her rosebud mouth wilted in unhidden misery. Even her hair suffered from the toils of this long journey. Sweat slicked her blonde locks close to her scalp and robbed it of its glorious colour.

The dark haired, spirited and dimpled Francisca de Carceres, whose witty remarks once gave them cause for laughter at the start of the journey, was as equally changed. No longer speaking, for hours, she sat resting her head against the awning, her face in shadow, staring into nothingness. Novelty no longer buffered their long hours together. Rather, the hours stretched out to an ordeal of unending discomfort, hours only to survive until the next day started it over again.

Doña Elvira glanced at her, her scowl not hiding her dislike, her jealousy. María inwardly shrugged. She was used to it. Doña Elvira had resented her, and her close relationship to Catalina, for years. The older woman leaned back against the thickly padded frame of the andas; for hours, her ample body cushioned Catalina's head and shoulders. She twitched, changed her position again, wincing as if in pain.

The andas lurched. Catalina moaned, and flung out one arm.

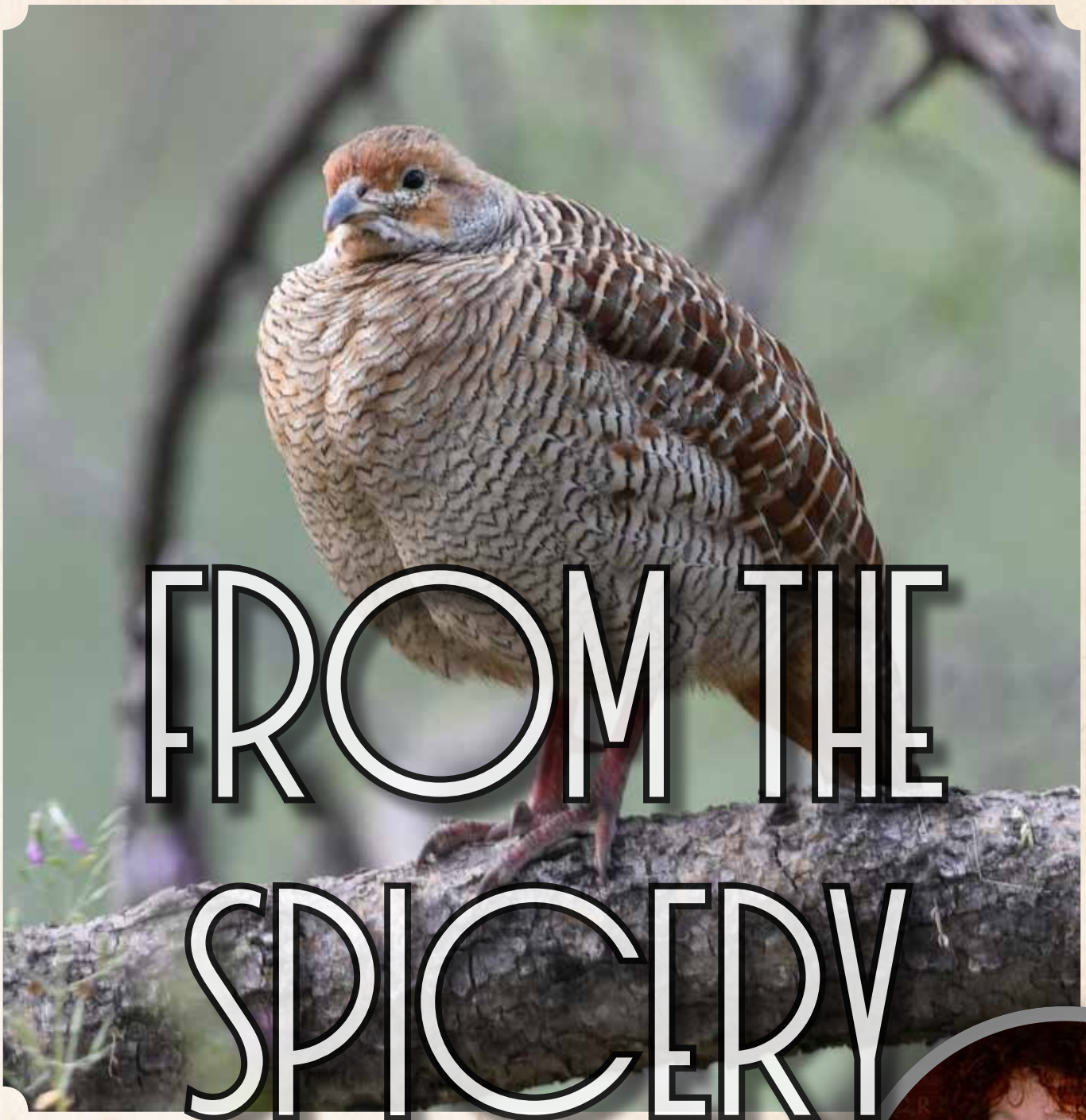
Losing her balance, María braced against Doña Elvira to right herself. The older woman rounded on her in fury. "Be careful," she barked out, straightening up.

"Fools!" she snarled. "Must they find all the holes in the road!" She bent down to her royal charge, "Praise the good God, we'll soon be at Guadalupe, my princess."

Her black eyes swung back to María, glittering like jet. "Make yourself useful. Fan the princess!" Doña Elvira mopped her own forehead.

Swallowing back her spleen, and wishing to remind the woman that she spoke to her better, someone close kin to the royal family, María placed her mantle back beside her and took the fan from Doña Elvira. A slant of light slipped through a small opening in the drawn curtains, cutting a path into the dim interior.

Exile, she thought, *is a kind of death; a hard, cruel death.* Fanning Catalina, she shifted from aching knee to aching knee. Sweat dripped from her body and drenched her clothes, making them cling to her skin. *This heat is melting me.* Then she flinched, realising she wept. *I will never return to Castile. My tomb will not be in my own home, but faraway, in an unknown land.* She returned her gaze to Catalina. *And not only me.* Once more, she held Catalina's hand, tightening her hold on her sworn sister. Catalina did not open her eyes, but remained listless on her pallet, her normal rose-complexion now drained to white. Her rapid, erratic pulse was visible in her neck. *Dear God – please bring today's journey to its end.*



FROM THE SPICERY

WITH RIOGHNACH

12 DAYS OF CULINARY CHRISTMAS

Its that time of year again! Despite the visitation of a modern plague on much of the world, the Yuletide season draws near. This month, I've drawn inspiration from the Christmas carol, The Twelve Days of Christmas. You'll find no recipes for how best to cook one's leaping lords or milkmaids in this article, but you might just find some interesting ways to serve other things. Intrigued? Read on ...

I discovered pretty early on that I'd not set myself the easiest of tasks. Depending on which version of the carol you're familiar with, some of the listed items may be different. That being said (and to keep things as culinary as I can), I'll be using the 1780 version[1] as a starting point and introducing other variants if they have a culinary theme.

Day One dawns, and we receive a partridge in a pear tree, and already we're in trouble. An earlier French version of the song speaks of receiving part or all of a juniper bush with the partridge and makes no mention of the pear tree. Another version swaps out the partridge for a peacock sitting in a pear tree. While a peacock presented in its prime would make a stunning centrepiece, I'll keep things simple, and we'll cook a partridge. Perhaps the French version is right after all, as partridge and juniper berries would indeed partner very well. I've chosen a delicious and simple way to prepare partridge: Perdix Appretees ala Catalane (Partridges Catalan-style)[2].

Having drawn, trussed and barded two partridges (or better still get a minion to do the dirty work), roast them off in a hot oven for 15 minutes. Remove them and discard the barding fat, but reserve the roasting juices. Butterfly the partridges by splitting them down the back, flipping them over and pressing down on the breastbone with your hand (or the minion's hand) until the bone cracks. Put the butterflied birds into a cast-iron casserole with their roasting juices. Pound together some coarse salt, juniper berries (told you), allspice, black peppercorns, one

1 ***Anonymous, Mirth Without Mischief, London, 1780***

2 ***Cremonne, Baptise Platine de, Le Livre de l'Honeste Volupte, 1539,*** https://www.gutenberg.org/files/58801/58801-h/58801-h.htm***, p88***

whole clove and the juice of two Seville oranges. Cover, and return to the hot oven for 5 minutes (if young birds), or 30 minutes at a lower temperature for older birds, then serve immediately.

Day Two breaks clear and cold, and we find two turtle doves sitting on the doorstep. The term 'turtle dove' basically refers to the genus of birds Streptopelia or collared doves in the pigeon and dove family Columbidae. Collared doves are found all over the world, so you should (in theory) have no trouble finding/catching/buying some.

The Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby Knight Opened recommends that pigeon, along with partridge, pheasant and chicken, be cooked in the following way:

To rost fine meat that it be full of juyce; baste it as soon as it is through hot, and time to baste, with Butter. When it is very moist all over, sprinkle flower upon it every where, that by turning about the fire, it may become a thin crust. Then baste it no more till the latter end. This crust will keep in all the juyce. A little before you take it up, baste it again with Butter, and this will melt away all the crust. Then give it three or four turns of the spit, that it may make the outside yellow and crisp.

You may also baste such meat with yolks of new-laid Eggs, beaten into a thin oyl. But with this you continue basting all the while the meat rosteth.[3]

The sun shines brightly on Day Three of the Christmas season, and we find three French hens awaiting us in the kitchen. This one was tricky as the consensus seems to be that a French hen is nothing more glamorous than a "foreign" hen. I've also heard the phrase "three fat hens" also used, so I'll stick to a recipe for a nice fat chook. By the way, Sir Kenelm has some interesting things to say on how to "fatten young chickens to a wonderful degree".[4] Given this day has us dealing with the humble chicken, I've picked a particularly grand recipe from *Le Viandier de Taillevent* - Gilded Chickens with Quenelles.[5]

After the chicken is killed, break a bit of skin on the head, take a feather tube, blow in until it is very full of air, scald it, slit it along the belly, skin it, and put the carcass aside.

For the stuffing and the quenelles have some raw pork meat (it doesn't matter what kind) chopped with pork fat, white [chicken meat], eggs, good Fine Powder, pine nut paste and

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3 ***Digby, K. The Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby Knight Opened, London, 1669,*** http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16441/16441-h/16441-h.htm***, pp122-123***

4 ***Digby, Ibid,*** http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16441/16441-h/16441-h.htm***, p231***

5 ***Prescott, J. Le Viandier de Taillevent, Paris 1315-1395, http://www.telusplanet.net/public/prescotj/data/viandier/viandier457.html#viandier57***

currants. Stuff the chicken skins with it (but do not fill them so much that they burst), restitch them, and boil them in a pan on the fire (but do not let them cook for very long). When the quenelles are well made, put them to cook with the chickens, and remove them when they are hardened. Spit the chickens on slender spits. Have the spits for the quenelles slenderer by half or more than those for the chickens.

Afterwards, you need to have some batter beaten from eggs until it can stand up in the pan. When the chickens and quenelles are nearly cooked, remove them and put them over your batter. Take some batter with a clean spoon, stirring always, put it on top of your chickens and quenelles, [and put them over the fire] until they are glazed. Do them 2 or 3 times until they are well covered. Take some gold or silver leaf and wrap them (first sprinkle them with a little egg white so that the leaf adheres better).

The fourth day of Christmas presents a bit of a problem. Traditionally, its 4 colly birds (or canary-birds), which may or may not mean small songbirds. Don't get me wrong, I'm all for authenticity, but your neighbours mightn't be well pleased with the sight of you poaching some their canaries for your Christmas table. However, should you feel so inclined there are recipes for canaries in many medieval cookbooks. I've decided to use recipes duck as its an easy poultry item to buy, and won't get you locked up for making off with your neighbour's prized songbird! But before we proceed, a word of warning. According to John

Russell's Boke of Nurture, eggs in general "waken a man to the worke of lecherie"[6], while duck eggs in particular "make grose humoures."[7] Consider yourselves warned!

As this is day 4 of festivities, there may be lots of offal lying about your kitchen, so the recipe I've chosen makes use of these 'umbles. Behold, the dish of Bours!

Take porke and gese, hew hom þou schalle On gobetes, with powder of peper withalle. Hom sethe in pot þat is so clene, With oute any water, with salt, I wene. Fro Martyn messe to gode tyde evyne, Þys mete wylle serve, þou may me lene, At dyner or soper, if þat hit nede. Þou take gode ale, þat is not quede, Þer in þou boyle þo forsayde mete Þo more worship þou may gete.[8]

Bours is just a very simple duck soup that makes use of ingredients readily found in a medieval kitchen. take your duck and cut it into chunks, along with the offal from pigs and some pepper. Cover it with clean water (no salt!!) allow it to gently cook "until done" (:-). Remove from the heat and allow to cool completely before adding ale, salt and herbs of your choice (duck with sage works for me).

Luckily for us, Day Five involves the giving of gold rings, which I have also seen referenced as Tudor jumble biscuits. I'm not going to attempt to improve on the excellent recipe jumbles that I found in a previous copy of Tudor Life, so we'll move onto Day Six and goose /geese.

It might be just me, but I've always found goose to be a fatty bird to cook, no matter how many times I've skimmed the dish. I found several recipes for goose, ranging from the very simple and straight forward to one so complex that only a real Master Chef would even consider attempting it. However, considering we're only halfway through the twelve days, I'll be kind and give you two quick and easy recipes for goose, albeit they require some improvisation.

To Bake Geese or Capons.[9]

Season them with pepper and Salte, put Butter therto and prick your goose with some Cloves.

See what I meant about the improvisation? As you'll know by now, being sparing with the instructions was pretty common for medieval recipes, but that doesn't make it any the less frustrating for us!

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6 ***Russell, J. The Boke of Nurture, Harleian Manuscript 4011 circa 1450,*** https://www.gutenberg.org/files/24790/24790-h/nurture.html***, p106***

7 ***Russell, Ibid***

8 ***Liber Cure Corcorum, Sloan Manuscript 1986, England 1430***

9 ***A. W. A Book Of Cookrye Very Necessary For All Such AS Delight Therein, London, 1591, https://jducoeur.org/Cookbook/Cookrye.html***

To Make a Fricase of Goose Giblets or Hennes or Capons.[10]

First cut them in prety peeces, and so boile them in water til they be tender, then fry them in butter, and so serve them forth with powder of Ginger and Salt.

Day Seven of the proceedings brings us to the most spectacular of the gifts that could grace your Yuletide table; the swans. The swans are also the last item in the 1780 version of The Twelve Days of Christmas that could (not necessarily should) be eaten. But before we proceed, another word of warning; swans were, and currently remain the private possessions of the English monarch. I don't know what the present punishment for poaching the Queen's swans is, but historically a poacher's fate was far from a pleasant one.

One of the most popular and ostentatious ways of cooking a swan was to carefully remove the skin and feathers in one piece, drawing the bird (reserving the blood) and roasting it largely whole. Once cooked, the swan would be re-dressed in its skin and feathers, a gold crown placed on its head, and served with a sauce called a chauldron. Wondering what the swan's blood was used for? The Boke of Cookrye gives you all the details!

Chauldron for a Swan[11]

Take white Bread and lay it in soke in some of the broth that the Giblets be sod in, and straine it with some of the blood of the Swan, a little peece of the Liver and red Wine, and make it somwhat thin, and put to it Sinamon and ginger, pepper, Salt and Sugar, & boile it untill it be somwhat thick, and put in two spoonfull of the gravye of the Swan, and so serve it in saucers being warme.

Le Menagier de Paris recommends that a swan should be plucked like a chicken or goose, scalded or boiled, then put on a spit and roasted, complete with its feet and beak. The head, we are told, must be left unplucked. Oh and apparently the best thing to eat roast swan with is yellow pepper.[12]

From this point forwards, the remaining five days of Christmas refer to things that definitely should never be eaten in polite society. As a final note on The Twelve Days of Christmas, while researching the carol, I also found references to hares running and badgers baiting, bulls roaring and lads louping (wolf hunting), squabs swimming and hounds running, bears baiting and cocks crowing, and asses racing. While Le Mengaier de Paris in particular, would probably have recipes for all the animals mentioned, including them here would have resulted in a very long From The

10 ***A. W. Ibid***
11 ***A. W. Op Cit***
12 ***Prescott, Op Cit***

Spicery article. So on that note, I'll wish you a joyous festive season, and a far happier and safer 2021.

RIOGHNACH O'GERAGHTY

DECEMBER'S "ON THIS

1 Dec 1530
Death of Margaret of Austria at Mechelen. She was buried alongside her second husband, Philibert II, Duke of Savoy, in their mausoleum at Bourg-en-Bresse.

Margaret of Austria, aged around 10

2 Dec 1560
Death of Charles de Marillac, French diplomat and Archbishop of Vienne, at Melun in France.

7 Dec 1573
Death of John Thorne, Master of the Choristers and Organist of York Minster, composer and poet, in York.

8 Dec 1538
Death of Sir William Coffin, courtier and Master of the Horse to Queens Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour.

9 Dec 1522
Death of Hugh Ashton, former Comptroller of Lady Margaret Beaufort's household.

13 Dec 1558
Death of William Clyffe, civil lawyer and one of the authors of the 1537 "Bishops' Book" or "The Godly and Pious Institution of a Christian Man". Clyffe's expertise on marriage and divorce law led to convocation seeking his advice regarding Henry VIII's Great Matter.

14 Dec 1558
Burial of Queen Mary I at Westminster Abbey in the Henry VII chapel with only stones marking her grave.

15 Dec 1558
Funeral of Reginald Pole, Cardinal Pole and Mary I's Archbishop of Canterbury, at Canterbury Cathedral.

16 Dec 1485
Catherine of Aragon was born at Alcalá de Henares, a town just east of Madrid.

20 Dec 1559
Burial of John Bekinsau, author of the 1546 tract De supremo et absoluto regis imperio supporting Henry's supremacy.

21 Dec 1505
Birth of Thomas Wriothesley, 1st Earl of Southampton, Lord Chancellor to Henry VIII.

22 Dec 1545
Birth of George Bannatyne, compiler of the "Bannatyne Manuscript", at Edinburgh.

23 Dec 1558
Queen Elizabeth I moved from Somerset House to Whitehall Palace, which became her principal residence.

24 Dec 1545
Henry VIII made his final speech to Parliament, chastising the Lords and the Commons for the divisions regarding religion.

28 Dec 1582
Burial of goldsmith John Mabb at St Matthew Church, Friday Street, off Cheapside in London.

29 Dec 1605
Burial of George Clifford, 3rd Earl of Cumberland, naval commander and Elizabeth I's champion, at Skipton,.

30 Dec 1494
Death of John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, Keeper of the Privy Seal, Lord Chancellor under Edward IV and Richard III, and Chancellor of Oxford University. He died at his episcopal manor in Nettleham, Lincolnshire, and was buried in Lincoln Cathedral.

31 Dec 1600
The East India Company was chartered, i.e. given royal approval, by Queen Elizabeth I.

Background image: Advent by Gareth Harper on Unsplash

DAY IN TUDOR HISTORY"

3 Dec 1577
Death or burial of William Downham, Bishop of Chester and former Chaplain of Elizabeth I.

4 Dec 1557
Death of Robert King, Abbot of Thame and Bishop of Oxford. He was buried in Oxford Cathedral. King was one of the judges who sat in judgement at the trial of Thomas Cranmer in 1555.

5 Dec 1558
Death of Gabriel Dunne, Abbot of Buckfast and 'keeper of the spiritualities', in the diocese of London.

6 Dec 1549
Death of John Wakeman, Abbot of Tewkesbury and Bishop of Gloucester, in Forthampton.

Robert King, Abbot of Thame

10 Dec 1541
Thomas Culpeper, and Francis Dereham were executed at Tyburn.

11 Dec 1608
Burial of Douglas Sheffield (née Howard), Lady Sheffield, at St Margaret's Church, Westminster.

12 Dec 1595
Death of Sir Roger Williams, Protestant Welsh soldier and author, from a fever.

17 Dec 1538
Pope Paul III announced the excommunication of Henry VIII.

18 Dec 1575
Nicholas Harpsfield, historian, Catholic apologist, priest and former Archdeacon of Canterbury, died.

19 Dec 1587
Death of Thomas Seckford, lawyer and administrator, at Clerkenwell in Middlesex.

25 Dec 1553
Birth of Thomas Thomas, Puritan printer and lexicographer. He is known for his Latin dictionary.

26 Dec 1545
Death of Sir George Bowes, soldier, rebel and Captain of Norham Castle.

27 Dec 1539
Anne of Cleves landed at Deal in Kent. Anne was to be Henry VIII's fourth wife and their marriage was agreed upon by a treaty in September 1539. Henry had never laid eyes on Anne but instead, had commissioned his court artist, Hans Holbein, to paint her.

TUDOR FEAST DAYS

6 December - St Nicholas
8 December - Immaculate Conception
12 December - St Thomas
24 December - Christmas Eve
25 December - Christmas Day
Start of 12 days of Christmas

Tudor Life

NEXT MONTH IN YOUR REGULAR

Tudor Life

LUST!

EMMA LEVITT
Henry VIII's Declining Manhood

SARAH-BETH WATKINS
Lusty Old Louis

SUSAN ABERNETHY
Margaret Tudor's Journey

JON COOPER
Lost Without a Trace:
Haddington's Fortifications

RIOGHNACH O'GERAGHTY
But It's Good For You!

PLUS

much more Tudor fun!

THIS MAGAZINE comes out every month for **ALL** MEMBERS.
We hope you enjoy it!

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