

Tudor life

THE
TUDOR
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REMEMBERING
THE
DEAD

St George's
Chapel and
Henry VIII

Funeral
Fiascos

The Six Wives of
Henry VIII

Queen Jane

Tutbury Castle

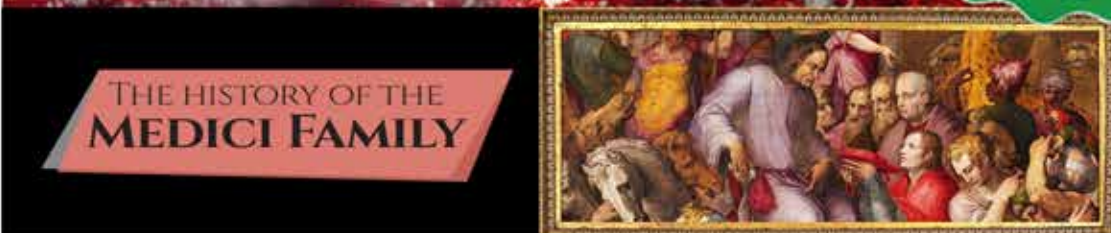
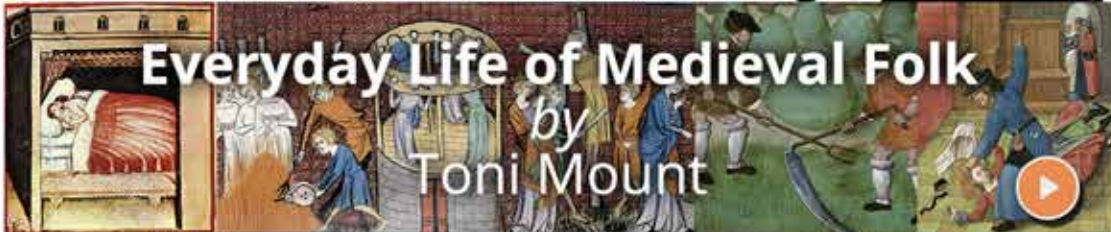
Margam Abbey



*WHAT HAPPENED TO HENRY VIII
AND HIS WIVES?*

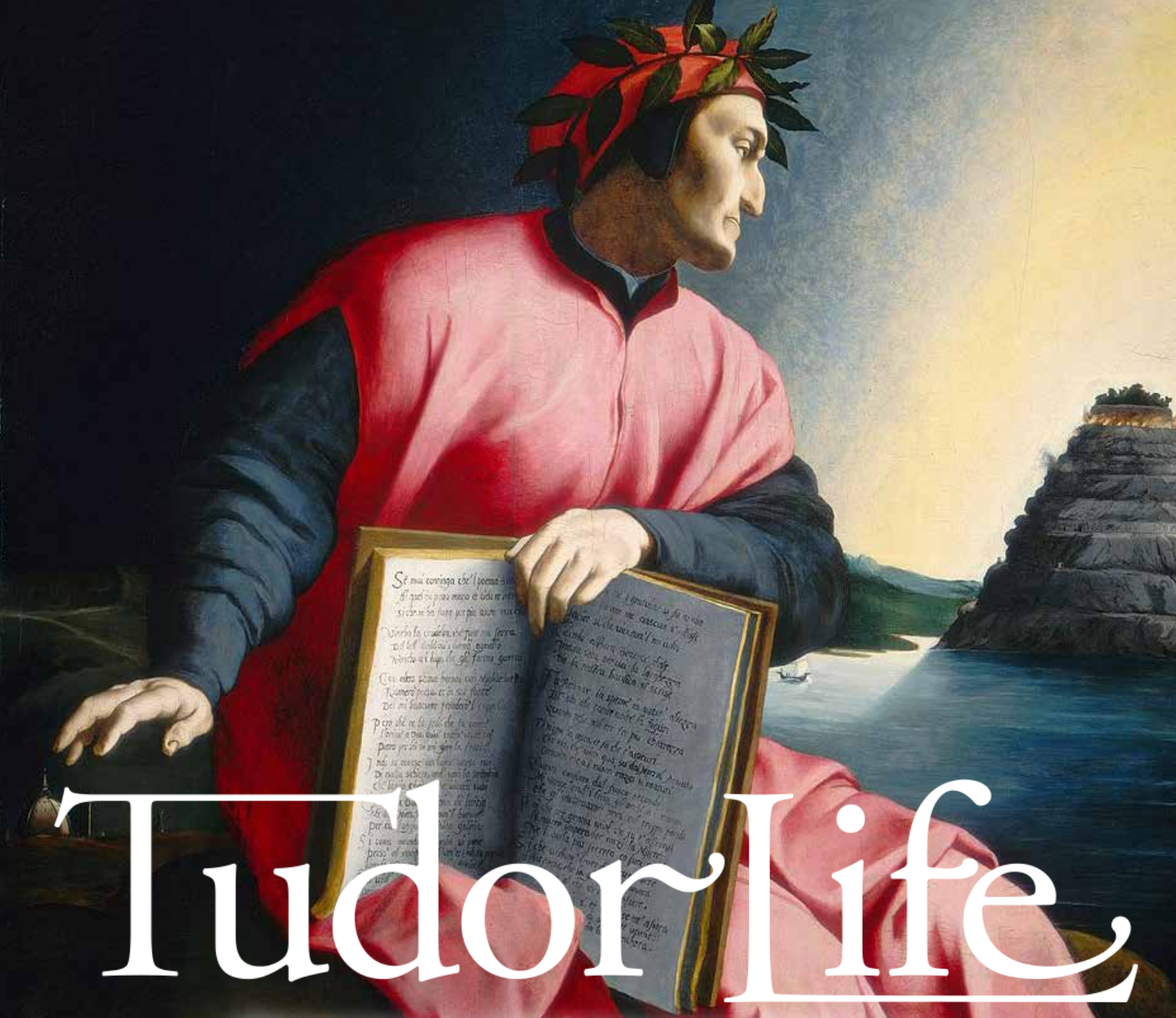
CRIME & PUNISHMENT

ENGLAND'S CRIME AND PUNISHMENT THROUGH THE AGES



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REMEMBERING THE DEAD

THE DEAD mattered in Tudor England. The issue of praying for the souls of the departed proved one of the great contentions between reformers and conservatives throughout the sixteenth century. Prior to that, it had been an ubiquitous feature of Christian worship. Today, we too remember or mis-remember the departed of the Tudor era. This issue of the magazine focuses like a requiem for an age with a vibrant belief in Purgatory, as well as how the centuries since have looked upon the victims and participants of the Tudor monarchy.

GARETH RUSSELL
EDITOR

ABOVE: Allegorical portrait of Dante Alighieri
by Agnolo di Cosimo di Mariano c1530

Tudor Life



2 THE BURIAL VAULT OF HENRY VIII AT ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR
by Elizabeth Jane Timms

10 COMMEMORATING THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII
by Roland Hui

17 APRIL'S GUEST SPEAKER IS NATHEN AMIN
why not join us as we speak to this historian?

18 TUDOR FUNERAL FIASCOS
by Sarah-Beth Watkins

22 CATHERINE CAREY AND THE TUDORS - AN INTERVIEW WITH ADRIENNE DILLARD
by Catherine Brooks

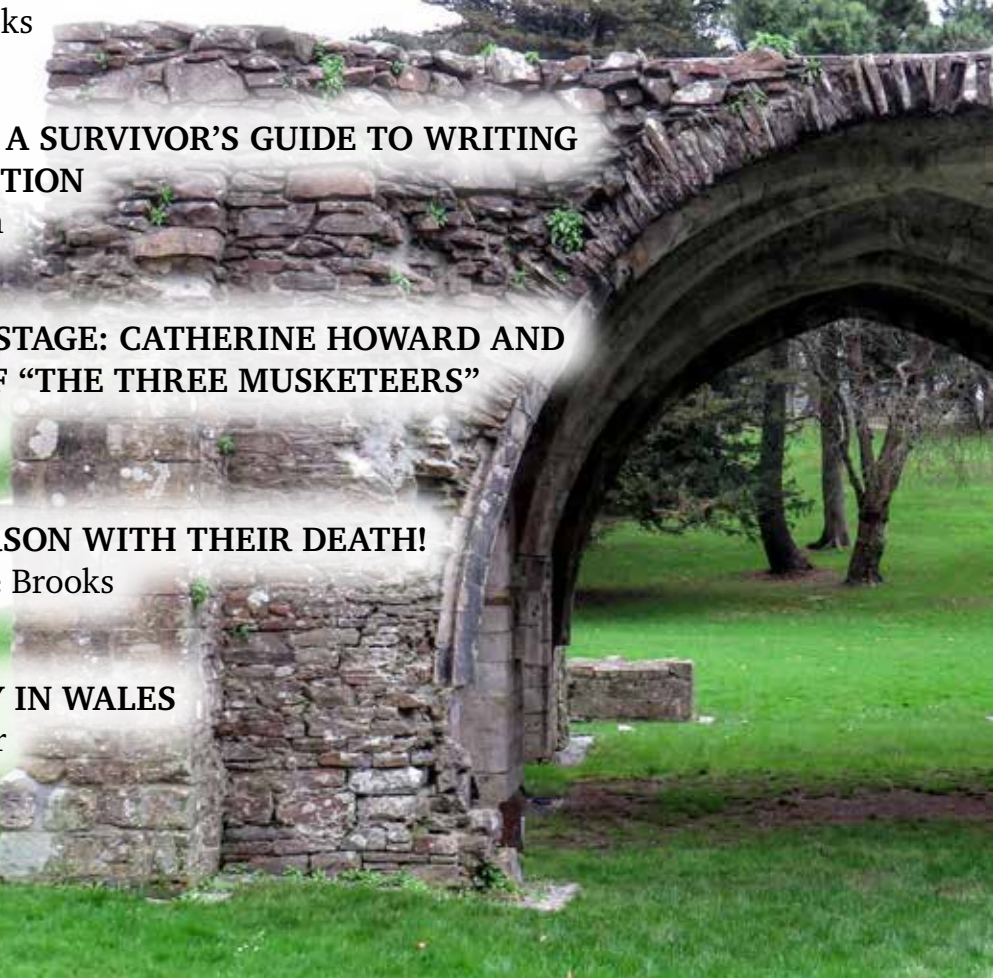


26 ON THE CHEAP: A SURVIVOR'S GUIDE TO WRITING HISTORICAL FICTION
by Wendy J. Dunn


28 QUEEN OF THE STAGE: CATHERINE HOWARD AND THE AUTHOR OF "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"
by Gareth Russell

31 MATCH THE PERSON WITH THEIR DEATH!
Quiz by Catherine Brooks

32 MARGAM ABBEY IN WALES
by Kyra C. Kramer



APRIL



40 TUTBURY CASTLE, A TUDOR TREASURE
by Lesley Smith

44 THE COMMEMORATION OF QUEEN JANE
AT BRADGATE PARK
by Catherine Brooks

52 THE ELIZABETHAN LADY'S KITCHEN PART 2
by Toni Mount

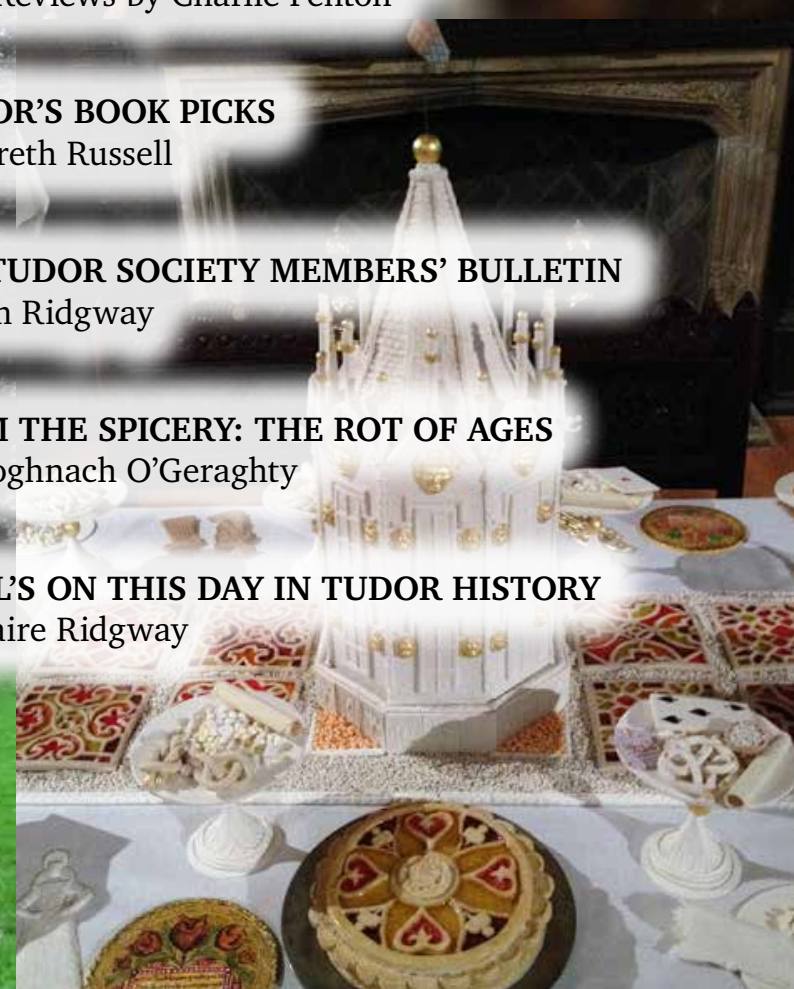
56 ELIZABETH I THROUGH VALOIS EYES &
GENDER, FAMILY AND POLITICS
Book Reviews by Charlie Fenton



58 EDITOR'S BOOK PICKS
by Gareth Russell

59 THE TUDOR SOCIETY MEMBERS' BULLETIN
by Tim Ridgway

60 FROM THE SPICERY: THE ROT OF AGES
by Riognach O'Geraghty



64 APRIL'S ON THIS DAY IN TUDOR HISTORY
by Claire Ridgway

IN A VAULT
BENEATH THIS MARBLE SLAB
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS
OF
JANE SEYMOUR QUEEN OF KING HENRY VIII.

- 1537. -

KING HENRY VIII.

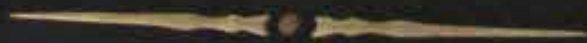
- 1547.

KING CHARLES I

- 1648 -

AND


AN INFANT CHILD OF QUEEN ANNE.



THIS MEMORIAL WAS PLACED HERE

BY COMMAND OF

KING WILLIAM IV. 1837.



THE BURIAL VAULT OF HENRY VIII AT ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

by Elizabeth Jane Timms

The marble plaque in the centre of the Quire at St George's Chapel, Windsor, which marks the vault where Henry VIII and his third queen, Jane Seymour lie buried, has a simplicity which momentarily belies. Over this impressive but modest slab, royal brides have walked on the day of their weddings, since 1863. Beneath the north end of the Quire is the entrance to the Royal Vault, established by George III.

LIKE MOST tomb inscriptions however, what is written here is an (accurate) but incomplete rendering of the whole truth. We might be forgiven for thinking that Queen Jane Seymour was the only wife of King Henry VIII given its selective language: *'In a vault beneath this marble slab are deposited the remains of Jane Seymour, Queen of Henry VIII – 1537 – King Henry VIII – 1547 – King Charles I – 1648 [1649] and an infant child of Queen Anne'*. Nothing implies the disastrous German marriage to Anne of Cleves, the autumn passion

of his short marriage to Queen Katherine Howard. At the time of the King's burial, he was survived by his sixth queen, Catherine Parr. When Queen Jane Seymour's body was interred here in Henry VIII's lifetime, the King of course, had already been married three times, although dynastic considerations could not be ignored out of mere respect for regal mourning, however much Henry VIII might have regarded Queen Jane as having been his *'entirely beloved'* wife, next to whom, he outlined in his wishes, he desired his own body to be laid alongside on his death. The black





marble slab was placed in its present position by order of William IV in 1837 – the year of the King’s death and that of his niece Princess Victoria’s accession.

We might think that with the funeral of Henry VIII – observed by the sixth wife who outlived him, Catherine Parr, from the Queen’s Closet in St George’s Chapel – the reign of the great Tudor king came to an end and his resting place was one of peace. The vault in which his body was placed however, had a turbulent history of its own; the King’s sleep was disturbed on several occasions.

Queen Jane Seymour was buried on 13 November 1537, when her embalmed body - *‘leaded, soldered and chested’* and conveyed to Windsor the previous day on a chariot pulled by six horses, accompanied by heralds carrying banners – was placed in the vault in which it would be joined ten years later, by that of her awesome husband, to whom she had been in life, *‘bound to obey and serve’*, the same motto which Holbein had incorporated into the design of his magnificent gold cup. The tomb that should have been erected there, had been designed to depict a recumbent Jane Seymour in the sleep of death, with figures of children at its four corners, a pleasant allusion to the woman whom he regarded as the mother of his longed-for baby son, Prince Edward and therefore, a sure tribute to her supreme dynastic importance. The children appropriately, were intended to hold baskets of gilded and enamelled Tudor roses, crafted in jasper, cornelian and agate. Truly, this was the phoenix, Jane Seymour’s crowned badge, rising from her royal ashes, above a castle not unlike Windsor Castle, red and white roses growing from its turret. Queen Jane’s body was duly buried in the

vault and *'all finished by twelve o'clock that day'*.

Following Henry VIII's death in the early hours of the morning of 28 January 1547, the King's awesome body was prepared for burial. Normally, longer periods were allowed for this, to enable the preparations for a royal funeral to be made, for which reason also, the body was usually embalmed. The body of Queen Elizabeth of York – the mother of Henry VIII - had been washed with wine and rosewater, anointed, spiced then 'cered', which meant to be wrapped in strips of cerecloth which had previously been soaked in molten wax. In the case of her son, Henry VIII, his body, once chested, was placed in his Privy Chamber to lie in regal state, whilst St George's Chapel was prepared for some five days, to receive it. As part of this preparation process, the chapel was draped in black.

King Henry VIII had made provisions for his body as early as 1517 – although this was at a time when he had still imagined he would be sharing it with his first queen, Catherine of Aragon, who herself, had previously expressed a wish to be buried in the conventual church at Greenwich, which had been for her, a favourite place for prayer. In accordance with the King's will, the desire that he had since expressed, for his body to be placed next to that of *'our true and loving Wife Queen Jane'*, was duly carried out. On 16 February 1547, the King's coffin – spectacular in size – was winched down into the vault *'in a vice'*, aided by sixteen strong Yeomen of the Guard. The officials of the Household then broke their white staves over the grave and cast them into the vault with the dead King they had served, to indicate that

the termination of their offices to the old King was over, whilst the Garter King of Arms proclaimed the name of the new King, Edward VI – Henry VIII's longed for heir – *'with a loud voice'*, to which all near replied in response: *'Vive le noble Roy Edward'*, to the resounding peal of trumpets *'to the comfort of all them that were present'*.

In 1529, the King had begun to make arrangements to adapt the magnificent tomb monument which had originally been commissioned by Cardinal Wolsey in 1524 and which he appropriated for himself, a morbid illustration perhaps of his architectural appropriation of Hampton Court Palace, once Wolsey's great residence. Wolsey – a former Canon at St George's - commissioned the great Italian Renaissance sculptor, Benedetto da Rovezanno, to construct the tomb. Work on Wolsey's tomb was advanced by 1529, although on his fall, the King appropriated both the marble base, pillars and statues. Henry's tomb so long planned, was never completed, a magnificence denied in death of the Tudor King, of whom it had been said in life, that he *'excel[led] all who ever wore a crown'*. Work on Henry's tomb came to a halt with the death of Edward VI in 1533 and it was partly dismantled under the Commonwealth in 1649. Both Mary I and Elizabeth I showed some interest in completing it - for Henry VIII's daughters regarded their father's memory with great dignity and respect, whatever his treatment had been to them, in life. Elizabeth I apparently had it moved from Windsor to Westminster in 1567, but it was fragmentary by 1648. The metalwork was later sold off to pay for the garrisoning of Windsor Castle.

The Chapel intended to contain Henry VIII's great tomb was later adapted as a memorial chapel to Albert, the Prince Consort, by his grieving widow, Queen Victoria, as Prince Albert's body temporarily reposed in St George's Chapel until its removal to the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, in 1862. The black touchstone sarcophagus was transferred to St Paul's Cathedral crypt in around 1808 to form the base of the funerary monument to Admiral Lord Nelson, so the monument does at least enjoy something of the awesome focus once intended by Henry VIII for his own body. Prior to Lord Nelson's heroic death at the Battle of Trafalgar, the marble sarcophagus first supposed to contain the tomb of a Cardinal then a King, had languished at Windsor, until George III commanded its removal. Few who now stand before the tomb of Lord Nelson at St Paul's Cathedral perhaps know that this once was part of the intended tomb of Henry VIII, a magnificent block of marble once meant to be at St George's Chapel - something which then makes the simple black slab erected in the Quire by William IV all the more a surprise for a monarch who enjoys such historical proportions, such as Henry VIII, who formed the centre of his own Renaissance cult of *majestas*.

According to the Archives at St George's Chapel, two nine-foot high bronze candlesticks from the metalwork once part of Henry VIII's planned tomb, ended up at St. Bavon's Cathedral in Ghent, two replicas of these now stand next to the High Altar in St George's. Most likely the originals numbered amongst those pieces sold off during the Commonwealth which somehow made its

way to the Continent, its being saved by someone who immediately recognised its superior artistry.

But Henry VIII's vault did enjoy something of a strange Renaissance. In February 1649, the vault provided a quick and accessible solution in which to deposit the body of the recently beheaded King Charles I. The vault of Edward IV – Henry VIII's maternal grandfather - was found to be open.

As it had been thought inappropriate and unsafe to bury Charles I in the Henry VII Chapel in Westminster Abbey – that ancient bastion of coronations – which contained the tombs of his parents, James I and Queen Anne of Denmark, the body of the dead King was brought instead to Windsor. This supposedly took place in a snowstorm, which has since been suggested to have been apocryphal and simply form part of the murdered King's cult mythology, white being the undisputed '*colour of innocence*' commented on by Thomas Herbert, perhaps tellingly only told after the Restoration. The decapitated King's body therefore, was lowered into the vault into which the white staves of office had last been thrown, at the burial of Henry VIII in 1547. The Duke of Richmond, Charles I's cousin and one of his former loyal servants, saw two coffins buried close together, '*the one very large of antique form, the other little*'.

Clearly this referred to the enormous coffin of Henry VIII and to the right of that, the coffin of Queen Jane Seymour. At the time of the burial of Charles I, these were still covered with velvet and in a perfect state of preservation. Prior to the actual internment, it was discovered that the vault had been broken into. A garrison



Coffins of King Henry VIII (centre), Queen Jane Seymour (right), King Charles I with a child of Queen Anne (left), vault under the choir, St George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, marked by a stone slab in the floor. Nutt recorded that Henry's coffin was about two metres in length and was in a state of disrepair with some bodily remains visible. It is possible that the damage had occurred during the hasty burial of Charles I.

soldier was found with a piece of bone in his possession; it was a fragment from Henry VIII's skeleton, from which he had wanted to carve a handle for a knife. This kind of grave plunder is not unlike the mournful story of the bones found beneath the staircase in the White Tower at the Tower of London, supposedly taken as mementoes and replaced with those of animal bone, later found amongst the human bones when the urn at Westminster Abbey - believed by Charles II to contain the mortal remains of the two Princes in the Tower - were examined.

Visiting Windsor on 26 February 1666, the Naval officer and diarist Samuel Pepys recorded in his great diary: 'Was

shown where the late [King, Charles I] is buried, and King Henry the 8, and my Lady Seymour'. (cit, ed. Robert Latham, Samuel Pepys: The Diary of Samuel Pepys: A Selection, 592). In 1696, the vault was opened again, to admit one infant child of Queen Anne, a sad proof of her many wretched failed pregnancies. Many of her other infant children, repose in the vault that contains the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots at Westminster Abbey - Charles I's paternal grandmother - who in death, is surrounded by a whole host of Stuart progeny.

In 1775, a German visitor, Princess Louise of Anhalt-Dessau, visiting St George's Chapel, wrote in the journal of

her English journey: 'We went finally to the church [St George's Chapel], where Charles I is said to lie buried'. (Johanna Geyer-Kordes, Die Englandreise der Fürstin Louise von Anhalt-Dessau im Jahr 1775, 191).

The vault remained then, undisturbed until 1813, when preparations were being made in St George's Chapel for the burial of Augusta, Duchess of Brunswick. It was then that King Charles I's coffin was re-discovered in the vault of King Henry VIII; we must remember of course, that Pepys' diary, in which he describes the vault containing both kings, was only first published in a 'bowdlerised selection', in 1825. The Prince Regent was fascinated by his Stuart forebears and had the coffin of Charles I opened and several mementoes were recovered before the vault was resealed.

During this examination of the King Henry VIII vault, it was discovered that the King's lead coffin had broken open and some of his gigantic skeleton was visible – therefore proving that the King's impressive height in life had been indeed, factual and no mere flattery. It measured some six feet two inches in length. Likewise, strands of hair of an auburn colour, was found to still be seen upon his skull. Queen Jane's coffin was not disturbed.

Several of the relics removed when the vault was opened in 1813, were later presented to Edward, Prince of Wales - the future Edward VII - in an ebony casket. It was the later wish of the Prince of Wales to respectfully return these relics, which was duly carried out in 1888, seemingly the last time that the vault of Henry VIII was privately opened. At the time when the relics were returned,

an engraving was made by Alfred Young Nutt. Showing an artist's impression of the vault, with Queen Jane's smaller casket located to the right of that of Henry VIII.

Today, the vault receives the slightly surprised attention of those who, processing down the aisle of St George's Chapel, encounter the marble slab placed there by William IV in 1837, proclaiming its awesome contents. The slab can still be seen in the Quire, then as formerly, within sight of the oriel window known as the Queen's Closet – covered by Queen Catherine of Aragon's pomegranate badges - from which Queen Catherine Parr, Henry VIII's sixth wife, observed his funeral in 1547.

With Henry VIII, we have come to expect magnificence. This certainly was the case in the document in made, entitled 'The manner of the Tombe to be made for the Kings Grace at Windsor'. The original design of it no longer survives, but drawings in the Chapel Archives by Somers Clarke for Alfred Higgins FSA provide a vivid idea of what Henry VIII may have intended for himself. This monumental tomb was meant to contain one hundred and thirty four figures 'all of brass gilt as in the pattern appeareth'. There was supposed to have been a magnificent statue of the King on horseback under a triumphal arch, '*of the whole stature of a goodly man and a large horse*', four life-size images of Henry VIII and Queen Jane, as well as gilded angels of bronze, white marble pillars and all decorated with '*fine Oriental stones*'.

Such a monument, not a marble slab, would rather accord with our image of Henry VIII.

Elizabeth Jane Timms



COMMEMORATING THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII

BY ROLAND HUI



**Katherine of Aragon
(by an Unknown Artist)**

After years of exile from court, the divorced Katherine of Aragon was dying at Kimbolton Castle in Cambridgeshire. Happily, she was not by herself, but in good company. With her was the faithful Maria de Salinas, her lifelong friend who had accompanied Katherine from Spain almost thirty-five years ago, and Eustace Chapuys, the Imperial ambassador and the Queen's long-time champion. Katherine was glad of their presence. As she had told the envoy, 'it would at least be a consolation to die as it were in my arms, and not all alone like a beast'.¹

Despite the Queen's illness, Chapuys thought that she was in recovery, and after a short stay at Kimbolton, he left for London, confident he would see her again soon. However, not long after Chapuys' departure, Katherine grew very weak again. On the dawn of January 7, 1536, she heard her final Mass in her bedroom, and by the afternoon, she quietly slipped away.



The burial place of Katherine of Aragon at Peterborough Cathedral

One of Katherine's last wishes was to be buried in a convent of The Observant Friars of the Order of St. Francis, however, as Chapuys was to tell the Queen's nephew the Emperor Charles V, 'it was quite impossible, inasmuch as there was no convent of that order then existing in all England'.² Instead, Henry VIII intended to have his former wife taken to Peterborough Cathedral. Chapuys did not attend as Katherine was to be buried as Princess Dowager (as the wife of Prince Arthur, her first husband), and not as Queen of England. The ceremony, the ambassador grumbled to the Emperor, was dishonorable to Katherine's memory as no great person of rank was in attendance, and the site of her internment was 'a good way from the high altar, and in a less honourable position than that of several bishops buried in the same church... they could not have chosen a less distinguished place of rest for her'.³

When Katherine's daughter Mary Tudor later became Queen, one of her own last wishes before she herself died was to have her beloved

mother be 'removed, brought, and laid nigh the place of my sepulchre' at Westminster Abbey,⁴ But as with many of Mary's final requests, this too was ignored by her successor, Elizabeth I.

The burial place of Katherine of Aragon at Peterborough Cathedral

Katherine of Aragon continues to rest at Peterborough Cathedral. Although the monument that had been set up to remember her no longer survives, the spot is now marked by a black slab, the royal banners of England and of Spain, and by letters of gold marking her royal title - denied to her by Henry VIII - KATHARINE QUEEN OF ENGLAND. But perhaps most poignant are the gifts of pomegranates (Katherine's personal emblem) left on her tomb by visitors to the cathedral. Much pitied and much admired, Katherine of Aragon has not been forgotten even by those today.



Anne Boleyn (by an Unknown Artist)

Remembrance of Katherine of Aragon's successor Anne Boleyn is equally alive as well. Each year on the anniversary of her death, flowers are left on her grave site in the Tower of London. The little chapel in which she is buried is not far from her place of execution outside. On May 19, 1536, despite her avowals of innocence, Anne, accused of high treason and adultery, was brought to a scaffold on Tower Green. Before a crowd of some one thousand people, Anne submitted herself to the law (though she made no confession of guilt as expected) and to the headsman. He was an expert with a sword - brought over from Calais - whose reputation was known even to Anne. "I heard say the executor was very good", she said, "and I have a little neck".⁵

Despite traditions stating that Salle Church in Norfolk or a church in Horndon-on-the-hill in Essex received the late Queen in death⁶, there is no reason to accept their veracity. It is

well documented that after execution was done, Anne Boleyn's head and body were taken into the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, and there placed in the choir before the high altar, probably next to her brother George Lord Rochford, beheaded two days earlier as one of her 'lovers'.⁷ Centuries later, in the time of Queen Victoria, it was believed that Anne's remains were discovered. In 1876, when renovations were done in St. Peter's Chapel, the pavement before the altar was lifted, and on the spot commonly believed to have been where Anne Boleyn was put, there was a pile of bones, 'those of a female between twenty-five and thirty years of age, of a delicate frame of body, and who had been of slender and perfect proportions'.⁸ The investigators were certain that they were of Henry VIII's infamous second wife, and they were later officially reburied as such. But in truth, whether it was actually Anne Boleyn is not fully certain.

The Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula at the Tower of London. In the foreground is a chained-off spot once believed to have been the execution site. It is now replaced by a modern style glass monument.



There is no uncertainty as to the resting place of Jane Seymour, Henry VIII's third wife. As the mother of the future King Edward VI, she was given a sumptuous funeral and a royal burial in St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle. Actually, there was no expectation of tragedy following the birth of the Prince on October 12, 1537. By all accounts, Queen Jane was in full recovery, and was well during the child's christening three days afterwards. But soon puerperal fever set in. Henry VIII was no stranger to it; his own mother Elizabeth of York had succumbed to the sickness, just days after the birth of her last child. Expecting the worst, the King took consolation that the baby appeared healthy and thriving. Jane sadly died on October 24.

After the Queen's body was embalmed and laid in state for a while in her Presence Chamber at Hampton Court, it was taken to Windsor Castle. There in St. George's Chapel, it was deposited into a great vault - 'great' because it was Henry VIII's intention to one day be placed next to his one and true wife (Katherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn did not count) and the mother of his one legitimate and thriving son. It was also the King's intention that a magnificent tomb be raised. Work on it had begun in Henry's lifetime, but the draining of the royal coffers, mostly for costly wars later on, meant little was done. Even the seizing of parts meant for the tomb of the late disgraced Cardinal Thomas Wolsey did not mean its completion. After their father's death in 1547, Henry VIII's heirs lacked the enthusiasm to finish the monument, and all that remains now is Wolsey's black sarcophagus. It can still be seen today as part of Horatio Nelson's tomb at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Henry VIII and Jane Seymour would not lie in peace. After the execution of Charles I in 1649, it was thought best by Parliament to quietly depose of his corpse within the Tudor vault. Further disturbance came in 1696 when a child of Queen Anne was also placed inside, and in 1813, when the vault was opened up in the presence of the Prince Regent (the future George IV). Henry VIII's intact coffin gave the lie to a popular story



Jane Seymour (by Wenceslas Hollar after Hans Holbein)

that Mary I - still resentful of the wrongs done to her by her father - had him dug up and burned.

After the death of Jane Seymour, Henry VIII did not remain a widower for long, nor did he re-wed for long. His marriage to Anne of Cleves lasted only six months. After Anne was bought off with a handsome divorce settlement, she remained in England. Interestingly enough, despite the outward cheer she always affected, Anne apparently was never happy as the King's adopted 'sister'. She did not like no longer being Queen, and when Henry was later seeking another wife, it was said that Anne was keen on resuming the post. The King, however, thought otherwise. Anne remained single for the rest of her life. She lived on to attend the coronation of her stepdaughter Queen Mary, and died in her reign in 1557.

Of Henry VIII's six wives, Anne of Cleves has the distinction of being the only one buried in Westminster Abbey. Her tomb, with its skull and crossbones, is on the south side of the high altar.

Like her cousin Anne Boleyn, whose death by execution she shared, Katheryn Howard too was buried in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London. In the autumn of 1541, she



Anne of Cleves' tomb at Westminster Abbey

had been accused of infidelity with two courtiers. Though Katheryn steadfastly maintained that she had never wronged the King, she was condemned on the presumption that she had intended to. The Queen had received a former lover into the royal household, and she had indulged in questionable behaviour with one of Henry VIII's favourites. Being unfaithful in her heart, if not her body



Anne of Cleves (by Barthel Bruyn)



Katheryn Howard (by Jacobus Houbraken after Hans Holbein)

with at least one of them, brought Katheryn to the block in February 1542.

When work was done in the Tower chapel in 1876, there was expectation that Katheryn's bones, like those allegedly of Anne Boleyn's, would be uncovered too. But where Katheryn's body ought to have been, according to educated guesses made about the internments before the high altar, there was however 'no remains which could be indentified' as hers. It was the investigators' opinion that lime - 'most extensively used' - might have obliterated any trace of her young bones. However, the skeleton of a female found nearby was believed to have been that of Jane Parker, Lady Rochford (the widow of George Boleyn). Jane, a confidante of the Queen, was accused of being her procuress, and was executed with Katheryn.⁹



The Memorials to Anne Boleyn and to Katheryn Howard in the Tower of London

Even though Katheryn was never found, she was still honoured in death. After the repairs were completed in St. Peter's in 1877, the chancel floor was covered over with memorials done in marble. Included are the armorial bearings of Katheryn Howard and those of her cousin Anne Boleyn.

After a brief period of mourning as Henry VIII's widow, Katharine Parr surprised everyone by taking another husband - her fourth in fact. Before wedding the King in 1543, she was twice married, and now she was the wife of Thomas Seymour (the brother of the late Queen Jane). The couple were already in love before Katharine attracted the King's attention. Duty had saying yes to the King, but now that she was free again, Katharine joyfully walked down the aisle with Seymour.

All in all, the marriage was a happy one, but it was strained by Thomas Seymour's attentions - seen as romantic - to the young Princess Elizabeth. Peace was restored when the girl left their household and Katharine found to be pregnant. Unfortunately, like her late sister-in-

law Queen Jane, she did not survive the delivery for long. She died on September 7, 1548 after



Katharine Parr (attributed to William Scots)

giving birth to a baby girl. Known for her strong views on religious reform, Katharine was given a Protestant funeral and was buried in the chapel of Sudeley Castle.

By the 18th century, the little church, along with the castle, was a picturesque ruin, attracting the attention of the curious. Such was a group of ladies, who in 1782, did some sightseeing of their own. By the north wall of the chapel, they came upon a large block of alabaster (presumably a funerary monument). Uncovering the ground beneath it, they exposed the remains of Katharine sealed up in lead. Two openings were made, one which uncovered the face of the long dead Queen. Horrified, the ladies quickly covered up the body

with dirt and fled. Later that summer, the body was again disturbed by a Mister Lucas, who rented the land at Sudeley. With morbid fascination, he too dug up and uncovered the unfortunate Queen, as did others in the years following.¹⁰ It was not until 1817 that what was left of the deteriorating remains were carefully gathered up and safeguarded. Twenty years afterwards, they were placed inside a specially made marble tomb, with a fine effigy of Katharine in repose atop of it.¹¹ Today, Sudeley Castle is a popular tourist destination, and the highlight of any visit is to see the restored chapel with Katharine's beautiful monument inside.



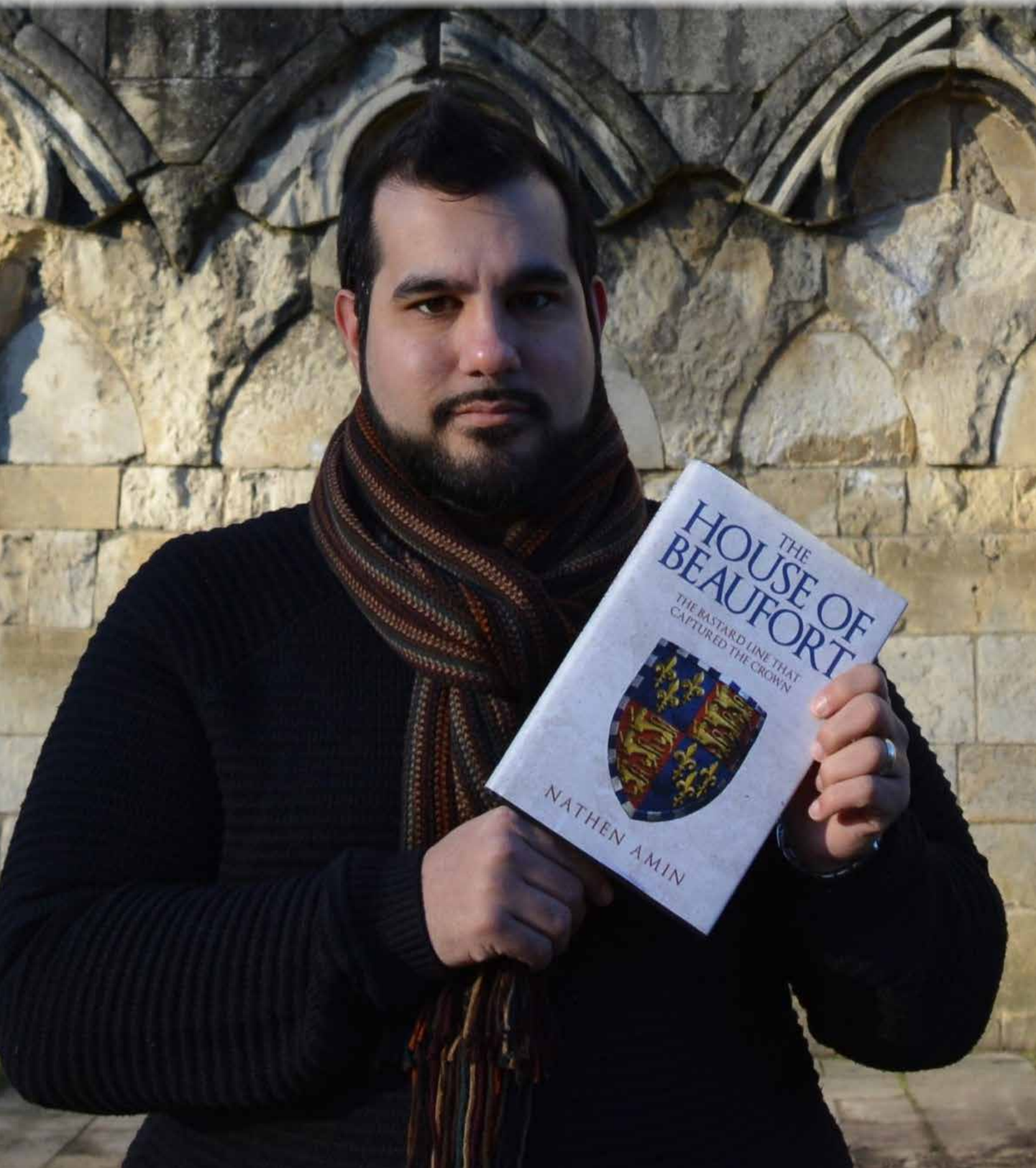
Katharine Parr's tomb at Sudeley Castle

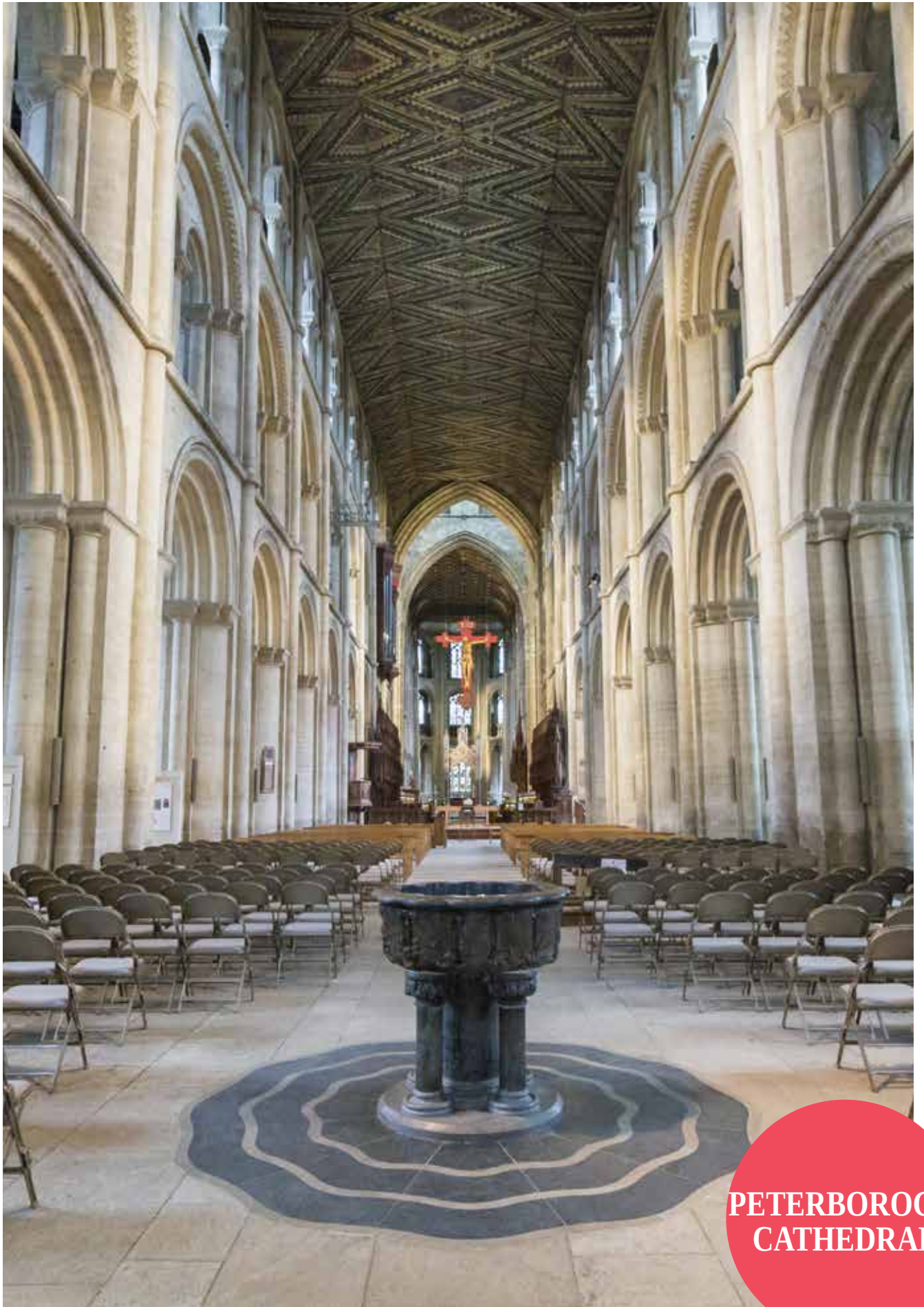
ROLAND HUI

1. *Calendar of State Papers, Spain (CSP)* Vol. V, ii, no. 9.
2. *ibid.*
3. *CSP*, Vol. V, ii, no. 21.
4. David Loades, *Mary Tudor - A Life*, Oxford: Blackwell Publishers, 1989, Appendix 3, p. 371.
5. *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII (L and P)*, Vol. 10, no. 910.
6. Agnes Strickland, *Lives of the Queens of England*, Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea, 1856, Vol. 4, pp. 212-213.
7. Of the other men, accused with the Queen and executed with Lord Rochford, there were buried in the former churchyard in front of the Tower chapel; Henry Norris and Francis Weston in one grave, and William Brereton and Mark Smeaton sharing another. See: Charles Wriothesley, *A Chronicle of England During the Reigns of the Tudors, From A.D. 1485 to 1559*, London: printed for The Camden Society, 1875-77, Vol. 1, pg. 40
8. Doyne C. Bell, *Notices of the Historic Persons Buried in the Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London*, London: John Murray, 1877, pp. 20-21.
9. Doyne C. Bell, *Notices of the Historic Persons*, pp. 24-25.
10. Agnes Strickland, *Lives of the Queens of England*, Vol. 5, pp. 95-98.
11. Antonia Fraser. *The Wives of Henry VIII*. New York: Viking Penguin, 1992, p. 429.

April's
Guest
Speaker

Nathen Amin
on
The Beauforts





**PETERBOROUGH
CATHEDRAL**

Photo © J. Hannan-Briggs



TUDOR FUNERAL FIASCOS

Funerals of course are not the happiest of occasions and can be made worse when family and friends fall out. Modern families are not the only ones to suffer as tales from Tudor funerals tell.

by SARAH-BETH WATKINS

Take Katherine of Aragon's funeral for example. Katherine was buried on 29 January 1536 at Peterborough Abbey not as a queen but as Princess Dowager, on Henry's orders. The Bishop of Rochester said in his sermon that 'in the hour of death she acknowledged she had not been Queen of England' – hardly the words of the once proud and strong queen! Henry wouldn't allow their daughter Mary to go to the funeral either although it is debatable whether she would have gone given she felt it dishonoured her mother. Eustace Chapuys, the Spanish ambassador and Katherine's devoted supporter refused to attend, appalled at the insult, reportedly saying 'I will not go, since they do not mean to bury her as Queen'. Henry had offered him black cloth for his mourning clothes but Chapuys was unhappy with the whole affair reporting that when Henry heard the news

You could not conceive the joy that the King and those who favor this concubinage have shown

at the death of the good Queen, especially the earl of Wiltshire and his son, who said it was a pity the Princess did not keep company with her.... After dinner the King entered the room in which the ladies danced, and there did several things like one transported with joy. At last he sent for his Little Bastard, and carrying her in his arms he showed her first to one and then to another.

Henry's apparent pleasure at the death of the queen and his preferential treatment of his daughter Elizabeth over Mary left a sour taste in Chapuys' mouth.

Mary Tudor died before her brother and began her final

journey on 20 July 1533. Her funeral was fitting for the king's sister and previous Queen of France. One hundred torch bearers led the way to the abbey at Bury St Edmunds. Knights, nobles and officers of the household preceded the carriage flanked by standard-bearers and surrounded by one hundred of the duke of Suffolk's yeomen carrying lit tapers. Frances, Mary's recently married eldest daughter, followed as chief mourner accompanied by her husband and younger brother, Henry. Mary's step-daughters, the Ladies Powys and Monteagle, Katherine Willoughby and her mother were also chief mourners and they were followed by Mary's ladies and servants. As the funeral procession covered the sixteen miles to Bury St

HENRY'S APPARENT PLEASURE...

LEFT A SOUR TASTE IN CHAPUYS' MOUTH

Edmunds, it was joined by local people who wished to show their respect.

The next day a service was delivered at 7am by William Rugg, the abbot of St Bennet's Abbey in Hulme, Norfolk, and a friend of the family. Mary's daughters, Frances and Eleanor, offered up palls of cloth of gold but Mary's step-daughters were not to be outdone.

When in the Abbey church, these two ladies, preceded by Garter King-at-Arms, each placed a pall of cloth of gold on the coffin of their royal mother; but, to the surprise of everyone, they were instantly followed by their half-sisters, the daughters of the Duke of Suffolk by his repudiated wife, who advanced and made the like splendid offering by each placing a cloth of gold pall on the coffin. The Lady Frances and the Lady Eleanor immediately rose and retired, without tarrying the conclusion of the funeral rites.

Although it appears the girls from both of Charles' marriages had always got on amicably, Mary's step-daughters obviously wanted their presence felt and the younger girls left, missing the rest of their mother's service.

When the king's son Henry Fitzroy died in July 1536, Thomas Howard, the 3rd duke of Norfolk, and Fitzroy's father-in-law, was charged with arranging his funeral at Thetford Priory. Strangely, it was not to be a state

funeral and seems to have been undertaken with some haste. It is possible they thought he had died of the plague and Norfolk gave his orders for his burial but

This night at 8 o'clock came letters from my friends and servants about London, all agreeing in one tale, that the King was displeased with me because my lord of Richmond was not buried honorably. The King wished the body conveyed secretly in a closed cart to Thedford, "and at my suit thither," and so buried; accordingly I ordered both the Cottons to have the body wrapped in lead and a close cart provided, but it was not done, nor was the body conveyed very secretly. I trust the King will not blame me undeservedly.

The king in fact was seething and there were rumours Norfolk would be put in the Tower. Instead he was kept away from court with Cromwell sending him on errands until the king's anger had abated.

Sir Francis Bryan, the king's friend, died in Ireland in 1560. He had married an Irish woman, Joan Butler, dowager countess of Ormond, by request of the Privy Council. She had been married to James Butler, the 9th earl of Ormond and 2nd earl of Ossory who died along with 16 of his servants in London after dining at Ely Palace. Rumours abounded that he was poisoned and when later Sir Francis 'died easily, sitting at a table leaning on his elbow, none perceiving

any likelihood of death in him', rumours were also spread that poison may have been the cause. However Chancellor Alen attended his autopsy and felt in fact that he had died of grief. Grief at what we don't know but his marriage had not been a happy one and to make matters worse when he was buried in Waterford his wife started arguing with her kinswoman Lady Katherine Butler. Chancellor Alen saw that 'a displeasure arose betwixed these two ladies' and had to step in to calm them down.

Henry VIII had of course died long before Bryan and there must have been many who were happy to see him go. There is a gruesome story about what happened to his body during its journey from London to Windsor. The procession stopped at Syon Abbey for the night where it is said that his coffin burst open and a dog licked at his remains.

In the morning came plumbers to solder the coffin, under whose feet — I tremble while I write it, was suddenly seen a dog creeping, and licking up the king's blood. If you ask me how I know this, I answer William Greville, who could scarcely drive away the dog, told me, and so did the plumber also.

A friar had predicted way back when Henry had chosen Anne Boleyn over Katherine of Aragon that dogs would lick his blood 'as they had done Ahab's' (Ahab being the seventh king of Israel whose blood was not only licked by dogs but by pigs according to the Greek translation of the Old Testament). Once the coffin was repaired, Henry continued on his journey to his final resting place.

SARAH-BETH WATKINS



The ruins of
**THETFORD
PRIORY**

Photo © Evelyn Simak

Author Interview

CATHERINE CAREY AND THE TUDORS

An interview with Adrienne Dillard

This month's interview is with Adrienne Dillard, a successful Tudor author, reviewer, and fabulous friend. I have been lucky enough to spend time with Adrienne when our families have been on trips together and she has taught me so much. You can find the details of her published works at the bottom of the article, all of which I know you will enjoy.

Hello Adrienne! Thank you so much for joining us here at the Tudor Society.

Thank you so much for having me!

Can you start by giving us a bit of background on yourself and how you became interested in Tudor History?

Well, I am a married mom to one...son, Logan, is nine years old. I live in the beautiful, lush, verdant Willamette Valley in Oregon. We are about an hour from the Pacific Coast, which I absolutely love, because I can go to the beach pretty much whenever I want! By day, I work as an administrative assistant in a growing financial firm. I've actually taken all the tests to qualify as a financial advisor, but I much prefer working behind the scenes. I have always been interested in history from a very young age. During the early years, I loved reading about the American Revolution (shockingly, I always sided with the Red Coats, LOL), and then I moved on to a fascination with the Titanic. As part of my graduation requirements, I wrote an in-depth Capstone paper on the inconsistencies of her passenger lists. I came to the Tudors quite late in comparison. I always knew about Henry VIII and his wives, but I never gave them much thought. After my step-father died, I was taking my mom to the movies often to get her out of the house, and we decided to see *The Other Boleyn Girl* when it was in the theatre. I kept thinking to myself that it just seemed wrong somehow, but I kind of moved on and didn't think much more about it. A few weeks later, I went to a hypnotherapist to address some health issues I was having and, while I was under, ended up spouting out a story about a woman who was a cousin to Queen Elizabeth I, but kept insisting that she was really her sister. Of course I had to go on the hunt after that! I ended up discovering Catherine Carey and falling in love with the period.

Author Interview

What made you want to start researching and writing?

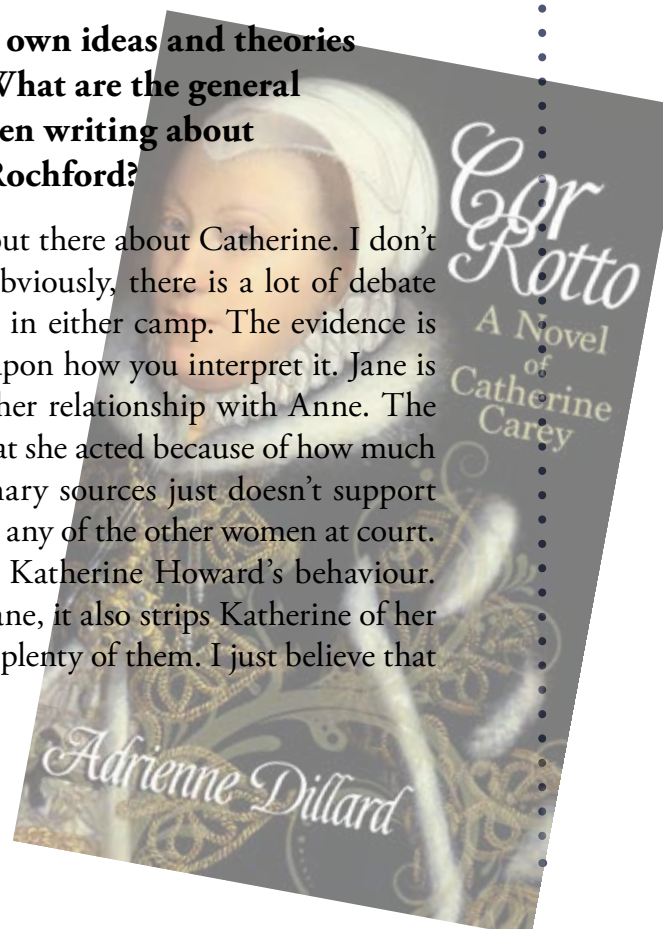
Well, once I discovered Catherine, I realized that there wasn't much out there about her. She's basically a footnote in most books. I had to dig deep to uncover her story, but I found a wealth of knowledge out there. After a few year's work, my husband told me I should put that knowledge to work by writing a book. I laughed at him at first, but then I started typing...and soon *Cor Rotto* began to take shape.

Why did you choose the figures that you have to write on? What drew you to them?

Well, as I said earlier, my focus on Catherine happened quite by accident. Once I started reading more about her, I grew to admire her loyalty and strength. More than that, I was fascinated by her marriage to Francis Knollys. His letters to her are raw, heart-rending, and often incredibly sad. It was clear that she was beloved of her family. Jane Boleyn was a different matter. In the course of writing *Cor Rotto*, I stumbled across Julia Fox's wonderful biography on her. At first, I didn't know how I felt about her. I definitely believed she didn't deserve the reputation that has grown up around her, but I wasn't sure of how innocent I thought she might be. I wrote a very small role for her in *Cor Rotto* that was certainly much more sympathetic than she is usually treated, but I don't feel like I was fair to her. That feeling nagged at me until I could bear it no more. I just kept picturing poor Jane in the Tower and it haunted me. While I was recovering from my hysterectomy, I picked up Fox's book again and started to see Jane through a different perspective. I was older and, perhaps, wiser. I had experienced my own bout of PTSD and could no longer have children. I identified with her in many ways, yet I also saw a lot of my mother in her. Obviously, their choices weren't the same, but they both made them in the midst of deep and abiding grief. I knew I owed it to Jane to give her a second chance.

Of course, all historical writers have their own ideas and theories based on what they have researched. What are the general misconceptions you have found when writing about Catherine Carey and Jane Rochford?

To be honest, there aren't many misconceptions out there about Catherine. I don't think she has had enough attention to draw them. Obviously, there is a lot of debate over who her father was, but I think we can, fairly, be in either camp. The evidence is circumstantial and supports either theory, depending upon how you interpret it. Jane is far more beleaguered. I think the root of the issue is her relationship with Anne. The crimes she has been charged with stem from the idea that she acted because of how much she hated Anne; however, the evidence from the primary sources just doesn't support that. If anything, Jane was probably closer to Anne than any of the other women at court. Additionally, Jane seems to always take the blame for Katherine Howard's behaviour. Not only does that assign entirely too much power to Jane, it also strips Katherine of her agency. I don't deny that Jane made mistakes, she made plenty of them. I just believe that



Author Interview

many of her actions can be explained by both the power structure of the Tudor court and the mental anguish of stress and trauma.

What's the most important thing for you when you're writing?

It's really important to me that I stick as closely to the truth as possible. Obviously, there will be things that I have to make up...we have no idea of the private thoughts and motivations of most of the Tudor characters (unless they wrote them down of course!), and we don't have word for word conversations...but those flights of fancy should be plausible and true to character. For example, George Boleyn was known to have translated books for both his sister and the king, he was known to have theological debates with the Imperial Ambassador and he was chosen to speak to Convocation. He was an acclaimed poet and musician who clearly valued learning. We don't know for certain what George was doing in those years before he went to court, but I think we can safely assume he was devouring the top-notch education his father was providing.

Opinions on historical novels vary. Most people love them as they can find non-fiction a little dry, but criticism has been levelled at them for presenting themselves as factual and not differentiating between what is known, what is theorised, and what is the author's own feeling or opinion. What are your experiences with this?

Well, let's just say that I often shudder when I read fictional portrayals of Jane Boleyn. I've almost come to the point that I avoid them unless absolutely necessary. I mean, we ARE novelists...we are going to have to make stuff up. That's not always a bad thing. Novels are an excellent platform for humanizing people in a way that straight, factual biographies cannot.

My only caveats:

1. If you make something up, tell the reader. Don't proclaim historical fidelity when you know darn well what you are writing isn't true.
2. Don't accuse people of crimes they did not commit.
3. For the love of God, stop making all the men of the Tudor court rapists.

Popular fiction, especially in TV and film, is what attracts a great many people to fiction. Is that more important than complete historical accuracy?

To a degree, it can be. The new Mary Queen of Scots movie is not historically accurate, but I've seen droves of people posting in online Tudor groups that they're now reading the biography it's based on, which is great! I think what sets it apart is the fact that the director of the movie has never claimed that it's accurate. In fact, she's emphatically stated that it's her take on Mary's life and relationship with Elizabeth. So what if she has the two queens meeting? In the realm of artistic license, it's a benign assertion. No one's reputation is injured for no good reason. Personally, I think historical accuracy is preferable, because there will be just as many people out there who don't seek out the

Author Interview

truth and take what they see/read as the gospel, but those people are not the creators' responsibility...as long as it's been made clear to them what's true and what's not.

What other authors/historians have you taken inspiration from?

Oh, lots! I grew up reading Amy Tan, an author who is amazing at creating incredible, heart-breaking stories about love and loss, joy and pain. I am also inspired by George R. R. Martin and Suzanne Collins because they have created richly detailed, colourful worlds. Obviously, Julia Fox's take on Jane inspired *The Raven's Widow*! I deeply admire her bravery in challenging the deeply entrenched myths about Jane. More recently, I've been drawn to Nicola Tallis' work on Lettice Knollys. She's definitely challenged my own perspective and I love it! I envy the gorgeous storytelling of Gareth Russell and the unflinching rawness of Mary Beth Keane and I seek to emulate both.

What are the biggest challenges that face history authors when researching?

Location! Location! Location! I want to just hop into my car and spend a few days deep in the archives at Kew, but it's just not possible when you live so far away!

You have made two trips to London now, and we took some great trips! What have been your highlights on each trip? Where would you like to visit when you next come back?

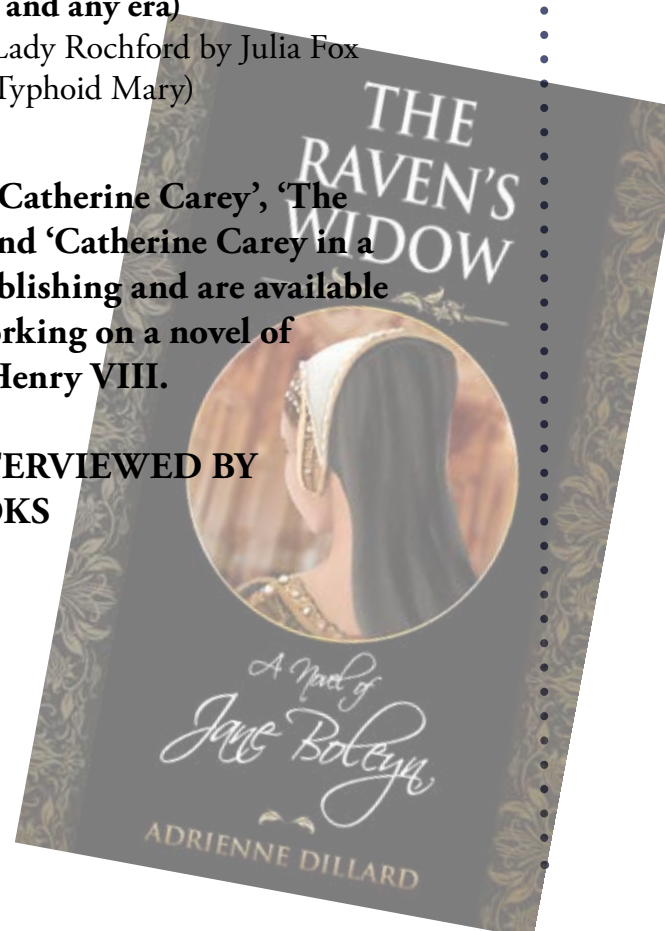
Hever Castle was to die for! Wolf Hall was incredible! I can't even begin to describe my emotions at finally seeing Grey's Court! And, obviously, doing most of those things with you! Next time, I want to go to the Kew Archives, visit Peterborough Cathedral, and stay overnight at Hampton Court Palace.

And finally, the question I ask everyone - can you recommend your top three history books? (These can be fiction or non-fiction, and any era)

1. *Jane Boleyn: The True Story of the Infamous Lady Rochford* by Julia Fox
2. *Fever* by Mary Beth Keane (It's a novel about Typhoid Mary)
3. *A Night to Remember* by Walter Lord

Adrienne's books 'Cor Rotto: A Novel of Catherine Carey', 'The Raven's Widow: A Novel of Jane Boleyn', and 'Catherine Carey in a Nutshell' are published by MadeGlobal Publishing and are available through Amazon. She is currently working on a novel of Jane Seymour, third wife to Henry VIII.

**ADRIENNE DILLARD WAS INTERVIEWED BY
CATHERINE BROOKS**





WENDY J. DUNN ON WRITING

On the cheap: A survivor's guide to writing historical fiction

Let me begin by telling you a story. In 2016, I decided to spend my first ever healthy royalty payment (yes, these things actually do happen!) on a month-long research trip to England. I had three book projects to research, including a work based on the early years of Mary Shelley.

My imagination was already well fed by images and information provided by one of Mary Shelley's most respected biographers – and I had the London address where Mary lived with her father, William Godwin, stepmother, her half-sister, half-brother and step-siblings. I was also blessed to be staying with my friend, Valerie. Born and bred in London, Val is an embodiment of a living, breathing, walking London map and history book. On our Mary Shelley day, we took three London buses from Val's flat, walked down a few roads, and then stood in front of a three-storey brick building. It was the right address – but it didn't feel right. Mary's biographer had described her

teenage home. The house before me left me feeling bemused, and strangely out of place.

'There's no blue plaque,' I said to Val. Blue plaques were a common feature in London streets, proclaiming the birth places and homes of the famous.

'Perhaps they thought Mary Shelley didn't deserve one,' my friend replied.

I stared at her in disbelief. 'What? The author of 'Frankenstein' doesn't deserve a blue plaque?'

Val shrugged. 'London has many famous people. Being a woman might have caused them to decide against giving one to her.'

I looked back at the building again. 'But what about her father? There isn't even a plaque for him, and he was a famous author and philosopher.'

We stood in silence, looking at the building, and the neighbourhood all around us.

'I suppose we better locate Mary's church,' Valerie said. 'What was its name again?'

I glanced at my notes. 'St Sepulchre.'

'Are you certain?'

'Yes. Why?'

'Didn't you say the church was close to where Mary Shelley lived as a girl?'

'That's what it said in her biography.'

'That church is not close to here.' Val pointed to a church spire a short distance away. 'It must be that church.'

We walked to the church and once again I felt at a loss. 'It is so different to what I expected from the descriptions of Shelley's biographer.'

Val frowned and shook her head. 'I don't think much of this biographer.'

That evening, back at Val's flat, we talked about why our day's field research had seemed so off target. We pulled up our computers, began a Google chase, and found old city maps and also legal documents belonging to Mary's family. The address on the legal documents was exactly the same as one I had brought from Austral-

ia. By 11pm, I was still protesting that the places we had visited that day felt wrong and Val was still blaming it on Shelley's biographer. I bid Val good night, not realising that I had left behind a woman determined to solve the puzzle. In morning, over breakfast, Val set out before me the findings of her research – findings that showed, over one hundred years ago, the names of London streets had shifted. The address we had was correct, but not the location. In Mary Shelley's time, that address I had written down in Australia was elsewhere.

'What do you want to do?' Val asked. 'Do you want to go and

find the right place?'

By this stage, I had been in England for over three weeks. Taxed by weeks of touring Suffolk and now London, my health was giving me grief. Forced only two days ago to visit a major hospital for medical care, I just yearned to go home. I shook my head. 'I'll use Google Earth, and search for period paintings and drawings on the internet.'

And that's the thing. While it has been wonderful to be able to go overseas to research my historical novels, I know I can also write – especially now, thanks to the resources available on the internet – my European-based

historical novels at home in Melbourne. In fact, if I hadn't been so focused on my trip to England to take me to where Mary Shelley grew up as a teenager, I would have searched more thoroughly on the internet and discovered the photos taken by others in search of Shelley, photos of a property that would have made me question whether I had the right location.

So, please believe me, if you don't have the money to go to Europe to research your historical novel, you can do it based in Australia. Here are my tips to help you:

- » Read lots of historical novels set in the period and location that you want to write about. I call this feeding your imagination – and your writerly compost. Reading historical fiction is an important and necessary step to help your own world-building. By reading historical fiction, you arrive at a time when you can write your own dreams of history by drawing from your imagination.
- » Read books that include primary materials describing settings, and make use of the internet. It is truly a gold mine of resources that bring alive the voices and places of the past.
- » Study period paintings, drawings and maps. Once again, the internet is a great resource for this, and biographers of historical personages generally include fascinating illustrations. For the Tudor period, I particularly love the details provided in royal books of hours. The paintings of the court painter Holbein are also brilliant for their very human studies of the people of Henry VIII's court.
- » Find non-fiction books that do the field research for you. For my Tudor fiction work, 'In the Footsteps of Anne Boleyn', co-authored by Natalie Grueninger, and 'On the Trail of the Yorks' by Kristie Dean were indispensable. Books like these make great companions for armchair travel.
- » Join Facebook historical groups where you can post research questions. My favourite groups include Anne Boleyn Files, On the Tudor trail, Queen Anne Boleyn and the Anne Boleyn Society.
- » Consider joining the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA). I have been immensely impressed with the wealth of historical knowledge offered by its members. The SCA puts on regular events where you can take part in workshops to increase your own learning and expertise.
- » Find a historical group with an interest in your time period. For example, the Richard III's Society has a group in Australia:
- » Keep an eye out for history themed conferences – always a great place to learn and network with other writers of historical fiction.



**QUEEN OF THE
STAGE:
CATHERINE
HOWARD AND
THE AUTHOR OF
“THE THREE
MUSKETEERS”**

GARETH RUSSELL

Catherine Howard has been rendered in many different guises on the silver screen. Binnie Barnes played her as a sophisticated socialite in 1933's

“The Private Life of Henry VIII”; the sophistication had gone and the ambition increased when Angela Pleasence played a more threatening, scheming Catherine in

Lynne Frederick as Catherine Howard in
 “Henry VIII and his Six Wives” (BBC)



two episodes of the BBC series “The Six Wives of Henry VIII”. A year later, the BBC cinematic adaptation, “Henry VIII and his Six Wives” turned that portrayal on its head, with Lynne Frederick offering the viewer a touchingly naïve Queen Catherine. In 2003, Emily Blunt gave a memorable and moving performance as Catherine as a clueless if spoiled pawn of an ambitious family in “Henry VIII”, a characterisation broadly in keeping with Tamzin Merchant’s in “The Tudors”, thus far the dramatisation to spend the most time on Catherine’s short, tragic life.

There have been stage productions too, including a sympathetic portrayal in Harold Nicholson’s “Katherine Howard”, in which the young Queen is shown as innocent of adultery and Cranmer is depicted, unusually, as a priggish sanctimonious villain. Catherine is

currently being portrayed brilliantly by Aimie Atkinson in the new West End rock musical, “Six”. A much earlier and lesser known theatrical incarnation of Catherine brought her into historical contact with the acclaimed nineteenth-century French novelist, Alexandre Dumas, most famous for his role in creating the Musketeer saga.

Over a decade before he tackled d’Artagnan and his brothers in arms, Dumas’s “Catherine Howard” received its premiere in Paris on 2 June 1834. Hoping to capitalise on the commercial and critical success of his last script, set at the court of King Henri III of France (d. 1589), Dumas again returned to the lives of sixteenth-century royalty for inspiration. He produced a three-act play that took details of Catherine’s life, then mashed them up with Anne Boleyn’s and Shakespeare’s Juliet. In Dumas’s play, Catherine is in love with Athelwold, the rightful Earl of Northumberland, whom she abandons as the King searches for a new bride. Catherine is put forward as a candidate who eclipses both “the beauty of Anne Boleyn [and] the grace of Jane Seymour”. A heartbroken Athelwold of Northumberland fakes his own death to torment Catherine for betrayal of their love. The new queen, Catherine, is driven mad by guilt and self-loathing, which prompts an anguished Athelwold to visit her in her apartments one evening, where he reveals his deception. Unfortunately, they are caught in her bedroom by the King, who assumes the worst. Athelwold and Catherine are condemned to death, with Athelwold proclaiming in the final scene, “We have reposed in the same bed

– we will mount the same scaffold – [and we] will lie within the same tomb.”

“Catherine Howard” did not have the same success as “Henri III et sa cour”,

but perhaps it is worth remembering what passed for biographical dramas in the 19th century when we begin complaining too vociferously about historical accuracy in today’s movies and dramas.

GARETH RUSSELL

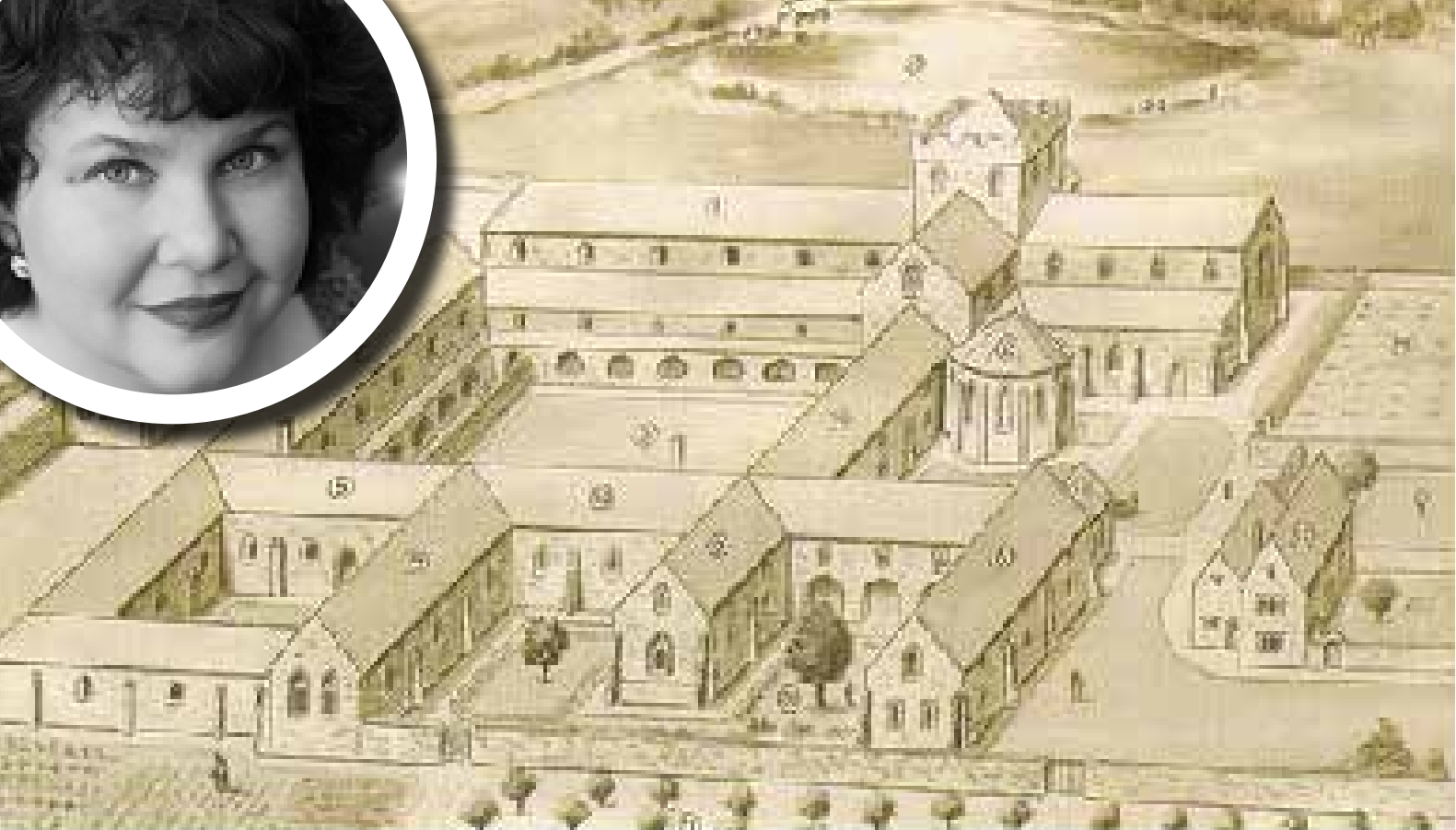


Aimie Atkinson sings “All You Wanna Do” as Catherine in “Six” (Author’s collection)

Can you match each Tudor figure to their date and cause of death*? Give yourself one point for each date and cause you match correctly without using Google!

*Please note that some of the causes of death are those that have been taken as a commonly accepted in the absence of absolute certainty (dates are in UK style, DD/MM/YYYY)

Anne Askew	04/09/1588	Natural Causes and Obesity
Bishop John Fisher	05/04/1531	Tuberculosis
Catherine Carey	06/07/1553	Beheaded
Catherine Parr	07/03/1588	Ovarian Cancer
Edward VI	07/09/1548	Sepsis
Elizabeth I	10/12/1541	Beheaded
Frances Dereham	12/02/1554	Burnt at the Stake
Henry Fitzroy	12/07/1537	Hanged, Drawn and Quartered
Henry VIII	15/01/1569	Burnt at the Stake
Hugh Latimer	16/07/1546	Hanged in Chains
John Dudley	16/10/1555	Fever
Margaret Beaufort	17/11/1558	Tuberculosis
Margaret Douglas	21/03/1556	Consumption
Mary I	22/06/1535	Recurring stomach ailment
Queen Jane	22/08/1485	Childbed Fever
Richard Roose	22/08/1553	Burnt at the Stake
Robert Aske	23/07/1536	Beheaded
Robert Dudley	24/03/1603	Boiled Alive
Thomas Cranmer	28/01/1547	Eating a Cygnet
William Brandon	29/06/1509	Killed in Battle



Conjectural Reconstruction of Margam Abbey by A. Leslie Evans

MARGAM ABBEY IN WALES

WITH KYRA C. KRAMER

MARGAM ABBEY, LOCATED a few miles east of Swansea in southern Wales, was a thriving religious community of Cistercian monks for four centuries. It was officially founded by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, in 1147, who donated 850 acres between the River Afan the River Kenfig as a place to establish a daughter house of St Bernard's Abbey of Claivaux in southern Wales.

As often happened in Wales, the new abbey was probably being built on the site of an older, pre-Norman, Celtic church or monastery. Ten of the Margam Stones -- the archaeological remains of Celtic Christian crosses that predate the arrival of William the Conqueror in 1066 -- were found on the grounds of the abbey or nearby. The

crosses are decorated with Celtic Christian iconography and symbols, and many are inscribed with Latin text, indicating that Christianity had been practiced (and taught) in the area since the Roman invasion of Britain. The incoming Cistercian brotherhood thus found fertile soil for the continuance of Christian works in their home, and for a time Margam Abbey would become one of the largest and wealthiest monastic establishments in Wales.

Cistercian monks were particularly noted for their kindness to travellers of all stripes (not only Christians on pilgrimage), and soon Margam Abbey became a popular stopping point for the weary in Glamorgan. Anyone who asked for it would be given food and shelter in the abbey's 'guesten hall', or hospice, and the Cistercian welcome is why the English language still describes providing for one's visitors as 'hospitality' to the present day. When Gerald of Wales, the famed Medieval historian, went to Margam in the late 12th century, he was deeply impressed by the abbey's generosity, and noted that "of all the houses belonging to the Cistercian Order in Wales this was by far the most renowned for alms and charity."¹ In 1188, shortly before Gerald arrived, Margam had sent a ship to Bristol to bring back a hold full of grain to provide bread for the multitudes of hungry famine victims that had appealed to the abbey for food. Gerald gave much of the credit for the monastery's good deed to its abbot, Cynan (sometimes recorded as Conan), whom he praised as "a learned man and one discreet in

his behaviour."² The historian also claimed that God bestowed favor on Margam Abbey due to the piety its abbot and its monks, and cited several miracles as proof of divine blessing, the most significant of which was a prematurely ripened harvest that prevented starvation for the Cistercians and their supplicants.

It was not only the destitute and needy that sought out the abbey's munificence. The well-to-do, and even nobility, would also look to the monks of Margam Abbey for a meal and shelter. King John stayed at the abbey on his way to Ireland in 1210, King Edward II was welcomed there in 1326, and King Richard II visited it both in 1394 and in 1399. It was no easy task to house a king and his retinue, and occasionally the army traveling with him, but the monks at Margam Abbey always rose to the occasion.

While English royalty was happy to enjoy the Cistercian's hospitality, they were much less thrilled about the abbey's tradition of offering 'sanctuary' to criminals within its walls, especially when Welsh rebels used the abbey as refuge from the occupying army. To make matters worse (from the English perspective), there was little they could do to force the monks to hand over any dissidents they were sheltering. The abbeys were also thought to be harbouring -- knowingly or not -- rebellious Welshmen among the ranks of their visitors. In the early 13th century, Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, tried to prevent insurgents from seeking succor in Margam Abbey alongside inoffensive travelers by forcing the abbey to deny entry to any men who claimed they were going

1 Gerald of Wales. (1978 edition) *The Journey Through Wales and The Description of Wales*. Penguin Books.

2 Ibid



to “the parliament or the army.”³ Since joining the military or going to parliament would have been two of the most common *legitimate* reasons for a Welsh traveler to be heavily armed, Gloucester hoped this ban would keep rebel fighters from hiding in plain sight in the safety of the abbey by pretending to be fresh recruits for the king’s forces.

Margam Abbey, like other Cistercian establishments in Medieval Wales, was also an important resource for Celtic bards. As they had in pre-Norman times, the Welsh singers and poets who traveled the country counted on monks to provide them with sustenance, shelter, and a place to leave a written record their works. The bards who remained after the English occupation of Wales, known as the *Beirdd yr Uchelwyr*, may not have survived at all if it hadn’t been for the welcome of Cistercian monasteries.

3 Williams, David Henry. 2001. *The Welsh Cistercians: Written to Commorate the Centenary of the Death of Stephen William Williams (1837-1899) (The Father of Cistercian Archaeology in Wales)*. Gracewing Publishing.

Welsh bards would frequently ‘retire’ at an abbey when they became too old to travel, joining the brotherhood and spending their final years of life writing down all the songs, poems, and epics they had encountered or composed in their career. One of the last monks to reside at Margam Abbey was a former bard called *Siôn Lleision*, whose name was anglicized to John Leyshon after he joined the monastic order in the early 16th century.

With everyone, paupers or princes, expecting to stay with the monks at Margam Abbey during their travels, the Cistercians were sometimes hard pressed to feed all who approached their doors. In the mid-14th century, Margam’s abbot was moved to lament to his superiors about the costs of maintaining the constant company, explaining that “being on the high road, and far from other places of refuge,” his abbey was “continually overrun by rich and poor strangers”.⁴ To make things harder on the monks, their guests sometimes took

4 Ibid.

advantage of Margam's open-door policy to conduct drunken revelries in the hospice. Rowdy merchants and pilgrims even had an occasional brawl with in hallowed halls of the abbey. Nonetheless, the charity of Margam Abbey never waned.

Alas for the Cistercians, Margam Abbey's time was growing to a close as the 16th century dawned. In 1536, King Henry VIII began the Dissolution of the Monasteries, and Margam Abbey was in the cross-hairs. A commissioner named John Vaughn of Narberth was sent by Henry VIII's chancellor, Thomas Cromwell, in June of that same year to assess whether or not Margam Abbey should be dissolved. The number of monks in the abbey had shrunk to a handful, making it a prime candidate for dissolution, but there was some hope for salvation in the fact the community was still a pious one, and the abbot, Lewis ap Tomas, was well-respected. Regrettably, local praise for the abbot and the monks did nothing to sway Vaughn's opinion. Abbot Lewis ap Tomas received word just a few weeks later, on 23 August, that Margam Abbey was now the property of the king and he would have to vacate the premises.

Lewis ap Thomas surrendered his abbey and its lands to Henry VIII's agents on 28 February 1537, forcing the Cistercians and the laymen they employed to go elsewhere.⁵ However, the piety of the abbot and his monks did help the former inhabitants of Margam; the king did not leave them to starve. The brothers and their servants were given parting gifts (like severance pay) and/or pensions, rather than

being cast out to starve. This couldn't make up for the safe life the brothers enjoyed, or replace the jobs that would feed you even if you should "be sick or diseased"⁶ and unable to work for a time, but it was better than nothing. Lewis ap Thomas himself was pensioned off with the reasonably large sum of £20 per annum, and was appointed Bishop of Shrewsbury in the new Henrician Church shortly after leaving his former monastery.

The confiscated abbey's estate was bought from the crown by Sir Rhys Mansel (spelled Rice Manxell in original documents) in 1540. It cost Mansel £938 6s 8d to get title to the abbey, church, belltower, cemetery, and watermill, as well as roughly 850 acres of former abbey land and the rights to the fishery on the River Afan at the boundary of the park-lands.⁷ The valuable bells from the bell-tower had already been sold to London merchants for their metal, but the buildings were more or less still intact. This wouldn't last long, however. The stones of the abbey and bell-tower were were 're-purposed' by Mansel to build the new manor house, or were allowed to fall into disrepair. Now, some grimly impressive ruins are nearly all that are left of the once-majestic abbey.

One of the most remarkable parts of the abbey's remains is its chapter house, where the monks would assemble for daily readings or for important announcements. The astonishingly round chamber was built in the 13th century by connecting nine walls at wide angles to form a polygon.

The walls still stand and each one still boasts a massive lancet window. Only God

5 Birch, Walter de Gray. 1897, *A History of Margam Abbey*. Bedford Press. London.

6 Williams, 2001.

7 Birch, 1897.





knows what happened to the glass that previously filled those openings. Had they been elegant stained-glass picture windows, or simply bevelled glass? Did the Mansel-Talbot family use them in their own buildings, or were they left for the elements to destroy? It's heartbreaking to think of how so much beauty was destroyed because it no longer held any 'value' to the Tudors who inherited it.

The chapter house was connected to the larger body of the abbey by a vestibule with

a triple-doorway on the eastern side of the chamber, which can still be seen.

The remnants of the Gothic "dogtooth" pattern that became popular in Medieval architecture after the First Crusade at the top of the central entrance remains visible at the top of the central doorway's pointed arch.

The ruins of Cryke chapel (in Welsh, *Hen Eglwys*, meaning "old church"), are also visible to the north-west on the hillside above Margam Abbey.





The word ‘cryke’ is simply the old Anglo-Saxon word for a small stream (creek in modern English) and probably denotes the chapel’s location, rather than a family name or saint. No one is completely sure of Cryke chapel’s original purpose, but it was possibly built so that laymen and women who visited the abbey could have somewhere to attend mass, since they could not join the Cistercian brothers at prayers in the abbey.

Happily, some parts of the abbey survived because they still served a religious function for the community. Most of the western bays of the abbey’s nave and its chapel were

spared repurposing predation and were converted into a parish church to serve the small village of Margam.

The church was heavily restored in the 19th century, but the Victorian craze for all things Gothic left most of the Cistercians’ austere stonework and rounded arches unmolested by frippery. There are even some of the original decorative roof bosses -- one of which displays the arms of the de Clare family -- that survive on the east end of the church vault.

Margam Abbey remained in the Mansel-Talbot family until 1948, when

they donated the former abbey, the huge orangery the family had built in 1793, and the family's Gothic-Revival style private residence, Margam Castle, to the National Trust. Shortly afterwards, the National Trust renamed the estate Margam Country Park and opened it to the public, so everyone could enjoy the picturesque ruins of the abbey, the orangery, the castle, and the woods that surround them. It is now

one of the most popular parks in Wales, and the gleeful shrieks of children at play echo daily within the walls that once held only the chanting on monks. If I may be frank, I believe that both sounds serve as a 'joyful noise unto the Lord', and that the magpie chatter of happy families picnicking on the grounds is a fitting use of the monastic ruins and elderly manse.

KYRA C. KRAMER





TUTBURY CASTLE

A TUDOR TREASURE IN THE HEART OF ENGLAND *BY* LESLEY SMITH

Tutbury Castle is tucked in the very heart of England about 15 miles from the beautiful Derbyshire Peak National Park. The history of the castle is remarkable, with strong Tudor connections, not least because the curator, Lesley Smith, is a specialist in the medical history of the 16th century. It is hardly surprising that the dynasty features strongly in the life of the castle today.

The great grey fortress sits high on a great green ledge with the beautiful Dove valley below and the river itself like a silver snake winding through the meadows. The views are absolutely stunning and, of course, a necessary choice in picking a site for strategic purposes. The castle also commands important historic routes north-south and east-west across the Midlands. Its location meant that it was too important to ignore during times of war and, unlike many English castles which have never seen active use in warfare, Tutbury has been involved in virtually every civil war in English history.

Surrounded by a huge estate straddling the borders of Staffordshire, Derbyshire and Leicestershire, it was built around 1068 as part of a line of castles across the north Midlands established by William the Conqueror to bring the region under firm control following a rebellion by Anglo-Saxon nobles. It became the chief castle of the de Ferrers Earls of Derby until the last de Ferrers Earl forfeited his lands following his involvement in the Barons' Revolt of 1264-5. It passed to Edmund Crouchback, younger son of Henry III, and remained in the hands of his heirs, the Earls and later Dukes of Lancaster. In 1399 his great-grandson Henry Bolingbroke seized the throne as Henry IV, uniting the duchy of Lancaster

with the Crown. The Duchy lands have been held by the reigning monarch ever since, with the exception of the brief period of Commonwealth rule after the Civil War.

Tutbury played an important role in the war. Both Charles I and his battling nephew, Prince Rupert, visited more than once, and the castle held firm for Charles throughout the Civil War, eventually surrendering in 1646 after a siege of three weeks. Tutbury, along with the nearby Cathedral close in Lichfield, was one of the last Royalist fortresses to surrender, and Parliament celebrated its capture as the key to 'the lock of two shires', Derbyshire and Staffordshire. Despite the siege and the presence of plague within the castle, the garrison insisted that they would only surrender if the castle was destroyed so that it could never be held against the king. This was confirmed by act of Parliament, although it took over a year to complete the destruction. It remains a romantic ruin but happily, the Great Hall is still in place, together with the Norman motte, a fine gatehouse of the early 14th century, two grand tower houses of the 15th century, sections of the curtain wall, and the lower courses of a 12th-century chapel.

Many of these structures would have been familiar to visitors in Tudor times, but what is



now open grass in between was filled with timber buildings and cobbled streets, as closely packed as a town. Records show that the last Plantagenet king, Richard II, carried out an extensive building programme at Tutbury, visiting in person to inspect the building works just ten months prior to his death on Bosworth Field. A surviving letter of Henry VII shows that the incoming Tudor dynasty also recognised the importance of Tutbury, as it asks that the grounds of the castle should be maintained well, including the garden.

There is no evidence that Henry VII ever visited Tutbury in person, but in 1511 a handsome golden-haired young king strode into the castle: King Henry VIII, once described by the Venetian Ambassador as the most perfect man God had made. Henry also established a royal stud at Tutbury, with pastures in the parks below the Castle and in surrounding villages, and the ‘Tutbury Race’, as it was known, became the most important centre for horse-breeding under the Tudors, although the stock was sold off by Parliament after the Civil War.

The Tutbury estates remained an important source of royal revenue, but Henry’s concerns about possible French invasions meant that he was more concerned with building new fortifications to protect the coast than with paying for the upkeep of castles far inland, especially as he only rarely ventured as far north as the Midlands. Tutbury began to be neglected, and records show the kitchen roof collapsing in 1523. A gap around 30m long developed in the curtain wall between the North Tower and the gatehouse. This was eventually repaired, but only to one-third of the thickness. The repair is still visible today from outside the wall, as the buttress to support the original wall now stands clear of the wall itself.

Tutbury also suffered from Henry’s break with Rome. The de Ferrers family had established a priory next to the Castle, and like so many other religious houses around the country in the 1530s, Tutbury priory was suppressed by Thomas Cromwell as part of the Dissolution of the Monasteries. The priory had doubled as the parish church and was also a significant landholder in the area, so the impact on the local

community was considerable. The nave of the Norman church was allowed to survive for the use of the parish, and can still be seen today, as one of the finest examples of Norman architecture in the Midlands (especially the beautiful west front). However, the remainder of the priory was demolished, and a house built in the grounds, which was bought by the Cavendish family. A single gable end can be seen on the border of the castle grounds and the modern churchyard and may have formed part of this house.

The Dissolution of the Monasteries was followed in the late 1540s by a further round of closures and confiscations, this time focused on chantry chapels, which were chapels which held endowments to pray for the souls of the dead. Like the monasteries, these confiscated endowments helped to fill the gap in the royal coffers created by Henry's extravagant expenditure, and among those affected was the chapel in the middle of the castle, the remains of which can still be seen.

Despite its misfortunes under Henry, Tutbury Castle gained a new lease of life under Elizabeth. In 1561, Sir Ambrose Cave, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, carried out a survey of all of the Duchy of Lancaster castles, noting their condition and the likely costs of repair. Among the records relating to the survey was a large sketch of the castle, now in the National Archives, which is the earliest image of the Castle to survive. Many of the ruins visible today are shown complete, and it also shows some of the buildings inside the castle. Further surveys followed, and despite the great expense, it was decided that Tutbury should be repaired, as it was the centre of a 'great seignory', or lordship. By 1566 essential repairs had been carried out, and the lodgings made watertight.

Elizabeth may have been influenced by the fact that the Tutbury lordship included Needwood forest, which was to become a popular hunting destination under her Stuart successors. The connection with the Tutbury Race may also have been important. Elizabeth's favourite,

Robert Dudley, was her Master of Horse and took a personal interest in the management of the stud at Tutbury, and Elizabeth may well have anticipated visiting the castle in Dudley's company. However, Elizabeth was never to visit in person.

Instead, Tutbury Castle was to receive a very different royal visitor. This year marks the 450th anniversary of the first arrival at Tutbury of Mary Queen of Scots. Mary had fled to England the previous year, and was initially held first at Carlisle Castle, and then at Bolton castle in Yorkshire, but once it was decided that she was to be formally imprisoned, Tutbury was selected.

When arriving at the great gates she was told that she was now a prisoner and in response, she vomited black blood in terror and was half carried, fainting, to her allocated apartment. Although she was lodged in the best apartments, with furnishings supplied by Elizabeth herself, Mary hated Tutbury and managed to get herself moved on health grounds. However, she was to return three more times, the last in 1585 for a whole eleven months. On this last occasion, she was kept in much less comfort than previously, and accounts of the conditions in 1585 are often mistakenly projected back to her earlier visits.

By this time, Mary's household was also thoroughly infiltrated. It was at this time that a Burton brewer was appointed to supply beer to Mary's household. When Mary moved to her next prison, Chartley, about 20 miles from Tutbury, the beer barrels were used to smuggle messages in and out. It was these messages that incriminated Mary in the Babington plot and, after long years of imprisonment at Tutbury and elsewhere, finally led to her execution.

Nowadays there are lectures and performances for people of all walks of life, of all ages and backgrounds with the numbers constantly rising. It will come as no surprise that of the many periods and subjects that the Castle offers, the most popular are the Tudors.

LESLEY SMITH M.PHIL., M. UNIV. (HONS), F.S.A. (SCOT.)



Member Spotlight

THE COMMEMORATION OF QUEEN JANE AT BRADGATE PARK

Catherine Brooks represented the Tudor Society





Photo © Tim Ridgway

In January 2019, I was honoured to receive an invitation from the Bradgate Park Trust to take part in their annual Queen of Bradgate Horse Procession. I am lucky enough to live only 20 minutes from this beautiful landscape, and a visit always satisfies my need for a little history and blows the cobwebs away.

They say never use clichés when you write, but if ever a place could be described as ‘steeped in history’, then its Bradgate Park. Its history has been traced back for thousands of years, and even a brief description is beyond the scope of this article. The wealth of the Manor was recorded in the Domesday Book of 1066, and sometime between then and 1241 the deer park was established, rearing the animals for hunting for the kings and lords. The deer remain and are one of the features Bradgate is well known for, as are its Oak trees, some thought to be up to 850 years old. Many are around 500 years old and would’ve

been grown from acorns at around the time Bradgate House was being built.

Although now a ruin, Bradgate House is a peaceful spot and has taught the archaeologists and historians who have worked there over the years a great deal. Atop a low hill, the House can be seen from many aspects of the park and can be visited on selected days and times. Built in the latest Tudor style, it was a testament to the Grey family’s wealth and status. Houses such as these were replacing castles and were the first homes to be brick built for several centuries.

The work on the house began around 1500. From 1279-1445, the park was owned by the Ferrers family, who were the Lords of the Manor of Groby. The Greys join Bradgate’s history in 1445 when it was passed to them by the Ferrers. And here we enter the somewhat painstaking world of the royal family tree.



Member Spotlight

Elizabeth Ferrers married Henry Grey, and they had a son, John. He married Elizabeth Plantagenet, more commonly remembered in history as Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV, mother of the Princes in the Tower and Elizabeth, who married Henry Tudor. John was her first husband and was killed in 1461, during the Wars of the Roses, at the 2nd Battle of Albans. He and Elizabeth had two sons, Richard and Thomas. Richard was beheaded at the hands of Richard, Duke of Gloucester (later Richard III), as he and Anthony Woodville accompanied Edward V to London after his father's death. Thomas survived, however, and became 1st Marquis of Dorset. It was he who began the planning of Bradgate, but he passed away in 1501. His son, also Thomas, became 2nd Marquis of Dorset, and his son Henry Grey, 3rd Marquis of Dorset (who also become Duke of Suffolk in 1551), married Frances Brandon.

Here, things may become more familiar. Francis was the daughter of Henry VIII's sister, Mary, the French Queen, and his best friend, Charles Brandon, 1st Duke of Suffolk. They had three daughters: Jane, Katherine and Mary. In the end, none of these girls led long lives but each of their stories is worth learning, and the one most people are familiar with is that of Lady Jane Grey, commonly known as the 'Nine Day Queen'. In fact, Jane was queen for 13 days, as although her rule was announced from the Tower of London on 10th July 1553, a succeeding Monarch's reign was dated from the date of death of their predecessor, in this case, the passing of Edward VI on 6th July. Her role in the Tudor story is a much smaller part than that of many and so her life story can be almost lost and easily dissolves into the world of the historically taken-for-granted. Leanda de Lisle summed this up perfectly when she wrote:





Member Spotlight

'Dynastic politics, religious propaganda and sexual prejudice have ... buried the stories of the three Grey sisters in legend and obscurity. The eldest, Lady Jane Grey, is mythologised, even fetishized, as an icon of helpless innocence, destroyed by the ambitions of others. The people and events in her life are all distorted to fit this image, but Jane was much more than the victim she is portrayed as being...'

There is not space here to give you the whole Jane Grey, but the debate that unfailingly arises about her is whether or not she was the true queen.

Jane's royal family tree bought her closer to the throne than many people realise, having been placed 4th in the line of succession by Henry VIII already. Jane, and then her sisters, would follow on from Elizabeth, their mother Frances having been excluded from the succession (as had, interestingly, the heirs of his older sister, Margaret).

It seemed unlikely that it would get this far, and it was certainly not something Jane had anticipated. The hope was that Edward would marry and produce male heirs of his own. Failing that, Henry had two daughters who, if suitable matches were approved, may do the same in turn. This perhaps seemed unlikely for Mary, who was already in her late 30s during her brother's reign, but Elizabeth was several years younger. For Jane to reach the throne in her own right, it would most likely be either the result of some catastrophic royal tragedy or would need to be engineered. And it was.

But not by her.

Highly educated and incredibly intelligent, with an air of independence, Jane was growing into a woman before her time. Already making an impression in Protestant circles, her royal lineage made her a very desirable bride. Whilst Lord Protector to his nephew, Edward Seymour, 1st Duke of Somerset, wanted Jane for his son, Edward,

1st Earl of Hertford. But he wasn't the only notable figure who had an interest in Jane's betrothal: Henry Grey was ambitious and wanted his daughter to marry Edward and become Queen Consort.

How much Jane knew of either man's intentions is not known. She would've however have known that her marriage would be one of advantage to both families concerned. Had she thought or wished herself to be Edwards Consort? Her desires on this matter are not known. But with Edward VI lying on his death bed at only 15, and Somerset disgraced, these possibilities had run their course. Jane, like everyone else, foresaw the crown passing to Mary Tudor, as detailed in her father's Device for the Succession.

Edward knew that he was dying. His passion for the new religion had been evident for some time, and he had clashed many times with Mary over her refusal to stop hearing mass. The thought of passing his kingdom into the hands of someone who would return to the old ways was something Edward could not bear. Here arrived Jane Grey's Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse: Religious fervour, man's greed for power, political nit-picking and really bad parenting.

When Henry had his Device agreed by parliament, he didn't remove his daughter's status of illegitimacy. Whether this was lack of foresight, or because that would mean admitting he had made mistakes about ending his marriages to their mothers, it now gave Edward an opportunity to remove Mary from the Succession, as the illegitimate offspring of a monarch were not legally allowed to inherit. It did mean however that he had to apply the same rule to Elizabeth, despite her preference for the new religion. Henry Grey saw his opportunity – his daughter could be better even than the King's consort. Conspiring with John Dudley, 1st Duke of Northumberland and Edward's Lord President, a man well known to be a powerful influence over the young king, the two power-hungry men helped to make sure Edward's conscience



Member Spotlight

made the right decision. Jane was named by the king as his heir, having conveniently been married to Northumberland's son Guildford only weeks before the king's death. Jane was proclaimed queen at the Tower of London on 10th July 1553.

Where history does not give Jane enough credit for her strength and wisdom, it also gives too much to the idea that Mary was simply a cruel and bitter woman. A problem lay in the fact that Edward's Device had never been passed through parliament, so many considered it unlawful. Mary, every inch her mother's daughter, would never have quietly stepped away from her birth right. Mary saw through Northumberland and he paid the price for his greed with the swift removal of his arrogant head from his shoulders. Despite being obliged to hold Jane to trial for treason, Mary, at this stage, would not have her executed. I believe she was reluctant to at all.

Perhaps surprisingly, she spared her father too at that time. Northumberland was to assume guilt for everyone.

So should we address Jane as Lady Jane or Queen Jane?

Jane is not a figure that incites malice. I do not believe she was guilty of treason, and even if the law defined her actions that way, it was not intentional. Jane was astonished to find herself proclaimed queen, not the reaction of someone who was conspiring to overthrow a rightful successor. She stated firmly that it was the right of Mary to take the crown. It seems likely that Northumberland and her father used the same persuasion and rhetoric on her as they did on Edward to bring her towards their way of thinking. Jane's powerful belief in the new religion also allowed her to open her mind to the idea that this was the path God had chosen for her, and that may have been what led her to accept in the end.





Member Spotlight

The conflicts in the two Devices were not of her making and their interpretations by others were out of her control. The strength Mary showed took many by surprise, and Jane's doubters saved their own skins and jumped before they were pushed. Had support for Jane not melted away, she would likely have remained how I see her – the very first Queen of England.

At 11 am on Sunday 10th February*, the beautiful white horse, Lulu, began the parade of Remembrance for Jane through the park. The weather was really quite unpleasant – cold, dark, wet and bitter – but those who treasure Jane's memory do not care about such things. We left from the Newtown Linford entrance to the park, and made our way towards the House, entering on the west side. Once inside the ruins, we approached the chapel, where Peter Tyldesley, Director of the Bradgate Park Trust, and I spoke a few words for Jane, and the bravery she showed when facing her death. When given the opportunity to recant her Protestantism, and save herself, Jane refused, so strong and powerful was the courage of her conviction. On the scaffold, she spoke of how she was guilty in law of the crime of treason, but not of the crime of ambition. As we all laid white tulips in memory of this young queen, on an executioners block carved from the wood of an oak from the park, we shared our admiration for her, and our hope that her faith meant she was not afraid. The tranquillity of the chapel was enhanced by the talent of the harpist at work. It is important to those at Bradgate, whose devotion to the park is unwavering, that Jane is not seen as a usurper, or merely a weak and naive child, but as a remarkably intelligent and elegant young woman, and first and foremost, the rightful Queen of England.



Photo © Paul McCormick

The Bradgate Park Trust work unstintingly to defend Jane's reputation and to keep her alive in people's hearts and minds, as well as preserving the park itself. You can find out more about its work and exciting fundraising events at www.bradgatepark.org/ and follow them on Facebook www.facebook.com/BradgateParkTrust/

I would like to thank the following people from the Bradgate Trust for their help and kind invitation: Peter Tyldesley, the Director, Carolyn Bushell, Visitor Centre Duty Manager, and Michele Smith, Visitor Experience Manager. I would also like to thank them for allowing me to access the Visitors Centre to assist with the research for this article.

CATHERINE BROOKS

FURTHER READING

De Lisle, Leanda, 'The Sisters Who Would be Queen: The Tragedy of Mary, Katherine & Lady Jane Grey' (Harper Press, 2009), p. xxviii



Photo © Paul Marriott



Photo © Esme McCormick



Photo © Paul McCormick



Photo © Paul McCormick

QUIZ ANSWERS...

Henry VIII	28/01/1547	Natural Causes and Obesity
Edward VI	06/07/1553	Tuberculosis
Queen Jane	12/02/1554	Beheaded
Mary I	17/11/1558	Ovarian Cancer
Elizabeth I	24/03/1603	Sepsis
John Dudley	22/08/1553	Beheaded
Anne Askew	16/07/1546	Burnt at the Stake
Frances Dereham	10/12/1541	Hanged, Drawn and Quartered
Thomas Cranmer	21/03/1556	Burnt at the Stake
Robert Aske	12/07/1537	Hanged in Chains
Catherine Carey	15/01/1569	Fever
Henry Fitzroy	23/07/1536	Tuberculosis
Margaret Douglas	07/03/1588	Consumption
Robert Dudley	04/09/1588	Recurring stomach ailment
Catherine Parr	07/09/1548	Childbed Fever
Hugh Latimer	16/10/1555	Burnt at the Stake
Bishop John Fisher	22/06/1535	Beheaded
Richard Roose	05/04/1531	Boiled Alive
Margaret Beaufort	29/06/1509	Eating a Cygnet
William Brandon	22/08/1485	Killed in Battle

HOW DID YOU DO?



THE ELIZABETHAN LADY'S KITCHEN

(PART 2)

Last month, I looked briefly at Elinor Fettiplace's background and a few of her recipes, including pancakes and a kind of hot cross buns. But Elinor moved in high social circles. A number of her relatives were connected to the royal court, although Elinor doesn't mention that she ever went to court personally. However, her marriage to Sir Richard Fettiplace made her a knight's lady and it was expected that certain standards should be maintained. Elinor had grown up at Pauntley and Sapperton in Gloucestershire and her family – the Pooles – were used to lavish entertaining and hospitality and she would have been expected to do the same in her new household at Appleton Manor (then in Berkshire; now in Oxfordshire), if on a slightly smaller scale.

Sugar was always expensive and therefore its use was a symbol of

status and the more the better. There is the story that Queen Elizabeth's terrible black teeth, caused by eating so much sugar, were emulated by others who blackened their teeth on purpose to suggest they could afford the expensive commodity and eat sweetmeats as the queen did. I'm not sure if that's true or just an urban myth but you see the idea.

In the history of dining, a banquet originally referred to just the final course of a feast. In medieval times, the lord, his family and important guests would withdraw from the Great Hall at the end of the feast so the servants could clear away the mess, stack the table-boards and trestles away, making space for the entertainments that followed, when the VIPs would resume their seats on the dais.

In the meantime, the lord and his guests would retire to a more private space

TONI MOUNT

to take their ease on cushioned benches known as banquettes: from which the word 'banquet' derives. Here, they would be served with hippocras, a sweetened and spiced wine, and a selection of 'nibbles'. Almond wafers, stuffed figs and all manner of marchpane [marzipan] delicacies, sugared fruits and nuts – all involving expensive sugar, spices and exotic imports – were meant to impress those who mattered with the lord's wealth, status and boundless hospitality.

By Queen Elizabeth's day, entire buildings were constructed as banqueting houses, often away from the main house in woodland glades, beside a lake or some other romantic spot and designed as anything from a whimsical wood-cutter's cottage to a classical Greek temple. Banqueting was supposed to be high class fun – food fights were not unknown as occurred at the end of a feast held by the Knights of the Garter to celebrate St George's Day but that was a men only do. I'm sure in mixed company, they would have been better behaved.

Elinor Fettiplace was prepared to host banquets to rival the best and for that a new invention was vital: sugar plate. Sugar plate dough was simple to make but the confectioner's art at its ultimate could be demonstrated by what was done with the dough. It could be moulded, modelled



and shaped into anything, from goblets and platters to angels and dragons. It could be dyed, painted or gilded, turned into playing cards or pages of poetry or simply rolled, twisted or plaited into individual colourful sweets. When the party was drawing to a close, guests would eat the cups, dishes and cards, so there was the bonus of no washing-up!

To make plain white sugar plate put a heaped teaspoon of powdered gum tragacanth [a tasteless vegetable gum available online] into two tablespoons of rosewater and leave to steep for a few hours to form a thick paste. Add this to 1 pound [450 grams] of icing sugar or powdered muscovado sugar [also available online] mixed with 1 ounce [25 grams] of wheat starch or cornflour. Either work the ingredients together with a

TONI MOUNT

wooden spoon or use your fingers, adding more rosewater until they form a smooth dough. It can now be rolled out like pastry or modelled but always keep unworked dough covered with a damp cloth because it dries out and becomes crumbly very quickly.

Elinor goes a step further at this stage, colouring some of the dough:

First make a piece of white sugar plate, then with the juice of Violets colour a piece blew, then with colour of Cowslops [cowslips] colour another piece yellowe, then roule out the white, the blew and the yellow, but roule the white thickest, then lay the white first, lay the blew on top, then lay another piece of white & then the yellowe, so lay it one upon another, then turne it up round, like a loaf, the roul it in your hand in a long piece, then cut it out in thin pieces & make it into what fashion you will & so dry it.

In short, make it like a Swiss roll, then work into a long sausage, always keeping your hands damp and covering the separate colours with a damp cloth until you're ready to use them. Elinor's kinswoman, Mary Poole, suggests using crushed red rose petal juices and spinach juice to make red and green paste but food colouring would be an easier, less seasonal, option. Once cut into thin slices, like pin wheels, the dough can be left to dry on baking paper, or rolled flat and cut with crinkled-rim cutters ['jagging iron's as they were called] or rolled around the handle of a wooden spoon like

brandy snaps. Any dough off-cuts can be rolled into marbles for decorating other dishes or as little sweets. Once made, the shapes must be left to dry on sheets of paper. This may take two or three days, depending on the thickness of the plate and until completely dry and hard, shouldn't be handled as they'll crumble.

According to Hilary Spurling who researched Elinor's receipt book, the rivers around her home at Appleton Manor were famous for their trout, so it isn't surprising to find a trout recipe included for the month of May. What may come as a surprise is one of the condiments used when the fish is served.

Take water and salte and let yt boyle a little then cut yor troute on the back, put him in yor boyleinge lickoure when yt boyles a good pace, put in a bowle of ale and some wine vinegar, a little parsly, marierome [marjoram], and time [thyme], when he is boyled enough lay him in a dish on sippets [croutons or triangles of fried bread] wth some buter, wine vinegere, sliced ginger and a little suger and so serve yt.

As you see: sugar was used at every opportunity. Hilary Spurling explains that 'boyle' in this instance means 'poach' and that, since the ale flavour overwhelms the delicate fish, she suggests using a glass of white wine instead – other, similar recipes of the period do use wine rather than ale. Gut and score two medium trout and poach them in a covered pan for 10-12 minutes in the liquid with the herbs. The slices of fresh green ginger can be added

TONI MOUNT

at this stage and removed before serving. Transfer the fish to a warm serving dish. Add a tablespoon of wine vinegar to the liquid and boil until reduced to about a cupful. Add sugar, fresh herbs and a knob of butter to thicken the sauce slightly, pour over the trout and serve. Hilary Spurling suggests serving it with new potatoes, rather than sippets which quickly go soggy in the sauce. However, this may have been Elinor's method of further thickening the sauce since bread – either as crumbs or small squares – was often used as a thickening agent. The sugar and vinegar would make it a sweet-and-sour sauce. Although Elinor doesn't mention which vegetables she served with this dish, elsewhere in the book she mentions sea samphire to be boiled and served with butter and also how to pickle it. May is the month for fresh samphire and this would make an excellent, colourful accompaniment. Asparagus would be a good alternative. Here is Elinor's recipe for 'light bisket bread' which, despite its name, is more like a seed cake.

Take a pound of flower & a pounce of sugar & some caraway seeds & annis seeds, searce [grind] your sugar very small. Take the yokes of xvi [16] eggs & the whites of fowre [4], & beat them verie well, then put in your flower & sugar & seeds, beating it all well together, then annoynt [grease] yor dish with buttar & poure in yor batter & so set it in the oven till it be baked. The oven must not be so hot

as for manchet [ordinary white loaf bread].

Elinor Fettiplace's receipt book was compiled in 1604 and she left it to her niece Anne Poole, wife of George Horner, in 1647 when she died: *This boock I geve to my deare nees and goddutar Mrs Anne Hornar desiring her to kepe it for my sake.* Passed down a line of Fettiplace and Poole cousins, the book came to Hilary Spurling in the 1970s. Have fun and enjoy these recipes from an Elizabethan lady's kitchen.

A banquet of sweetmeats. This sugary assemblage is dominated by a 'standard' in the form of an edible banqueting house sited in an edible knot garden. Marchpane garden 'knots' are filled with flowerbeds made from fruit pastes and surrounded by gravel walks consisting of carraway comfits. There are also edible sugar tazze filled with jumbals, sugar playing cards, wafers, comfits and a host of other 'banqueting stuffe', including gilt gingerbread figures made from original Jacobean moulds.

The picture shown on the page before is taken from a website which is well worth visiting to see the extravagant sugar and marchpane constructions that might appear at an Elizabethan banquet. It can be found at <http://foodhistorjottings.blogspot.com/2012/12/supper-with-shakespeare.html>

Next time, I'll be looking at the invention and development of methods of telling the time.

Charlie Brown Books

ELIZABETH I OF ENGLAND THROUGH VALOIS EYES

Estelle Paranque



Palgrave's Queenship and Power series has been around for several years now and has included notable works like Retha Warnicke's *Wicked Women of Tudor England* and, reviewed here a few months ago, *Queenship and Counsel in Early Modern Europe*. One of the latest additions to the series is *Elizabeth I of England Through Valois Eyes* by Estelle Paranque, one that takes a unique view of Elizabeth's reign and which is a welcome addition to the many books on the Tudor queen.

Elizabeth I of England Through Valois Eyes explores many aspects of the diplomatic relationship between England and France that are often neglected, such as the multiple marriage negotiations between Elizabeth I and Catherine de' Medici's sons. The author makes the interesting point that Catherine offered all of her sons as potential grooms after the death of her eldest, not just the Duke of Alençon (later Anjou).

This book offers an interesting insight not just into England's relationship with France and Elizabeth's relationship

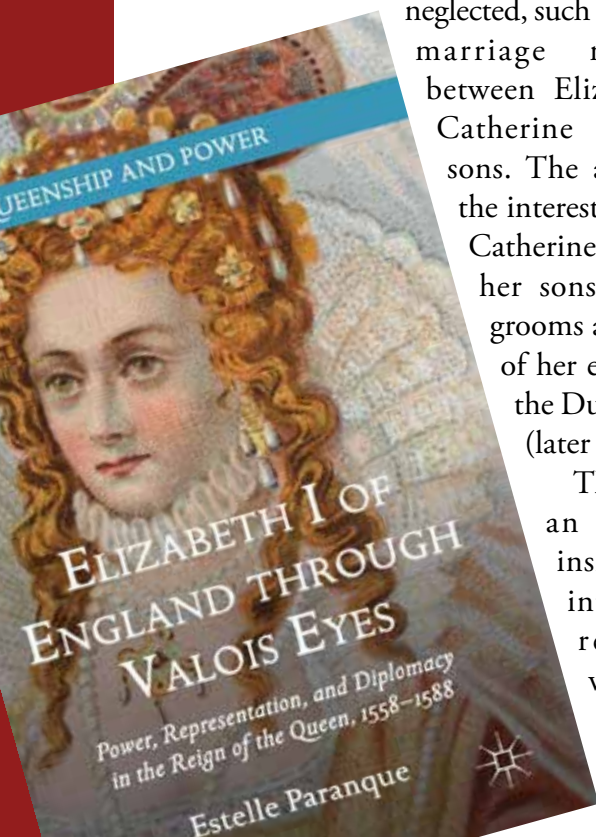
with the Duke of Alençon, but also her relationship with his ambassadors and how she was able to control the proceedings. For instance, the author tells us that on one occasion Elizabeth:

'insisted that the ambassador must sit on the floor with her, with cushions under their knees, "or else she would never allow me to talk to her again." This threat of exclusion demonstrates that Elizabeth was willing and able to assert her royal authority over foreigners as well as her own subjects, and she was clearly not afraid to reveal her strong will to anyone. All of this helped her to shape her image as a powerful monarch. In addition, allowing ambassadors to "catch" her in a jovial moment while she enjoyed a game was actually a calculated device that enabled her to assert complete control over diplomatic negotiations.'

Elizabeth was very much in charge of the negotiations, acting almost like the husband in the marriage proceedings and putting France in a submissive position, one which they had to accept begrudgingly.

There are plenty of extracts from primary sources in this book, many of which readers will not have read before. They are even more useful as they have been translated from French, quite a few for the first time, and so are not easy for most to find and read themselves.

This is an excellent book on a subject that has not been studied in this much depth before. However, it is an academic book and so not suitable for the general reader, as they will need some background knowledge of Elizabeth's reign before reading. It would be useful for anyone studying England's relationship with France or anyone who wants to find out more about Elizabeth's marriage negotiations with the country.



GENDER, FAMILY, AND POLITICS: THE HOWARD WOMEN 1485-1558

Nicola Clark



The Howard family were prominent figures in Tudor England, always involved in intrigue or, at the very least, on the edge of court life. However, past focus has tended to be on either the men, like the dukes of Norfolk, or only the most prominent women, such as Katherine Howard, the fifth wife of Henry VIII. Nicola Clark remedies this with her book *Gender, Family, and Politics: The Howard Women, 1485-1558*, which explores the lives and careers of the Howard women and how they navigated the dangerous world of the English court.

This is an academic book but still interesting and very detailed, for once there is something solely on the Howard women, as past studies have tended to focus on the likes of the Boleyn women instead or just included them with the general women of the court. This book includes not just women who were born into the Howard family, but those who married into it or were distantly related too. It includes sections on both Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard's downfalls, as well as some of the lesser-known women connected to the Howard family. It shows just how important all of the women were and how they dominated the court, with the author pointing out that, though there was *'never truly a Howard 'stranglehold' on female court service, there was, equally, never a time without a Howard woman, relative, or client in service with the Queen, and this is not counting their dominance at many formal court ceremonies'*.

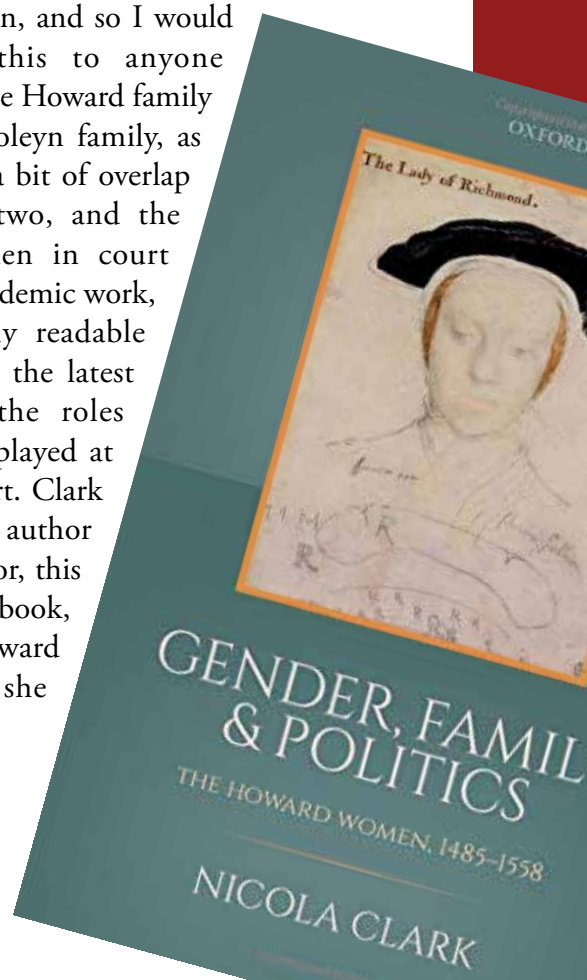
The author makes the interesting point that despite them openly presenting a united front, the

Howards were divided on many things, particularly during times like Henry VIII's Great Matter and his marriage to one of their kinswomen, Anne Boleyn. Clark tells us that:

'Among the Howards, however, collective strategy was rare. Where there is evidence for such a thing, as in the wake of Catherine Howard's arrest in 1541, it becomes apparent that the efforts to protect relatives and friends involved only a small portion of the family. Anne Boleyn's rise, too, demonstrates the difficulties faced by families like the Howards at court: to support a client family in a risky venture, or not? That the Howard women themselves were largely absent until Anne had clearly made a success of things is significant, and is an example of the way in which this book has nuanced, and even dispelled, many traditional narratives about the Howard dynasty as a whole.'

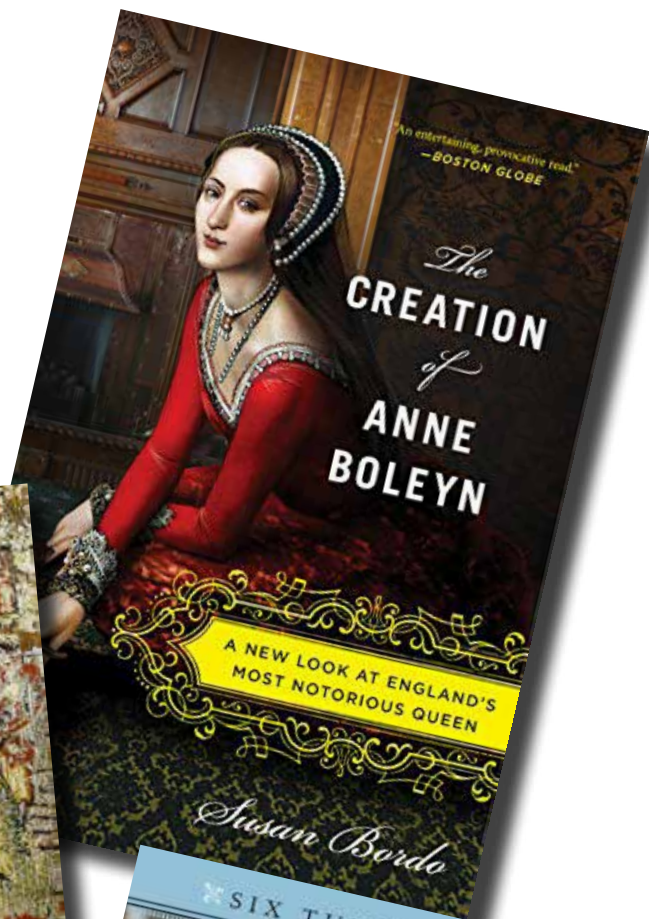
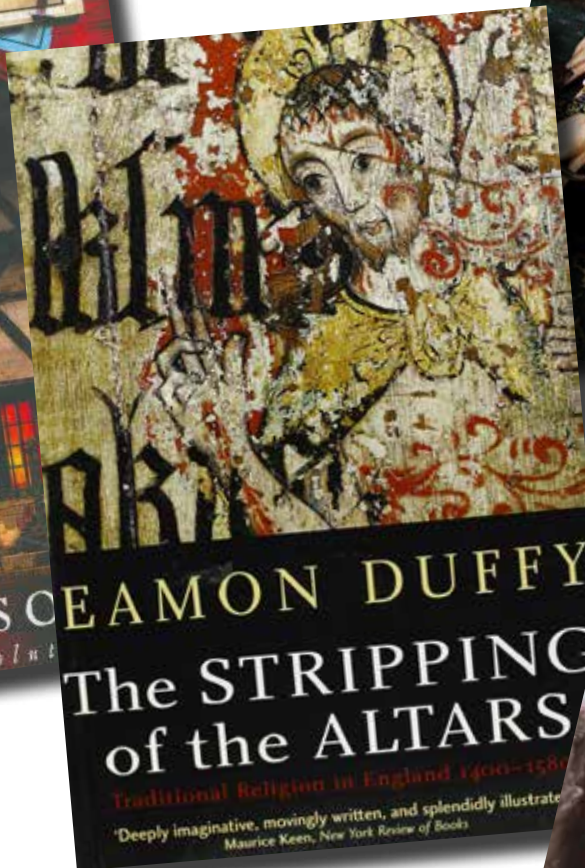
One notable woman that was connected to the Howards through marriage was Jane Parker, the wife of George Boleyn. This book shows that the myths about her are slowly starting to be addressed, particularly the one about her being involved in Anne Boleyn's downfall. There is no evidence for that, and it is great to see this being set straight.

Gender, Family, and Politics: The Howard Women, 1485-1558 is the definitive book on the Howard women, and so I would recommend this to anyone interested in the Howard family or even the Boleyn family, as there is quite a bit of overlap between the two, and the roles of women in court life. It is an academic work, but it is fairly readable too, including the latest research on the roles these women played at the Tudor court. Clark is certainly an author to watch out for, this being her first book, and I look forward to whatever she releases next.



Tudor Life

EDITOR'S PICKS



For scope and insight into the Tudor era's approach to remembering the dead, few academic tomes approach Eamon Duffy's magnum opus, "The Stripping of the Altars", a vast panorama of the twilight of Catholic England, written by the current Cambridge Professor of the History of Christianity.

In terms of individual reputations and their posthumous impact, I cannot recommend enough Susan Bordo's delicious book, "The Creation of Anne Boleyn", studying Anne's reputation from 1536 to Showtime's "The Tudors".

The C. J. Sansom novel "Dark Fire" offers a gripping murder mystery against the backdrop of an England struggling to deal with the first attacks on prayers for the dead and Alison Weir's new novel on the life of Jane Seymour offers a sympathetic glimpse into the life of Jane as a devotee of the old religion.

THE TUDOR SOCIETY



MEMBERS' BULLETIN

Thank you to all those members who have responded to our call out for articles for the “Member Spotlight” section of Tudor Life, we’ve had lots of interesting suggestions of topics that people want to write about, and it is *always* good to hear about the places that people visit, the topics that people are researching and the Tudor personalities that people are studying. There’s always room for more, so if you have anything that you enjoy about the Tudor period, why not tell your fellow members all about it?!

I’d like to remind full members that you are always welcome to join us on our “live chat” events in the chatroom. These events are put on to allow you to connect with other members and with our expert speakers too. We’ve found that all those who attend discover that they are a lot of fun, and educational too. There’s no pressure to contribute, you can just hang back and enjoy the lively discussions. It’s one of the best ways to enjoy your membership, along with the Tudor Life magazine, of course! If you’re *not* a full member, why not speak to us about the benefits of upgrading your membership. As a full member you get all the quizzes, articles, resources, live-chats, expert talks and SO much more. Speak to us today to see what you’d get...

THANK YOU to all our new and old members alike!

Tim Ridgway

FROM THE SPICERY

WITH
RIGNACH!

THE ROT OF AGES



THIS MONTH'S *FROM The Spicery* article looks one of the more dubious medieval ingredients; Byzantine *murri*. I have used a photo from *The Murri Project* (left) on Pinterest to show you what *murri* looks like.

I'd like to credit L.A. Times journalist, Charles Perry, for writing about his experiences in reconstructive culinary archaeology, and I'll be referring heavily to his work. I've included a link to his article in the footnotes. I also need to credit Perry with the title of this article. I did try hard to think up a catchy title, but Perry really did pick the best one.

But first, a note of caution; the production of *murri* relies on fermentation by wild yeasts and bacterium. If you 're feeling adventurous and decide you want to try the process out for yourself, by all means, do so, but take care in case you, your family or friends are allergic to the bacteria and yeasts needed for the fermentation.

Murri is a fermented barley condiment, used extensively in Byzantine and traditional Middle Eastern cooking, as well as medieval Spanish cuisine, specifically in and around Andalusia. *Murri* is enjoying something of a resurgence in popularity as modern gastronomes continue their quest for new taste sensations. *Murri* provides the *umami* taste that modern gourmets currently crave. Obviously, the ancients knew when they were onto a good thing!

The preparation of *murri* is very similar to the process used to make soy sauce, and Perry calls it the soy sauce of the medieval Mediterranean. *Murri* adds the much sought after *umami* flavour to the dish it is used in. The taste of *umami* is best described as the savouriness of a perfectly cooked meat, aged cheese, or even soybeans.

The process of making *murri* is causing barley to rot (or wheat in the case of soy sauce). Perry does this by grinding newly-harvested and unwashed barley with water to a stiff paste, which is then left in a covered dish in a warm spot to allow naturally-occurring moulds to begin the fermentation. The moulds breakdown the barley starches into sugars and convert them into amino acids, particularly L-glutamate that gives *murri* its distinctive *umami* flavour. Water and salt are then added to the mix which allows further fermentation by moulds and bacteria. If you're after a graphic description of this process, I recommend you read Perry's entertaining story of his *murri*-making escapades with Spot, Whiskers, Einstein, Skinhead, Johnny Rotten, Kate Moss, Captain Picard and Pig Pen. You'll have to read the article to discover who or what these characters are :-)..

While researching for this article, I came across a couple of different processes for making *murri*, the prime similarity being the use of barley. The original Byzantine recipe for *murri* reads like an alchemical process, including an invocation of Allah - just in case. The big difference between the historical recipe and the process that Perry uses is that the original is a heated liquid fermentation. Oh, by the way, a *mukkuk* is an Arabic weight of measure from the 10th and 13th centuries.¹

“Take, upon the name of God, the Most High, three pounds of honey scorched in a kettle; 10 loaves of bread scorched in the brick oven and pounded; half a pound of starch; two ounces each of roasted anise, fennel and nigella; an ounce of Byzantine saffron; celery seed, an ounce; half a pound of Syrian carob; 50 peeled walnuts; half a pound of syrup; five split quinces; half a makkûk of salt dissolved in honey; and 30 pounds of water. Throw the rest of the ingredients on it, and boil it on a slow flame until a third of the water goes away. Then strain it well in a clean, tightly woven nosebag of hair. Put it up in a greased glass or earthenware vessel with a narrow top. Throw a little lemon on it. If it suits that a little water be thrown on the dough

and that it be brought to the boil and strained, it would be a second infusion.”²

Christianne Muusers from the Coquinaria website writes that her experiment using the Byzantine recipe resulted in “a dark, fragrant paste with a peculiar taste. Strange, but not disagreeable.”³

A typical medieval recipe that uses *murri* is Byzantine *Tabahajah*; being a dish of marinated meatballs⁴.

Tabahajah
250g lamb
pinch salt
1 tsp rue
0.25 Cup *murri*
0.25 tsp coriander
pinch peper
60ml olive oil
1.5 tbls fresh coriander leaves
1.5 tbls mustard greens (leaves)
30g honey
0.5 tsp cinnamon

Beat the murri and honey in a bowl. Add the spices and stir well. Cut the meat into thin strips and marinate in this mixture for 1.5 hours. Remove the stems from the herbs and chop finely. Heat oil in frying pan over a high heat until a few bubbles come up. Add meat and marinade and salt. Cook stirring for 15min until the sauce

1 <https://sites.google.com/site/islamiceconomyuwo/weights-and-measurements/weights-and-measures-of-iraq/makkuk>

2 <https://coquinaria.nl/en/murri/>

3 Coquinaria, *ibid*

4 <http://www.miklagard.nvg.org.au/articles/byzrecipes.htm>, *Tabahajah*

*has reduced. Remove from heat and serve with fresh herbs on top.*⁵

The recipe calls for the bitter herb, rue (*Ruta graveolens*). Also known as Herb of Grace, rue is both an emetic and an abortifacient, and I suggest you leave it out if you are pregnant or have a delicate stomach.

When I talked to the members of the New Varangian Guard's Miklagard group about *murri* specifically, and the dish in general, I was told by one encampment member (a hulking, great, red-haired Viking warrior) that I "really didn't want to know". Of course, this piqued my curiosity, and I set out to discover why the production of *murri* has a reputation for being so disgusting.

I spent some time with one of the female members of the Miklagard encampment and she was kind enough to tell me about the process she uses. When she makes *murri*, she does so in the middle of the Australian summer and uses a method that involves sprouted barley. She takes the sprouted barley gains and grinds it to a dough-like mass. These are shaped into

doughnut-shaped balls and wrapped in fresh green fig leaves and air dried in the shade for approximately 4 weeks. This process is known as *Fadalat* and results in a dry, crumbly mass that is ground down to create a powder that can be added to dishes.

Another process that she is familiar with is the Andalusian method. This method takes around 6 weeks to complete and comes with several warnings. Honey and various spices added to the ground barley which is shaped into balls and wrapped in fig leaves. As it slowly ferments, it begins to ripen, creating the god-awful smell that characterises the *murri*-making process. On-going fermentation causes a nasty-looking and liquid to be created, and this is apparently the absolute best portion of *murri*. This evil-looking black liquid is collected each day and stored in a glazed jar, to be used in cooking, or to inoculate the next batch of *murri*.

So the moral of this article is to make sure that if you make your own *murri*, to do so when its stinking hot and dry, and to do it as far from your neighbours as possible.

5 NVG Mlckagard, *op cit*

RIOGHNACH O'GERAGHTY



APRIL'S "ON THIS"

1 April
1536

Eustace Chapuys wrote a very long and detailed letter to his master, Emperor **Charles V**, in which he mentioned an incident concerning King **Henry VIII** and his alleged new flame, **Jane Seymour**.

2 April
1552

The fourteen year-old **Edward VI** fell ill with measles and smallpox. Fortunately, he survived.

3 April
1578

Burial of Lady **Margaret Douglas**, Countess of Lennox in Westminster Abbey.

4 April
1581

Francis Drake was awarded a knighthood by **Elizabeth I**.

8 April
1554

A cat dressed as a priest, a symbol of Catholicism, was found hanged on the gallows in Cheapside.

9 April
1557

Cardinal **Reginald Pole**'s legatine powers were revoked by Pope **Paul IV**.

10 April
1550

Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, was re-admitted into Edward VI's council.

11 April
1554

Sir **Thomas Wyatt** the younger was beheaded and then his body quartered for treason, for leading Wyatt's Rebellion against Queen **Mary I**.

15 April
1599

Robert Devereux, 2nd Earl of Essex, was sworn in as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

16 April
1570

Guy Fawkes was baptised on 16th April at the Church of St Michael le Belfrey in York.

17 April
1554

Sir **Nicholas Throckmorton** was acquitted of treason for being involved in *Wyatt's Rebellion*.

18 April
1540

King **Henry VIII** made **Thomas Cromwell** Earl of Essex, just three months before he was executed after being found guilty of treason, heresy, corruption and more.

24 April
1555

Burning of **George Marsh**, Protestant martyr, former curate at All Hallows Church, London and a preacher in Lancashire, at Spital Boughton outside the walls of Chester. He had refused the offer of a royal pardon if he would recant his Protestant faith. His ashes were buried in the St Giles cemetery.

28 April
1603

Elizabeth I's funeral took place Westminster Abbey. She was buried in the vault of her grandfather, **Henry VII**.

29 April
1579

Death of **Richard Cheyney**, Bishop of Gloucester, at The Lodge in Painswick, the bishop's manor.

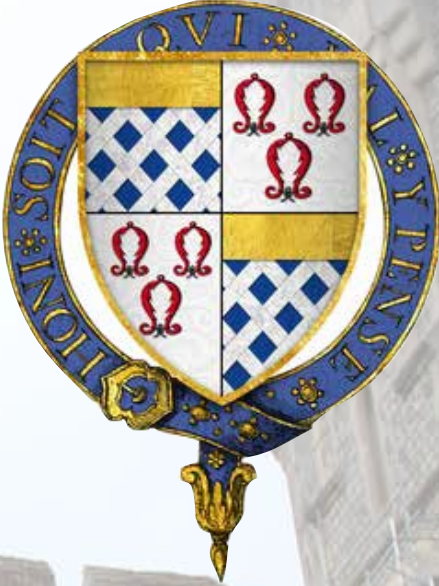
30 April
1547

Sir **Anthony Denny** was made **Henry VIII**'s Groom of the Stool.



The tomb of Henry VII

DAY IN TUDOR HISTORY

<p>5 April 1559 Funeral of Sir Anthony St Leger, Lord Deputy of Ireland, at the parish church in Ulcombe in Kent.</p>				<p>6 April 1590 Elizabeth I's Principal Secretary, Sir Francis Walsingham, died at around the age of fifty-eight.</p>	<p>7 April 1538 Elizabeth Boleyn, mother of Anne Boleyn, was buried in the Howard Chapel of St Mary's Church, Lambeth</p>
<p>12 April 1533 Thomas Cromwell became Chancellor of the Exchequer.</p>				<p>13 April 1598 Henry IV of France issued the Edict of Nantes granting the Huguenots freedom of religion in France.</p>	<p>14 April 1599 Death of Sir Henry Wallop, member of Parliament and administrator, in Dublin.</p>
<p>19 April 1558 Mary, Queen of Scots and Francis, the Dauphin, were formally betrothed at the Louvre.</p>	<p>20 April 1483 Burial of Edward IV in St George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.</p>	<p>21 April 1509 Henry VII died but it was not announced to the public until 24th April.</p>	<p>22 April 1598 Death of Francis Beaumont, member of Parliament, from gaol fever at his home in Grace Dieu.</p>	<p>23 April 1536 Sir Nicholas Carew was elected to the Order of the Garter, rather than George Boleyn.</p>	
<p>25 April 1544 Publication of Queen Catherine Parr's English translation of John Fisher's "Psalms or Prayers". It was published anonymously.</p>		<p>26 April 1540 Marriage of Francis Knollys and Catherine Carey, daughter of Mary Boleyn and William Carey.</p>	<p>27 April 1536 John Stokesley, Bishop of London, was approached to see if the King could "abandon" his second wife, Anne Boleyn.</p>		

Arms of Sir Anthony St Leger

TUDOR FEAST DAYS

23 April - St George's Day

24 April - St Mark's Eve

25 April - The Feast of St Mark the Evangelist

TudorLife

NEXT MONTH IN YOUR REGULAR

TudorLife

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THE BOLEYNs

CLAIRE RIDGWAY
Thomas Boleyn

ROLAND HUI
Anne of the Thousand Days

GARETH RUSSELL
Anne's Date of Birth

ALSO

BILL WOLFF
Raglan Castle

SARAH-BETH WATKINS
Henry Carey

WENDY J. DUNN
Words of writing wisdom

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

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