

TudorLife

THE
TUDOR
SOCIETY

The Tudor Society Magazine

Members Only

Nº 55

March 2019

TUDOR
EXPLORERS

The Golden Hinde

The Virginia
Colonies

Sir Walter Raleigh

Grace O'Malley

St Fagans

Key players in the
Wars of the Roses

plus

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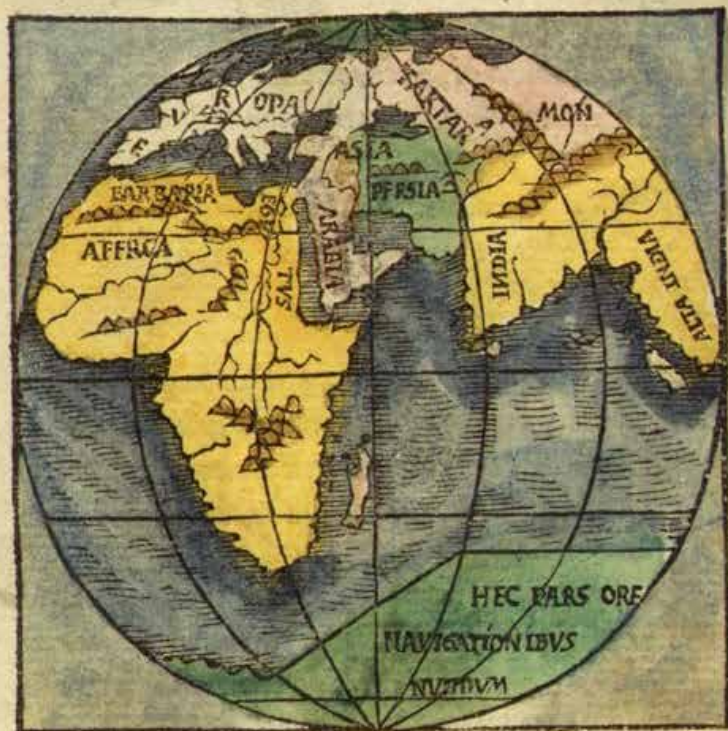
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Hoc orbis Hemisphærium cedit regi Lusitaniæ.



Hoc orbis Hemisphærium cedit regi Hispaniæ.



CVM PRIVILEGIO INVICTISSIMI Romanorum imperatoris Caroli quinti, ad quinquennium ne quis uel typis excudat, uel excudendos curet hos codices geographicos, una cum globis, sub multa amittendorum exemplarium aliaque pena principis seueritate inferenda.

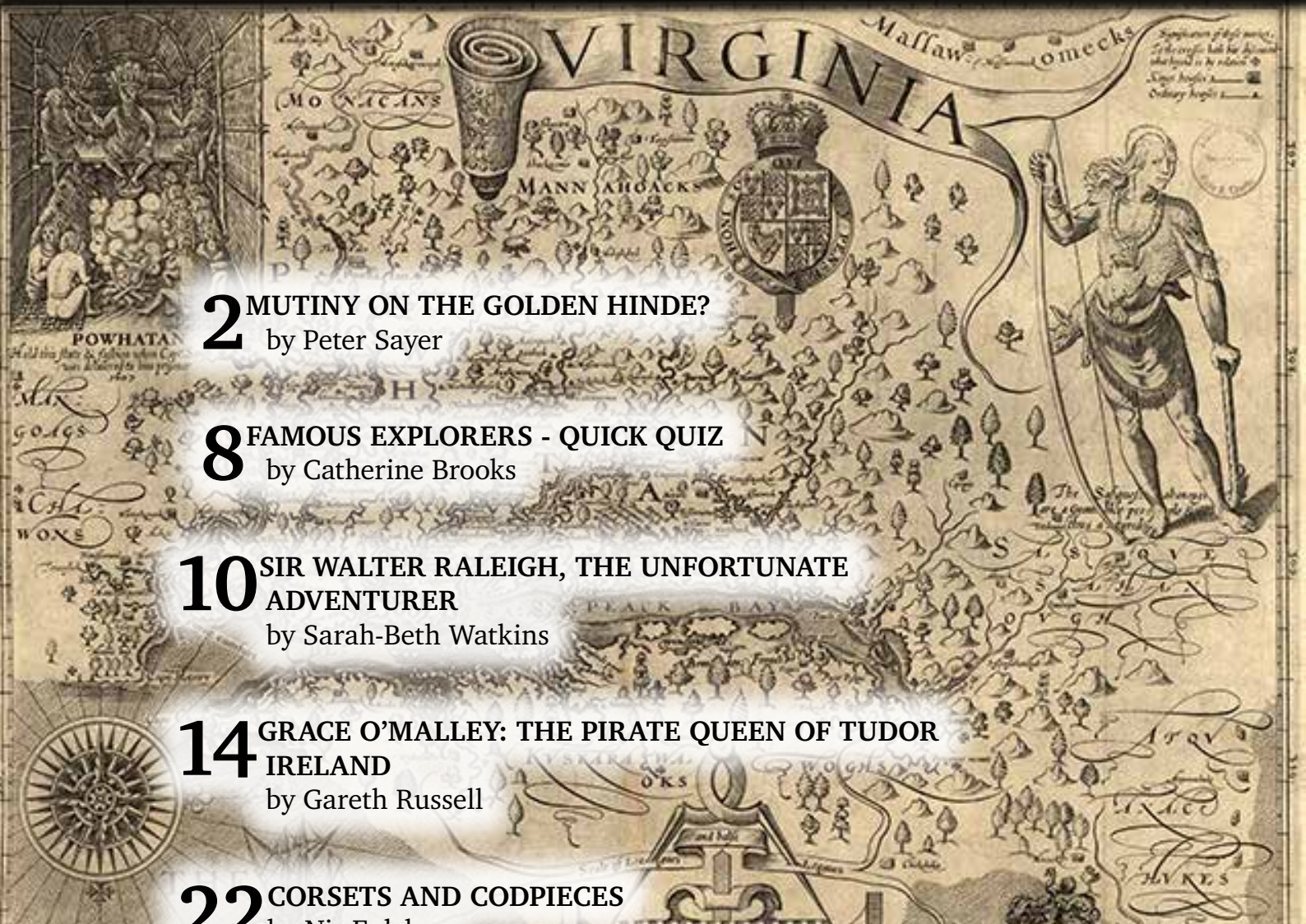
TUDOR EXPLORERS

IT IS a myth that before Columbus's voyages, our ancestors believed the world was flat. The ancient Egyptians, the Bible and the Qu'ran all mention concepts that indicate the world being perceived as domed or even round. Nonetheless, it is undeniable that what would later be dubbed "the Age of Columbus" was an age of exploration, as well as often fraught interactions between hitherto separated cultures. For Tudor England, this was just as true as it was for Golden Age Spain. It was an age of exploration both in terms of religion and political theory, as well as geography and territorial expansion. To explore with the explorers is the theme of this magazine and I hope you enjoy it.

GARETH RUSSELL
EDITOR

ABOVE: A map of the world (c.1527) by Monachus showing two halves of the globe that he had constructed

Tudor Life



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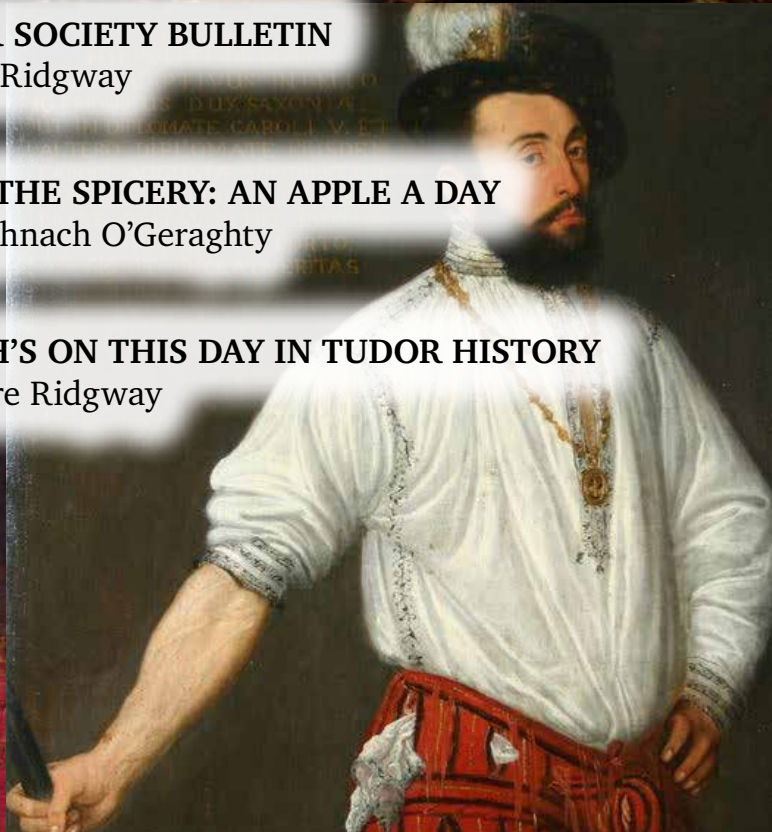
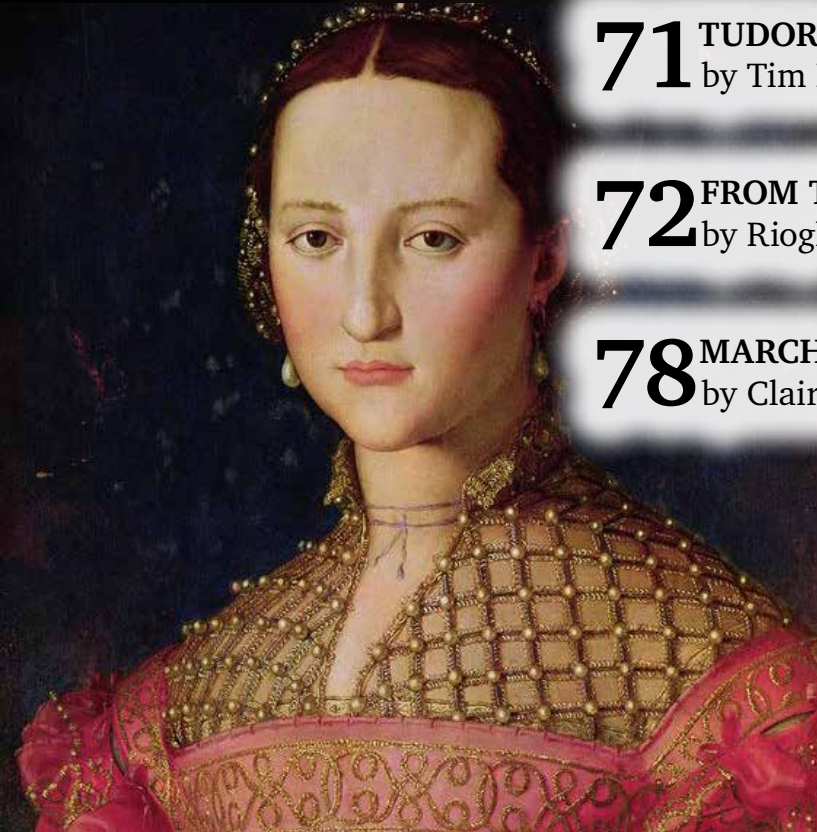
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MUTINY ON THE GOLDEN HINDE?

Tucked between high-rise buildings on the south bank of the River Thames is a full-size reconstruction of the Golden Hinde. Launched in 1973, its history in many ways mirrors that of the original, albeit without the plundering of Spanish ships and settlements. Just like Sir Francis Drake's famous ship which circumnavigated the world in 1577, the reconstruction of the Golden Hinde has sailed the circumference of the earth, clocking up over 100,000 miles in total. Drake's ship came to rest at Deptford, where it became one of the first museum ships in the world before being broken up around 1640. The reconstruction is berthed just a few miles up the river by London Bridge, where, like its predecessor, it now serves as a living history museum and an educational resource.

Peter Sayer is the education officer for the Golden Hinde and he's passionate about bringing history to life...

AT THE Golden Hinde we are always looking for new ways to breathe life into history for visitors, whether it be through dramatisations, tudor maritime workshops or even immersive sleepovers. Developing a new programme often begins by exploring the primary and early secondary source material relating to Francis Drake's voyage, a substantial proportion of which is made up of partially surviving testimonies of crew members and accounts written sometime after the event. Somewhat frustratingly, due to the covert nature of Drake's crown-backed adventures in the Pacific, much of the documentation surrounding the voyage was either conveniently lost or hidden away only to be destroyed in a palace fire. This includes the Captain's Log, paintings made by Drake himself and the accounts of many crew members of which only fragments survive. The sources which do remain available to us are often rich and filled with colour, but regularly contradict each other, offering differing and sometimes incompatible versions of events.

Nowhere is this problem more apparent than in the case of Thomas Doughty, a gentleman who sailed with Drake for the first part of his

circumnavigation, but who was tried and executed for mutiny before the expedition made its way into the Magellan Straits. Doughty had previously been a close friend to Drake and had powerful connections at court, not least because of his position as personal secretary to Christopher Hatton; a favourite of the Queen and a chief sponsor of the voyage. This is a story full of drama and intrigue which, depending on your interpretation, can cast a pretty poor light on the character of Drake.

The events which led to Thomas Doughty's execution are not clear-cut. When attempting to unpick how a man of his standing could have met such an inglorious end, there are three competing accounts to consider. The first is the most extensive account of the voyage as a whole, *The World Encompassed*, which was published by Drake's nephew in 1628 but was likely written much earlier. The second is a narrative written by Francis Fletcher, the Chaplain aboard the Golden Hinde. Fletcher's account was also an important source of information for the author of *The World Encompassed*, but is far less congratulatory. The third and most incendiary narrative is that of John Cooke, a crew member and likely close associate of Doughty whose account of



the affair is very unfavourable to Drake. Each of these sources, which are variously supported or challenged by other, more fragmented pieces of evidence, paints quite a different picture of what transpired between Doughty and Drake. This is of course reflective of the fact that each of the authors had different and particular relationships with the two men and thus conflicting ideas of how their histories should be recorded.

In the first instance, the authors did not seem to agree on Doughty's rank in relation to Drake. Cooke claimed that Doughty and Drake were two of three partners in the venture, the third being John Winter. From the surviving depositions of a number of crew members, we know that Doughty himself argued that he and Drake were captains of equal rank, but neither The World

Encompassed nor Fletcher's narrative explicitly mentions Doughty as a key player in the voyage.

If Cooke is to be believed, then we might be more sympathetic towards Doughty's grievances. These are laid out most explicitly by Cooke, but clearly intimated by the other sources. Fairly early on in the voyage, if not from the outset, Drake began to play the part of the 'Captain General'. Doughty apparently found this intolerable and made his opinion known to the crew. If Drake and Doughty were supposed to be equal partners, and the latter was effectively sidelined, then his annoyance is far more understandable. If not, then it might more readily be seen as the effect of a jealousy amplified by the fact that Drake, a commoner, had risen so far above his social status.

Off the coast of the Cape Verde Islands, the narratives diverge even more dramatically. After the capture of a Portuguese ship, Fletcher's account claims that Doughty stole a ring, some gloves and some coins from the prize much to the disgust of the crew and Drake. Cooke's account, on the other hand, argues that it was Drake's brother ('not the wysest man in christendom') who was engaged in theft, and that Doughty's stern punishments resulted in Drake's anger. Somewhat confusingly, the affair leads to Doughty's effective promotion to a position aboard the flagship of the small fleet, the vessel that would soon be known as The Golden Hinde. One can only assume that neither version tells the complete story.

Drake's decision to move Doughty to the flagship and away from a malcontented crew hints at the heart of

the issue upon which the sources largely agree. Doughty was hugely unpopular with the rest of the crew. Wherever he went, he caused trouble (although, Cooke does argue that it is Drake that stirs up anti-Doughty sentiment). Aboard the flagship he appears to have over-extended his authority which culminated in fisticuffs with John the trumpeter and his eventual demotion to the fleet's fly-boat. Here, he was accused of laziness and snobbishness by the crew which led to the ship's master refusing to serve the best victuals to Doughty and the other gentlemen, instead redirecting them to the mariners' messes. The accounts also note, to varying degrees, that Doughty regularly spoke ill of Drake and his leadership.

Eventually, the tensions bubbled over and Drake and Doughty came to blows. Doughty stood trial at Puerto San Julian,



the very same place where Ferdinand Magellan, the architect of the first circumnavigation of the Earth, executed his mutineers. The World Encompassed presents Drake as the unwilling judge and executioner of a man so wracked with guilt that he freely admits his crimes and chooses a death sentence. For the most part, this is almost certainly a fiction and is absent from the other narratives. According to Cooke, who provides the fullest account of events, Drake is a tyrant who acts above the law. Doughty asked to stand trial in England, or, at the very least, for Drake to present the commission from the Queen which gave him jurisdiction. He was refused on both accounts. Subsequently, Doughty was found guilty of mutiny by a jury of the crew. Drake forcefully persuaded them that the only possible punishment was death and Doughty was executed the next day.

Historians have long argued about whether or not Drake's execution of Doughty was defensible. Some have claimed that the Captain General treated Doughty fairly and was well within his rights to condemn a mutineer to death. Others have suggested that it was little more than Drake's ego and tyrannical

leadership resulted in Doughty's murder. The first position requires the rejection of some of the source material out of hand, the second lifts the affair somewhat out of its context. The most convincing arguments are those which represent a synthesis between these two standpoints, locating Drake's actions within the context of a 16th Century circumnavigation. In short, that Drake acted brutally and with questionable legality against a man who caused discord and therefore likely threatened the safety of an already perilous voyage.

The colourful yet conflicting accounts of the Doughty affair have been an incredibly rich source of inspiration for our work at The Golden Hinde as we look to create educational programmes which encourage engagement with the process of history. Based on our own experiences of unpicking the source material, we are currently in the process of developing a programme which allow visiting school groups to choose their own path through the narratives and reach their own conclusions. We are fascinated to see what students make of the evidence, whether they find Doughty guilty and how they then judge the actions of Francis Drake.

PETER SAYER

EDUCATION OFFICER FOR THE GOLDEN HINDE

You can find out more about the Golden Hinde on the website

<https://www.goldenhinde.co.uk/>

The Golden Hinde

St Mary Overie Dock

Cathedral Street

London, SE1 9DE

The nearest tube and train station is London Bridge.

Put the first letter of each answer in the boxes to discover the names of two famous Tudor explorers

Family Seat of the Seymours

Food craved by Anne Boleyn during her pregnancy with Elizabeth

Hugh, Bishop of Worcester

William, known for his 1526 translation of The New Testament

Desiderius, Dutch scholar and Humanist

Religious ideas and activity in the 16th Century, which lead to Henry VIII breaking from the Catholic Church

Anne Boleyn's brother, George, 2nd Viscount

Mythical King, whose name was used by Henry Tudor for his first born son

Margaret Douglas was Countess of

Christian name of the queen of Henry VII

Mother of Catherine of Aragon

Christian name of the husband of Lady Jane Grey

Childhood home and favoured residence of Elizabeth I

R

John, author of 'The Book of Martyrs'

King defeated by Henry Tudor at the Battle of Bosworth

Christian name of both the 2nd and 4th wives of Henry VIII

Thomas Howard, 1473-1554, was Duke of

Title of Thomas Wolsey

Robert Devereux was Lord Lieutenant of this place

Margaret Plantagenet was Countess of

Surname of Francis,
whose relationship with Catherine Howard
cost him his life

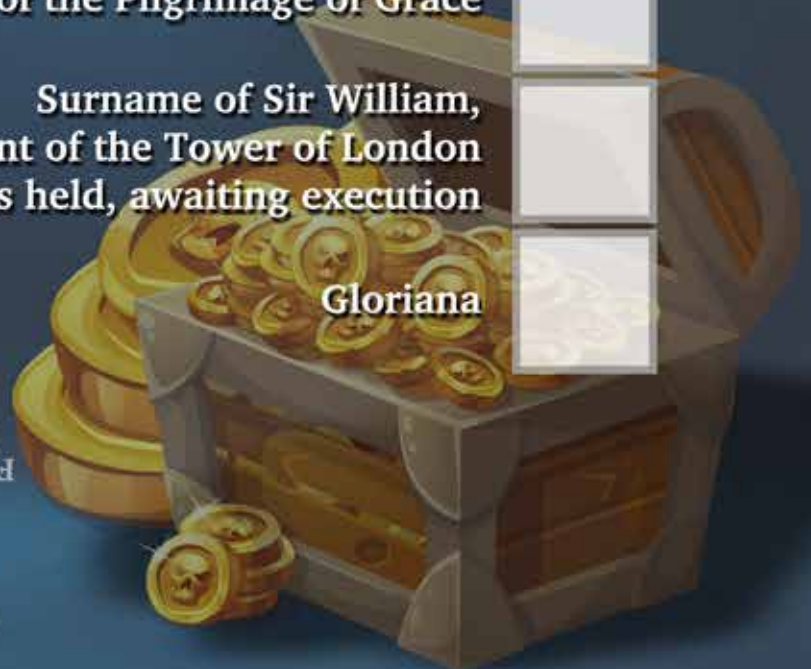
First name of the Dudley man who was Earl of Leicester

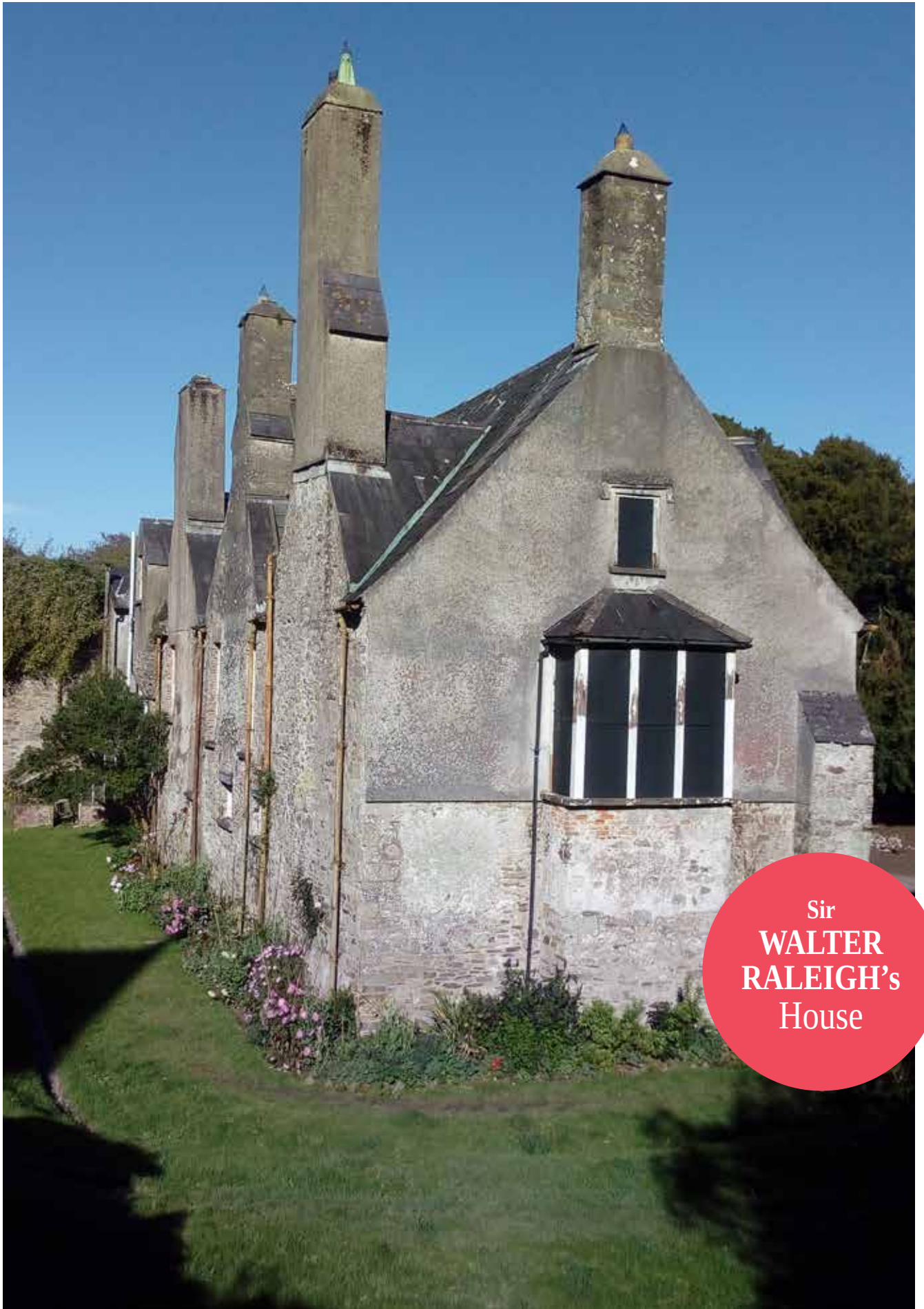
Robert, leader of the Pilgrimage of Grace

Surname of Sir William,
Lieutenant of the Tower of London
whilst Anne Boleyn was held, awaiting execution

Gloriana

Wolf Hall, Apples, Latimer, Tyndale,
Erasmus, Reformation, Rochford,
Arthur, Lennox, Elizabeth, Isabella,
Guildford, Hatfield.
Foxe, Richard, Anne, Norfolk, Cardinal,
Ireland, Salisbury, Dareham, Robert,
Aske, Kingston, Elizabeth





Sir
**WALTER
RALEIGH's**
House



SIR WALTER RALEIGH THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURER

Sir Walter Raleigh, a prominent sailor, soldier, writer, poet and courtier in the reign of Elizabeth I, grew up loving the sea and thirsting for a taste of adventure. He is accredited with many discoveries associated with the New World but his career was tumultuous and he would die a traitor's death.

by **SARAH-BETH WATKINS**

Born around 1554 to Walter Raleigh and his third wife Catherine Champernowne, he lived in Hayes Barton not far from the south coast. His mother had been married to Otho Gilbert who came from a ship-building family which gave Raleigh three half-brothers, John, Humphrey and Adrian. The first two would continue their family's connection to the sea

and give Raleigh his first taste of exploration.

In 1578, Raleigh sailed to America with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Humphrey was around fifteen years older than his half-brother and a seasoned soldier. On 11 June 1573 Queen Elizabeth I granted him a patent 'to discover, find, search out, and view such remote, heathen and barbarous lands'. There was a new world waiting to be discovered.

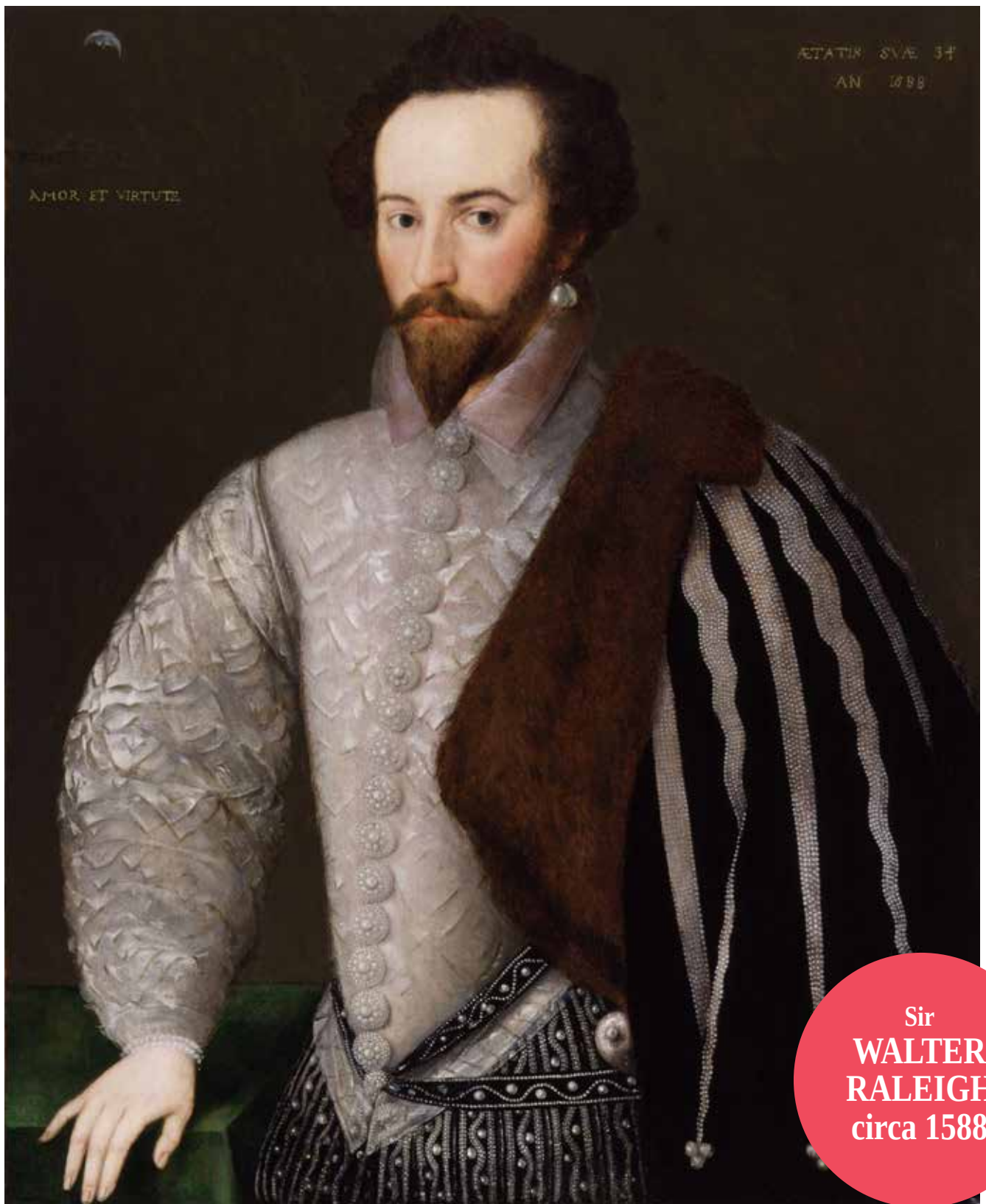
They set sail in November with Raleigh taking command

of the *Falcon*, one of seven ships equipped for the expedition but bad weather forced them all back to port. Raleigh had at least managed to get as far as Cape Verde, off the coast of Africa, before returning home six months later. The voyage had not been a success but Raleigh was unperturbed and his mind was whirling with thoughts about his next endeavour but it would have to wait for the time being as he was fast rising in the queen's estimation and his services were needed in Ireland to quash the Desmond rebellion. Raleigh would also settle parts of Ireland around Cork and is attributed with introducing the potato to the Irish. His home, Myrtle Grove, in Youghal can still be seen today.

However in 1584 the queen granted him his own patent for an expedition. Raleigh enlisted Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlow to command his ships. He would not sail with them but instead arranged for two ships to sail from England to the coast

ON HIS TRIPS HE IS FAMOUSLY
REPUTED TO HAVE FOUND
POTATOES AND TOBACCO.

POTATOES & TOBACCO



Sir
**WALTER
RALEIGH**
circa 1588

of North Carolina landing on 13 July, 1584. The English, under Raleigh's sponsorship, had found the New World but it was to be a disaster. The first English settlers didn't have sufficient provisions to colonise Roanoke Island nor

did they get on well with the native Indians. Disheartened, they returned home. Raleigh reported back to Elizabeth I, and the land they had found was named Virginia, in honour of the Virgin Queen.

Raleigh was not put off by this failure and sent more colonists over in April 1585 with Ralph Lane to govern the island. It too failed. When another ship arrived with provisions they found it abandoned. Raleigh was not

giving up and in July 1587 John White landed with 120 men, women and children. This time they were fully provisioned and White was initially successful in having a better relationship with the native Indians. He returned to England in November to report all was going as well as could be expected but when he returned to Roanoke two years later he found barely a trace of the settlement and no survivors leading to its mystery as the 'lost colony'. The letters 'CRO' were carved on a tree and 'Croatoan' on a wooden post. If the settlers left they were to indicate where they were going and this pointed to another island nearby but White was unable to search for them at the time. Over the coming years others tried to find out the fate of the colonists but they were never found.

The queen was not impressed with the failed settlement and was further angered when she was informed that Raleigh had secretly married one of her ladies-in-waiting, Bess Throckmorton in 1591. Without ceremony, they were both thrown in the Tower. Raleigh was released briefly in August 1592 when a Spanish merchant ship was captured. His role was to divide up the spoils making sure the queen got her portion but was then returned to the Tower until 1593.

In 1595 he was back at sea heading for Guiana (now Venezuela) in search of the fabled El Dorado or 'golden land'. He had read many reports of gold to be found in far flung countries but it was the account

of Juan Martinez de Albuja that propelled him onward. Martinez had supposedly been captured by natives along the Orinoco river and taken to a great gold city called Manoa. Raleigh was determined to discover this great golden empire for the queen and return laden with its riches. He may not have found the golden city but he did capture the settlement of San Jose de Oruna in Trinidad. Reaching as far as 400 miles into the jungle, with one crew member being eaten by a crocodile, all he had to take back was some diamonds and rocks. The rocks mostly contained fool's gold but some had small veins of real gold in them. It would spur on his eagerness to return to search for the city of gold once more.

On his trips he is famously reputed to have found potatoes and tobacco. Although the Spanish had already discovered these, Raleigh did make the 'noxious weed' popular starting a craze which would sweep over England and even famously tempted the queen to try it!

National events took precedence in 1596 and he was sent to Cadiz under the command of Robert Devereux, the 2nd earl of Essex and the queen's favourite. He was with the earl again for the 1597 Islands Voyage which was an anti-Spanish campaign where they were supposed to capture a treasure fleet carrying silver back to Spain from America but they failed to either to find the treasure or capture the islands.

Raleigh's track history of

exploration was unravelling. Once he had had the support of his queen but with her death on 24 March 1603, her favour was gone. Elizabeth was succeeded by James I of England and VI of Scotland who had no love for the erstwhile adventurer. He was charged with treason and spent the next 12 years in the Tower where he worked on his *History of the World*.

But he was still a man with knowledge and in 1616, Raleigh, now in his sixties, was released to lead a second expedition in search for El Dorado. Raleigh sailed from Plymouth on 12 June 1617 on his flagship the *Destiny* with thirteen other vessels. His wife Bess had helped to raise £2,500 for the voyage by selling her lands. It was the worst disaster of his courtly career and nearly ended his marriage. When they reached the Orinoco river Raleigh was too sick with fever to join the expedition and he sent Lawrence Keymis onwards with his men. They attacked the Spanish in the town of St Thomé, contrary to the king's orders and Raleigh's son Wat was killed. His captain Keymis committed suicide due to his failure and Raleigh's anger at him.

The king of Spain called for Raleigh's demise and on his return to England, his death sentence was reinstated. Raleigh's execution took place on 29 October 1618 outside the palace of Westminster. His wife Bess is reported to have kept his head in a red velvet bag close to her for the rest of her life.



GRACE O'MALLEY: THE PIRATE QUEEN OF TUDOR IRELAND

GARETH RUSSELL

Sometime around 1530, a young girl called Gráinne (pronounced “Gron-ya”) was born into an ancient Irish noble family, the O'Malley clan. Their motto was “*Terra Marique Portens*” (roughly, “Powerful by Land or by Sea”), which young Gráinne was certainly to prove over the tumultuous course of her life. Ireland at the time was often bilingual, with many people speaking both Irish and English. In most histories of the time, Gráinne was referred to as Grania or Grace. As this is the name by which she is still most generally known, it is the one used in this profile of her. In terms of her physical appearance, portraits for most members of the Tudor upper-classes are a difficult game of forgery, misidentification, and lost originals. No known portrait of Grace O'Malley from her lifetime survives,

nor is there any full-length eyewitness physical description. We know that she was ‘gorgeously apparelled’ when she and Queen Elizabeth I met at Greenwich Palace in 1593. A long tradition describes her as having pale skin, green eyes, and bright red hair.

The O'Malley family controlled most of County Mayo in western Ireland. As their motto suggests, their power and feudal privileges were linked to sea-fearing and they oversaw much of the trade to, and from, Connaught, Ireland's western province. Her father was Eoghan O'Malley and her mother was christened Margaret, although several Irish accounts give it as Maeve. Grace was about seven years old when she began her formal education, which included

lessons in Latin, a language in which she achieved fluency. It is a reflection of the growing aristocratic dissatisfaction with Henry VIII's policies that her family decided not to tutor her in the English language, a highly unusual move for children of the Irish upper classes. She seems to have spent most of her childhood at her family's ancestral home on Clare Island, where it is said she gained her love of the sea. Legend has it that when she was eight years old, Grace asked her father to let her join him on one of his trading missions to Spain. He joked that with her long hair she was too much of girl to go with him, so she cut it off. Eoghan O'Malley still did not take his daughter with him, but the story passed around many of his tenants.

In 1541, the Crown of Ireland Act was passed by both of the Irish Houses of Parliament in Dublin. It changed the English royal title as Lord of Ireland, which it had been since the time of Henry II, to King of Ireland, in the

hope of politely forcing Henry VIII to govern the island more thoroughly. It made him the first King of Ireland and his new wife, Catherine Howard, its first queen consort. Five years later, Grace was married to Donal O'Flaherty, heir to one of the most prominent Gaelic aristocratic titles in the nearby county of Galway. Grace joined her husband in Galway and became lady of his home of Bunowan Castle, where she had taken up residence by the time news reached them of Henry VIII's death in London. The new regime, under the guardians of the boy-king Edward VI, was widely and wildly unpopular in Ireland, due to its entrenched promotion of Protestantism at the expense of Catholicism, the religion of the majority of Irish people. As this unrest festered, Grace O'Malley, or Grace O'Flaherty as she was by then, gave birth to three children – her son Eógán (pronounced roughly like the British name 'Owen'), her daughter Méadhbh (the early modern spelling of Maeve) and

A modern painting of Gráinne O'Malley, based on contemporary descriptions. (The Irish Post)





Beautiful Clare Island, where O'Malley was born and wielded power. (Clare Island Ferry)

her youngest son, Murchadh. Murchadh's name, pronounced "Mer-ahk", was a tribute to Grace's O'Malley heritage – its meaning derives broadly from the term "sea-lord". By the time of Murchadh's arrival in the O'Flaherty nursery, Edward VI had died to be succeeded by his Catholic sister, Mary I. The new Queen's religion made her more popular in Ireland than her late brother, but her policy of opening plantations for English settlers in the Irish counties of Laois and Offaly was strongly criticised. The plantations survived Queen Mary but state Catholicism did not when she too died after a short reign and was followed by her brilliant sister, Elizabeth I. Elizabeth was a more tolerant Protestant than the late Edward VI, at least for the time being.

After nearly twenty years of marriage, Grace was left a widow when her husband

Donal was killed in an ambush while hunting near the Corrib river in Galway. The chief suspects were his political rivals, the Joyce family. The widowed Grace fled to her native county Mayo, where she established her base in her childhood home on Clare Island and plotted revenge. After only a few months as a widowed émigré on Clare Island, Grace granted an audience to a sailor who had been shipwrecked on her family's coastline. Not long after this, the handsome refugee became Grace's lover, but heartbreak via politics would follow her again. After only a few months, her lover was murdered by the MacMahon clan, a Gaelic noble house who resented the O'Malley riches and especially Grace's attempts to dominate the region, as a woman. In retaliation, Grace marshalled a fleet and sailed for the MacMahon base



A statue of the 'Dark Lady of Doona'



The picturesque ruins of Bunowan Castle, Grace's marital home.

at Doona Castle. Controversially, the MacMahons were hearing Mass when Grace's forces attacked, a time when no fighting should take place. A local priest publicly reprimanded Grace for her actions. However, she was victorious in seizing control of Doona Castle. The victory helped establish her reputation as a skilled military leader and she was nicknamed 'the Dark Lady of Doona'. Her fearsome reputation increased when she discovered that her lover's actual murders had escaped Doona and sought asylum at Cahir Castle in county Tipperary. She tracked them down and executed them for their crimes against her.

A year after this, the Dark Lady of Doona married for a second time. Her new husband was Richard Bourke, Lord of Lower MacWilliam, and head of another prominent Mayo landowning family. Their first child and her fourth, Tibbot Bourke, was born shortly after. He was a toddler when the political situation in Ireland was revolutionised by Pope Pius V's disastrous decision to

excommunicate Elizabeth I and thereby absolve all her Catholic subjects from their ties of obedience to her. At a stroke, the Pope had enabled Protestant fundamentalists to depict every Catholic as a potential "enemy within".

Grace, however, like thousands of other Catholics, refused to compromise her safety or prosperity in order to further the Pope's vendetta against Elizabeth. By 1576, Grace had established herself as the most powerful economic and political presence in the province of Connaught. Elizabeth I's Lord Deputy in Ireland, Sir Henry Sidney, met her in that year and wrote of her as 'a most famous feminine Sea-Captain called Grania O'Malley, and she offered her services to me where I would command her, with three galleys and 200 fighting men, either in Ireland or in Scotland. She brought with her her husband, for she was, as well as by sea or by land, more than master's mate to him. He is of the nether [*translation: lower in the county hierarchy*] Burkes and they call him Iron Richard.'

Grace's felicitous relationship with the Crown began to unravel three years later in 1579 when the Second Desmond Rebellion began in Munster, the most southerly of Ireland's four provinces. The Fitzgerald clan, led by the Earl of Desmond, received backing from the Pope to overthrow Queen Elizabeth. Their rebellion was partly religious in nature and partly in response to Elizabeth's continuation of Mary I's policy of plantations in Ireland. As part of her response to the Desmond uprising, the Queen sent Sir Richard Bingham, a prominent military figure, to Ireland. Also, in this year, one of Grace's local rivals, Sheriff William Óg Martyn, Mayor of Galway, attacked her castle on Clare Island. She defeated him and killed many of his followers.

With the collapse and defeat of the Desmond Rebellion, Sir Richard Bingham was re-deployed to tackle piracy in Ireland, a problem since at least the reign of Henry VII. He decided to categorise Grace O'Malley's semi-autonomous control of western Irish trade as being linked to piracy and to undo her influence. When Elizabeth I, acting on the advice of her representatives in Dublin, rewarded Bingham by appointing him the new Governor of Connaught, she unknowingly tossed kerosene onto a flammable situation. Feeling secure in his new power, Richard Bingham's deputy and younger brother, Captain John Bingham, lured Grace's eldest son, Eógán O'Flaherty, to a meeting, where he was kidnapped, tied up, robbed, and later publicly hanged with eighteen of his most loyal followers. The result, understandably, was outrage throughout



Grace's greatest enemy, Sir Richard Bingham

western Ireland. Even Sir Richard seemed uncomfortable with what his brother has done, although he utterly failed to bring him to justice.

Believing the Bingham were the new power in the land and driven either by fear or ambition, Grace's youngest son Murchadh hideously betrayed her in the wake of his elder brother's execution by pledging allegiance to the Bingham. The Bingham then gained custody of Grace's youngest son Tibbod and her half-brother, Donal. Outraged, Grace made a formal petition to Queen Elizabeth, in which she requested Richard Bingham's removal from the post of governor. Elizabeth sent a list of questions to O'Malley, about her activities in Ireland, her loyalty to the monarchy and her objection to Bingham, all of which she answered. At the same time, an English nobleman, Sir John Perrot, journeyed to Dublin where



The 1593 meeting between O'Malley and Elizabeth I, in a recent production of "The Pirate Queen" (Failte Ireland)

he unknowingly corroborated Grace's version of events by informing Queen Elizabeth that Bingham was dishonest, brutal, unpopular and insubordinate as a governor in Ireland.

A meeting is always more effective than a letter and so Grace O'Malley travelled to England in 1593, where she was granted an audience with the Queen at Greenwich Palace, London. Since the Queen did not speak Irish and O'Malley did not speak English, they conversed for several hours in Latin, a language in which both women were fluent. Both the Irish and English eyewitnesses were effusive in their praise for O'Malley and the Queen's exquisite manners towards one another throughout the meeting. English courtiers were horrified that O'Malley wanted to wear a dagger

during her meeting the Queen, but when Grace stated it was the custom to show authority through this item of clothing in Ireland, the Queen silenced her courtier's objections. The Queen agreed to remove Richard Bingham as governor, who protested in a grovelling letter that the Queen should not have listened to O'Malley, 'the nurse of all rebellions.'

After her return to Connaught, Grace O'Malley was re-angered when Elizabeth's subordinates failed to return the cattle, farm land, and property stolen from her by Bingham's underlings. Eventually frustrated beyond endurance, she supported the aristocratic rebellion in Ulster, Ireland's northern province. Known later as the Nine Years' War, its leader was Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. It was still raging when Elizabeth I died at

Richmond Palace and a few months later, Grace O'Malley followed her into the grave. The most likely place of Grace's passing was in her bed at Rockfleet Castle in Mayo. The cause of her death was natural, although not much more is known beyond that.

Her family were eventually reconciled to the Crown, with Grace's youngest

surviving son, Tibbot, created Viscount Mayo by King Charles I in 1627, twenty-four years after her death. Grace's bloodline continued to dominate Mayo until the death of her childless descendant, the 8th Viscount Mayo, in the reign of George III. Today, the 'pirate queen', the 'Dark Lady of Doona', remains one of Ireland's most famous and romantic historical figures.

GARETH RUSSELL

The ruins of Rockfleet Castle (Tourism Westport)



CORSETS AND CODPIECES

Nic Fulcher from the Shakespeare's Birthplace Trust gives us a brief insight into the clothing of the Tudors.

From the draped garments of classical Greece and Rome, to the tunics of the dark ages and the flowing lines of the medieval period most of early European clothing has been wrapped the body without altering its

shape. However in the late-1400s a change occurred. Instead of shaping clothes to the body, the body begins to be shaped to conform to the desirable fashions the day.

THE CORSET

For many people, the mention of the word 'corset' generally conjures up a restrictive, uncomfortable, Victorian undergarment. This is not the case in the 16th century. It is not until 1611 that we see the word "corset" defined in English, in Cotgrave's *Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues*. It is translated from the French term 'corps pique' as 'a little body' or, more commonly 'a pair of bodies'.

As you'll see in much of the surviving art of the Tudor period women often appear to be wearing clothes that are almost 'spray-painted' onto their bodies. What strikes me most about these and other images of the period is the near total absence of a visible bust line or cleavage.

At the start of the century there is visual evidence of careful seam placing to achieve the desired fit. For the masses, the Kirtle is still the mainstay item of clothing, generally worn over a smock, sometimes with a petticoat. In the early part of the 1500s, the upper part of the kirtle would have been interlined with coarse linen, or quilted wool to provide strength and support for the bust.

For the upper classes, the principle is the same, but kirtles generally are worn underneath more elaborate outer gowns, laced at the front. It was not socially acceptable to be 'open-laced' in public. The image of Cicely Heron is from a family group and the sitter is pregnant. The same painting shows another family member, Anne Cresacre, fortunately side on. You





Cicely Heron is shown "open laced"



Anne Cresacre, showing the side profile of her dress.

can see that there is an additional band of material – a placard – stretched across the front to cover the lacing of the gown, providing another firming layer. You can also see how the breast is pushed in against the ribcage and allowed to slip slightly downwards to provide the desired “inverted cone shape”. The waist is also at a high

Next we can look at the image of Princess Margaret Tudor. Here you can clearly see the top of the smock, the orange/gold kirtle top, the edges of the black gown and the claret-coloured placard over the front, which matches the over-sleeves, which would have been pinned in place. This method also works for the fuller figure as we see in the image of Mary, Lady Guildford. Despite the large bust, there is still the same smoothing and no indication of cleavage.

Mary, Lady Guildford



Princess Margaret Tudor

Queen Jane Seymour was also of larger stature, but she is in the early stages of pregnancy in the image shown here – you can see the pins holding the placard in place which would allow the gown to be let-out as her pregnancy progresses. She gained a great deal of weight during her pregnancy and is described by one ambassador as being:

“Great with child, and shall be open-laced with stomacher by Corpus Christi Day at the farthest...”

The best way to achieve this smooth line is for the under garment to be stiffened. In the sketch shown the square – the jewelled



Queen Jane Seymour

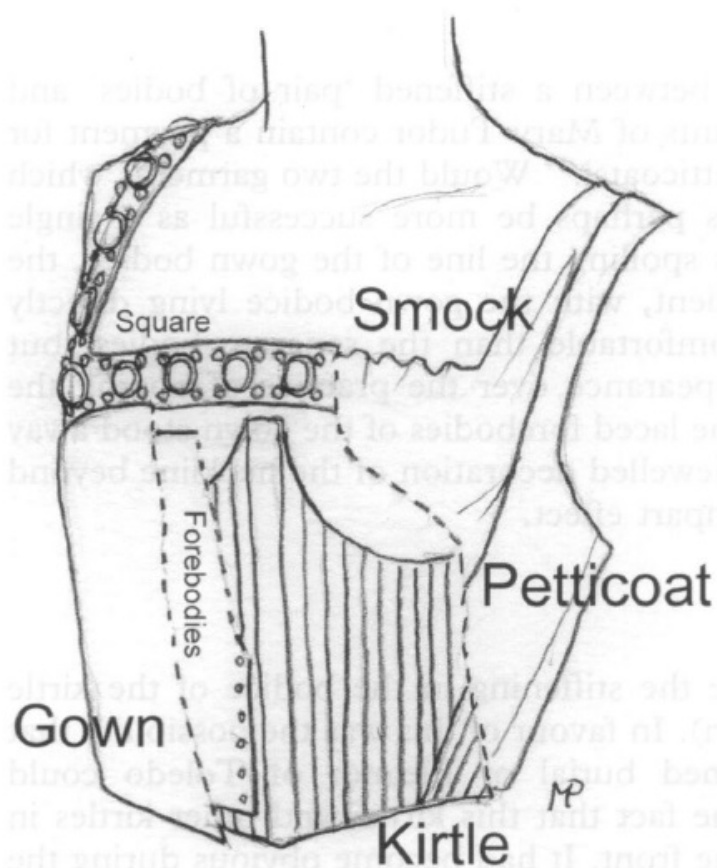
neckline – is actually attached to the smock, with the stiffened kirtle now most likely like a wide belt laced around the middle, the gown laced in front and the placard carefully placed immediately under the square.

By the middle of the 16th century two things happened. Firstly, the waistline dropped to below its natural position and underskirts and gowns were getting wider due to the introduction of the Spanish Farthingale.

In the image of Princess Elizabeth (over) you can still see the smooth bust-line, but the torso is lengthened and the waistline sits lower than previously. Both underskirt and gown skirt are fuller and this requires more

material and therefore the clothing is much heavier.

The warrant of Mary Tudor gives us the first record in the royal accounts of a separate *Pair of Bodies* and they become more frequent from the 1570s onwards. Pairs of bodies are very rarely mentioned in the wills of the lower-classes. They appear to belong almost exclusively to the upper classes. They are, at first, still either quilted or interlined with stiff fabric, but they are also then fitted with channels for the insertion of *bents* – a type of dried reed – and later, with whalebone. Throughout this period, the terms “a Pair of Bodies”, “French bodies”, “Petticoat Bodies” and “Stays” are all used, sometimes in combination, to refer to a stiffened garment, separate from the gown or kirtle. This makes sense for two reasons. Firstly, it is sensible to have an item of clothing that can be worn independently of any other item as this allows you to transfer it from outfit to outfit. Secondly, the increased weight of wider skirts requires a firmer foundation to spread that weight





Princess Elizabeth

away from the waist and lower back and into the torso and shoulders.

To date, there are only two surviving examples of Elizabethan Pairs of Bodies or corsets.

The first example we have is the Pfaltzgräfin Dorothea Sabina von Neuburg dress is the burial dress worn by the Pfaltzgräfin Dorothea Sabina von Neuburg. She died aged 22 in 1598 and was laid to rest in the family tomb, which was opened in 1877. Under this garment the linen lining and whalebones (or bents) were found to have disintegrated in the grave, but the ivory silk outer-layer and silk stitching remain. The overall shape, is straight-forward. The front is cut on the bias with a stub for the shoulder strap, there is also a small side-back piece, a straight back with half a shoulder strap, and a piece for the remaining strap. Constructing the shoulder strap from three sections, each cut on a distinct and unique angle, allows the strap to lie smoothly over the curve of the shoulder. There is also a slight curve to the back piece where it joins the side back. This demonstrates rudimentary waist shaping, and can be seen in corsets over the next several eras. Given its age, this piece shows the existence of a surprisingly sophisticated knowledge on the response of boning to the curves of the female torso. While all of the boning runs vertically on the figure, it is carefully cut and sewn below the breasts (following a line close to that of the underwire from a modern bra). Ending boning below the bust in this way provides a smoother line to the torso and avoids buckling under the breast, forcing the neckline of the bodice away from the body. Finally, there is a large central channel clearly visible here for a 'busk' to be inserted



The Pfaltzgräfin Dorothea Sabina von Neuburg Dress

from the bottom, ending at the bust-line and secured at the bottom through the eye-lets. The busk is tall enough to force the breasts apart, but not so tall as to run over the bust-line and force the corset away from the body at the neck. Busks could be so long and rigid that they could be used as a support for lifts in court dances, as evidenced in the painting Queen Elizabeth I Dancing with Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, housed in Penshurst Place, Kent.

The second set were found on the effigy of Queen Elizabeth I, and date from 1603. Ordered from the Queen's tailor specifically for the effigy, which would be carried ahead of the coffin at her funeral. This pair of



Detail of the corset of the Pfaltzgräfin Dorothea Sabina von Neuburg Dress

1.5" in from centre front down to the centre front waist point, with a slight angle. The corset laces up the centre front, and that edge has a slight inward arc, which would have helped to support the breasts. The neckline of the corset angles down toward the centre. The straps extend from the back piece at an angle, sit wide over the shoulders and chest, and tie into the front. This type of corset creates the rigid silhouette required for costumes of the late Elizabethan period. The high, boned back serves as a firm base for pinning in standing ruffs and their wire supportasse.

This corset is very similar to the only surviving portrait of the period which shows a corset, that of Elizabeth Vernon,



bodies is It is fully boned, and the boning is almost perfectly vertical along the body. A wider, stronger bone on either side of the front of the corset runs from approximately

c.1600, which portrays a carnation pink, front-lacing corset under an open jacket. There is no channel here for a busk, but by this time the busk may have moved outside of the corset, or incorporated into an external, stiffened stomacher becoming an independent wardrobe accessory. The low,

angled front and slightly curved front seam provide sufficient support for the bosom while still allowing for the low necklines of the period and the styles of the early 17th century such as in Elizabeth I's Rainbow Portrait.

Construction of effigy of Elizabeth I





CODPIECES

Only briefly in vogue, the codpiece has left a rich legacy in art and literature. But first... why “codpiece”? Cod derives from the Greek word *genos*, meaning birth – which is of the same origin of the word *Gonad*. In Middle English the word *cod* means a bag, or a pouch. It also therefore becomes the slang word for scrotum. It is from this we derive; *codswallop* – which is, literally, talking bollocks (also true for *cod-philosophy*) and, of course, *codpiece*.

Prior to the end of the 15th century, men would be wearing something like the long

braies / *Chausses* shown in the image, but in the late 15th century there arose a fashion across Europe for very tight hose and short doublets. In order to wear tight hose, you need tighter underwear like short braies... or no underwear at all! There are a number of contemporary comments of the situation of men’s fashion, one of the most graphic can be found in Geoffrey Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales* where the Parson rails against the fashion of his day.

“Let us notice these short-cut smocks or jackets, which, because of their shortness, cover not the shameful members of man [...] wickedly calling of them to attention. Alas! Some of them show the very boss of their penis and the horrible pushed-out testicles that look like the malady of hernia in the wrapping of their hose and the buttocks of such persons look like the hinder parts of a she ape in the full of the moon.” (1387-1400)

As your doublet creeps higher than your bum, you obviously need a seam to the rear of your hose but front presents a whole different problem!



Short Brayes

In 1463, King Edward IV introduced a law that forbade persons below the rank of lord to expose “his privy members and buttocks”. But people ignored it and the public outcry became fierce – especially from the church. It would appear that since men would certainly not be inconvenienced by simply sewing the crotch seam shut, something had to be added.

The early codpiece was constructed from a simple triangular shaped piece of cloth called a ‘braye’. The bottom tip of the triangle was stitched to the hose between the legs and the remaining corners were then fastened to outer side of the hose or doublet form a kind of gusset. At first these were tight but quite modest. However, masculinity was big in 16th-century Europe; as were notions of chivalry, honour and romance. Codpieces were speedily hijacked for the purpose of proving masculinity and virility in the most blatant of manners.

Early codpieces were somewhat square as shown in the image of a knight in a landscape, but this had the advantage of also being useful for practical purposes. All too soon these became superseded by a stuffed and padded shape representing an erect penis. The most elaborate versions were



singularly showy and portraits show that in the mid-16th century the codpiece reached epic proportions. No expense was spared: codpieces were made in luxury silk velvet, bejewelled or embroidered. Especially by the noble classes and royalty and notably by Henry VIII.

Codpieces did serve a very important purpose in days gone by; particularly on the battlefield – with arrows flying all over the place, any self-respecting knight knew where he wanted the most protection! Henry VIII's foot combat armour has a codpiece which is a gargantuan combination of efficiency and obscenity; big enough and shiny enough to frighten the enemy into retreat. European versions were no less subtle as shown in the images.

The gloriously smutty French writer Francois Rabelais (1494-1553) enjoyed poking fun at codpieces. He refers to a book titled *On the Dignity of Codpieces* as a forward to his 1534 work, *Gargantua*. This is without doubt the “King Kong” of codpieces:

“For his codpiece was used nineteen and a half yards of white broad cloth. Shaped like a flying buttress, it was joyously fastened by two golden buckles connecting two enamelled clasps; in each of which was mounted a great emerald the size of an orange. Because the emerald has a certain uplifting and nurturing power for the male member.

The out thrusting front of his cod piece was two yards long, panelled and laced like his breeches,



with blue damask puffing out And, if you had seen the beautiful embroidery and exquisite goldsmith work, embellished with rich diamonds, glorious rubies, turquoises, emeralds and Persian pearls May God strike me down if it wasn't a delight to look upon. I will tell you more in the book I have written, On the Dignity of Codpieces, and on those hypocritical codpieces of fops and dandies, which are full of nothing but wind, to the great annoyance of the female sex”

So why did the codpiece fall from favour? In England, the court became less masculine with the death of Henry VIII. His son and heir was not the man his father was and his staunch Protestantism influenced his appearance and that of the court. The accessions to the throne of both Mary and then Elizabeth came a vogue for femininity which that swept through the English court and across Europe.

However, fashion is more subtle than we think. The codpiece entered a new phase in

its evolution. During the last quarter or so of the 16th century, the codpiece became squeezed downwards and diminished in size, as it was supplanted by the emergence of another trend known as the 'peascod' belly and this can be seen in the image of Philip Sydney from 1578.

The peascod was a style of doublet constructed by skilful use of padding and stuffing to achieve a rounded and tapering look akin to the shape of a ripe peapod. Both fashions protruded and competed for the same space, with the codpiece reducing in size to accommodate the peascod. In the 1580s the emphasis shifts to men's legs, so the upper hose shrinks to the size of hot-pants, with the peascod providing the necessary coverage for decency. The peascod belly became imbued with the same notions of virility as the codpiece and, as a consequence, the peapod becomes a potent sexual symbol, likened to male genitalia and the phrase 'shelling peas' was employed as



a euphemism for sexual intercourse. Like codpieces, the exaggerated peascod doublets become the object of mockery and begin to fall out of favour and men's clothing returns to a more natural body line.

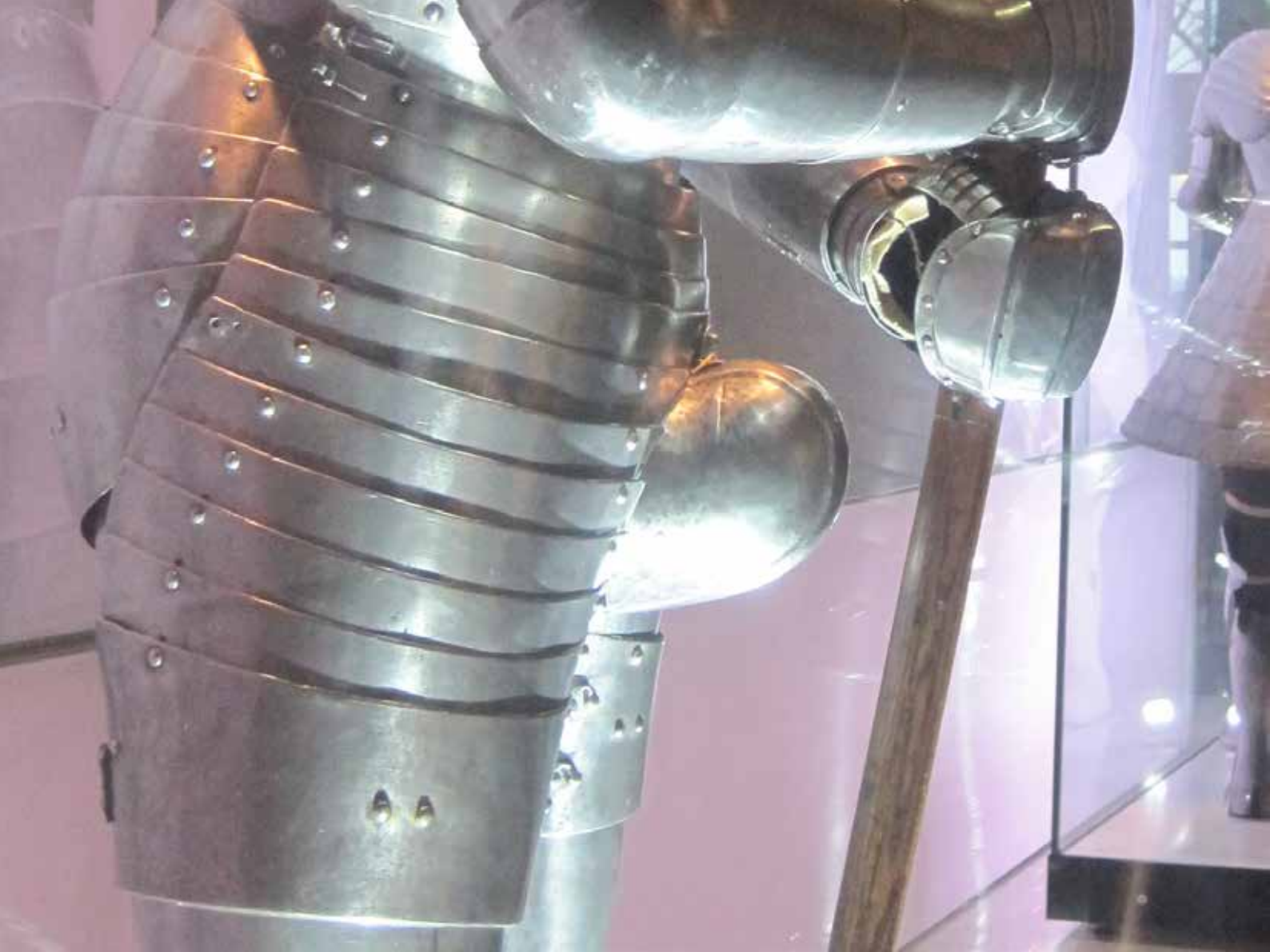
I leave you with two things. An image of Archduke Ferdinand II of Austria, who presents, in my opinion, one of the most highly decorated codpieces of the period, and this wonderful quote from a late 15th century manuscript written by Detti Piacevoli:

"A woman is asked what kind of penises she and other women prefer; big, small or medium-sized. She answers that 'medium ones are the best'. Why asked why, she replies. 'because there aren't any big ones'."

CHRIS SMITH.







Henry VIII's rather exaggerated armour (above)







SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND THE VIRGINIA COLONY

BY ROLAND HUI



Sir Walter Raleigh (by an Unknown Artist)

As a man of many accomplishments - courtier, poet, historian, politician, explorer, warrior, and scientist - the life of Sir Walter Raleigh (c. 1552-1618) has invariably crossed over into legend. Such is the famous story of his placing his cloak upon a puddle in the path of Queen Elizabeth so she should not dirty her shoes. Another is of Raleigh's journey to the New World to found a colony in the Queen's name.

That Raleigh had gone to America was referred to in director Shekhar Kapur's *Elizabeth - The Golden Age* (2007), a follow-up to his acclaimed and award winning *Elizabeth* (1998). In the sequel, an older and wiser Elizabeth Tudor has apparently settled upon life as the Virgin Queen, that is until Walter Raleigh arrives at her court. With him are curiosities and riches from across the Atlantic - mysterious crops (potatoes and tobacco), strange men (the Native Americans Manteo and Wanchese), and glittering treasure (gold seized from Spanish ships). However, all these offerings are of scant interest to Elizabeth. Even when she is told that the new lands have been named *Virginia* after her, she seems unimpressed. She even jokes that should she decide to marry, Raleigh would have to change the name to *Conjugia*. It is clearly the handsome Raleigh himself to whom Elizabeth is drawn, along with his tales of the unknown places beyond the ocean.

Although *The Golden Age* implies that Walter Raleigh had himself visited North America, this is actually misleading. While he did make voyages overseas to South America, he actually never set foot in modern day North Carolina, the site of 'old Virginia'. Raleigh was rather an 'armchair explorer' when it came to the colony associated with him. As a favourite of the Queen, his presence was required at court, and also England as a nation was slow in joining its European neighbours in seeking out new lands. While Spain and Portugal actively explored across the Atlantic (and the Pacific) beginning in the 15th

century, England lagged behind. Of Elizabeth's royal predecessors, only her grandfather Henry VII had shown enthusiasm in the new discoveries. In 1496, he commissioned the Italian-born navigator John Cabot 'to sail to all parts, regions and coasts of the eastern, western, and northern sea, under our banners, flags, and ensigns... to find, discover, and investigate whatsoever islands, countries, regions, or provinces of heathens and infidels, in whatsoever part of the world placed, which before this time were unknown to all Christians'.¹ Cabot's successful voyage to the eastern coast of Canada had Henry VII sponsoring other expeditions, including one by Cabot's son Sebastian. After the death of the King, his heir Henry VIII had expressed an interest in Sebastian continuing on, but unfortunately nothing came of it.² The reason was probably financial. Other than an abundance of fish on coastal Canada, there was little else of commercial interest to the English. It was better to commit their resources in continuing to trade with the rest of Europe.

With England failing to establish its presence and authority across the seas, Spain and Portugal eagerly divided the New World between themselves. By the authority of the Pope, the expanse of the globe (not already within the folds of Christendom that is) was split among the two powerhouses. All lands west of the Azores were the property of Spain, while the territories east were under the sovereignty of Portugal. By 1580, there was to be no more rivalry between the two kingdoms when Philip of Spain assumed the throne of Portugal too.



John Cabot (after Giustino Menescardi)

As a Protestant nation, England naturally did not recognize the global divisions made by the Catholic powers, especially with the hostile King of Spain now being King of Portugal as well. Under Queen Elizabeth, there was a growing desire for England to take a dominant place upon the international stage. It was no little island kingdom on the periphery of Europe, but as argued by the philosopher and occultist John Dee, a veritable 'empire' itself. As such, England needed to expand itself across the map and to colonize America (or 'Atlantis' as Dee called it).

The time was ripe for England to assert itself. Sir Francis Drake had already circumnavigated the globe, and Sir Martin Frobisher had undertaken voyages in search of a northwest passage to Asia. Certain that such a route existed, navigators such as Sir Humphrey Gilbert were urging the Crown to plant a colony in America. Such 'a convenient place' would be advantageous for the 'shortening of the voyage' to the Far East, Humphrey argued.³ Richard Hakluyt, a friend of Raleigh's, was equally enthusiastic. In 1584, he

wrote a treatise addressed to the Queen in which he advanced England's claim to North America.

In March of that year, Walter Raleigh received royal permission for his colonial enterprise. Nonetheless, Elizabeth remained cautious. All she contributed was a ship, named *The Tiger*, and a supply of gunpowder. Because of the Queen's stinginess, Raleigh had to seek funds elsewhere. He looked to the city merchants and to officials such as Elizabeth's advisor Sir Francis Walsingham, all hoping to profit from the undertaking.

In April, Raleigh's expedition, under the command of Philip Amadas, a skilled seaman from Plymouth, sailed to the West Indies and then towards the continent to an inlet leading towards Roanoke Island. There at the newly established colony named Virginia, the English encountered the native Carolina Algonquians. That the latter proved friendly was a good sign to the new settlers.

Encouraged by Amadas' voyage, in April 1585, ships under the charge of Sir Richard Grenville and loaded with about a hundred colonists set sail for Roanoke. There a fort was

John Dee (by an Unknown Artist)





**Map of Virginia (Engraved
by William Hole)**

constructed, and Sir Ralph Lane made Governor. When contact was made with the Algonquians this time, they were described as being in a great fright, ‘as people which never before had seen men apparelled like us... but being gentle... perceiving our good will and courtesy, came fawning upon us and bade us welcome’.⁴ Their appearance and their way of life were set down in great detail in writing by the scientist Thomas Harriot, and in illustrations by the artist John White.

Although the intention was to colonize, there was initially only a handful of women among the settlers. One of the ladies was John White's daughter who gave birth to a girl Virginia Dare in 1587. The lack of women was due to Governor Lane's plan was to establish a predominantly male military garrison from which English ships could raid Spanish vessels for their riches. As such, it

was essential that the location of the Virginia colony be kept secret. Earlier in the 1560s, French Huguenots had attempted to colonize Florida. The settlements proved unsuccessful as they were destroyed by the unfriendly Spanish.

The might of Spain continued to cast its shadow over Virginia. In the spring of 1588, Raleigh was intending another colonizing venture, but the impending threat of the Spanish Armada put his plans on hold. It was not until the defeat of Spaniards shortly afterwards, that it was deemed safe to augment the number of colonists abroad. In 1590, 114 participants (some of them as families) voyaged to Roanoke, with the promise of 500 acres per man.

Although danger from Spain had been averted, the colonists still faced challenges. Relations with the Algonquians were sometimes

tense, and there was the hardship of dwindling supplies from England. John White (now Governor) had difficulties in finding boats to make the trip to Virginia, as they were commandeered to attack treasure laden Spanish ships. At the same time, Raleigh's interest in the New World appeared to be waning, as he was directing his energies towards enterprises in Ireland and Guiana instead.⁵

Mindful of his family and the other colonists, John White, who had returned to England shortly after the birth his granddaughter Virginia Dare, travelled to Roanoke again arriving there in August 1590. To his great horror, the colony had been abandoned, with not a man, woman, or child to be found. After a search of two days, White reluctantly sailed back home.⁶

Walter Raleigh's colony survived only a few short years. It was to be overshadowed by the far more successful Jamestown, founded in 1607. Raleigh had no hand in this as the venture was directed by *The Virginia Company of London*, created in 1606 under the patronage of King James. James would never have permitted Raleigh's involvement. Convinced he was a traitor, the King had Raleigh arrested and imprisoned earlier in 1603. Except for a brief spell of freedom, he would die on the block fifteen years later.

In 1602, more than a decade after his own colony had disappeared, Raleigh was still confident that with future settlements in America, he 'shall yet live to see it an English nation'.⁷ With the thriving of Jamestown not long afterwards as the first permanent English settlement in the New World, Raleigh was to prove correct.



An Algonquian Woman and Her Daughter (by John White)

ROLAND HUI

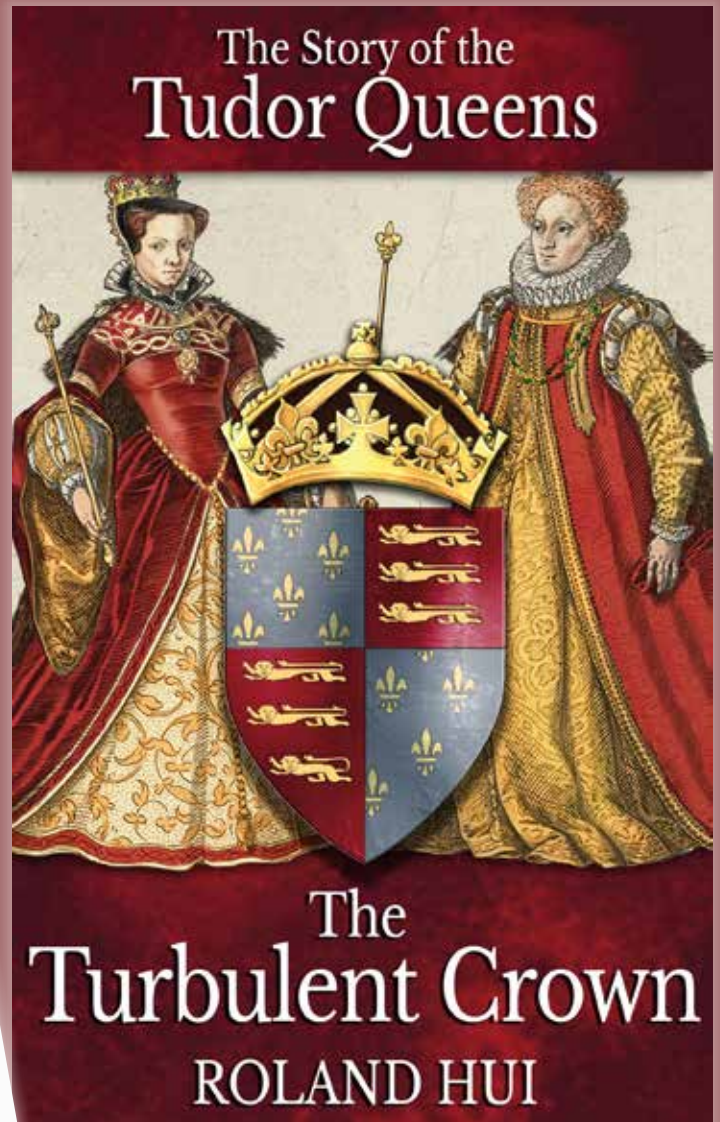
1. H.B. Biggar (editor), *The Precursors of Jacques Cartier, 1497-1534* (Ottawa: Government Printing Bureau, 1911), pp. 8-10.
2. David Beers Quinn, *England and the Discovery of America 1481-1620* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1974), pp. 144-147.
3. Humphrey Gilbert, *A Discourse of a Discoverie for a New Passage to Cataia* (London, 1576). British Library, C.32.b.29.
4. *Raleigh & Roanoke, The First English Colony in America, 1584-1590*, The British Library Exhibit Hosted By The North Carolina Museum of History, March 8 - June 6, 1985, pp. 53-54.
5. *Raleigh & Roanoke, The First English Colony in America, 1584-1590*, p. 90.
6. The fate of the 'lost colony' remains a mystery. The only clue White was able to find was the word 'Croatoan' carved into a wooden post and 'CRO' carved into a tree. Did the colonists make a new home on Croatoan Island with the natives there?
7. *Raleigh & Roanoke, The First English Colony in America, 1584-1590*, p. 14.

RECOMMENDED READING

Ten remarkable women.
One remarkable era.

In the Tudor period, 1485–1603, a host of fascinating women sat on the English throne. The dramatic events of their lives are told in *The Turbulent Crown: The Story of the Tudor Queens of England*.

The Turbulent Crown begins with the story of Elizabeth of York, who survived conspiracy, treachery, and dishonour to become the first Tudor Queen, bringing peace and order to England after years of civil war. From there, the reader is taken through the parade of Henry VIII's six wives - two of whom, Anne Boleyn and Katheryn Howard, would lose their heads against a backdrop of intrigue and scandal.



The Mary,
Queen of Scots
Colouring book
is out very soon!

NEW



Member Spotlight

FOR THIS MONTH'S MEMBER SPOTLIGHT
WE HAVE A SHORT STORY FROM NOVELIST
WENDY J DUNN...

FIRE FROM THE COMET

Rolling over carefully, Kate drew open the bed curtains to the light of a single candle guttering by the bed. Moonlight pooled over the nearby window-seat from its partially uncovered window making a gossamer pond on the floor.

"Mama?"

Kate turned to the sleepy voice, watching her daughter rub her eyes, her shift slipping down to expose a shapely shoulder. Lettice seemed a beautiful marble statue coming to life, but even in candlelight and moonlight, there was no mistaking the red, curly hair that fell around her oval face. *She looks like Bess, Kate thought.* Ten years younger than Bess, Lettice had taken the best from both grandparents – Tudor red hair and good skin from her grandfather, the king, and the English rose beauty of Mary Boleyn, but she had the same slanted eyes that made her Aunt Nan so memorable and now her daughter. Bess, though, possessed her mother's sharper features and wide, thin mouth.

Lettice half rose. "Are you well?"

Kate shifted, agitated anew by the pain under her ribs. She looked back at the window-seat. Knowing she had lost her chance for more sleep this night, Kate yearned to leave the bed now her prison. "Help me up, daughter. A full, winter

moon is a magical sight."

Lettice laughed. "Do you truly wish to leave a warm bed?"

"Indulge your mother, child. I love the night sky. We'll be warm enough in our furs."

With another laugh, Lettice swung out of bed, grabbing two robes from the end of the bed. Placing one closer to Kate, she covered her chemise quickly in the other. Lettice reached out both hands. "Come, let's bay at the moon together."

Aided by her daughter, Kate swung around, sitting on the edge of the bed as her daughter put her fur robe and slippers on. Wheezing, feeling stiff and ancient, Kate stood. In the light of candles, fire and moon, cold air wisped and curled their breaths white – as if ghost-like fingers soon vanishing into the night. Kate grimaced. *Is death reaching out to me?* She shook her head – *not yet; not tonight.*

Kate threaded her arm underneath Lettice's and they made their slow way to the window-seat. At last, Lettice assisted her into the window-seat.

"Was it worth it?" Lettice asked, sitting next to her.

Kate attempted a smile, peering out the window. She hoped she hid from Lettice what the struggle had cost her, and the pain now tearing at her. In silence,



Member Spotlight

they gazed at the huge moon. Dominating a clear, night sky, its light flooded over them.

Blue-white moon, blue-white snow. Kate sighed. She remembered back thirty years and more to another winter night, and Francis, her husband, kissing her for the first time. “So beautiful...” The pain tightened its grip. She bent over, moaning.

“Mother!” Lettice’s vise-hold of terror hurt her too, but not as much as the lion tearing her apart, its claws ripping her into shreds. Despite the cold, Kate broke out in sweat. She tossed back her head, the tendons of her neck tightening. “Oh God, oh God,” she cried. Letting go of her mother, Lettice ran to the door, leaving it open in her rush to get help.

Kate inhaled deeply. She began to rock, praying for the pain to ease; for the pain to end. “Pray God, not yet. Let me see Francis one last time...”

The pain at last bearable, Kate unravelled herself from her tight knot, allowing herself hope. Yet again, the lion’s claws had released the mouse, not ready to kill.

Bess, in a velvet bedrobe, her red hair loose and flying behind her, dashed into the room, followed by Robert Dudley and Lettice. A physician, carrying a candle, dragged his feet after them. “Kate!” Bess called.

Kate sat forward, tried to smile as Bess embraced her, fighting against another burst of pain. “Lettice should not have troubled you,” she murmured.

Bess released Kate, rounding on the physician. “Where were you? I commanded you to never leave Lady Knollys’s antechamber at night – even your servant was gone. The countess of Essex needed to rouse me from sleep

before you showed your face.”

“But, your Grace, ma’am I –”

Bess’s eyes flashed with fury. “Do not dare give me your excuses.” She turned to Lettice. “And you! Are you a fool? Is this the care you give your mother – letting her leave her bed on a night like tonight? What were you thinking – or do you not think at all?”

Dudley, now by the queen’s side, rested a hand on her arm. Despite dishevelled dress and hair, he looked strikingly sensual in his open shirt. “My queen – pray forgive me, but the physician must see to Kate.”

The physician straightened and came to Kate’s side, putting his candle down on a nearby chest. He gazed over his shoulder. “Your Majesty, may I be alone with Lady Knollys?”

Bess gestured angrily. “Are you dismissing me?” She lifted her chin, glaring at the physician. “Why do you need to be alone with my cousin?”

Kate lifted a hand, dropping it back into her lap. “My queen, pray do as he asks.”

With a grateful glance to Kate, the physician bowed to the queen. “You do not need to leave the chamber, Your Majesty, just allow my Lady Knollys speak privately to me.”

Bess considered Kate. “You’re right. She won’t speak the truth if she fears I might hear.”

Dudley took her arm. “Come, Your Grace, stand by the fire with me.” He turned to Lettice. “You, too, Lettice.” Lettice gazed at him with wide eyes, then lowered her head; a cloud of hair fell, hiding her face.

The physician held up his candle to Kate and talked quietly to her, asking



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questions. He walked away from her, poured wine into a goblet from the flask on the table and shook a power into it. Bringing it to her, he watched her as she drank to the finish, taking the goblet from her. He returned to the queen and bowed.

"Your Grace – I think there is no need to worry tonight. Another bad attack, but our Lady assures me she feels little discomfort now. I will come and bleed her in the morning." He turned to Dudley. "My lord Earl – Lady Knollys asks if you could please carry her back to bed. She is too weak to walk." He looked at the goblet in his hand. "I shall prepare another potion just in case the pain returns."

Dudley strode to the window-seat, picking Kate up with ease, and returned her to bed. Bess and Lettice followed after, helping him with her pillows.

Lettice turned. "Your Majesty, there's no need for you to stay longer. You can leave my mother with me."

"With you?" Bess scowled at Lettice. "After you've proven once more you're nothing more than an empty headed chit? You are a fool, but I'm not. I'll stay with your mother tonight."

"But, your Grace –"

"Is it the full moon causing everyone argue with me tonight?" She spun around. "Robin, take the Countess to my chambers. Blanche will ready a bed for her. I'll sleep here."

After waiting for them to go, Bess took off the robe covering her shift and climbed into the bed. Kate half rolled with caution, touching Bess's shoulder. "You're too hard on Lettice."

"Hard?" Bess's eyes glowed in candlelight. "She has no conceit what that means – not like us. Now, are we going to sleep tonight?"

"You sleep...don't worry about me. I'll rest here quietly..."

Bess gazed at her in worry. "Are you still in pain?"

Kate averted her face. "Not like before. But after such pain, I think of death."

"Think of something else," Bess commanded, clasping her hand.

Kate settled her head against her pillows. "We could talk." She tried to laughed. "To make me sleepy..."

"But you're exhausted, Kate."

"What of it? I want to talk."

Elizabeth frowned. "I'm not certain it's wise..."

Kate looked over to the nearby candle. *One lit candle surrounded by darkness.* Kate turned to her cousin. "Bess – pray, light more tapers. I do not want to wait until dawn to see you better." She tightened her mouth. "There is so much I want to say to you – so much we have never spoken of. For too long, I've remained silent..." She settled back on her pillow, and closed her eyes. Listening to Bess lighting the candelabums in the room, she drifted back the years to an enclosed garden at Hatfield where spring had done its magic. The day's beauty remained at odds with the distant sound of a weeping child.

Bess's secret place? Was that where she had gone? Her hiding place in the garden – the place Bess shared with Kate only yesterday. "'Tis mine," Bess had said to her. "No one else knows of it."

Kate ran, following the same path. Surely she'd find Bess before the others. Pray God, she found her before the others.

Up ahead flashed the golden yellow of a satin kirtle. Bess's red, loose hair



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streamed behind her, as if the fire of a comet's tail. Kate shouted, "Bess, wait!"

The little girl glanced over her shoulder and bolted, running for her life. Kate picked up her skirts. Finally, her longer legs outdid the shorter legs of her three-year-old cousin. Kate snatched her up and dropped to her knees. Bess struggled, then sagged in her arms, sobbing. Kate wanted to cry, too.

"You shouldn't run away," she said. Catching her breath, she kissed the top of Bess's head. Her hair smelled of rose water, but there was another smell. Bess wet herself? Sweet Jesu'. What have we done to her?

"We must go back," Kate crooned. "Everyone is looking for you."

Bess rubbed muddy hands on her face. The tears falling from her eyes left dirty tracks behind. "Why do they call me the Lady Elizabeth and not princess?" Bess lifted huge, frightened eyes. "Where's Mama? I want my Mama. I want my Mama, now!"

Kate pushed away the memory, and opened her eyes to the light of many candles. Their honey light surrounded the bed. "She clasped Bess's hand when she returned to bed. "Of you and me, you've been the one who refused silence. When you were a little girl, we who cared for you often pulled out our hair trying to stop you from saying too much." The pain increasing again, she shifted. "You were not even four when you asked why we called you princess one day and the Lady Elizabeth the next." She met her cousin's gaze. "Such a tiny child you were, but already you queened over us." She drew a careful breath. "I keep homing back to my beginning. Soon, I'll go beyond that, too." Kate pulled Bess's

hand closer, keeping hold of it. "Dying gives me unexpected courage. Coz...No, no more coz, but sister. Always, my heart yearned to call you that."

Bess half rose; tears trickled down her face. "God's oath, Kate..."

Pain daggered her, twisting with a vengeance. Kate stared at the ceiling, breathing slowly. She swallowed, licking dry, chapped lips, seeing Bess reach for the goblet on the side table before she lifted her up to sip. Her mouth wet, Kate feebly pushed the goblet aside. "I must speak. Pray, let me speak."

Bess replaced the goblet, resting her head against the bedhead. She toyed with the locket ring on her marriage finger before taking Kate's hand again. "I'll never command you to be silent," she said, tightening her hold. "Not you."

Kate smiled a little. "I've never called you sister. I stopped myself even thinking it. Let's end this pretence now." She gazed with panic at Bess. "I beg you, do not let me face my maker with this lie."

"You're right." Bess rested her wet cheek against her hand. "No more lies, no more pretence, my sister."

Kate softly laughed. "Strange, don't you think, but for different mothers, I may have been queen, not you. Would it have been the same story, Bess? Would our father, the great King Harry, have murdered my mother, too?"

Bess straightened, her face losing all colour. Taking her hand from Kate's, she bent her head, playing once more with her ring. "Different mothers..." she repeated. Her stark eyes raked the room with a wildness reminding Kate of a woman long dead. "Your mother never wanted to be my father's wife, his consort, his queen. You told me that many times."



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Kate nodded. “’Tis the truth. Mother was a simple soul. She hated the court and what it cost her. She was happy with my stepfather, and the life they made together. My mother belonged to the hearth. All she wanted was a safe home for her family. Her sister wanted more than that. Aunt Nan wanted the crusade, the fight, the victory. She believed God meant her to be queen, to help our father make England no longer controlled by a corrupt papacy. That did not stop you being her first concern.” Kate shifted, the pain worsening. “She loved you more than life itself.” Breathing with difficulty, she locked her gaze upon Bess. “I am dying, my sister.”

As if in denial, Bess tossed her head, leaning closer to Kate. “I command you, talk no more of that. Women of our family do not give up without a fight. You’ve told me that from my earliest days. Fight, Kate. Aye, sister, fight.”

Kate rubbed the side of her face. “Sister...how long I’ve waited, longed, to hear you call me that. Oh, Bess, do not mistake me. I don’t want to die. I do not want to leave all I love, or give reason for grief.” She gazed at Bess. “I love so many. You...from the time you were born, you’ve held my heart in the palm of your hand. My beloved husband and our dear children...my youngest is not much older than what you were when you lost your mother. I rely on you to help my child remember me, as once I helped you remember...”

Bess’s fingers formed a steeple below her mouth. “That goes without saying, Kate. She will remember... But you will not die.”

Kate strained back against another onslaught of fierce pain.

“You will not die,” Bess repeated softly, brushing at her eyes. “I command you...I beg you...Oh, my Kate... my sister, pray don’t leave me.”

The last pangs of her pain seemed to blossom within Kate into strange flowers – blooms that promised death. Drained of almost her last reserve of energy, she turned back to Bess. “Our time for dying is not for us to say.” She inhaled a ragged breath. “I can no longer fight this.”

Bess’s eyes flashed. “Physicians – damn them to Hell. They’re fools, fools I say. Charlatans – every one of them.” She spoke harshly and fast, as if grasping at straws. “They gave me up when I had smallpox, and readied my winding cloth.” Bess bit her lip. “Robin found one who saved my life. Why not for you, Kate? I’ll send for Robin. He’ll know what to do.”

Swept by compassion, Kate gazed at Bess and shook her head. “I did not tell you this, not wanting to worry you, but I’ve ailed from the time of my last child’s birth. The midwife told me if I survived the birth of a twelfth child I’d survive anything. She was wrong; I’ve bled a slow death ever since.” Kate laughed softly, carefully. “I was over confident. I believed myself strong enough to bear a child in my forties.” Her vision blurring, Kate turned towards the window. “Perchance I would have been if my child had lived.” She sighed. “No matter. While I do not want to leave those I love, I am ready to die. You and I have known too many who never saw twenty, let alone reached thirty. We’ve lived longer than your dear mother, God bless and keep her soul. I thank God I’ve shared these years with you. I’ve watched you grow into a great queen. Pray, don’t grieve.”

Bess lifted her chin, licking away



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her tears. “I cannot help to grieve...I do not know how to live without you.” She hugged her knees. “You’ve been with me all my life – even in my earliest memory, I remember you. I was in my mother’s arms, terrified. The king, my lord father, looked at us as if he hated us.”

Her father, my father, God help us both. Kate listened again to Bess’s words.

“They took me back to Hatfield and I never saw her again.” Bess gazed at Kate. “I’ve never spoken to you of this...” She swallowed. “All my life, I have been too fearful to ask... But I must know, Kate. What was it like for my mother, waiting for her execution in the Tower?”

Kate considered Bess. “You also waited for death in the Tower. What was it like for you?”

“A living nightmare.” Bess’s smile trembled. She looked vulnerable, no longer a queen. “But, in my heart of hearts, I knew Mary would not be able to bring about my death – not after poor Jane. She never forgave herself for that. My mother though...Betrayed by the man she loved, she must have felt cast into Hell.”

“Yes – but by the time she died, she welcomed death. Let me see the ring,” Kate said. Bess stretched out her left hand to Kate. Opening the locket ring on Bess’s finger, Kate studied the miniature portrait of a woman wearing the long unfashionable French-hood alongside a recent miniature of Bess. “A good likeness.” In agony, Kate closed her eyes. “Pray, the potion.”

Bess helped her up, holding the goblet to her lips. She swilled down a mouthful, touching Bess’s wet cheek. “She never wanted you to cry.”

Bess shook her head. “I will cry. I cry

for my mother, for you, and myself. I cry for the lies, for the children I will never have because I cannot trust or give my life over to the power of a man.”

Kate clasped Bess’s hand. “There’s still time for you to marry and have children.”

Bess stroked the portrait of her mother – young and smiling, the woman in the ring seemed to speak of loving life. “My father murdered her. He compared his love for her to the stars themselves and said he could not bear to be apart from her. He moved Heaven and Earth to make her his queen, yet the time came when he did what was necessary to kill her and rid her from his life.” Bess raised a haunted face. “I will never marry, sister.”

Kate blinked away tears. “Forgive our father, I beg you. He was truly terrified of dying and leaving behind no prince for England. He never recovered from his jousting accident the year of your mother’s execution. Until his death, the headaches he had afterwards – they drove him to near madness; the man who killed your mother was not the same man who loved her. Madness killed him, madness made him believe her enemies until he became the tyrant king we all feared. I pity him.”

“Pity him? After what he did to our mothers? Yours, he treated as a whore and discarded when he had no more need of, mine he killed as surely as if he swung the sword.”

“Aye, I pitied him then, and I pity him now. Remember, my mother forgave him, and so did yours. We hurt only ourselves if we cannot forgive him, too.”

Elizabeth hooded her eyes. “I don’t think I can.”

“Bess, you know what is to reign –



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how easily the power can steal away your soul if you forget, for one moment, you are first the servant of God. Our father, coming so close to death, became a servant to his fears until he served them utterly. Cromwell made certain of that. Cromwell knew if your mother lived it would cost him his life.”

“So honey-mouthed Cromwell made the king a servant to his fears to save himself and then died in any case....” Elizabeth let out a long sigh. “Uneasy is the head that wears a crown. I pray to God that fear never rules me so I am driven to do murder.”

“I pray for that, too, Bess. But your mother’s life was not in vain, or without victory; you are her victory. She loved you so much.” Kate smiled. “How proud she was of you. Even when you a little girl she believed you had a great destiny. She was right. It was your fate to be England’s Queen.”

Too tired to speak anymore, Kate

kept hold of Bess’s hand and stared at the ceiling. In the flickering candlelight, the plaster angels seemed to dance and play; she returned to nine years ago, on a snow white January day, squinting against winter sunlight reflecting back a white world.

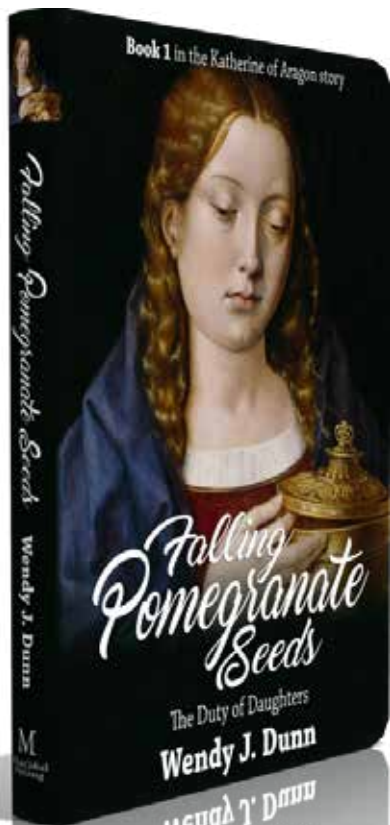
Following closely behind Bess, her cousin, her sister, she raised her head. The wind lifted Bess’s loose, red hair, swirling long streaks of fire within a sudden drift of snowflakes.

One of the honoured women helping carry Elizabeth’s long, heavy mantle up the steps, Kate couldn’t resist doing a dancing step, far too excited and happy to mind the cold. Drums rolled and trumpets blared. A thousand voices roared in triumph: *Long live the queen. Long live the queen.*

Bess looked over her shoulder at the crowds, and waved. In the sudden hushed silence, before the crowd shouted out as if in one voice, “Elizabeth! God Save Elizabeth!” the wind carried to Kate the well-remembered laugh of another queen. One more shout mounted up, *God save the queen.* Out of the corner of her eye, her aunt seemed standing beside her. *Love. Love never dies, or is forgotten,* her aunt’s voice said in her mind. *Strange.* She had no memory of her saying that while she lived. Snow-light blinding her again, she rubbed her eyes. When she opened them, Bess had entered the ancient doors of Westminster.

Kate smiled at her memories, squeezing Bess’s hand one last time. She closed her eyes and slept.

WENDY J. DUNN



MARCH'S EXPERT SPEAKER IS WENDY J. DUNN

**ON WRITING
HISTORICAL
FICTION**





THE WARS OF THE ROSES AND ITS KEY PLAYERS

PART 1: HENRY VI AND EDWARD IV

DEBRA BAYANI

In England, the 14th century ended dreadfully. Richard II had been unseated and murdered by his cousin, Henry Bolingbroke (the future Henry IV) during the early 1400's. The usurper Henry IV sustained a troubled reign himself but his son, Henry V, accomplished spectacular achievements in the wars with France – most notably the Battle of Agincourt in 1415 and the Treaty of Troyes in 1420, by which Henry V laid claim to

the French crown for his descendants and got himself a French princess, Catherine of Valois. But in 1422, Henry V died of dysentery and the heir to the throne was his nine-month-old son, Henry VI. The birth right of the infant King, being the monarch of both England and France, required much of the men around him. Order had to be kept and an expensive war had to be led in France to maintain both kingdoms. At that time, England was full



Edward IV on his throne

of nobles with royal blood, men gathering around the crown, testing their influence over a young and easily led king. Yet there were other problems too and it was only a matter of time before troubles were exposed and would escalate.

The infant king was watched over by his two loyal uncles, John, Duke of Bedford, and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. Additionally, other relatives of royal descent were also hoping for power, including Cardinal Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, who, for years, was caught up in a dispute with Gloucester.

Nevertheless, this did not cause any serious disturbances. The English nobles showed a remarkable harmony in governing the country at moments of greatest royal weakness. The infant King had no siblings and his royal uncles did not have any legitimate children that could inherit the throne if Henry did not survive childhood. Yet the noblemen stuck together and kept the peace. But eventually Henry VI grew to be a very weak leader. Child kings tended to become weak rulers, like Henry III and Richard II, but none was as feeble and inadequate as Henry VI. What exactly caused it is unclear, but most of Henry's contemporaries kindly assigned it to his great personal devoutness. Of course this was of little help in winning a war with France, and Henry's gentle nature and lack of military interest and experience soon became a terrible problem.

Henry was anointed King of France in 1431, but would never fight for his crown. At court, his leadership failed miserably. He was unable to keep peace between other noble families and he did not show any authority in leadership or choose his advisors wisely. Yet, it still took more than thirty years to cause an actual dynastic war.

In time, the English gradually lost Normandy to the French and it eventually ended with defeat at the Battle of Castillon in 1453. It had a great impact on the English pride and stirred up personal feuds between noblemen such as the dukes of York and Somerset. Loyal men like William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, were killed during the battle in France. This had a great impact on Henry and made him unresponsive to anything around him, not even to his wife or the birth of his heir, and resulted in a civil war. It officially began at the first Battle



Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset execution after the Battle of Tewkesbury 1471 in Bibliotheque municipale de Besancon MS. 1168, f. 6v

of St Albans on 22 May 1455 where the king's distant cousin, Richard Plantagenet Duke of York, his father-in-law the Earl of Salisbury, and his son Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, defeated the royalist forces led by Somerset. An intermittent dynastic war, where York fought Lancaster and which would cost thousands of lives, continued for over 30 years.

From 1455 to 1460, Richard of York argued that his illustrious and highborn descent and closeness to the king in blood gave him the right to handle government during the king's worsening mental state. Queen Margaret defended her own rights and especially those of their son, Edward,

Prince of Wales, by siding with the Beauforts (York's greatest enemies). The Duke of York's rebellion came to a sudden end in 1460 when he realized he could no longer resolve issues with the outraged Queen Margaret. York wanted the throne for himself and when the royal army was defeated at Northampton, Henry VI was forced to disinherit his son and to appoint York and his descendants next in line to the throne. York, however, died a few months later at the Battle of Wakefield. His son Edward, Earl of March, took up his royal claim and after defeating royalist forces at Mortimer's Cross and Towton in 1461 he took the throne as Edward IV. Henry VI had been imprisoned since the Battle of Northampton but Prince Edward was still with his mother. Henry VI's supporters were also not ready to give up, and so Edward spend the first 10 years of his reign fighting to secure it. Edward's reign was complicated; he won the battles of Hedgeley Moor, Hexham and Losecoat Field and married a Lancastrian widowed noblewoman, Elizabeth Woodville, which drove a wedge between Edward and his greatest supporter, 'The Kingmaker' Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, who had been negotiating at courts for a foreign princess to become Edward's queen. Eventually Edward was forced from the throne in 1470 when the discontented Warwick, along with Edward's own brother George, who was also Warwick's son-in-law, sailed to France and defected to the exiled Queen Margaret at the court of Louis XI. An agreement was concluded; Warwick's youngest daughter Anne married Prince Edward and in return Warwick helped Margaret to restore the imprisoned Henry VI to the throne. Warwick, George and Henry VI's half-brother Jasper Tudor



Stained glass in Cardiff Castle depicting George Duke of Clarence and Isabelle Neville

returned to England and released a worn out Henry VI from the Tower. Henry VI, weak as he was, was king in name only and Warwick ruled England in the name of the king. Jasper took control over Wales. But within 6 months, Edward struck back, and this time decisively. In April 1471, he killed Warwick and his brother Montagu at the Battle of Barnet. A few weeks later at Tewkesbury, Edward was able to get his ultimate victory and completely ruin the Lancastrian cause. Not only was he finally able to kill the last remaining Beaufort, the Duke of Somerset, but all hope was lost when he also killed Prince Edward.

Edward IV returned to London and entered the capital in triumph at the head of a great force. His brother George had already turned traitor once again by defecting back to Edward. He was now surrounded by both his brothers, George and Richard, as well as many other nobles and to make their jubilation even greater the just captured queen Margaret was put in a wagon and dragged along as a trophy. The very night of Edward's return to London the ill-fated Henry VI died suspiciously in the Tower of London. Henry's death was altogether too convenient for Edward for us to believe that he died of natural causes. As the Milanese Ambassador in France said;



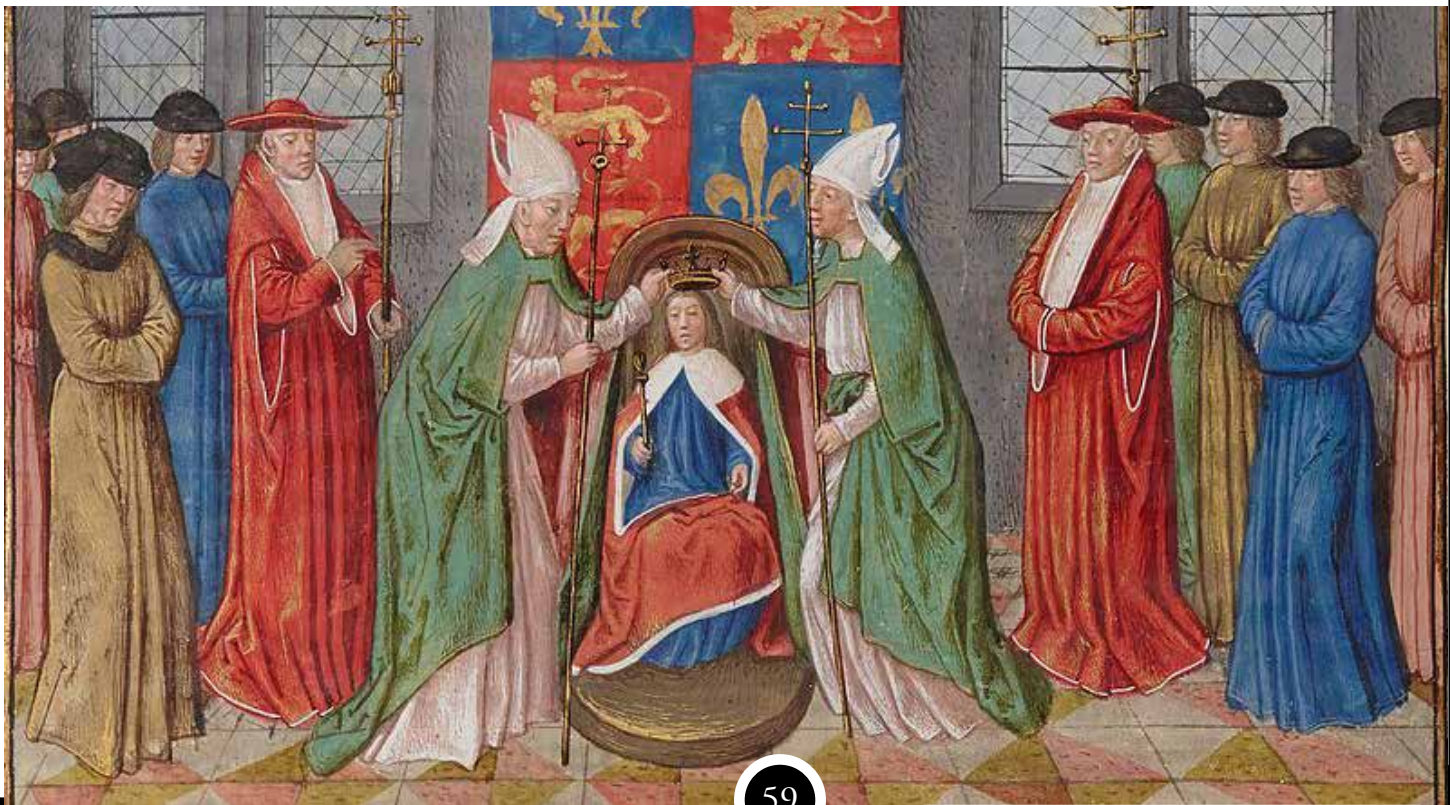
Henry V, while Prince of Wales, presenting Thomas Hoccleve's, *Regiment of Princes* to John de Mowbray, 2nd Duke of Norfolk, 1411–1413



The infant coronation of Henry VI (above)



King Henry VI at prayer c. 1434 (above)



'King Edward caused King Henry to be secretly assassinated. He has, in short, chosen to crush the seed. Thus was removed the last threat from the House of Lancaster'. And as another contemporary reported; 'No one now remained in the land of the living who could now claim the throne from that family'.

Only Jasper Tudor and his young nephew, Henry, Earl of Richmond, son of Margaret Beaufort and grandson of the first Beaufort Duke of Somerset, remained. But even they were only of the half-blood branch of the Lancastrian family.

DEBRA BAYANI

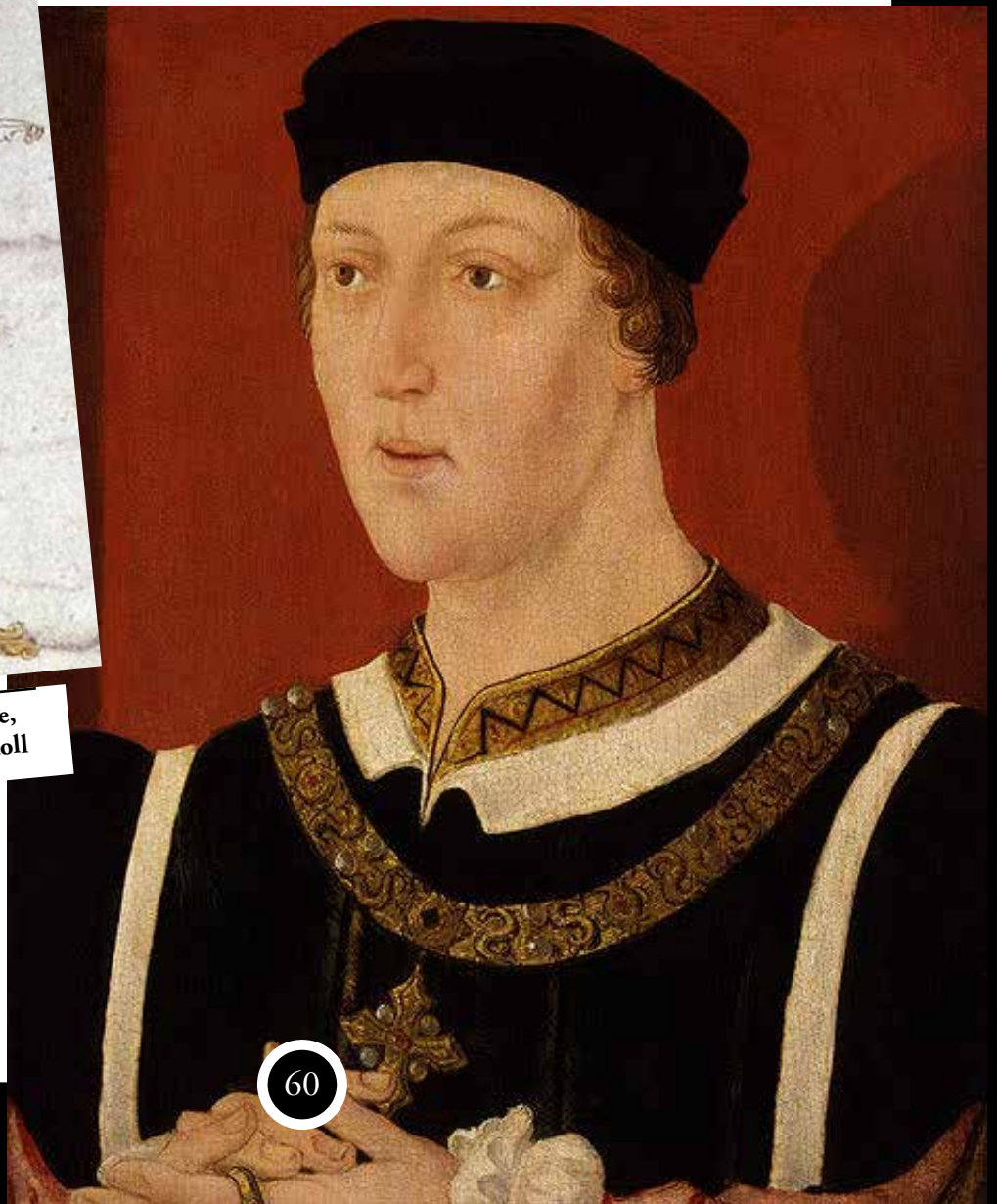
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**'The Kingmaker' Richard Neville,
Earl of Warwick from the Rous Roll**

King Henry VI (right)





Humphrey Duke of Gloucester left
and Richard Duke of York right



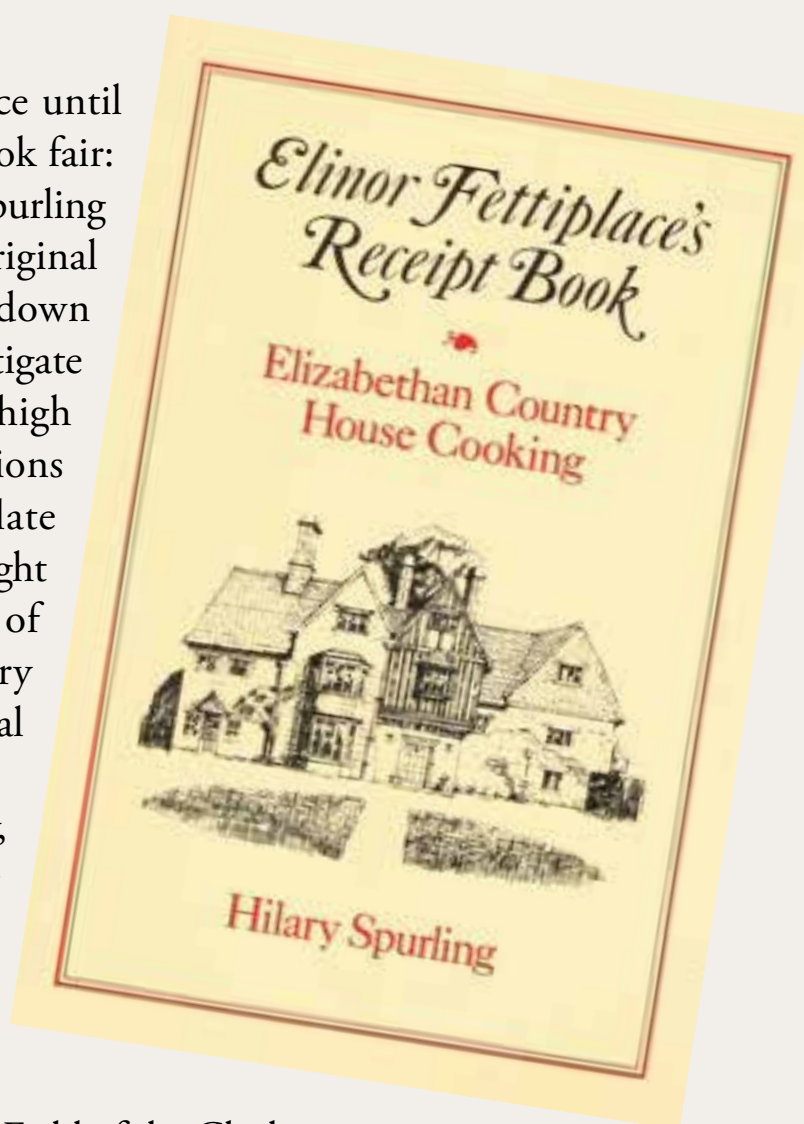
THE ELIZABETHAN LADY'S KITCHEN

I had never heard of Elinor Fettiplace until I made a lucky find at a second-hand book fair: *Elinor Fettiplace's Receipt Book* by Hilary Spurling (1986). The author had inherited the original hand-written book of recipes, passed down through the family, and decided to investigate the Fettiplaces. Since Elinor moved in high society and seems to have had connections to everyone who was anyone at the late Elizabethan and early Stuart courts, I thought you might like to hear a few snippets of the fascinating story unearthed by Hilary Spurling and have some of Elinor's seasonal recipes.

The Fettiplaces were an ancient family, the first man noted by that name having served as a gentleman-usher to William the Conqueror. Down the centuries, they had provided an ambassador for Henry VI, an esquire of the body for Henry VII

and an attendant for Henry VIII at the Field of the Cloth

of Gold. Elinor Poole married Sir Richard Fettiplace in 1589, bringing



TONI MOUNT

with her a good dowry of £400. The Pooles were an equally illustrious family and wealthier than the debt-plagued Fettiplaces. The Pooles had done very well in the Cotswolds region, making money from their vast sheep-farming interests and buying up church estates after the Dissolution of the Monasteries by Henry VIII. Elinor's father, Sir Henry Poole, owned a number of manors across the south-west of England, including Pauntley and Sapperton in Gloucestershire. Elinor seems to have spent her childhood at Pauntley which had been the inheritance of her grandmother, Elizabeth Whittington, a descendant of the family of the famous Dick Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, who was himself born and raised at Pauntley.

Elizabeth Whittington married Giles Poole who was one of Henry VIII's personally chosen gentlemen-pensioners. Giles was knighted by the Duke of Somerset in Edward VI's reign, served as a Knight of the Shire in Parliament in Queen Mary's time and as Provost-Martial for Ireland when Elizabeth became queen. He was still riding to war in 1573, around the time that his granddaughter Elinor was born. The Pooles had family ties to Queen Elizabeth's favourites, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. Elinor's brother was christened Devereux Poole in honour of Essex.

Elinor's Aunt Dorothy (née Poole) married Sir John Thynne as her second husband, owner and builder of the estate at Longleat – famous today as a

Safari Park. This connection brought Elinor into contact with the Raleighs: Carew – 'Gentleman of the Horse' at Longleat – who would marry Dorothy after Sir John's death, and his more famous brother, Sir Walter. In her receipt book, Elinor notes that two recipes for tobacco cordials [!] came from Sir Walter who, supposedly, introduced tobacco to England. Apparently, the plant was grown extensively in the West Country during Elizabeth's reign, around Sudeley Castle in Gloucestershire (owned by Elinor's brother-in-law, Lord Chandos) and north Wiltshire, although English tobacco wasn't suitable for this recipe:

To make Tobacco Water (by Sir W. Rallygh)

Take two gallons of muscadell, a pound of bought leaf Tobacco, but not English, a pound of aniseed, shread the Tobacco small & pound the aniseed very small, then lay them all to steep therein, then distil it with a soft [gentle] fire, & when you distil it, put in some raisins of the Sun and so drink it.

Tobacco water was used medicinally to treat coughs, deaden pain and toothache in particular, kill intestinal worms and heal wounds. With so much wine (muscatel) and nicotine, it may well have eased pain and killed worms and bacteria – I'm not sure what it might do to the patient though!

Elinor's receipt book is divided into chapters; one for each month.

TONI MOUNT

Elinor treats March as the month in which Lent falls, so there are no meat recipes. Shrove Tuesday falls on the 5 March this year [2019] and since it was traditionally the day when pancakes were eaten, to use up the eggs and fat in the larder that were forbidden food during the forty days of Lent, here is one of Elinor's recipes for pancakes:

Take the yelks of eggs, & rose water, & some flower, & a little cloves, and mace, and some sugar, & beat it well together, make it somewhat thin, and so fry them.

According to Hilary Spurling who tried these, the ingredients work best in the proportions of a cupful of rosewater to 4 egg yolks and 4 oz flour*. Elizabethan recipes rarely give any amounts for the ingredients used, nor cooking times, relying on the cook's experience and personal preferences. Neither were there any such things as temperature settings or gas mark numbers. Dishes were considered cooked when they looked 'done' or the juices ran clear – all down to kitchen experience again. Elinor mixes the spices and sugar into the batter but you may prefer to sprinkle them on top of the cooked pancakes to suit individual tastes.

Her other recipe for pancakes contains alcohol and comes accompanied by apple fritters: another speciality for Shrove Tuesday:

Take good ale, make yt bloud warme, put to yt some fine wheaten flower, the yelkes of 4 or 5 eggs some Cloves,

mace and smale quantity of ginger, with some salte, and a qter of a pound of beefe suett shred very smale, temper yt all well together, then pare yor apples, Cut out the Cores & slice them round into yor batter, and bake them in beife Lard... of the same bater make yor pancakes leaving out yor suett and apples, and let yor ale bee halfe sacke, fry yor pancakes either in butter or beefe lard.

For modern cooks: take ½ pint light ale, 8 oz plain flour with 1 teaspoon of powdered ginger, a couple of ground cloves and a pinch of powdered mace, 4-5 egg yolks, 4 oz shredded beef suet, and 2½ - 3lbs of sweet eating apples peeled, cored and cut into rings. The batter needs to be 'thicke enough to hange uppon yor apples'. Coat the rings and drop them into a large frying pan with very hot butter or lard. Fry for a couple of minutes on each side, drain and keep warm while frying the next batch. Serve sprinkled with sugar, powdered ginger and/or powdered cinnamon, accompanied by pancakes made from the same recipe. However, the batter needs to be made thinner, like single cream, by adding three tablespoons of 'sacke', for which sherry is an excellent substitute.

Having survived Lent, on Good Friday we have the tradition of eating Hot Cross Buns. Elinor has almond 'cakes' which we would call 'buns' since they contain yeast as a rising agent:

TONI MOUNT

To make almond cakes

Take one peck of flower, one pound of sugar, one pound of almons, beaten & strained with as much ale as will stiffen your paste, put theirto three spoonfulls of barme, & a few annisseds, then woork it well together, then make it in little cakes, prick them thick for rising & bake them.

This recipe is unusual in giving quantities but Elinor must have been baking for the entire neighbourhood because a peck of flour could make 300 buns. A more manageable version uses 1 lb flour, 1½ oz sugar, 2 oz ground almonds, 1 oz fresh yeast or ½ oz dried yeast**, ½ ale, salt and crushed aniseeds or star anise. The fresh yeast should be creamed into the warm ale and left to froth up or instructions followed for dried yeast. Mix flour, sugar, ground almonds and aniseed with a teaspoon of salt in a bowl then make a well in the middle. Pour in the ale-yeast mixture, work it together, then cover and leave in a warm place to double in size. Then knead again and shape into 10 large or 20 small rounds. Leave to prove for 20 minutes at 190 degrees C, 375 degrees F or Mark 5 for 10-20 minutes, depending on size. While still hot from the oven, glaze the Elizabethan way with sugar dissolved in rosewater. They are best eaten warm, split and buttered just like

Hot Cross Buns. They also go well with cheese.

A similar, large amount of flour was used in Elinor's recipe for Cracknels, a kind of risen biscuit, but again 1lb flour is fine for a family. This time, to flour with a mixture of aniseed, saffron and 'spices' of your choice is added the yeast with white wine, rather than ale. Spoonfuls of the mixture are dropped into boiling water, then lifted out as they float to the surface, dropped in cold water, dried on kitchen paper, pricked all over and baked in a hot oven. The word 'biscuit' is French for 'twice cooked' but the method goes back to Roman times when the legionaries would first boil little flatbreads and then bake them until they were dry and hard. Not very tempting but at least they didn't go mouldy on the march.

*For those of you who have gone metric: ½ lb = 225 grams; 4 oz = 100 grams; ½ pint = 300 ml [all approx].

**Elinor uses barm. Barm was the residue left from ale-brewing which still contained active yeast. A little barm would be used to start the next round of brewing and was also the source of yeast used by bakers but it was difficult to tell its strength and how much to use.

Next time, I'll be giving you some of Elinor Fettiplaces other recipes that you may like to try, including the highlight of Elizabethan banquets: sugar plate.

TONI MOUNT



TUDOR SITES AND ARTIFACTS IN ST FAGANS NATIONAL MUSEUM OF HISTORY

WITH KYRA C. KRAMER

ST FAGANS NATIONAL Museum of History (Sain Ffagan: Amgueddfa Werin Cymru) is an open-air museum that lies about 30 minutes outside of city centre Cardiff, and it is one of the most popular tourist destinations in the United Kingdom. Dedicated to the history and life in Wales, it is a fascinating place to visit for historians of all stripes, but is particularly alluring to anyone interested in the Tudor dynasty or time period.

The museum was conceptualized by a Welsh poet and scholar, Dr Iorwerth . Peate, after he visited the Skansen, the outdoor museum of Swedish culture in Stockholm. Such a place was needed in Wales, he believed, to preserve and categorize the rich history and folklore of the small nation. However, Peate couldn't get the funding to start his ambitious project until St Fagans Castle and it's lands were donated by Robert Ivor Windsor-Clive, 3rd Earl of Plymouth, in 1946.

By donating the castle as well as its grounds, the Earl of Plymouth gave the museum a ready-made Tudor exhibit, since the main structure of castle was built during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I upon the ruins of an older Norman fortification. Although St Fagans Castle was extensively remodeled in the Victorian Era, when it was purchased as summer residence for the Earls of Plymouth, visitors can still see

the medieval boundary fortifications and Elizabethan shape of the residence.

Not only was there a Tudor castle already on the grounds, the gardens themselves were spacious and lovely and a perfect place to construct an open air museum. The beautiful ornamental gardens that surrounded the castle, including decorative fishponds and fast-flowing trout streams, are a wonderful place to stroll through as visitors move from one building and exhibit to another. Acres of woodlands and meadows farther from the castle were also ideal for the expansion of architectural and historical exhibits as the museum grew.

One of the earliest additions to the museum, situated not far from St Fagans Castle, is Stryd Lydan -- a barn from the Tudor era that was carefully transported and restored on museum lands in 1948. The barn itself was built in two stages; the main part of the structure in the mid 1500s





A traditional living space

and an expansion roughly a century later. It would have been a typical barn used by a fairly prosperous Welsh farmer, with a wide threshing floor to separate chaff (hulls) from the grain after harvest. The barn would have also been used to store the oats, wheat, or barley afterwards.

Another Tudor site at the museum is Cilewent farmhouse, a traditional cruck and timber-framed Welsh longhouse built around 1470 in central Wales. One side of the home would have been for the human inhabitants and the other side for their cattle and horses, with a shared passageway in between. The family had only one room on the ground floor, where they would have done almost all of the day-to-day activities of subsistence living, including cooking meals in the large stone fireplace. The body heat of livestock in the connected 'cow house'

would have helped keep the home warm during chilly weather, and the animals' dung would have made good fertilizer for the kitchen garden. The second story of the home was used as a hayloft above the cattle and as sleeping quarters on the other side. It is astonishing to walk into the farmhouse and think about the Welsh farming family -- along with their cattle, horses, servants, and farmhands -- that would have been living there when the call to arms went up to back Henry Tudor in his bid to take the throne from King Richard III.

St Fagans also features the Tudor Trader House, a 16th century home originally located on the banks of the River Cleddau in Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire. The merchant family would have lived top floor of the building, in the small but rather luxurious room with a fireplace, a sleeping loft, and a garderobe (indoor toilet!) that emptied into the a gutter outside the home. The bottom floor of the building would have been a place of business, as well as a storage vault for all the valuables being sold. At the time of the home's construction,

Rhys-~~Ap~~-Thomas' Bed





Haverfordwest would have been a busy trading point, where goods from Europe and North America were brought into Wales and disseminated inland. The Tudor Trader House would have been the home of a well-to-do merchant, who would have served as a broker for goods coming in and out of Wales. Although it is tiny from a modern perspective, the home would have been much more comfortable and prestigious than the longhouses on Welsh farms at the time.

As amazing as all these Tudor exhibits are, perhaps my favorite thing in the museum is the actual bed of Rhys ap Thomas of Dinefwr, who was instrumental

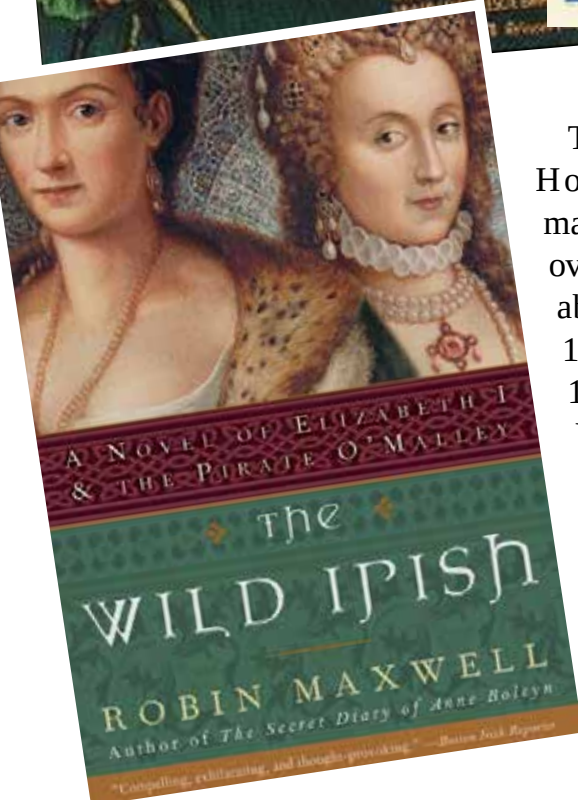
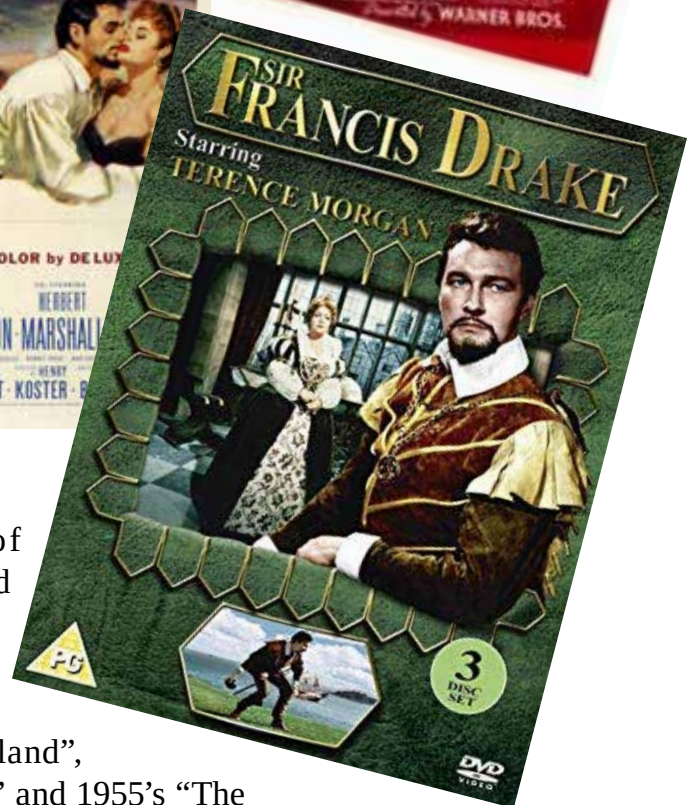
in Henry VII's victory on Bosworth Field and reported to be the man who struck down King Richard III in battle. The four poster bed, which stands on display in the museum's entry building, is carved with heraldic symbols, the Tudor rose, saints, biblical tales, vignettes of good triumphing over evil, and scenes from Rhys ap Thomas's life ... including a theorized depiction of that fateful day at Bosworth. It is astounding to think of how much Welsh and Tudor history is represented in the bed of one man!

All in all, St Fagans museum is a must see for any Tudor history buff and well worth a visit for anyone lucky enough to be traveling in Wales.

KYRA C. KRAMER

Tudor Life

EDITOR'S PICKS



The Golden Age of Hollywood produced many fine, if didactic and overtly patriotic, movies about Tudor explorers.

1937's "Fire Over England", 1940's "The Sea Hawk" and 1955's "The Virgin Queen" are all worth a look, for enjoyment as much as anything else. The 1961 BBC series "Francis Drake" has just been re-released on DVD. For those looking for printed fiction, why not try Robin Maxwell's "The Wild Irish"?

Biographies of the Elizabethan privateers are numerous, including "Sir Francis Drake" by John Sugden. Leanda de Lisle's "After Elizabeth" deals beautifully with the unravelling of Walter Raleigh's career and for those looking for a general overview of the period, try Susan Brigden's "New Worlds,

Lost Worlds: The Rule of the Tudors", A. N. Wilson's "The Elizabethans" and Susan Ronald's "The Pirate Queen: Queen Elizabeth I, her Pirate Adventurers and the Dawn of an Empire".

THE TUDOR SOCIETY



MEMBERS' BULLETIN

We have many members of the Tudor Society who are history students in one shape or another. Many of our magazine contributors have been students too. It is fascinating to study the Tudor period and we're often getting questions from people who want to know more about Tudor life, its people from the lowest to the highest. Our regular magazine contributors have changed over the years, often because the contributors want to focus more on their studies, and as we all know, original research takes LOTS of time!

Of course, we are thrilled when our members want to get an undergraduate degree, masters or even a doctorate in Tudor history - what better way to further knowledge in this fascinating subject. We hope that our contributors come back after their studies to share what they discovered.

Exams are at different times throughout the year, so wherever you are in your academic year and academic studies, **we wish you a massive success with what you are doing.** Why not send us an email to tell us what you're studying, where you're doing it and what you've learned. It would be wonderful to have a "Member's Spotlight" section about you and your education. You can always email us at info@tudorsociety.com to let us know what you're doing.

Enjoy your membership!

Tim Ridgway

A medieval manuscript illustration showing a green tree with red apples. A hedgehog is at the base of the tree, surrounded by several red apples it has stolen. The background is a textured yellowish-brown.

FROM THE SPICERY

WITH
RIGNACH

AN APPLE
A DAY



“An apple a day keeps the doctor away” was one of my mother’s favourite sayings whenever she was trying to coax me into eating apples as a child. The saying was allegedly first coined in Wales in the 1860’s¹, as a pithy way of encouraging good health by eating apples (thus preventing the local doctor from earning his keep). It also provides me with a cute introduction to this month’s “From the Spicery” subject; apples.

The back garden of the suburban Adelaide house where I grew up stood an old grafted apple tree. The tree had Golden Delicious, Johnathon, and the Australian creation and perennial favourite, Granny Smith’s, growing on different branches. The apples from that tree found their way into my school lunch box, but they usually came home uneaten. Why? I can still remember my disgust at discovering a Codlin Moth larvae in an apple. My adoptive parents were always careful about spraying fruit trees for Fruit Fly, but Codlin Moth always seemed to survive.

Happily, for humanity, the humble apple tree (*Malus pumila*) originated from its Central Asian ancestor, *M. sieversii*. I’ve heard it told that Alexander the Great found the first apple trees in parts of Central Asia. The rest, as they say, is history. Since then, the apple has been grown, cultivated

and refined over thousands of years, resulting in a vast variety of cultivars. As well as having a mythological and religious significance, apples have proven to be a favourite food for all of humanity.

For those who aren’t in the know, apples come from the same botanical family as roses, although I can’t quite see the “Wars of the Apples” have quite the same historical connotations as the original. Interestingly, cloves or cinnamon aren’t mentioned as being used to flavour apples in any of my medieval recipe books. Apparently, medieval cooks knew not to spoil a good thing!

An earlier form of apple mousse called *Appulmoy* can be found in *Forme of Cury*.² The main difference with the *Forme of Cury* recipe are the additions of *Poudre Forte* and salt to the final dish. *Poudre Forte* is a savoury spice blend made from cinnamon, ginger, cloves grains of paradise and black pepper. To be honest, I’m not confident that it would go particularly well in apple mouse, but each to their own.

To make apple muse - Take Apples an seethe hem an Serge hem þorwe a Sefe in-to a potte; þanne take Almaunde Mylke & Hony, an caste þer-to, an gratid Brede, Safroun, Saunderys, & Salt a lytil, & caste all in þe potte &

1 Ely, M. *History Behind ‘An Apple A Day’*, The Washington Post, September 2013 https://www.washingtonpost.com/lifestyle/wellness/history-behind-an-apple-a-day/2013/09/24/aac3e79c-1f0e-11e3-94a2-6c66b668ea55_story.html?noredirect=on&utm_term=.4dddbb12f9d3.

2 *Forme of Cury*, 1390, recipe XX III XIX, <http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/8102/pg8102-images.html>

*lete hem sethe; & loke þat þou stere it wyl, & serue it forth.*³

3 apples, stems removed, cut into chunks.

Water to cover.

1 C. almond milk.

2 tbsp honey.

1 tbsp sandalwood (aka *Saunders*; if you can't find it, leave it out).

Pinch of saffron.

1-2 tbsp breadcrumbs or to taste.

Cut the apples into large chunks and cover with water, and boil them until tender (as if you were making applesauce). Gently heat the almond milk, honey, saffron and sandalwood and allow the spices steep. It is up to you whether or not you leave the spices in the almond milk. I like to leave mine in, but then again, that's me. □ Once the apples are tender, set to with a wooden spoon to break the apples down to a puree or use a food processor if you prefer. Add the almond milk with steeped spices to the apple puree and very, very gently heat. Add in the breadcrumbs a little at a time until the mix is thickened to your liking. Please remember to take care not to burn the *muse* as it will readily stick to the pan.

This *muse* becomes the basis for another of my favourite medieval apple recipes, the delightfully named "*Dyschefull of Snowe*". As a slight digression; this dish was easily the favourite of my two sons when they were toddlers. Poor little sods were

frequently subjected to my medieval cookery experiments □.

*To make dyschefull of Snowe: Take a pottel of swete thycke creame and the whytes of eyghte egges, and beate them altogether wyth a spone, then putte them in youre creame and a saucerful of Rosewater, and a dyshe full of Suger wyth all, then take a stick and make it cleane, and than cutte it in the ende foure squsre, and therwith beate all the aforesayde thynges together, and as ever it ryseth takeit of and put it into a Collaunder, this done take one apple and set it in the myddes of it, and a thick bushe of Rosemary (I do like this reference □), and set it in the myddes of the platter, then cast your Snowe uppon the Rosemary and fyll your platter therwith. And yf you have wafers cast some in wyth all and thus serve them forthe.*⁴

What follows is my version of the original, and the one that my sons liked the most. The texture of the dish makes me wonder if it is possibly the precursor to the modern apple (or other fruit) charlotte, albeit an unmolded one. If you choose to use wafers (I used Italian sponge biscuits), they can be used to line a charlotte mould, enclosing the apple filling.

3-4 peeled and cored cooking apples, chopped.

600 ml double cream.

4 egg whites.

200 g caster sugar.

3 Harleian Manuscript, MS 279, circa 1430, recipe IXXIX.

4 *A Proper Neue Book of Cokery*, London 1545-1575, <http://www.staff.uni-giessen.de/gloning/tx/bookecok.htm>

Droppe.
 Take blanches almandes. grind
 he & temp bp with red & both
 take oymons a grete quantite. &
 boile he & fry he & w. per w.
 take smale breads & boile hem
 & do p. w. & do p. w. p. w. & do
 & salt & a lital grece.

Malsuene.
 Take a potel of wyne & be &
 7. ponde of sug. take and
 clarifye p. sug. & a quantite
 of wyne & shalbe it p. w. & a
 styno i to a pot of erthe.

2 tbsp rose water.

1 sprig of rosemary.

Italian sponge finger biscuits –
 OPTIONAL.

Combine the apple and rosewater in
 a pan.

Cover tightly, bring to a simmer and
 cook gently for about 30 minutes, or
 until the apple is soft.

Remove from the heat and purée by
 beating with a spoon. Set aside to cool.

Put the egg whites in a dry bowl,
 and beat until soft peaks form.

Add 4 tbsp of the sugar and fold into
 the egg whites and then beat until stiff
 and glossy.

Add the cream to a separate bowl,
 and beat until soft peaks form.

Fold in the remaining sugar then
 beat until stiff, but do not overbeat.

Fold the apple purée into the beaten cream then fold in the stiff egg whites.

Place the mixture on a serving dish, and garnish with the rosemary sprig and Italian sponge finger biscuits.

Apples weren't just used for sweet dishes and desserts. I came across an apple soup, *Apple Royall*, which was frequently served up on flesh days. If you take the time play around with the spicing and make absolutely sure that you use the best 100% natural honey, the freshest almond milk and the best white wine (nothing astringent, please!), this is a very pleasing soup for a Summer's evening.

*Take Applys, and sethe hem tylle they ben tendyr, and than lat hem kele; then draw brothe of freysshe beef, an whyte grece, and Sugre, and Safroun, and gode poulder; and in a Fysshe day, take Almaunde mylke, and oyle of Olyff, and draw ther-vppe with-al a gode poulder, and serue forth. An for nede, draw it vppe with Wyne, and a lytil hony put ther-to for to make it than dowcet; and serue it forthem thorw a straynour; and on flesshe day caste ther-to gode fatte.*⁵

2-3 peeled and cored cooking apples, chopped.

Water to cover

1 cup wine or almond milk, or a blend of each

2 tbsp honey, or to taste

1 tsp *Pouder Douce* (a sweet spice blend made from cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace and caster sugar)

1 tbsp butter

A pinch of saffron

Put the apples into a pot with water and allow to boil until the apples are tender and the liquid has almost evaporated. Transfer them into a basin and lay into them with a wooden spoon (or a food processor if you prefer), until they are well pureed, and set them aside.

In another pot, add the almond milk and wine, butter, saffron and *Poudre Douce*. Slowly heat this, allowing the saffron to colour the liquid. Add in the pureed apples and continue to gently cook the soup until it reaches a consistency that you're happy with. I recommend serving the soup warm with some good crusty bread, a sharp cheese and maybe some fried bacon lardoons.

While we're on the subject of religious dining, I'll include the recipe for Lenten apple fritters as a contrast to *Apple Royall*. Both sweet and savoury fritters were frequently on medieval banqueting menus. This recipe for apple fritters is pretty simple and well worth experimenting with.

*To make Fretoure, Take whete floure, Ale 3est, Safroun, & Salt, & bete alle to-gederys as pikke as pou schuldyst make oper bature in fleyssche tyme; & þan take fayre Applys, & kut hem in maner of Fretourys, & wete hem in þe bature vp on downne, & frye hem in fayre Oyle, & caste hem in a dyssche; & caste Sugre þer-on, & serue forth.*⁶

150 grams of plain flour.

5 Harleian Manuscript, MS 279, circa 1430, recipe CXXXV.

6 Harleian Manuscript MS 279, circa 1430, recipe II.VIV

200 ml of apple cider (homemade if possible) or more if you need it.

1 tsp fresh yeast.

1 tsp saffron mixed with 1 Tbsp warm cider and allowed to steep.

½ tsp salt.

2 apples, peeled, cored and sliced into rings 1 cm thick.

Olive oil for frying.

Icing sugar to serve.

Heat about half of the cider on the stove top until it becomes lukewarm. Sprinkle in the yeast, cover and place in a warm spot for around 15 minutes. Yeast is a modern addition to this recipe, as the original would use the naturally occurring yeasts found in ale. I've found that the warm-cider-and-yeast method works quite well.

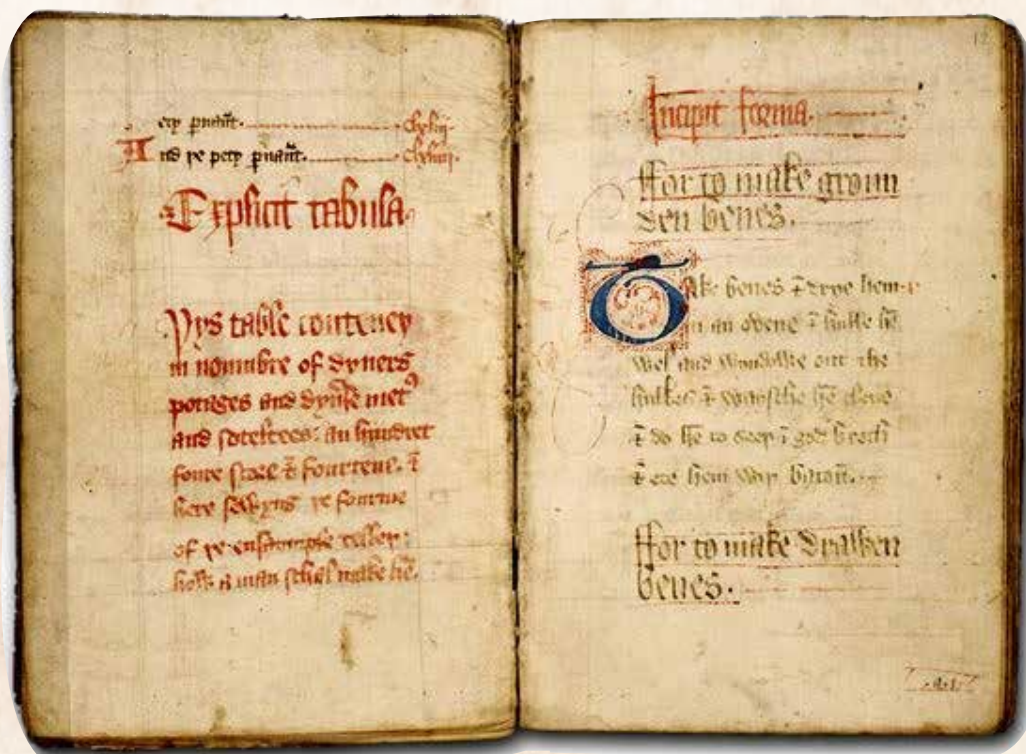
Put the flour in a large basin, and add in the cider-and-yeast mixture,

the steeped saffron and cider, and salt, along with any remaining cider. Mix this until it forms a thick and smooth batter. Cover the basin and set it aside in a warm place to rise for an hour.

Heat the oil to until it simmers and a drop of the batter turns golden in around a minute. Dip the apple rings into the mixture and fry them a few at a time until they are a nice golden-brown. Turn the fritters over but be warned, they will attempt to turn themselves back.

Once the rings are completely golden, drain the fritters on kitchen paper. Keep the rings warm in a very slow oven until the rest of the apple rings have been cooked. Sprinkle with caster sugar, and serve warm.

RIOGHNACH O'GERAGHTY



MARCH'S "ON THIS"

1 March
1553

Edward VI opened Parliament. The King was ill at the time, so it was a low key ceremony.

2 March
1545

Birth of Sir Thomas Bodley, scholar, diplomat and founder of the Bodleian Library, in Exeter. Bodley studied at Magdalen College, Oxford. He then lectured at Merton College before serving Elizabeth as a Gentleman Usher and then diplomat. He re-founded the Oxford University library in 1598, and it was re-opened in 1602 as Bodley's Library, or the Bodleian Library.

3 March
1528

Marriage of Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry VIII and her 3rd husband, Henry Stuart.

8 March
1539

Sir Nicholas Carew was beheaded on Tower Hill for treason.



9 March
1566

David Rizzio, the private secretary of Mary, Queen of Scots was assassinated in front of Mary.

10 March
1526

Marriage of Charles V, and Isabella of Portugal. Their children included Philip II of Spain.

14 March
1471

Death of Sir Thomas Malory, known for his work "Le Morte d'Arthur", which he wrote in prison.

15 March
1493

Arrival of Christopher Columbus at Palos in Spain after his 1492 voyage to the New World.

19 March
1577

Death of Edmund Harman, former barber of Henry VIII, at Burford in Oxfordshire.

20 March
1560

Birth of Sir Edward Hoby, scholar, theologian, politician and diplomat, at Bisham in Berkshire. He was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Hoby and Elizabeth (née Cooke), daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke. Elizabeth I favoured Hoby, and used him on a number of secret missions.

21 March
1617

Burial of Pocahontas, the Algonquian Indian princess. She was buried at St George's in Gravesend, Kent.

22 March
1599

Birth of Sir Anthony Van Dyck, painter and etcher, in Antwerp.

27 March
1599

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, left London for Ireland as Lieutenant General.

28 March
1483

One of the birthdates given for Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino, or Raphael as he is known, Italian artist.

29 March
1613

Burial of Sir Thomas Bodley. He was laid to rest in Merton College Chapel, Oxford.

30 March
1558

Queen Mary I made her will, believing that she would soon give birth.

31 March
1596

Birth of René Descartes, French philosopher, mathematician, and writer, the "Father of Modern Philosophy".

DAY IN TUDOR HISTORY

4 March 1584 Death of Bernard Gilpin. He was known as the "Apostle of the North".	5 March 1496 King Henry VII of England issued letters patent to John Cabot, an Italian explorer. Cabot set off to find Asia and instead discovered parts of North America, including an island he named "new found land".	6 March 1536 Introduction into Parliament of the "Act for the Suppression (or Dissolution) of the Lesser Monasteries".	7 March 1556 One of the days on which the <i>Great Comet</i> , or the Comet of Charles V, was seen and recorded by Paul Fabricius.
11 March 1513 Giovanni di Lorenzo de' Medici was proclaimed Pope Leo X.	12 March 1628 Death of John Bull, composer, musician and organ builder, at Antwerp.	13 March 1619 Death of Richard Burbage, actor and star of Shakespeare's Lord Chamberlain's Men and the King's Men.	
16 March 1561 The body of Marie de Guise (Mary of Guise), mother of Mary, Queen of Scots, was put on a ship, to be buried at Rheims.	17 March 1473 Birth of James IV, King of Scots, at Stirling in Scotland. He was the eldest son of James III of Scotland.	18 March 1496 Henry VIII's beloved sister, Princess Mary Tudor, was born at Richmond Palace.	
23 March 1540 The Dissolution of Waltham Abbey, the last abbey to be dissolved by Henry VIII.	24 March 1603 Queen Elizabeth died at Richmond Palace at the age of sixty-nine. James VI of Scotland became James I of England.	25 March 1584 Letters patent granted to Walter Raleigh to "discover, search for, fynde out and view... landes, countries"	
		26 March 1609 Date of death for John Dee, alchemist, antiquary, spy, philosopher, and adviser to Elizabeth I.	

John Bull

TUDOR FEAST DAYS

1 March - St David's Day

25 March – Lady Day, or the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin

29, 30 and 31 March - Borrowed Days

TudorLife

NEXT MONTH IN YOUR REGULAR

TudorLife

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REMEMBERING THE DEAD

ROLAND HUI

Henry VIII's Six Wives

RIOGHNACH O'GERAGHTY

Rot of Ages

TONI MOUNT

Elinor Fettiplace

SARAH-BETH WATKINS

Funeral Fiascos

ELIZABETH JANE TIMMS

The Burial Vault of Henry VIII

PLUS

CATHERINE BROOKS

Bradgate's Commemoration
of Queen Jane

THIS MAGAZINE comes
out every month for
ALL MEMBERS.

We hope you enjoy it!

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