Tudor Life

THE TUDOR SOCIETY

The Tudor Society Magazine

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THE BEAUFORTS

Margaret Beaufort and Wales

Bastardy to Brilliance

A Triple Tomb

Margaret Beaufort and Collyweston

Joan Beaufort

PLUS

Exotic Pets

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by **Kyra C Kramer**

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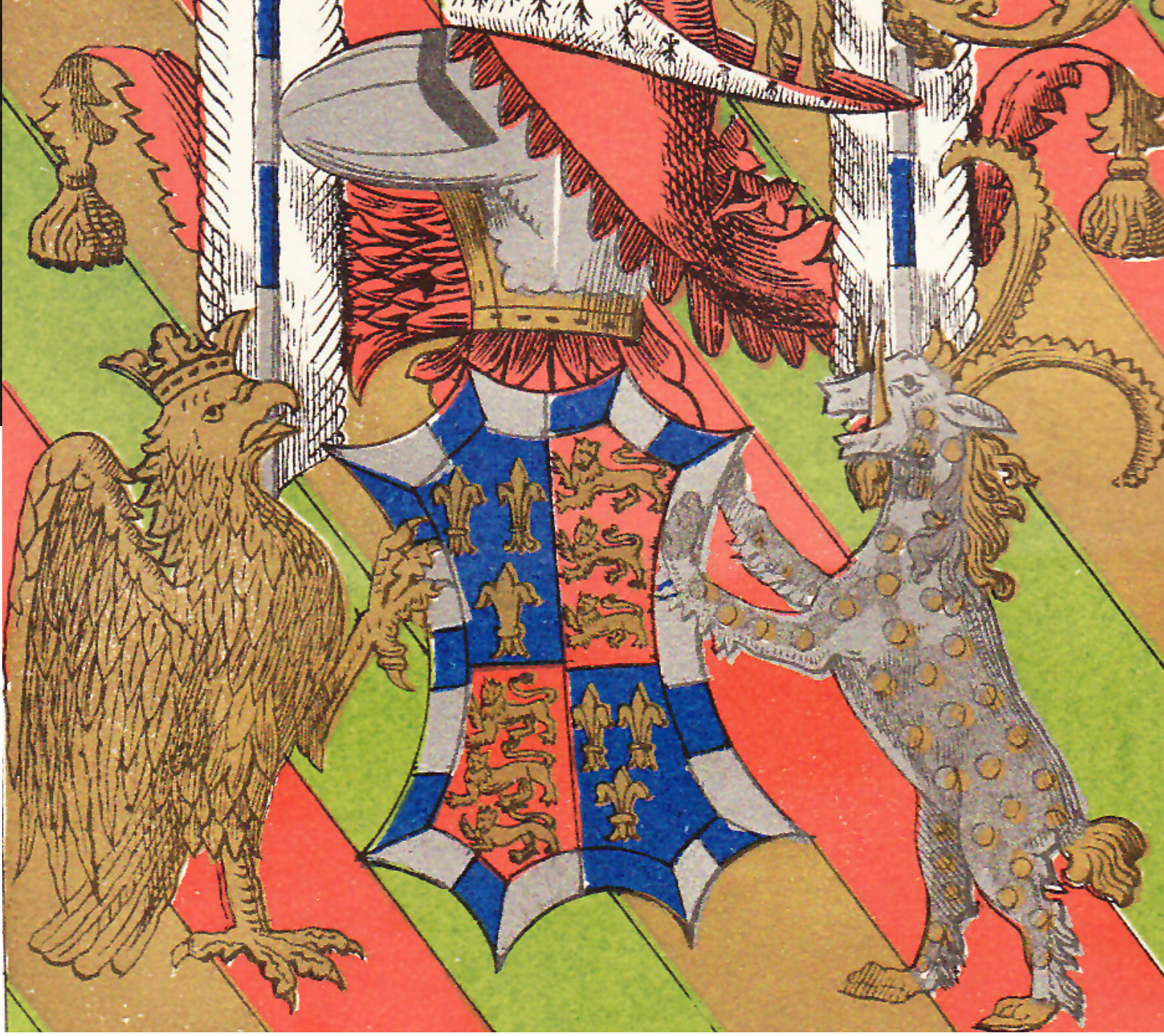


The Beauforts

I worry for my health. That, one day, somebody will say that they believe Margaret Beaufort had something to do with the disappearance of the Princes in the Tower, at which point I'll roll my eyes so hard that they'll cause me permanent neurological damage. Interest in this dynasty has blossomed thanks to the featuring of Margaret as a villain in the hugely successful novels that inspired the TV series "The White Queen," "The White Princess," and "The Spanish Princess". The family tree's roots go back to the Plantagenets, before they blossomed to the Tudors. They produced queens before they produced kings and beautiful graves before the christenings of their princes. I hope you enjoy this issue of "Tudor Life".

GARETH RUSSELL
EDITOR

ABOVE: The heraldic achievement of John Beaufort(d.1444), 1st Duke of Somerset, shown in his Garter plate at St George's Chapel, Windsor

Tudor Life

NOVEMBER

Marigold Sharman's superb performance as Margaret Beaufort in "The Shadow of the Tower" (BBC)

FROM BASTARDY TO BRILLIANCE: THE HOUSE OF BEAUFORT

Historian *Gareth Russell* looks at how important the Beauforts were to the Tudor dynasty...

Alison Weir was right when she observed in her "Britain's Royal Families" that the Tudors essentially came from bastard stock. Exalted bastardy, certainly, but bastardy, nonetheless. In the paternal line,

Henry VII's folk sprang from the elopement of handsome Owen Tudor with his widowed royal employer, the Dowager Queen Catherine de Valois. This gave this family of minor Welsh landowners a vital link to the new king, Henry VI who, thanks to Queen Catherine's second marriage, was the half-brother to Edmund and Jasper Tudor. The gentle King made his Tudor brothers earls, of Richmond and Pembroke respectively. As a further sign of kingly fraternal favour, he arranged Edmund's marriage to Lady Margaret Beaufort, the pubescent daughter of the late Duke of Somerset. She hesitated but accepted after receiving a miraculous vision of Saint Nicholas, who told her to marry Tudor. Plague carried off Edmund before their first child's arrival, the birth of which also very nearly killed Margaret. She was thirteen and her servants could not believe she had survived the labour. Barely, one is tempted to muse, since she never again conceived despite two subsequent marriages.

Some fans of "Game of Thrones," the ratings juggernaut set in a fictional kingdom called Westeros, have mused if Margaret Beaufort might have been inspiration for the fan-favourite character of Lady Olenna Tyrell. A sharp-witted matriarch famous for her quips and put-downs, Olenna shamelessly but brilliantly manoeuvres through a generation buckling in civil war-generated chaos to keep her children and grandchildren safe. However, as her blond-tress-sporting rival, Cersei Lannister, notes in the observation which gave the series its name, if one plays the game of thrones one either wins or dies.

Whether Margaret did provide inspiration for Olenna or not, there's

Lady Olenna Tyrell, fiction's alleged Margaret Beaufort-inspired matriarch (Popsugar)

no denying that the Beauforts certainly exemplified the truth in Queen Cersei's brutal political bon-mot. The Beauforts were conjured into being by passion and nearly annihilated by politics. In the middle of the fourteenth century, King Edward III's gallant son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, began a lifelong love affair with Katherine Swynford, a beautiful commoner who was also sister-in-law to the acclaimed writer Geoffrey Chaucer. Katherine bore her royal love several bastards, given the name Beaufort, who were retrospectively legitimised after Prince John was widowed and the couple could at last marry. Crucially, this legitimisation expressly debarred the Beaufort children from the line of succession to the throne, a point vigorously stressed in the coming years by their mounting number of enemies.

Unsurprisingly, the Beauforts remained conspicuously loyal as their half-brother seized the throne as Henry IV in 1399. Their devotion to the House of Lancaster would endure for the rest of century until, 86 years later, they unexpectedly shoved it back onto the throne in collateral form. Very early on, they almost crossed swords, albeit by way of a pun than a battle, with their future relatives the Tudors, when young Edmund Beaufort was rumoured to be in love with Henry V's gorgeous widow, the Dowager Queen Catherine. Parliament made sure to introduce legislation preventing such a marriage and Edmund subsequently kept his distance, unintentionally leaving the path open for a much more shocking romance between the Queen and her Welsh servant. The Beauforts already had a crown in the family, by this stage, with Edmund's sister Lady Joan, becoming Queen of Scots through her marriage to King James I. This proximity to power

Joan, the Beaufort Queen of Scots

was not without pain. As the English empire in France imploded, one of the Beauforts, now Duke of Somerset, led King Henry VI's armies as they tried to hold onto the land slipping away through their fingers.

This Duke was the father of the family's most famous member, Lady Margaret. Violent splendour followed her from the cradle. Her idyllic childhood in Bedfordshire was overshadowed by the mysterious death of her father. I am convinced by the theory of Margaret's most recent biographer, Dr. Nicola Tallis, which confirms the contemporary suspicion that, in the aftermath of a military humiliation in France, "being unable to bear the stain of so great a disgrace, he accelerated his death by putting an end to his existence". Self-annihilation was a mortal sin and details of the Duke of Somerset's suicide were hushed up to enable his burial on consecrated ground, a process with which King Henry VI helped by diplomatically referring to the dead peer as "our cousin the Duke of Somerset [who] is now late passed to God's mercy".

Young Margaret tore herself away from her lessons in foreign languages, deportment, theology, and music to regularly attend Henry VI's court. There, she witnessed the Lancastrian monarchy enter freefall as Henry VI suffered a series of nervous breakdowns which enabled his kinsman, the Duke of York, to advance himself as a credible kingly alternative. The opening act to the Wars of the Roses was dramatic and brutal. Margaret's aforementioned husband, Edmund, died of plague in captivity, her child was taken from her, and he then had to be smuggled to the safety of exile in Europe. There was too much Lancastrian blood in the young Henry Tudor's veins for him to be safe in an England ruled by the House of York.

After Henry VI lost the throne for a second time, Margaret married a Yorkist and worked tirelessly to have her exiled son rehabilitated to royal favour. She, like everybody else, was taken aback by the York dynasty's astonishing self-annihilation with a series of coups and disappearances over the course of 1483 and 1484. By a process of almost unfathomable elimination, her son was now a viable contender for the throne. Having remained so loyal to him despite their separation, Margaret became the second lady of the regime he installed after he conquered the throne in 1485. Although his dynasty would bear the name Tudor, there is little doubt that the royal line that ruled from 1485 to 1603 was as much as product of the Beaufort blood as it was the Tudor tenacity.

GARETH RUSSELL

THOMAS WHITE STILL HAS A HANDSOME EFFIGY ON HIS TOMB IN ST MARY'S CHURCH IN TENBY

The Alliance of Margaret Beaufort and Wales

by Kyra Kramer

To be the son of Margaret Beaufort, and thus the heir of the Lancastrian faction in the English War of the Roses, was a dangerous thing. There is every chance that Henry Tudor, future King Henry VII, would have died while imprisoned in the Tower if he hadn't been lucky enough to be born Welsh as well as John of Gaunt's great-great-grandson. His mother, if her affection for Wales and its people is anything to go by, seems to have understood that and to have been grateful for it.

Henry Tudor's father, Edmund, was the son of Queen Catherine of Valois and a Welshman named Owen Tudor, a cousin of Owain Glyndŵr, the last true Prince of Wales. Edmund was the maternal half-brother of King Henry VI, and as a sign of his favour the king gave Edmund the hand of Margaret Beaufort in marriage. Margaret was not only a very wealthy heiress, she was a direct descendant of King Edward III. The bride was no older than 13 (and perhaps as young as 11) at the time of their nuptials, but the 25 year old Edmund immediately consummated the marriage, in spite of the social convention dictating he wait until the bride was at least in her mid-teens. Edmund didn't want to risk losing his heiress prize to another due to annulment, regardless of the physical risk to Margaret if she became pregnant so young. Her death in childbirth was a chance Edmund was willing to take, since her rich estates would become his if she should perish.

Ironically, it was Edmund who perished of disease while his young widow survived the birth of their son.

Margaret was too rich to be allowed to remain a widow, so she was married off to Henry Stafford, the heir of the Duke of Buckingham, and forced to leave her toddler son in the care of her brother-in-law, Jasper Tudor. Fortunately, Jasper was an excellent uncle, and appears to have loved little Henry Tudor

as though the boy were his own son. Unfortunately, Jasper became an exile with no way to protect his nephew when King Edward IV gained the crown in 1461. The new king gave Jasper's lands in Wales and the wardship of Henry Tudor to one of the Yorkist supporters, William Herbert, while Jasper was forced to flee to France. Jasper wasn't able to get Henry back until 1470, when King Henry VI returned briefly to the throne.

Jasper's peaceful reunion with his nephew did not last long. When King Edward IV came back into power only a year later, the newly re-crowned monarch sent men to fetch 14 year old Henry Tudor. In fairness, King Edward IV might not have had plans to harm the boy. He may have simply been taking precautions against leaving Henry running around loose as a possible spearhead for another Lancastrian rebellion. Jasper, however, couldn't take the chance that his nephew might 'accidentally' die in the Tower. He had to get himself and the boy to the safety of the French court. But how?

This is where it proved very beneficial to Henry Tudor that his grandfather had been a Welshman, and kin to Owain Glyndŵr. Jasper had been accepted as Earl of Pembroke by his Welsh tenants in a large part due to his blood ties to their country, and he had further endeared himself to the residents of his lands by his excellent leadership and care. For example, in 1457 the earl used his own funds to help fortify Tenby, a bustling sea port in Pembrokeshire, due to its economic importance to the area. In return for the earl's consideration, the men and women of Pembrokeshire proved themselves willing to put their lives to the hazard in order to keep Jasper and Henry Tudor out of the Yorkist king's grasp.

When the king's troops came seeking the earl and his nephew, the lord mayor of Tenby, Thomas White, hid Jasper and Harry Tudor in the tunnels under the town. Every single soul who knew of the Tudors' whereabouts kept silent about it, even though turning them in would have meant a sizable reward from a grateful King Edward IV. It was also Thomas White who provided a boat to smuggle Jasper and Henry out of Tenby harbour and get them on their way to France. Thomas White still has a handsome effigy on his tomb in St Mary's Church in Tenby to mark his importance to both his town and the Tudor reign.

Alas for the Tudors, their ship was blown off course to land in Brittany, where Henry and his uncle were held as quasi-prisoners by Duke Francis II for more than a decade. While King Edward IV lived, Henry Tudor was no real threat to the throne, and Duke Francis II merely used the potential inconvenience of his release to spur Edward into providing martial aid to Brittany against France. However, the Lancastrian scion became a major concern to King Richard III,

who had seen many of the former Yorkist allies turn against him after the disappearance of his nephews, the uncrowned King Edward V and Richard, Duke of York. Francis II began to bargain with King Richard to hand over Henry Tudor, but an attempt by one of the duke's retainers to give the Tudors to the new Yorkist king was thwarted by Lancastrian supporters in France. Jasper and Henry escaped to the court of King Charles III of France, where they schemed with Welsh rebels to overthrow the English monarch.

At this critical juncture, Margaret Beaufort (widowed once more and remarried to Thomas Stanley) also gained the help of the Welsh, in the form of her personal physician, Lewis of Caerleon. Lewis had also become the personal physician of Elizabeth Woodville, the widowed queen of Edward IV, on Margaret's recommendation, and now he used his position to pass rebellious letters between the two women. When their attempt to rescue the Princes in the Tower failed (because the boys were probably already dead), he helped them disseminate information and plot Buckingham's rebellion in 1483. This attempted coup failed, and Richard III discovered that Lewis of Caerleon had been helping Margaret Beaufort and Elizabeth Woodville communicate with the rebels. The king, understandably, had Lewis's goods and property confiscated and threw the physician into the Tower. Lewis would later note that he lost several mathematical and astronomical tables "through the plundering of King Richard"[1] during his imprisonment, but the good doctor was lucky he just lost some of his data, rather than his head.

As any Tudor history buff knows, Henry Tudor was eventually able to invade England at the head of a mixed company of French mercenaries and angry Welshmen, defeating Richard III on Bosworth Field in August of 1485. Once crowned, King Henry VII set about rewarding the mother and uncle who had done so much for him. He restored Jasper Tudor to his place as the Earl of Pembroke, as well as making him the Duke of Bedford, a Knight of the Garter, and Justice of South Wales. Margaret Beaufort was brought to the royal court, where she was referred to as My Lady the King's Mother. She was treated with deference, and was second only to the queen, Elizabeth of York. (Notwithstanding later historical speculation, there was no contemporary evidence that Margaret did not get along well with her daughter-in-law.) Margaret was also given the legal status of *femme sole*, which allowed her to own property independently of her husband and to initiate lawsuits without a male stand-in. She was even allowed to separate amicably from her last husband by taking a vow of chastity, and to set up her own household in Northampton,

1 Pearl Kibre in the journal Isis Vol. 43, No. 2:100-108

where she administered justice in the king's name over the Midlands and the North.

Henry VII also rewarded his Welsh supporters. One of the first things he did as king was to free Lewis of Caerleon from the Tower and provide him with an annuity of 40 marks per year. Henry VII additionally bestowed lands, titles, and governmental positions on Welshmen who had formerly been barred from having these honours under English law. On a larger scale, the king issued charters eradicating punitive tax burdens enacted on Wales by English occupation since King Edward I, and granting the Welsh their rights in English law courts. Although some anti-Welsh laws were never formally revoked -- such as the law forbidding an Englishman to marry a Welsh woman or the law prohibiting the sale of England land to a Welshman to buy land in England -- they were no longer enforced, and that was considered good enough for most people in Wales.[2]

The king's mother proved eager to show her gratitude to the Welsh as well. Margaret was instrumental in arranging marriages between her Lancastrian relatives and the Welsh peers who had supported her son, such as the union between her cousin Catherine St John and Sir Gruffydd ap Rhys. Additionally, she poured money into the construction of multiple churches and chapels in Wales, including St Mary the Virgin in Mold, St Peter's in Northop, All Saints in Gresford, and St Giles in Wrexham. She appears to have been particularly determined to build St Winifred's Chapel in Holywell, a site dedicated to one of the most influential Welsh saints in the Medieval period.

Margaret Beaufort's deep love for her only child, and her affection for her kind brother-in-law, seems to have kept her from ever resenting the early consummation of her marriage with Edmund Tudor. She remembered him fondly, even requesting that she be buried next to him at St David's Cathedral in Pembrokeshire.[3] However, her grandson, King Henry VIII, considered it more fitting that she be buried in state at Westminster Abbey near her son. It is a pity her request to be buried in St David's wasn't fulfilled, since it seems more fitting that her final resting place would lie beside the husband she loved in Wales, the country she seems to have held so dear in her heart.

2 Williams, Glanmore. 1987. *The Renewal and Reformation of Wales c. 1415 - 1642*. Oxford University Press. London and Oxford.

3 Breverton, Terry. 2016. *Henry VII: The Maligned Tudor King*. Amberly Publishing. Gloucester.

KYRA C. KRAMER

Medieval Tournaments

November's Guest Expert is

Dr. Emma Levitt

Susan Abernethy talks about...

JOAN BEAUFORT, QUEEN OF SCOTS

Joan Beaufort was the aunt of Margaret Beaufort, mother of King Henry VII. She would do her duty for her family by marrying for political reasons but her marriage would become one of the few royal romances. Joan was a worthy and able partner in helping James I rule his kingdom of Scotland and as acting regent for their son. However, her tenacity in clinging to her husband's policies would prove to be her downfall.

Joan was born c. 1404. Her mother was Margaret Holland, a half-niece of King Henry IV of England. Her father, John Beaufort, was the son of John of Gaunt, 1st Duke of Lancaster and Gaunt's longtime mistress Kathryn Swynford. Joan's brother John was the father of Margaret Beaufort. As a descendant of kings, Joan would have been considered a prestigious catch for whoever she married. We don't know much about Joan's childhood but she probably received the typical education for a well-born lady of her time.

At the time of Joan's birth, the country of Scotland was experiencing a period of lawlessness. The Stewart king Robert III feared for the safety of his eleven-year-old son and heir James and decided to send him to France in February of 1406. Robert III died shortly after this and his brother, the Duke of Albany took control of the government. Young James' ship was captured by pirates. When the pirates realized how valuable their hostage was, they took him to King Henry IV of England.

Henry gave the pirates the ship and decided James didn't need to go to France to be educated. He had James locked in the Tower of London where he remained as a hostage for eighteen years. The terms of his captivity were mild. He received

Church of Saint Mary Overy
(now Southwark Cathedral)

an education and travelled with the court, learning government and administration. While there he met and fell in love with Joan. We know this because he wrote a poem, "The Kingis Quair" (The Kings Book) about his captivity. He mentions seeing a beautiful lady outside his prison window, describing her as fair and blond. This was a conventional scenario for poetry at the time so we don't really know if this actually happened. But the couple certainly met, possibly at court, and there appears to have been a mutual affection.

Joan's family realized the political advantages in her marrying the King of Scots and began working to persuade the government of King Henry VI to release James from his imprisonment. On August 19, 1423, an embassy arrived from Scotland to negotiate James' freedom. By early December, a treaty was finalized in London that included James' marriage to Joan. A 60,000 merks ransom was to be paid by Scotland to England for James' release in four instalments. Joan's dowry of 10,000 merks was deducted from the ransom. Twenty-one Scottish hostages were sent to England as surety for the ransom.

On February 2, 1424, Joan and James were married at the Church of Saint Mary Overy (now Southwark Cathedral). Wedding festivities were hosted by Joan's uncle, Cardinal Henry Beaufort at Winchester and then the couple travelled north to Scotland. Scottish nobles met them at York to escort them home. On March 28 at Durham, James signed a pact for a seven-year truce with England.

Joan and James were crowned at Scone Abbey on May 21, 1424. By Christmas, Joan had given birth to her first child, a daughter named Margaret. There is very little record of Joan for several years, other than the birth of her children. There were three more daughters before Joan gave birth to twin boys Alexander and James in October of 1430. Alexander died shortly after but James was to survive. Then two more daughters were born.

When James returned to rule, some powerful men in Scotland were executed as a show of force and to make clear his intention to have a centralized government with himself at its head. He embarked on a program to establish the Scottish court on a European model. Joan and James spent extravagantly on luxuries like clothing, tapestries, furnishings, and jewellery while making the palace of Linlithgow into a showcase to impress ambassadors and visitors. This also allowed them to emphasize their royal statues with their subjects. In addition, they spent lavishly on artillery, particularly

cannon from the Low Countries to make an impression on rival rulers and intimidate potential aggressors.

In 1428 and in 1435, James went to visit the north of his kingdom and he made the nobles swear fealty to Joan in the event something happened to him. James attempted to maintain a centralized authority but it was extremely difficult. Power in the Lowlands was stable but the Highlands and Islands maintained their autonomy. In foreign policy, he demonstrated he would not follow English policies and renewed the Auld Alliance with France four years after his return from England. He secured the alliance with the marriage of his daughter Margaret to the French Dauphin Louis in 1436. His daughter Isabella married Francis, Duke of Brittany in 1442 and his daughter Eleanor married Sigismund, archduke of Austria in 1449 after her father's death. All this secured Scotland's international standing in the courts of continental Europe.

James' policies created distrust and worry over his intentions. Joan was openly an ardent supporter of her husband's policies. Disgruntled nobles began plotting the Kings' death. Robert Graham and a group of armed men, including servants of the late Duke of Albany named Thomas and Christopher Chambers, along with the two Barclay brothers of Tentsmuir, entered the King's chambers in the Blackfriars monastery at Perth on February 20, 1437.

The commotion of the intruders raised the alarm and allowed the king to hide. He climbed into a sewer pipe, the outlet of which had recently been blocked off so tennis balls from the king's court would not escape. The intruders found James and entered the sewer pipe. He fought bravely but was outnumbered and forced to succumb. He was stabbed about fifty times.

In order to carry out their plans, the men needed to kill the Queen too. Joan was wounded in the shoulder in the attack but managed to escape and survive. She succeeded in quickly sending word to Edinburgh to keep her son James safe, removing his current governor and replacing him with someone she trusted. She gathered around her some powerful men and called for the apprehension and arrest of those guilty of her husband's murder. She appeared as a valiant figure, the tragic widow with visible physical wounds from the attempt on her life. Joan had the slaughtered body of the King publicly displayed before he was buried in the Carthusian priory in Perth. The papal nuncio was in Perth and declared the King had died a martyr. When Joan reached Edinburgh, she realized it was too dangerous to go to Scone for

a coronation as it was too near Perth. Her son James II was crowned at Holyrood Abbey on March 25, 1437.

Her husband's assassins were hunted down and, some say, tortured on Joan's orders. They were then executed. Joan was given custody of the king and his sisters by Parliament and she also received an allowance and was ordered to live in Stirling Castle. A designated council was formed to advise her. Not long after, a power struggle began between the Crichtons and the Livingstons for the king's person and for supremacy. Joan could only look on helplessly and began to look for protection. She found it in the form of James Stewart, the Black Knight of Lorne. They were married in June of 1439.

Sir Alexander Livingston had Joan and her new husband and his brother imprisoned but by September 4, an agreement called "the Appointment" was negotiated and Joan and her husband were released. Livingston was given custody of James II but Joan was allowed access to her son. Joan was relegated to the role of taking care of her children and her political career was over.

Joan had three more sons with Stewart. The struggles between Livingston and Crichton continued until James reached his majority in 1444. James was in the hands of Livingston and Queen Joan sided with Crichton and James Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews. Civil war ensued. In July of 1445, the Black Knight was arraigned before Parliament for verbally disparaging the government. Joan took shelter in Dunbar Castle which was promptly besieged by Livingston. The Queen and the keeper of the castle, Adam Hepburn of Hailes defended the castle as best they could. But Joan died during the siege on July 15, 1445.

Joan's body was removed to Perth to be buried beside her husband in the Charterhouse. The royal tomb was destroyed during the Scottish Reformation in 1559. After Joan's death, the Black Knight took their sons to England. There is some evidence he was alive and acting as an ambassador for his stepson James II in 1454.

SUSAN ABERNETHY

Further reading

"The Kings and Queens of Scotland" edited by Richard Oram
"British Kings and Queens" by Mike Ashley
"Scottish Queens – 1034-1714" by Rosalind K. Marshall
"The House of Beaufort: The Bastard Line That Captured the Crown" by Nathan Amin
Entry on Joan [née Joan Beaufort] in the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography written by M.H. Brown

Henry VII's claim to the throne is often described as weak at best, with the illegitimacy of his line cited as good reason for him being entirely unfit to take the throne. But how much do you know about his ancestry?

CATHERINE BROOKS

1. Margaret Beaufort, Henry's mother, had four husbands. What were their names?

_____ _____ _____ _____

2. What relation to Henry VII was King Henry VI? _____

3. How did Owen Tudor, Henry's paternal grandfather, die?

_____

4. Slain at Tewkesbury in 1471, what was the Christian name and title of Henry's cousin? _____

5. Which French Monarch was Henry's great-great-grandfather?

_____

6. Which very famous monarch was Henry's great-great-great-grandfather?

_____

7. John of Gaunt, Henry's great-great-grandfather, had 3 wives, the last of whom he married after their children had been born. Who was this final wife? _____

8. In what year were their children legitimised, in both canon and civil law?

_____

9.Henry's great-great-aunt, Joan, married into which influential family, that later became more synonymous the House of York?

_____

10. Henry's great aunt, Joan, married which Scottish monarch?

_____

"QUIZ ANSWERS" on page 77

The triple tomb
of
Margaret Holland

LAUREN BROWNE EXAMINES

An Unusual Tomb

The Triple Tomb of John Beaufort, 1st Earl of Somerset, Margaret Holland, and Thomas, Duke of Clarence

John Beaufort, 1st Earl of Somerset (c. 1371 – 1410), was the first child of John of Gaunt and Kathryn Swynford, Gaunt's then mistress and later wife. Around the time John was declared legitimate by papal bull in 1396, and royal charter in 1397, he married Margaret Holland, the daughter of Thomas Holland, fifth earl of Kent. The couple had six children, including Henry, 2nd Earl of Somerset, John, 1st Duke of Somerset and father to Margaret Beaufort, and Joan, who married James I of Scotland. Following the deposition of Richard II, John Beaufort became a staunch supporter of his half-brother Henry IV. He became a leading figure at court, serving as Chancellor from 1399, and as Captain of Calais from 1401 until his death. He was suddenly taken ill during Parliament in 1410, and subsequently died in the Hospital of St Katherine at the Tower on 16th March. John's wife, Margaret, married Thomas, duke of Clarence and the second son of Henry IV, within nine months of his death. This union did not result in any issue. Margaret survived her second husband by eighteen years, and withdrew from public life after his death at the battle of Baugé in March 1421.

Margaret Holland was an extremely wealthy widow. She had inherited a fifth of the revenues of the Kent estates following the deaths of her two brothers in 1400 and 1408. She also retained a third of John Beaufort's estates after their eldest son, Henry, reached maturity. At the time of her death, her annual income was around £1000.[1] Margaret vowed not to remarry following the death of her second

1 ODNB

husband, and withdrew from public life for her final eighteen years. She was a patron of the Bridgettine monastery of Syon near Isleworth in Middlesex. She lived close to the abbey, and donated bibles, hosted priests in her home, and was admitted to the fraternity in 1429.[2]

Margaret began to make her burial arrangements during her lifetime, as was common for the nobility of the period. Both of Margaret's husbands had been buried in Canterbury Cathedral, but there are no records to suggest that either of them had a tomb before her death.[3] Margaret had paid for the rebuilding on the 11th century St Michael's chapel in the cathedral, and left specific instructions that she, along with both of her husbands, should be buried there.[4] Upon her death, just eleven days after the completion of the chapel, Somerset and Clarence were reinterred with Margaret. This triple tomb still stands in the centre of the chapel and features alabaster effigies and an ornate tomb chest.

Tomb effigies had first appeared in the late 12th and early 13th centuries. Henry I's tomb is the first known example of a royal effigy in England, although it is not clear whether it was dated from 12th century or was a later addition.[5] The earliest surviving examples of effigies of kings of England are Henry II and Richard I in Fontevrault Abbey, in Anjou, and have been dated to around 1200.[6] Throughout the thirteenth century, 'the presence of lay effigies became increasingly common', as the importance of remembering the dead became a greater concern during this century.[7] Purgatory, the place where souls go to be cleansed of sins before entering heaven, was conceptualised as a definitive place within Christian theology between 1170 and 1180, and its popularity grew rapidly.[8] The physical embodiment of the deceased reminded those who viewed the effigy to pray for them, and thus lessen their sufferings in Purgatory. The monuments did not just represent the deceased, they also 'indicated their social and economic status,' and were usually painted with rich, bold colours that would have 'enhanced the impact of these monuments.'[9]

The effigy of Margaret lies between her husbands, with Beaufort to

2 ODNB

3 Mark Duffy, *Royal Tomb of Medieval England,* (Stroud, 2003), pp. 223-4.

4 St. Michael's chapel is now more commonly known as the Warrior Chapel or Buff's Chapel. Though public access to the chapel is prohibited, visitors can view the tombs through the chapel gates.

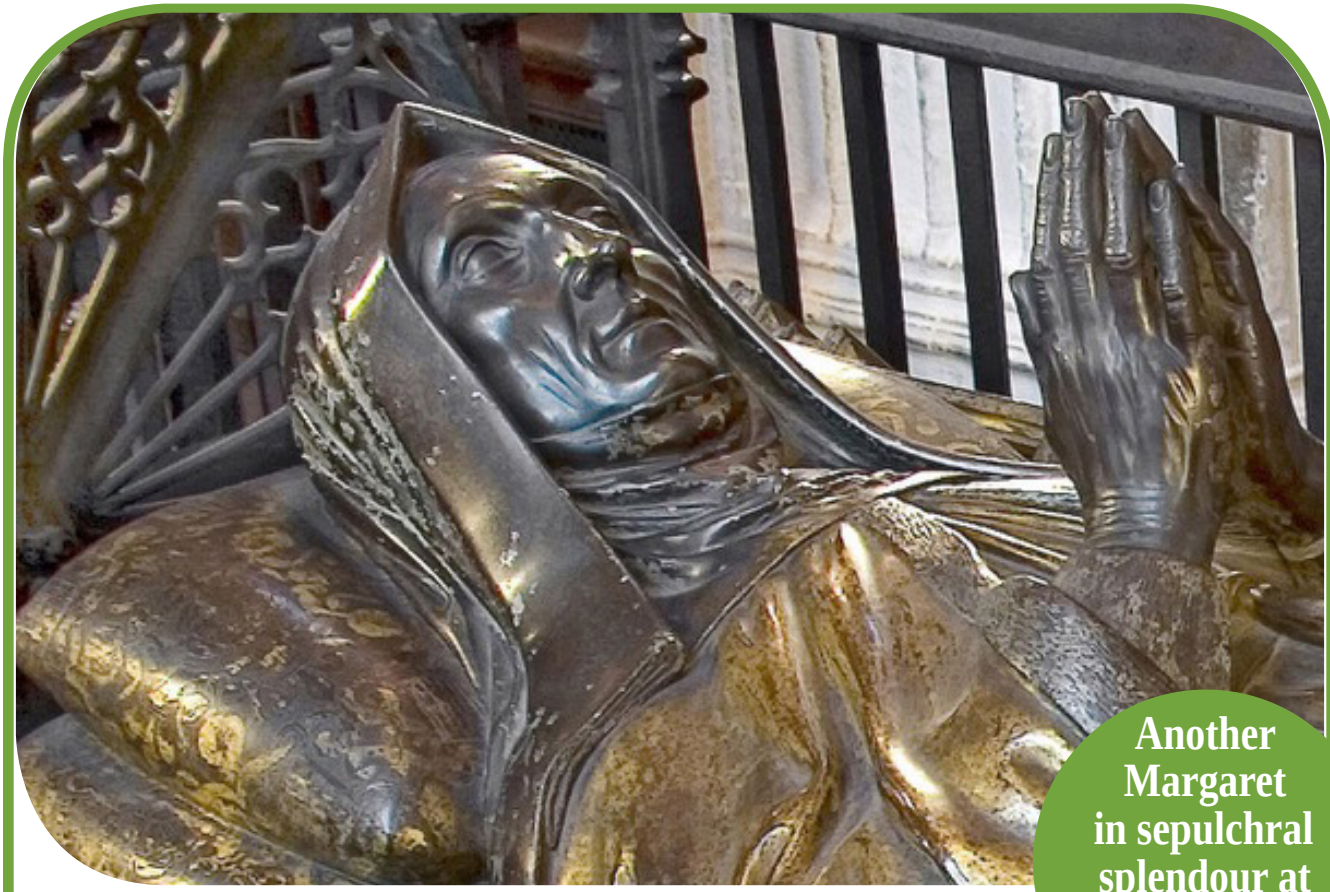
5 Mark Duffy, *Royal Tombs,* p. 25, A discussion surrounding the arguments concerning the date of the effigy and the burial of Henry I can be found in; Julian M. Luxford, 'The tomb of King Henry I at Reading Abbey: New Evidence Concerning its Appearance and the Date of its Effigy,' *Reading Medieval Studies,* vol. xxx, (2004)

6 Mark Duffy, *Royal Tombs,* p. 60

7 Christopher Daniel, *Death and Burial in Medieval England 1066-1550,* (London, 1997), p. 184

8 *ibid.,* p. 175

9 *ibid.,* p. 153



Another Margaret in sepulchral splendour at Westminster Abbey

the left and Clarence to the right. All three of the figures have their hands clasped in prayer. Somerset and Clarence are depicted in armour which was the style in the 1440s, rather than when they died. They look similar, though Somerset's face is more lined and he slightly shorter than Clarence. Their footrests clearly denote their identity through the use of heraldry; Somerset has an eagle and Clarence a greyhound. Both wear collars of esses, heraldic collars which at the time were used as a badge for the House of Lancaster. Today, Margaret's effigy does not feature a similar collar. This is unusual as she was a senior member of the Lancastrian aristocracy, although holes around her neck denote the presence of decorative features no longer extant. The presence of Margaret's collar of esses is further evidenced by a drawing of the effigies made my Wenceslaus Hollar in the 1630s.[10] Margaret's effigy features a ducal coronet to establish her position as Duchess of Clarence, a jewelled crespine headdress and a shoulder-length veil. She is dressed in a tunic, surcoat and mantle which would have been typical for the period.[11]

The triple tomb is certainly peculiar, as though it was common for aristocratic widows to remarry, women were generally co-opted into funerary monuments of one of

10 Matthew Ward, *The Livery Collar in Late Medieval England and Wales: Politics, Identity, and affinity,* (Woodbridge, 2016), p. 8.

11 Duffy, *Royal Tombs,* p. 226.

their husbands.[12] Occasionally, they were depicted alone. 'The tomb of Margaret Holland is the earliest surviving example of a memorial commissioned by a wife for herself and her two husbands, the duchess overturning the testamentary desires of her spouses in order to make them appendages to her funerary scheme.'[13] The tomb dominates the chapel and, at the time of its erection, displaced older monuments due to its size and grandeur. The tomb chest and effigy of Archbishop Stephen Langton (d. 1228) had to be moved to a peculiar position where only the feet are protruding and the upper body is obscured inside the wall, to accommodate the triple tomb chest.

This ornate tomb set the precedence for future generations of the Beaufort family. John Beaufort, 1st duke of Somerset, and his wife Margaret Beauchamp are depicted in Wimborne Minster, Dorset. Perhaps the most well-known Beaufort tomb is that of Henry VII's mother Margaret, which was erected in the Lady Chapel of Westminster Abbey. The fashion for tomb effigies waned in the later early modern period, although there are some 20th century examples. Although the triple tomb of Margaret Holland and her husbands is perhaps one of the most unusual extant today.

LAUREN BROWNE

12 This was the case for Margaret Beauchamp, the wife of John, 1st Duke of Somerset and the son of John Beaufort and Margaret Holland. Although Margaret Beauchamp was not buried alongside her first husband, his tomb, in Wimborne Minster, features effigies of the couple with their right hands clasped together.

13 Jessica Barker, '*"Grete sadnesse and womanhood": The Tomb of Margaret Holland and her Two Husbands at Canterbury Cathedral,'* a paper presented to The International Congress on Medieval Studies, Kalamazoo, Michigan, (2014), p. 1.

THE TUDOR SOCIETY

Members' Bulletin

Hi members!

I wanted to give a huge thank you to all the members we have. Some are long term, some have been with us since day one! And others are joining us for the very first time. You are welcome, wherever you come from in the world. We all share a passion for Tudor history.

Now, this led me on to thinking about where the Tudor Society members actually come from, and you may find this interesting... a full ⅔ of our members are based in the United States of America. The next largest membership comes from the United Kingdom, which you would expect, and that's closely followed by our friends in Australia, Canada and the rest of the world. It's wonderful to see that Tudor history brings so many people together from so many different backgrounds and countries.

From the outset, we made the Tudor Society as a way for people to be able to share thoughts and ideas with like-minded people, and to allow everyone to see and experience Tudor places and experts. I hope we're doing okay with that.

As always - if you have any ideas or thoughts you would like to share, we're here to listen: info@tudorsociety.com

Tim Ridgway


MARGARET
TUDOR
Queen of Scotland
by
Daniel
Mytens

SARAH-BETH WATKINS

A FAREWELL AT COLLYWESTON

Lady Margaret Beaufort was amongst many other things a grandmother to Henry, Mary and Margaret – the Tudor siblings, children of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York. On 2 February 1503 their mother went into premature labour with her eighth child whilst at the Tower of London. Elizabeth had the most arduous and painful labour but was finally delivered of a baby daughter, Katherine. Nine days later she was dead probably from postpartum infection. Henry VII was inconsolable and shut himself away from his court to grieve in private. The death of their mother came at a time when the eldest surviving Tudor child Margaret was preparing for her marriage to James IV, King of Scotland. The ever efficient Lady Beaufort stepped into the breach and now had to take charge of her granddaughter's departure.

At court she organised the making of the Princess Margaret's trousseau. She oversaw the needlewomen and embroiderers who made, amongst others, regal purple and cloth of gold gowns and kirtles, smocks, petticoats and hose with shoes to match. Green and black livery was needed for the litter-bearers and green cloth of gold and white uniforms for the footmen. There was the packing to arrange, the supplies needed for the journey and the princess's personal possessions. With that in order, Lady Margaret Beaufort needed to prepare her home at Collyweston, her favourite residence, for her granddaughter's arrival – the place where they would say their goodbyes and Margaret would travel on to her new destiny.

Collyweston Palace was near Stamford in Northamptonshire, an area Lady Beaufort knew well. The first manor house had been built there by the Porter family. Ralph, Lord Cromwell had built a more substantial building there before it came into Lady Beaufort's possession around 1486/7. Lady Beaufort changed the once simple manor house into a palace fit for a queen – some believe it may even been as large as Hampton Court palace - with a 'chapel (an inventory lists 19 surpluses for children and 24 for men), library, counting-house, great parlour, Queen's chamber, guest-chambers, a jewel-house, vestry, wardrobe of the beds, wardrobe of robes, spicery, brewery, bake-house, pastrye kitchen and scollere, a skaldyng-house, wette larder, and many other rooms, besides a clock-house in the great tower'. Her own rooms were

decorated with Tudor roses and her portcullis badge.

No plans or images survive of what must have been a grand palace to rival those in London but it is known to have had a magnificent gatehouse, three courtyards and Counting House. Collyweston was not just a home for Lady Margaret but the centre of administration in the Midlands where the king's mother undertook her role as dispenser of justice. To that end Collyweston Palace also had a Council chamber and prison.

But work would stop whilst Princess Margaret was in residence. Lady Beaufort had spent months overseeing her plans for her granddaughter's arrival. She would have to cater for the huge entourage that would accompany her granddaughter to Scotland that included the Earl of Surrey, Treasurer of England, and his wife, the Countess of Surrey, who would act as Margaret's chaperone. A new guest house with bay windows overlooking the gardens had been built for the occasion, the chapel had been redecorated, the gardens and ponds tidied and a summerhouse installed for their pleasure. Margaret was 'very nobly accompanied, in fair order and array, of the said Lords, Knights, Ladies and others' and they needed entertaining and feeding.

Henry VII escorted Margaret to her grandmother's home where she stayed until 8 July. It was a busy time at Collyweston where Lady Beaufort put on many entertainments including hunting and hawking and a choir that sang in the woods. She was known to employ local people who spent the next two weeks cooking, baking, cleaning and catering to the needs of the nobility. These were precious last days together as a family because for all they knew they would never see Princess Margaret again once she began her new life in Scotland. Lady Beaufort spent many happy hours with the princess, guiding her along the new walkways in the gardens, showing off her magnificent palace and more than likely allaying her granddaughter's fears for the future.

She arranged a magnificent send-off in the Great Hall when Henry VII gave his daughter a final blessing and a beautifully illuminated *Book of Hours*. Inside he had written 'Remember yr kynde and loving fader in y good prayers'. Then further in the book, on the blank page opposite prayers for December, he wrote 'Pray for your louving fader, that gave you thys booke, and I gyve you at all tymes godd's blessyng and myne. HENRY R'. Lady Margaret must have given her own gifts too although sadly none are recorded.

Lady Beaufort said her own farewells to her granddaughter as the princess embarked on her slow journey northwards that would take over a month to reach its destination. Her time at Collyweston had passed without fault but now it was in disarray and it took days to return to normal. Henry VII stayed on for

a while before returning to London and Lady Beaufort continued her work there for some time but in her later years she too would spend more time in London.

Sadly there is nothing left of Collyweston and even its exact location is debated. After Lady Margaret Beaufort died in 1509, the house stood empty until Henry VIII gifted it to his illegitimate son, Henry Fitzroy. The king stayed there briefly with Catherine Howard on that fateful progress that would end with her death. Elizabeth I is known to have visited once but it was dismantled in 1640 by the Heath family and later bought by Peter Tryon, who built a new house on the site of the palace. His family lived there until 1778 when it was demolished. Ongoing research by the local Collyweston Historical & Preservation Society is being undertaken to find out more about Lady Margaret Beaufort's magnificent palace.

SARAH-BETH WATKINS

Sarah-Beth Watkins grew up in Richmond, Surrey and began soaking up history from an early age. Her love of writing has seen her articles published in various publications over the past twenty years.
These are some of her Tudor books.

Cate Blanchett as
Queen Elizabeth

Elizabeth - The Golden Age

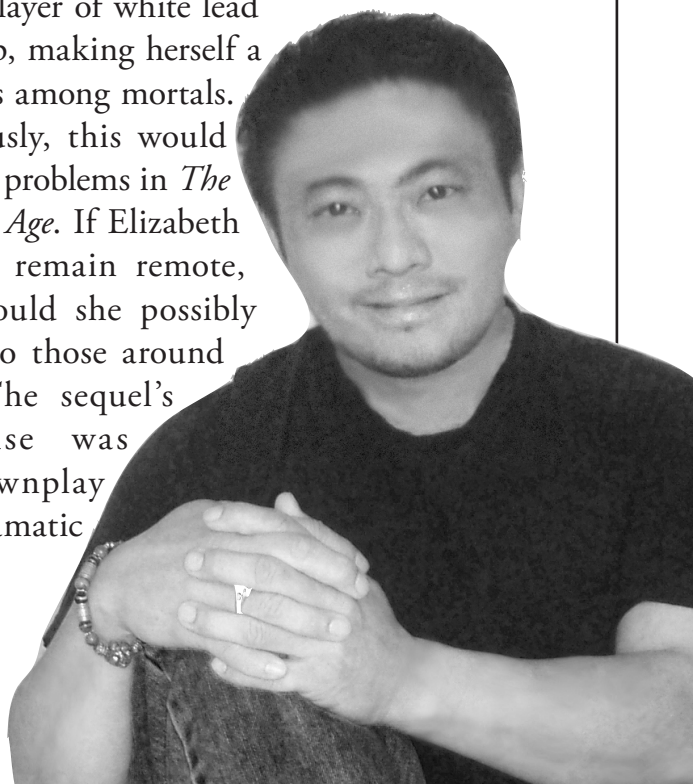
by Roland Hui

Upon its release in 1998, the motion picture *Elizabeth* was met with much acclaim and strong box office. Many critics praised the film's fresh approach to the life of Queen Elizabeth I of England as interpreted by Indian filmmaker Shekhar Kapur. As an 'exciting conspiracy thriller',[1] *Elizabeth* did much to revive interest in Tudor themed movies, a genre which had run out of steam by the time the largely forgotten *Lady Jane* was made in 1986.

Being so well received - it was even nominated for an Academy Award for Best Picture[2] - it was inevitable that a sequel would be made. What was surprising was that it would take nine years. In the meantime, Australian actress Cate Blanchett, who was launched into international stardom by *Elizabeth*, had gone on to do a number of films, even winning an Oscar along the way.[3]

As *Elizabeth* had done so much for her career, Blanchett agreed to reprise the title role in *Elizabeth - The Golden Age* as the sequel came to be called. As she told the press, she wanted to revisit the character of Elizabeth Tudor as to 'go deeper into it'.[4] Joining Blanchett again were Geoffrey Rush as her spymaster and advisor Sir Francis Walsingham, and Shekhar Kapur who was signed to direct again.

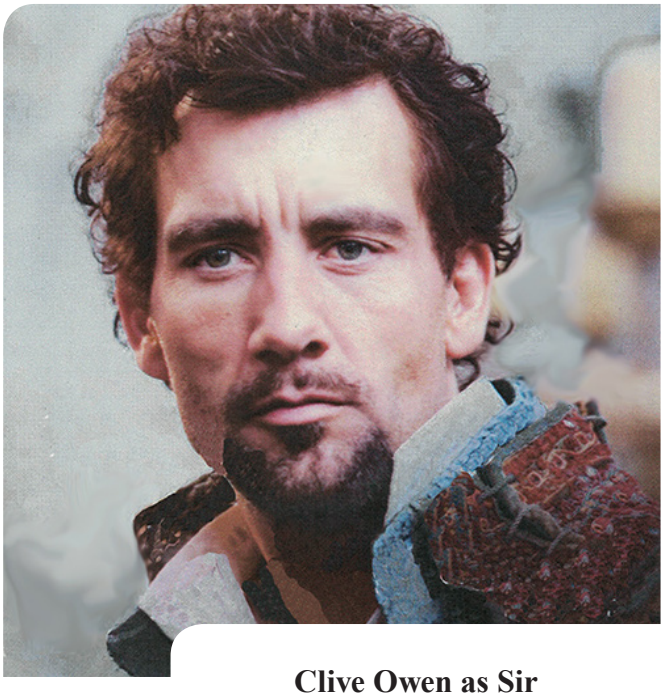
Even with these familiar faces brought on again, a challenge faced by the filmmakers was in continuity. In the earlier movie, Elizabeth, knowing that she could only rule effectively as an unfeeling icon of State, and not as a human being with emotions, reinvented herself as the 'Virgin Queen'. She chopped off her hair and covered her face with a layer of white lead makeup, making herself a goddess among mortals. Obviously, this would present problems in *The Golden Age*. If Elizabeth was to remain remote, how could she possibly relate to those around her? The sequel's response was to downplay her dramatic



metamorphosis. In *The Golden Age*, her white make-up was toned down, and in many scenes it was even dropped completely. At the same time, her manner was much less aloof as was depicted in the closing sequence of *Elizabeth*. Far from being detached, the Queen, for instance, has a close attachment to her lady-in-waiting Bess Throckmorton (Abbie Cornish). She even has a sense of humour. When told that a colony has been founded in her honour named 'Virginia', Elizabeth jokes that were she to marry, it would have to be renamed 'Conjugia'.

Not only did Elizabeth undergo a transformation, so did Francis Walsingham. In *Elizabeth*, he was a mysterious, even somewhat sinister character. Moving in international circles, Walsingham was a proficient spy and assassin. He was also seductive. After getting the Queen's enemy Marie de Guise (Fanny Ardant) in bed with him, he murders her. However, by the time the second film was made, Walsingham was far less impressive a figure. Elizabeth, who formerly gave the impression that she was in awe of him, and perhaps a little afraid of him too, now treats Walsingham as a curmudgeon and as a tiresome old fool. In one early scene, the Queen even gives him a slap on the head after he annoys her with his badgering that she must marry. He is even made fun of as when Elizabeth has him eat a raw potato, a novelty introduced to her court from the Americas. That Walsingham was in a decline was admitted to by Geoffrey Rush. "[He] was now getting old and losing his edge", the actor said. "Acute errors of judgment from Walsingham would cause Elizabeth to make decisions that she would regret".[5]

A notable absentee in *The Golden Age* was actor Joseph Fiennes, who had played the Queen's lover Robert Dudley. *Elizabeth* had effectively killed off his character. In its ending, it was mentioned that the Queen, because of his betrayal of her in dabbling in treason, 'never saw Dudley in private' again. With him completely



Clive Owen as Sir Walter Raleigh

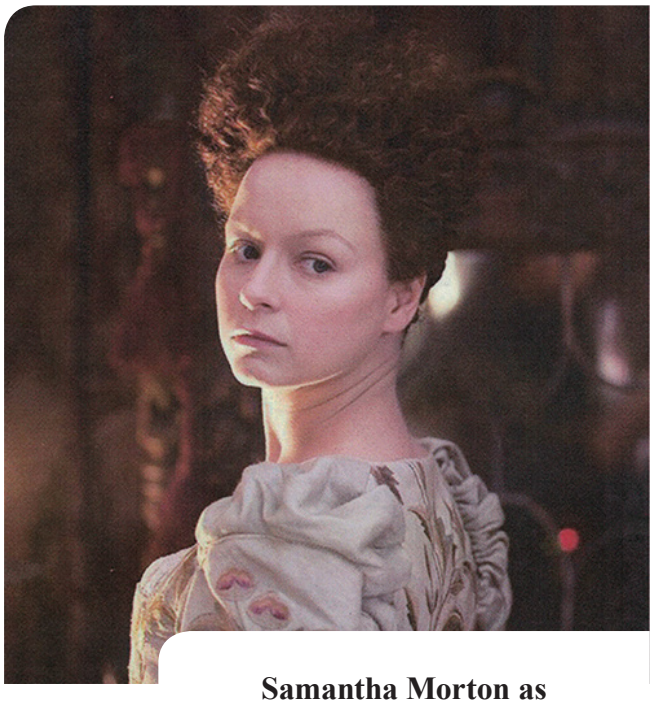
excised in the second film, actor Clive Owen was cast as Sir Walter Raleigh as a substitute for Elizabeth's affections. Even though she had purposely assumed the role of the Virgin Queen in the first movie, in *The Golden Age*, Elizabeth still entertains proposals of marriage. Since she is allowed a romantic life again, she begins to fall for Sir Walter with his good looks and swagger. Despite being cool to him during a recreation of the famous puddle incident, she is obviously attracted to him. As Cate Blanchett explained it, "As cultured, intelligent, and well-read as she was, Elizabeth never left the shores of England. In walks a hero who has discovered a new world, who has literally travelled to the end of the world, as the world was depicted then. I think that's incredibly exciting for her. Finally, she may have met her match".[6] But being Queen that she is, Elizabeth cannot surrender to her passions. So instead, she has Bess cozy up to him, allowing Elizabeth to live vicariously through her. But things go awry when Bess and Raleigh fall in love, provoking the sexually frustrated Queen to jealousy.

Apart from matters of the heart, Elizabeth had to contend with matters of State. In keeping with the first film as a 'conspiracy thriller', the Queen is surrounded by threats. As Walsingham continually warns her, she is in danger from her cousin, the Catholic Mary Queen of Scots (Samantha Morton).[7] Since her captivity in England, she has been ceaselessly plotting to unseat her Protestant cousin. Only when Mary is linked to an attempt on her life by Sir Anthony Babington (Eddie Redmayne) does Elizabeth reluctantly puts her to death.

But as Walsingham discovers to his horror, the Scottish Queen was a dupe. The assassination was meant to fail, leading to her execution. With Elizabeth killing her cousin, the zealously Catholic King Philip of Spain (Jordi Mollà) who had masterminded the Babington Plot, has the excuse he needs to declare war. He builds a great fleet of ships - the Spanish Armada - to invade England. But Elizabeth, despite her fears, is up to the challenge. She rouses her troops at Tilbury, and at the decisive sea battle, witnesses the destruction of the Armada.

In overseeing the ruin of her enemies, Elizabeth has become transcendent, according to Shekhar Kapur. Dressed in virginal white and surveying the battle from a hilltop, it seemed as if the Queen was literally willing wind and water to sink the Armada. This theme of divinity was one Kapur was interested in exploring in making the movie. "What do you do with power," he asks, "when it becomes absolute"?[8] For Elizabeth, her life's purpose as Queen was to achieve immortality. "With the impending threat of a Spanish invasion, she is forced to make a choice", Kapur said. "To become Philip's equal, she must sacrifice her own human needs and embrace the Divine. In doing so, Elizabeth enters the Golden Age".[9]

The Golden Age enjoyed modest commercial success, but critics were less favourable to it than they were to *Elizabeth*.



Samantha Morton as Mary, Queen of Scots

Reviews were generally mixed to negative, with disapproval - not unexpectedly - directed at historical inaccuracies. One point of contention was Walter Raleigh's role during the Armada. Historically, he was not at the battle, but in the film, he was front and centre as its swash buckling hero. He even saves the day by setting his ship on fire and steering it into the hapless Spanish fleet. Another criticism was directed towards the Armada speech. Instead of the famous text, an entirely newly written one was read out by Elizabeth, dressed in male armour looking like an English Joan of Arc.

There was also some controversy as to its representation of Catholicism. In the movie, as personified by King Philip, it was a faith based wholly on bigotry and fanaticism it seemed. One critic, writing for *The National Catholic Register*, expressed his irritation that *The Golden Age* had 'more sustained Church-bashing than any other film I can think of".[10] However, Shekhar Kapur defended his film. His intention, the director said, was not to bash the Catholic religion, but fanaticism in whatever belief system it may be found.[11] Producer Tim

Bevan echoed this sentiment when he said that his team wanted to create a work 'that spoke to a contemporary audience'. By this he meant that Philip's determination to wage 'holy war' would be a concept familiar to us living in a post 9/11 world.

Despite some disparagement, *The Golden Age* received praise. Cate Blanchett was lauded for her performance, and she was nominated for an Academy Award for portraying Elizabeth I again. The movie was also commended for its handsome production values. Scenes were filmed on location at Ely Cathedral, Westminster Cathedral, Hatfield House, and the University of Cambridge for example. For other interior shots, large elaborate sets were created by production designer Guy Dyas at Shepperton Studios in Surrey. While the majority were admittedly fanciful rather than realistic as pertaining to the 16th century, they did evoke the grandeur of the Elizabethan world. *The Golden Age*'s costumes were also noteworthy. Designer Alexandra Byrne, who had previously worked on *Elizabeth*, did so again for the sequel. This time around, her creations, especially for Cate Blanchett, were even more elaborate, incorporating a multitude of silks, velvets, laces, feathers, flowers, and crystals. Her inspiration, Byrne said, came from the Spanish design house Balenciaga. "This was my inspiration for 'couture meets Elizabeth', and my starting point for *The Golden Age"*, she was quoted as saying.[12] For her stunning work, Byrne won an Oscar.

ROLAND HUI

1. Wolfgang Dios, 'Preview: Elizabeth', *Tribute*, 1998, p. 10.
2. At the 71st Academy Awards, *Elizabeth* was also nominated for Best Actress, Best Art Direction, Best Cinematography, Best Costume Design, and Best Original Dramatic Score. It did win for Best Makeup.
3. For playing Katharine Hepburn in *The Aviator* (2004).
4. 'The Reign Continues: Making Elizabeth - The Golden Age' on *Elizabeth: The Golden Age* DVD.
5. *Elizabeth: The Golden Age*, publicity book. Designed by Bow Wow International, 2007.
6. ibid.
7. It should be mentioned that the Scottish accent, as opposed to a French one, that Samantha Morton used in the film is historically accurate. While Mary's formative years were spent in France, an envoy who met her in 1569, described Mary as having a 'pretty Scotch accent'.
8. ibid.
9. ibid.
10. Steven D. Greydanus. 'Elizabeth: The Golden Age (2007)', *National Catholic Register*: http://www.decentfilms.com/reviews/elizabeth2
11. 'The Reign Continues: Making Elizabeth - The Golden Age' on *Elizabeth: The Golden Age* DVD.
12. *Elizabeth: The Golden Age*, publicity book. Designed by Bow Wow International, 2007.

Roland Hui received his degree in Art History from Concordia University in Canada. After completing his studies, he went on to work in Interpretive Media for California State Parks, The U.S. Forest Service, and The National Park Service

Roland has written for 'Renaissance Magazine' and regularly writes for 'Tudor Life Magazine'. He is the author of *The Turbulent Crown: The Story of the Tudor Queens* and blogs about 16th century English art and personalities at 'Tudor Faces' **(tudorfaces.blogspot.com).**

Portsmouth's Mary Rose invites you to celebrate diversity with The Many Faces of Tudor England exhibition

The Mary Rose Museum
Portsmouth Historic Dockyard

As part of a revitalised offer for Portsmouth Historic Dockyard, the Mary Rose is delighted to announce the continuation of *The Many Faces of Tudor England* exhibition.

In light of the ongoing conversations tackling racial inequalities within society, the Mary Rose felt *The Many Faces of Tudor England* exhibition has a role to play within this conversation. It encourages visitors to explore how diverse Tudor England was.

Were the crew of the *Mary Rose* white Englishmen or did diversity reign on board Henry VIII's favourite warship? What did they look like? Where were they born and what was their genetic heritage? *The Many Faces of Tudor England* exhibition explores the latest scientific and genealogical findings into the crew of the *Mary Rose*. Through interactive screens, documentary footage, print material and a reproduction of an intriguing crew member nicknamed Henry - the exhibition helps us answer important questions about the crew. Pioneering and internationally recognised historian, writer and presenter, Dr Onyeka Nubia (FRHisS) says '*The Many Faces of Tudor England* — helps us see another England, whose faces we do not know, whose voices we have never heard and whose stories have been forgotten. It is an England that is closer and further away from our perceptions and polemics, and it is absolutely fascinating.'

The discoveries point to a much more multicultural crew than we previously thought, the question arises: what further insights might a study of the remaining crew provide and what does the *Mary Rose* crew say about British national identity today? There is so much more to learn from the crew – come and explore the diversity of Tudor life at the Mary Rose.

The Mary Rose, in collaboration with Dr Nubia, has produced a podcast giving an indepth look at Tudor England. The podcast is available to download via this link:

https://maryrose.org/podcast/onyeka-nubia/

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT:
Sally Tyrrell, S.Tyrrell@maryrose.org, Phone Number: 07751360458

The Earl of Leicester's Other Son: Roberto Dudley, Duca di Nortumbria[1]

by **Marilyn Roberts**

Whether you are an aficionado of Renaissance art or are searching for world famous museums or some of the most splendid architecture on the planet, or perhaps seeking out unique gastronomic pleasures, literary pursuits, musical interludes, or simply wanting to enjoy beautiful countryside, the ancient Italian city of Florence is the place for you. Oh, and we should not forget its eye-watering collection of high-end retail fashion and jewellery shops.

Just a few minutes on foot from the Ponte Vecchio, the Uffizi Gallery, the famed church of Santa Maria Novella or the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiori with its gravity defying dome – to name but a few – may be found the famous Via de' Tornabuoni, a wide street in a city that has retained much of its narrow medieval street plan, proving that in its earlier days it was a prosperous and important thoroughfare: and so it remains. A person can do some serious (window) shopping in the few hundred yards from its beginning at the foot of the Santa Trinita Bridge to the right turn at the corner of the Strozzi Palace leading to the Piazza della Repubblica.

Via de' Tornabuoni is packed tight with old buildings from the Renaissance period, some considerably earlier, all attached to each other like a line of imposing fake façades on some magnificent architectural film set, each one an old mansion, or 'palazzo', that today might well be housing a cocktail of different uses ranging from private homes, a museum or arts centre, a very high-end retail outlet or two, or a hotel, and frequently a combination of more than two of these. In a very short distance, these mansions of the great Florentine noble and merchant families of the past – the Minerbetti, Corsi, Strozzi, Rucellai and even the great Medici themselves – are offering up for our delight the very pricey wares

Memorial to Sir Robert Dudley at the port of Livorno erected in 1896 by his biographer John Temple Leader, an Englishman who spent forty years collecting information about him; he had a similar one attached to the Palazzo Dudley.

of some of the greatest princes and aristocrats of the 21st century's fashion industry: Giorgio Armani, Prada, Dior, Gucci, Hermes, Bulgari, Fendi, Dolce & Gabbana, Valentino, Tiffany, Saint Laurent, Roberto Cavalli, Ferragamo and a host of others too numerous to mention.

There were, therefore, a few concerned whispers when in 2014 COS, the upmarket end of the H&M fashion label, announced plans to open a branch in a wedge-shaped former palazzo where the thin end of that wedge meets the Via de' Tornabuoni at Via della Vigna Nuova (New Vineyard Street) and Via della Spada (Sword Street), but happily the retailer appears to have settled into its upmarket venue between Gucci and Armani rather well. By now readers might well be asking themselves what bearing any of this has on the Tudors, apart from the fact that the noble names of Strozzi and so forth would be known to English diplomats of the times. The answer is that the Englishman whose fine town house,

Santa Trinita Bridge over the River Arno with Via de'Tornabuoni ahead. ©Marilyn Roberts

the Palazzo Dudley, is now home to COS, was also known to them, and not always for the best of reasons.

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Although Queen Elizabeth I was very close to Sir Robert Dudley, whom she made Earl of Leicester, and perhaps was even in love with him, Leicester must soon have realised what a very difficult position he was in: the queen would not marry him, but if he should marry anyone else she would probably not advance his career at court and would stop lavishing attention and material goods upon him. His situation was made worse by the need to provide an heir to continue the Dudley family name. At 21 he had been one of the five surviving sons of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland; by the time he was 25 that deadly trio of treason, battle and ill-health had claimed the lives of the duke and three of his sons, so that only Robert and his brother Ambrose remained.[2] As the years went by it was apparent that Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, would have no surviving children. Thus, when at some stage Lord Robert wrote an undated letter to a lady who desperately wanted to marry him bemoaning the fact that it could never happen, his chances of perpetuating the Dudley name were looking fairly bleak,...*my brother you see long married and not like to have children, it resteth so now in myself; and yet such occasions is there... if I should marry I am sure never to have [the queen's] favour.*[3]

As we know, Leicester eventually took his life into his own hands in a manner of speaking, by secretly marrying the Queen's younger cousin Lettice Knollys, granddaughter of

Mary Boleyn and widow of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex; eventually his queen's wrath against him abated, but never so against his wife. Lettice bore him just one child, Robert, Lord Denbigh, 'the noble impe', who died in July 1584 at the age of three. However, in spite of his fear of incurring Elizabeth's jealousy, and later on his illicit attraction to Lady Essex, even while her husband still lived, Leicester did in fact have another long-standing relationship of several years, with the lady to whom he had made the heartfelt written confession that marriage was out of the question, and 1574 saw the birth of their son they named Robert. The not-so-secret lover was Lady Douglass Sheffield, whose husband Sir John Sheffield had died in 1568 leaving her a 25-year-old widow with two young children.[4]

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For several years now I have been researching some of the lesser-known members of the Howard family associated with Henry VIII's fifth wife Queen Katherine Howard's downfall, especially Agnes, Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, second wife of Thomas Howard Duke of Norfolk, her step-grandmother who had brought her up. Katherine's father Lord Edmund and his sister Lady Elizabeth, Anne Boleyn's mother, were from the duke's first marriage, while Thomas

Looking back to the Santa Trinita Bridge; the Ferragamo shoe museum can be found in the Old Tower, which is also a very expensive hotel. ©Marilyn Roberts

The Palazzo Corsi with the large doorway has Armani Junior to its left and Dior to its right, with Prada on its own ground floor; it was built the year after Queen Elizabeth I came to the throne. (If you stay in the unassuming little hotel within this palazzo beware of taking a wrong turn and finding yourself at the door of the fine rooms of the Club of the Nobles and Elites of Florence, who own the building.) ©Marilyn Roberts

and Agnes were the parents of Lord William Howard who was incarcerated in the Tower with his mother when Henry VIII found out they had kept from him details of his new young wife Katherine's murky past. In 1543, the year following his release, Lord William's daughter Douglass Howard was born. In1568 after the death of her husband, Douglass returned to court and lost no time in falling for the splendid Earl of Leicester, so in May 1573 it was in fact old news that Bess of Hardwick's stepson put in a letter to his father,

There are two sisters now in the court that are very far in love with him [Leicester], *as they have long been; my Lady Sheffield and Frances Howard. They (of like striving who shall love him better) are at great wars together and the queen thinketh not well of them, and not the better of him.*[5]

Leicester acknowledged the paternity of Lady Douglass's son and was very fond of him, bringing him up in his own houses, allowing his mother access to him when she pleased

Via de' Tornabuoni: Minerbetti Palace on the left, Palazzo Corsi middle left hand side of the street and Palazzo Dudley (not visible) on the left just before the street takes a curve. ©Marilyn Roberts

and educating him at Christ Church Oxford, where he was recorded as *filius comitis* (earl›s son). Leicester died in 1588 shortly after the Armada, leaving his old friend Queen Elizabeth totally distraught. On paper his widow Lettice was a very wealthy woman, but his debts, for which she became responsible, were astronomical; only months after his death she married Sir Christopher Blount, a younger man who had been in his service.

So, Leicester's worst fears for the future of the Dudley dynasty came to pass: his only legitimate child had died and in 1590 his elder brother Ambrose died childless. Had the Robert Dudley who was Lady Douglass's son been legitimate he would have become both Earl of Leicester and Earl of Warwick but as things were, his father left him Kenilworth Castle and its extensive lands and properties, and from Ambrose there were some manors. The young man had a great interest in navigational instruments, which he collected from a young age, and by October 1591, when he was seventeen, was at court, but was soon temporarily barred for publicly kissing a maid of honour, one Margaret Cavendish, whom he married shortly after and whose brother, the explorer and privateer Sir Thomas Cavendish, had circumnavigated the globe.[6] Robert made a long but not very successful

expedition to the Caribbean and while he was away Margaret died leaving no children. In 1596 he joined his father's stepson, Robert Devereux Earl of Essex, in an expedition against Cadiz, for which he was knighted. Elizabeth I, who seems to have liked him and showed interest in his exploits, died in March 1603.

Queen Elizabeth may have had passing encounters at court with the Robert who was Leicester's illegitimate son, but it was the earl's stepson Robert Devereux who had become the darling of her old age: that is until he overstepped the mark and became a threat to her life. So it was that in February and March 1601 Lettice lost not only her son to the executioner's axe but also her husband Sir Christopher Blount, who had rebelled with him. Apart from litigation over Ambrose Dudley's will she had had little to do with Leicester's son by Lady Sheffield, but only weeks after the queen's death all that was about to change, when he embarked on the mission that opened up many old family wounds and would eventually lead him to the Palazzo Dudley in Florence..

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At some point on his travels this Robert Dudley had made the acquaintance of one Thomas Drury, whom we today might refer to as a 'con man', who persuaded him there was evidence his mother and Leicester had actually married, which if it could be proven would make Dudley both Earl of Leicester and Warwick and mean that his father's marriage to Lettice had been bigamous, putting the legality of her still holding any of Leicester's properties in doubt. The case was brought to the Star Chamber, where Robert's mother testified by letter rather than appear in public: her husband Sir Edward Stafford, whom she had married in 1579, said her son had bullied her into it. She claimed that in the winter of 1573 Leicester and she were married at Esher in Surrey, but was unable to recall the exact date, the location of the church or the name of the officiating clergyman, and was unable to name any of the ten witnesses, most of whom would have passed away by then. When asked why she married Stafford if legally married already, she said she feared Leicester might cause her harm and had married again for protection. Unsurprisingly, the Star Chamber concluded that Thomas Drury had been lying for his own gains, and on 4th May 1605 found in favour of Leicester's widow.

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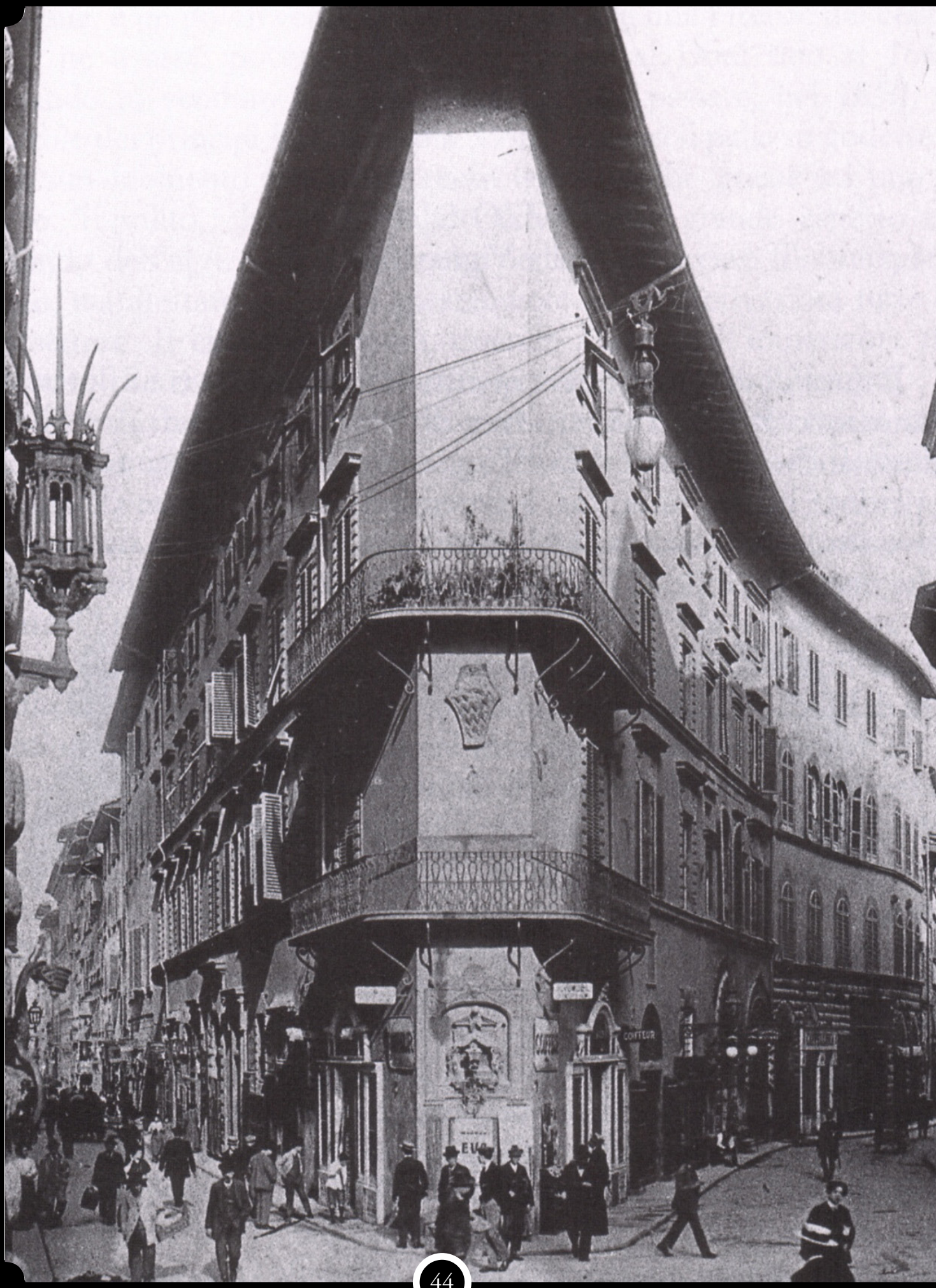
The following July Sir Robert Dudley left England for good, abandoning his second wife Alice Leigh, whom he had married in1596, and their five young daughters, but taking with him his first cousin once removed, Elizabeth Southwell, a granddaughter of his mother's brother Charles Howard, who disguised herself as a pageboy.[7] They converted to Catholicism, received a papal dispensation because they were related, and married in Lyon, the Roman Catholic Church not recognising his Church of England wedding to Alice.

From France Robert and his third wife made for Florence where his skills with navigational instruments, naval engineering, warship design and mapmaking had by 1607 caught the eye of Ferdinand I, Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose Medici dynasty he went on to serve for the rest of his life. Queen Elizabeth's successor King James I ordered him to come home to Alice and his children, which he ignored and was thus outlawed. The earldoms of Leicester and Warwick were granted to others in 1618 but already he had for some time been calling himself Earl of Leicester, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland, and much to the anger of King James, in 1620 was granted the title 'il Duca di Nortumbria' by the Holy Roman Emperor, which really was meaningless and stood for nothing, as there was no such title in his native land, and effectively closed the door on any reconciliation with James I.[8]

It was in 1614 that Dudley purchased from the Rucellai family the wedge-shaped plot of land in Florence and either remodelled or replaced existing buildings as his townhouse, retaining the Rucellai coat of arms and the little *tabernacolo* of the Virgin and child, both of which still adorn the building today. At its narrowest, 'the thin end of the wedge', it is only six feet wide, with a length of 135 feet.[9] Among the buildings further down the street is the church of San Pancrazio where his wife Elizabeth was laid to rest in 1631, possibly after the birth of their thirteenth child.

The greatest alteration to Palazzo Dudley came in 1912 when the lace and embroidery merchant Francesco Navone had a section of the upper floors cut back which made the building much more decorative but appearing more squat than before; he also opened up the walls of the narrow end of the ground floor to make a loggia, which has since had plate glass panels put between the columns to enclose it again. Throughout the twentieth century the Palazzo Dudley housed a variety of enterprises such as in the mid 1970's when the American Express Bank occupied the ground floor, with the First Church of Christ, Scientist on the floor above.[10]

After the death of his wife, Dudley seems to have spent more time outside the city of Florence and in these later years he collated all his navigational experience to produce his masterpiece for which he is best remembered: *Dell'Arcano del Mare* (The Secret of the Sea).[11] At his own death in 1649 he still owned Palazzo Dudley but was spending much of his time at the Palace Raniri, a Medici property lying in extensive grounds about four miles out of town, where he died. In 1673 his remains were still in the nearby Boldoroni monastery and there has been speculation that it was because he was on bad terms with his volatile son and heir Carlo he did not have a family burial in the church of San Pancrazio where we might have expected him to lie at rest with his wife, although it is thought there was a service there for him. His daughters with Elizabeth


COIFFEUR

View from the Palazzo Dudley loggia balcony looking across Via de' Tornabuoni to the Tornabuoni Palace on the left and to the right the massive Palazzo Strozzi from where il Duca Roberto Dudley's errant son and heir Carlo was forcibly ejected after a drunken brawl.

Southwell made good marriages, but five of their seven sons predeceased him and the Dudley Italian 'dukes of Northumbria' became extinct in the third generation. His collection of beautiful navigational instruments and a facsimile of *Dell'Arcano del Mare* can be found at the Museo Galileo in Florence.[12]

Post script.

While it is to be hoped that Dudley made some sort of provision for his abandoned wife and daughters, he had nevertheless treated them very badly. In 1622 the future King Charles I made arrangements so that Alice could sell her interest in Kenilworth Castle to him, albeit for a fraction of what it was worth; his late brother had been buying it in instalments from her errant husband but after the prince's death in 1612 the payments had ceased. Charles later believed the judgement on Robert's legitimacy made in his father's reign had been wrong, but declined to restore his estates or titles. He also accepted that Alice had received no further payments regarding Kenilworth since the 1620's and in general had been treated badly, so by letters patent of 23rd May 1644 she was created Duchess of Dudley in her own right for her lifetime. It was to be a long life: she became a much-valued benefactress to the Parish of St Giles – then a poor settlement in open countryside but now the area around London's Tottenham Court Road Underground Station and Centre Point – saw her daughters marry well, and lived to be ninety.

MARILYN ROBERTS

1. In English it would be 'Northumbria' although he had previously referred to himself as Duke of Northumberland, his Dudley grandfather's title.
2. Their father and brother Guildford had paid the ultimate price in the reign of Queen Mary when the Dudley family attempted to put Guildford's wife, Lady Jane Grey, on the throne, while John, the duke's eldest son, had been reprieved but died in 1554 shortly after being released from the Tower. Ambrose, Robert and their brother Henry had also been reprieved, and needing to rehabilitate themselves in royal favour, fought for Queen Mary's husband Philip of Spain at the battle of San Quentin in 1557: Robert and Ambrose survived, but Henry was not so lucky.
3. Read, Conyers (1936): *A Letter from Robert, Earl of Leicester, to a Lady*; The Huntington Library Bulletin No.9 April 1936
4. The letter is not dated but points to having been written to Lady Sheffield.
5. Wilson, Derek (1981): *Sweet Robin: A Biography of Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester 1533–1588*, P 207. The letter writer was Gilbert Talbot.
6. Adams, Simon (2008): "Dudley, Sir Robert (1574–1649)" *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography.*
7. He left Alice with at least five young daughters. Elizabeth Southwell should not be confused with her father's half sister, also called Elizabeth Southwell, who had been the mistress of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.
8. Ferdinand II was Archduke of Austria, King of Bohemia, King of Hungary and Croatia and brother-in-law of Dudley's current patron Cosimo II de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany.
9. Leader, John Temple: Life of Sir Robert Dudley, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland, Preface. It was traditional for features such as coats of arms and religious pieces to be retained when old buildings were altered.
10. Ritchie, Neil Sir Robert Dudley: Expatriate in Tuscan Service; Published in History Today Volume 26 Issue 6 June 1976.
11. A maritime encyclopaedia: Includes the first maritime atlas of the entire known world, which Dudley complied himself.
12. Museo Galileo https://catalogue.museogalileo.it/section/RobertDudleysInstruments.html

If Covid were the interval... time to change the scenery.

Ian Harris is a long-term Stratford-upon-Avon resident. Here he looks at the lasting effects of William Shakespeare on his town...

I guess the length of time I've lived in Stratford upon Avon, plus the fact that way back (70's/80's) I worked backstage at the Royal Shakespeare Company has coloured my viewpoint concerning William Shakespeare and indeed Stratford upon Avon. To that, I have to plead guilty.

To be honest, there is only one way to describe my relationship towards the town and to the Shakespeare industry. Love & Hate (hate's a little too strong so let me water that down a little bit to er…dislike/ slightly annoying…?)

For those who are saying, 'why has he had to go and mention Shakespeare?'. Is obvious isn't it? You cannot have one without the other. However, I would want to emphasise that in my mind they ARE two separate identities and forever must be kept so. Sadly, over the past couple of decades one identity has started to override, to 'leak' into the other.

What I'm talking about here is William Shakespeare and his influence on the place I live and love (ish).

So first, thanks where thanks are due.

I have Bill Shakespeare to thank for my late (ish) awakening to the power of theatre and the life-changing realisation for me, that 'I could do that'. I have WS to thank for waking up this boy from a Bristol Council Estate, to the fact that theatre should be FREE and most definitely on the NHS. I learnt through watching many classic performances of his plays that theatre is health-giving, problem-solving, and eye-opening. That theatre can change lives.

Thanks to William Shakespeare I witnessed real magic. I saw diminutive actors, small in stature and with no influence off-stage, grow. Physically.

I saw the power of the Great Man's words, (I did not know it at the time), in action. Actors grew and the audience for a couple of hours were (and I know it's a cliché) 'taken away'. Transported to another place where their everyday troubles were forgotten, dare I say, even healed. Please do not ask me to get into detailed explanations or theories, because I don't have the words, just accept the one

I used earlier, ‘Magic’.

What I ought to underline here is the fact that at the time, I was oblivious to the words, the language. I was, in truth probably more overcome by the acting, the scenery, the (over-use) of special effects and the amazingly expensive stage hydraulics. The show-business. But that is OK. Remember this was my introduction to the world of theatre. A very privileged introduction but an introduction all the same.

The years have flown by and those years backstage are embedded in my memory never to be forgotten. I have so many performances, so many memories. Holding Anthony Sher’s crutches as I helped him onto his wooden horse in ‘Richard III’. Ken Branagh in ‘Henry V’. Ben Kingsley on his triumphant return from filming ‘Ghandi’ to his on stage, ‘Othello’. I have been so lucky. And yet… believe it or not, I am still not a total fan of William Shakespeare.

I think he takes an age getting to the point. His language can be impenetrable, whilst at the same time, panto-like. I do however love The Sonnets (most of them). They make me work on a level where sometimes his plays, don’t. They are like crossword puzzles. Mysteries until you think you have solved them. On a One to Ten scale, Shakespeare is for me a 6. (10=good)

His effect on my hometown of Stratford upon Avon, I am afraid, only rates a 3. (1=bad)

OK, so it's not his actual fault. He has had no intentional part in this disfigurement of quite a nice little market town. He was born (and died) here. And because of these two hard to disprove facts, there is going to be a world-wide reaction. And yes of course devotees are going to take advantage to come and see where he lived and even better, to watch the bringing to life of his works, all 37 of them. I can understand that perfectly. I can even understand the gravy train and the wave (of gravy – ugh) that so many local businesses ride upon. The cafés, the souvenir shops, the numerous hotels etc., etc. OK. But just because I understand, doesn't mean I like them.

Unfortunately, Stratford upon Avon has, in my opinion lost its identity. And did so a long time ago. It does not know what it is. There is part of me that wishes that it would go the whole hog and become a Disney Land type experience. An unreal place where Shakespeare characters roam the streets cuddling children and adults alike. A place where around the next corner you can have your photograph taken with King Lear or even better, Shakespeare himself. If that happened, I would accept it, and leave.

What we have instead is a huge Royal Shakespeare Theatre that seems to be in the business of 'less theatre (see The Other Place) and more monuments to itself'. Like an Egyptian dynasty they (the RSC) have spent valuable resources building a viewing tower and undertaking an over the top refurbishment, both of which were, in my view unnecessary, the money better spent in other areas. At this moment, the theatre stands empty (through no fault of its own) a statement, a monument to greed and gross forgetfulness of original purpose.

The people cannot get in but there is nothing new in that. While Stratford upon Avon does not know what it is anymore, the Royal Shakespeare Theatre has forgotten who it is for.

Thank God, I think there is a solution. All is not lost. And now, with the Coronavirus prevalent, this could be the time to re-think and put new ideas, plans into action.

The Royal Shakespeare Theatre need to cut its cloth. It needs to, like so many families these days, downsize. It has forgotten its original purpose, which was to bring people to the theatre and especially the theatre of William Shakespeare. It is not too late to re-purpose the Royal Shakespeare Theatre's properties.

One important thing to be remembered, this town is not Shakespeare upon Avon. It is Stratford upon Avon, and like it or not the town has many other things to offer apart from the William Shakespeare industry.

IAN HARRIS

Ian is a writer. Mainly a playwright and when times were normal, he ran his own small theatre company 'The New Stuff Theatre' company. Based in Stratford upon Avon and formed as an antidote to too much Shakespeare, the Company performs Ian's work. When not writing plays, Ian writes blogs on thestratfordian.co.uk

Shakespeare's Birthplace on Henley Street has been a major tourist attraction since at least the 1740s.
Photo © Jaggery

TENBY
AND THE TUDORS

WITH KYRA C. KRAMER

The small Welsh town of Tenby played a surprisingly large role in the establishment of the Tudor dynasty. Or at least it is surprising from a modern perspective, when Tenby is usually thought of only as an adorable tourist destination in the west of Wales. During the 15th century, Tenby would have had a much greater political and economic significance. It was already a thriving port in the 9th century, known as Dinbych y Pysgod (little fort of the fish) in the native language, and a commercial centre for exchange of goods between Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, and Scandanavian peoples. By the 13th century it rivalled London and Bristol in terms of trade with continental Europe. As a hub of international goods flowing into the British isles, it would have been the crown jewel of the lands held by the Earls of Pembroke, and they would have valued it accordingly.

In November of 1452, King Henry VI created his maternal half-brother, Jasper Tudor, the 1st Earl of Pembroke. (It was actually the seventh incarnation of the title, but since the earldom had become extinct when the last man to hold the position had been beheaded for treason in 1450, Jasper Tudor was dubbed the first of his line by its renewed creation.) Inasmuch as Jasper was native Welshman on his father's side, the people of Pembrokeshire were already predisposed to like the new earl. He further endeared himself to the people of Tenby by offering to share the expense of repairing and strengthening the town's walls in 1547. Moreover, Jasper added two turret towers to the wall and widened the dry moat to

thirty feet to help protect the harbour and its residence from the ever-present risk of pirates or raids by foreign navies hoping to get their hands on the plump coffers of Tenby merchants.

Due to Tenby's importance to the Earl of Pembrokeshire, Jasper Tudor's beloved nephew and ward, Henry Tudor, would have doubtlessly visited the town as a boy. However, it is unlikely he would have remembered it, since he was only four years old when King Edward IV took the crown in 1461 and stripped Jasper Tudor of his titles and Henry's guardianship. The little Henry Tudor was moved to Monmouthshire by his new guardian, William Herbert, a Yorkist Welshman who had been installed as the new Earl of Pembroke after Jasper's fall. Henry wouldn't have seen Tenby again until King Henry VI was restored to his throne a decade later and Jasper Tudor returned to Wales to reclaim his nephew.

Jasper must have known that King Henry VI's crown was wobbly, because he moved his teenage nephew to Pembroke

Castle for safekeeping. Sure enough, the worst (from Lancastrian perspective) did happen in May of 1471 when Henry VI's forces were defeated by Yorkists in the Battle of Tewkesbury and the king's heir, Edward of Westminster, was slain. King Edward IV had regained the crown, and now both Jasper and Henry Tudor's lives were in grave danger. If captured by the York faction, Jasper would have certainly been executed as a traitor. Henry's situation was less clear cut, but as as the last surviving claimant to the throne on the Lancastrian side the fourteen year old boy was too much of a threat to the new king for anyone to have been sure his life would be spared.

By August, King Edward's forces had laid siege to Pembroke Castle, hoping to winkle out Jasper and Henry. However, the wily Tudors managed to escape the siege through means which remain shrouded in historical mystery and make their way to Tenby, which lay roughly eleven miles to the east. This was another wise move on Jasper's part. Not only did Tenby have strong walls to repel Yorkist troops, its harbour was full of seaworthy ships able to take the Tudor escapees to the safety of France. Even better, Tenby was full of loyal Welshmen, who would keep Henry as safe as possible for the sake of the boy's kinship to Owain Glyndŵr, the last Prince of Wales.

One of those loyal Welshmen was Thomas White, a rich wine merchant and the mayor of Tenby.

Jasper knew his own home within the town walls was surely being watched by Yorkist allies, so he and Henry went straight to the mayor's house to beg for help. The former Earl of Pembroke was happily proven correct in his assumptions regarding Tomas White's fealty. The mayor and his allies hid Jasper and Henry from King Edward's army in the tunnels under the town, keeping them safe despite the substantial reward being offered to anyone who aided in their capture. Furthermore, Thomas White used his own ship to smuggle the Tudors and a handful of their men out of Tenby harbour and toward France.

Thus, the future King Henry VII, and with him the entire Tudor dynasty, was saved.

Although the mayor's house has long been destroyed, the entrance to the tunnels the Tudor's sheltered in still remains accessible through a Boots pharmacy in the town centre. However, these tunnels are deemed too dangerous for normal tourist excursions.

People who wish to pay homage to the Tudors near-miraculous escape have to be satisfied with other landmarks, or perhaps by visiting Thomas White's sarcophagus within St Mary's Church, which is just across the street from the pharmacy.

KYRA C KRAMER

TONI MOUNT

Medieval and Tudor Pets – some unusual and exotic companions

Just as with us today, cats and dogs were the most popular pets of the medieval and Tudor periods but these were kept as useful, working companions, mouse-catchers and guard dogs, living hot-water-bottles on a winter night, rather than symbols of wealth. To demonstrate status, a more exotic pet was required and monkeys fitted the role, being very expensive, imported from foreign lands and capable of developing endearing and mischievous human traits.

In the later thirteenth century, the Bishop of Durham kept two monkeys that were thoroughly spoilt. He fed them on peeled almonds – an expensive luxury – from silver spoons, as if they were of noble birth. Richard of Durham who recorded this snippet in the Lanercost Chronicle, also noted that the practice of keeping pet monkeys is customary among high prelates[1]. According to an English bestiary book of similar date, MS Bodley 764, Bodleian Library, Oxford, such pets were most unsuitable for churchmen since an ape had the same form as the Devil. Apes were so called because they aped the behaviour of rational human beings. The author of the bestiary remarks that having tails is the sole difference between monkeys and apes.

Monkeys proper were the most popular pets, although Barbary apes and baboons of Ethiopia were known, though the latter cannot be tamed, so the Bodleian bestiary author tells us, quite correctly. But other written sources of the period refer to monkeys and apes without distinguishing

between the two. The German scholar, Albertus Magnus describes monkeys as tricky animals with bad habits.... playful with the small offspring of humans and dogs but sometimes strangle unguarded boys [young children of either sex] sometimes hurling them off a height [!][2] Despite these alarming murderous tendencies, they could contentedly perch upon their owner's shoulder and delouse his head – a definite bonus in a flea-ridden society. Bartholomew the Englishmen also refers to this obliging service performed by monkeys. The Tudor picture below shows a pet monkey, finely robed, grooming his master. The heraldic greyhound on its pedestal in the background confirms the Tudor court connection.

There is a story about Henry VII possessing a pet monkey. On one occasion, being thwarted in its desires, the creature

Detail from The Family of Henry VIII (c. 1545)
© Royal Collection Trust / HM Queen Elizabeth II

wreaked its revenge, ripping up the king's 'little black book'. This notebook, so the story says, contained a list of all the slights and misdemeanours committed by the king's courtiers, so they were delighted by the monkey's act of destruction and spoilt it thereafter. The king swiftly acquired a new notebook, of course. Unfortunately, this brilliant story seems to be wholly anecdotal. Henry VII's accounts make no reference to any expenditure on pets and no mischievous monkey is mentioned in any contemporary writing. It seems to have originated from the pen of Sir Francis Bacon 150 years later but I thought you would want to hear it all the same.

One Tudor who definitely had a pet monkey was Henry VII's daughter-in-law. A miniature portrait of Catherine of Aragon (first wife of Henry VIII), dated to 1525, shows her with her pet monkey, offering it a titbit. A second, full size panel portrait was copied from the

Catherine of aragon with her pious pet monkey [1531]

Three Elizabethan children with a beige, brown and white guinea pig © NPG

miniature in 1531, during the divorce proceedings against her by Henry VIII, and here the monkey has been changed subtly. Instead of being offered a titbit, the creature is being given a coin. However, it ignores the money and reaches out for the crucifix hanging around the queen's neck. Clearly the monkey symbolises its mistress's beliefs that no earthly wealth is more important than the Roman Catholic Church.[3]

As the Tudor period continued, new monkey species arrived from the Americas and marmosets became the latest 'must-have' fashion accessory for the wealthy.

But primates were not the only pets imported from the New World including my personal favourite: the guinea pig from Peru. These charming little creatures may not seem exotic today but possessing anything from the newly discovered Americas was considered a great novelty and status symbol in the sixteenth century. The first known painting of a guinea pig was discovered by the National Portrait Gallery. It shows three fashionably dressed Elizabethan children. The girl in the centre of the trio cuddles a guinea pig. Although the ages of the children are given above each likeness as six years, seven and five, no names are supplied and we don't know who they were. However, there may

be an archaeological clue. Apparently, evidence of pet guinea pigs in sixteenth-century Europe is sparse – not surprising considering their tiny bones – but a partial skeleton was unearthed at Hill Hall in Essex and dated to c.1575. Hill Hall was an Elizabethan manor house, so might this be the remains of the beloved pet in the portrait?

In this triple portrait, the five-year-old boy on the right also holds a pet bird in his hand. Song birds, such as linnets and nightingales, had always been popular companions, kept in cages to provide music for free – if they would oblige. Nightingales could be disappointing because they only sing in the breeding season. You may be interested to know that, later on, attempts were made to train canaries to sing like nightingales and that recorders, which we were taught to play at school, were the instruments used to teach the canaries the 'record' of the nightingale's song. Canaries sing all year round and are more colourful to look at too. More importantly, young canaries learn their song by mimicking the adults, so it was thought that putting a canary with a nightingale to learn to sing would have great results. Problem. The nightingales cease their singing before the year's brood of canaries is of the right age to have singing lessons. All sorts of tricks were tried, keeping the nightingales in the dark throughout the spring, hoping to fool the birds into thinking it was still winter so they would begin singing later in the year, when the canaries were ready to tune up their repertoire. A canary that sang the nightingale's song was a valuable commodity in the eighteenth century.

Other birds were popular for their talent of mimicry. Members of the crow family, such as starlings and jackdaws, can imitate anything from dripping water to the human voice and, with patience, can be trained to talk. Talking birds could command higher prices than songsters and if they were long-lived, exotic and had brilliant plumage, then so much the better. Parrots – or popinjays as they were known – fulfilled on all accounts. They even had the kudos of association with the Virgin Mary since it was thought that their natural caw was the spoken word *Ave* that commenced the 'Hail Mary'.[4] Elizabeth de Burgh, wed to Edward III's second son, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, owned two parrots in the mid-fourteenth century but as early as the mid-thirteenth, Robert de Thweng of Yorkshire, a contemporary of Simon de Montfort, was well enough acquainted with the birds to display 'three popinjays' on his coat-of-arms.

The arms of Robert de Thweng [c.1205-c.1268]: an argent field, a fess gules between three popinjays.

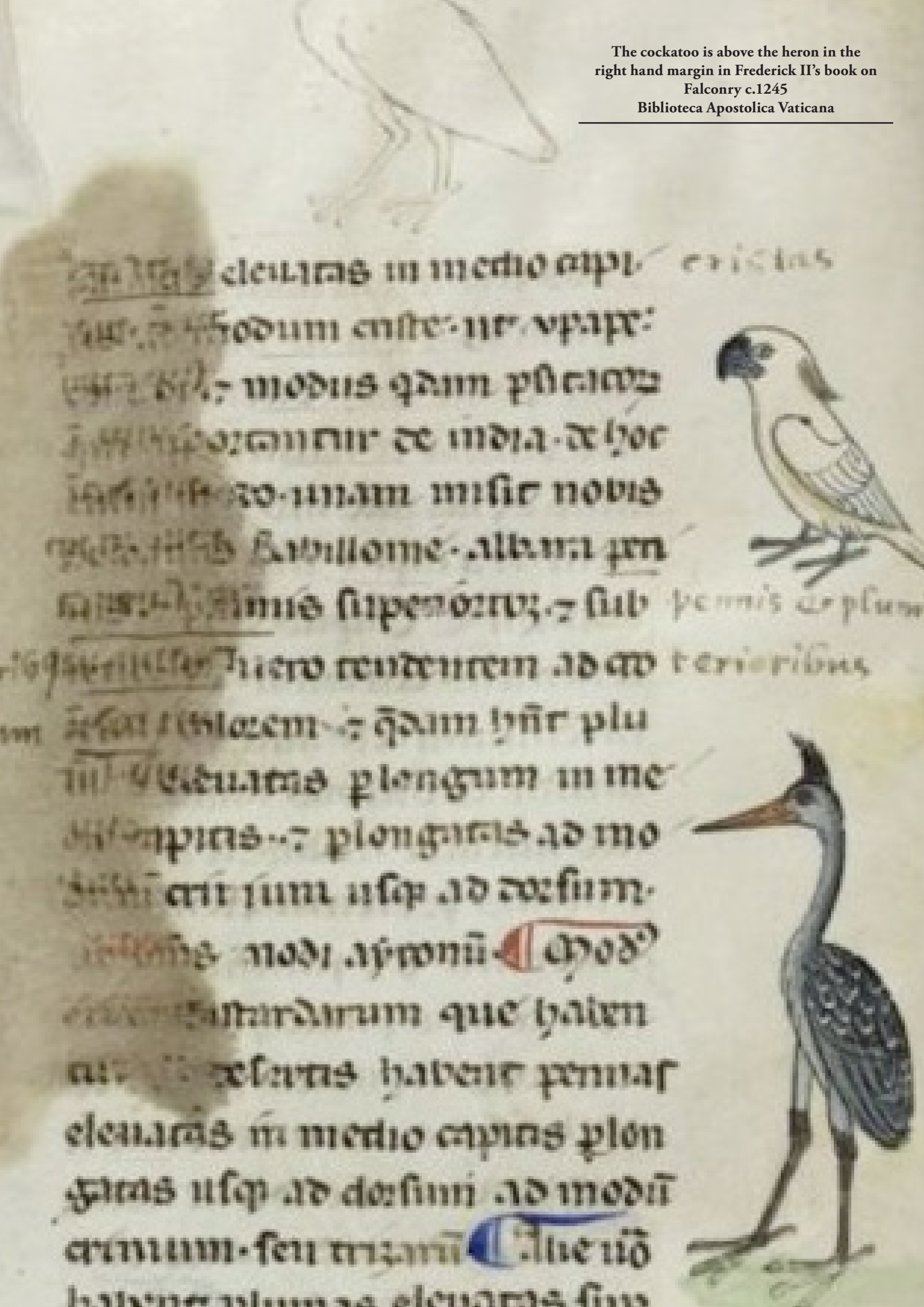
A ferocious-looking parrot, wearing a collar of bells, strides across the page of a fifteenth-century English bestiary book Royal Library, Copenhagen [GKS 1633-4, fol.33v].

Because of their 'link' to the Virgin, parrots sometimes appear in Books of Hours, especially those produced in France. In their own right, they occur in literature. In the French tale, *The Knight of the Popinjay,* King Arthur owns a talkative parrot. In the early Tudor period, the poet John Skelton [c.1463-1529] wrote a piece entitled *Speke Parrot* in which the avian narrator has much to say about Henry VIII's chief minister, Cardinal Wolsey: none of it flattering[5]. Skelton also disapproved of the Church, a fact that could have landed him in considerable trouble, so his opinions were disguised as the satirical words of a talking parrot that knew no better.

Sir John Mandeville, writing his *Travels* in the late fourteenth century, tells us that popinjays are common in the Kingdom of Prester John – a legendary Christian realm somewhere in northern Africa but never identified. These birds, he says, *salute men that go through the deserts and speak to them as pertly as though it [sic] were a man. And they that speak well having a large tongue.*[6] The household accounts of Pope Urban V [1362-70] include birdseed, bought by the pontiff's personal apothecary for his holiness's pet parrot.[7]

Most of the popinjays are described as green with a red collar, although Isidore of Seville, writing in the seventh century, says the collar is purple. These were probably African ring-necked parrots which make excellent talkers and can be trained as young birds from about eight months old. The male of the species has a black neck ring.

Surely, the most exotic of foreign species of parrot known in medieval Europe must be the yellow- or sulphur-crested cockatoo – native to Australia, Papua New Guinea and Indonesia. In June 2018, it was realised that four images in a Latin manuscript on falconry, De arte Vernandi cum Avibus [The Art of Hunting with Birds], which was written in Latin by the Holy Roman Emperor,



The cockatoo is above the heron in the right hand margin in Frederick II's book on Falconry c.1245
Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana

Frederick II, between 1241 and 1248, and is held in the Vatican library, were of this species of cockatoo.[8]

In the book, Frederick notes that the bird was a gift from the Sultan of Babylon, meaning Egypt. But how had an Australasian bird reached the Mediterranean? The Arab trade networks must have been even more extensive than we usually acknowledge, with merchant traders sailing farther south in the Indian Ocean than we realise. Who knows, perhaps Australia was discovered 500 years earlier than we believe. Now there's a thought...

TONI MOUNT

1. The snippet on monkeys is from the Lanercost Chronicle and can be found in the full text of the chronicle [p.37 I think but it's easiest to search 'monkey' within the text] at: https://archive.org/stream/chronicleoflaner02maxw/chronicleoflaner02maxw_djvu.txt
2. The quote from Albertus Magnus comes from notes I made for my History of Science course in connection with Darwin's idea that we evolved from apes – Albertus classed men as 'like apes' in the 13th cent. I wrote this course way back in the noughties. In those days I wasn't so hot on precise referencing but I think it came from Albertus Magnus On Animals: A Medieval Summa Zoologica, 1999, which I looked at in the Wellcome Library.
3. http://www.historicalportraits.com/Gallery.asp?Page=Item&ItemID=32&Desc=Queen-Catherine-of-Aragon-%7C--English-School
4. Medieval Pets, Kathleen Walker-Meikle, [The Boydell Press, 2012], p.15.
5. https://www.britannica.com/biography/John-Skelton#ref1043790
6. The birds who speak like men in the Travels of Sir John Mandeville can be found in the full text on p.181 at: http://www.gutenberg.org/files/782/782-h/782-h.htm#page178
7. Medieval Pets, Kathleen Walker-Meikle, [The Boydell Press, 2012], p.43.
8. http://www.abc.net.au/news/2018-06-26/medieval-cockatoo-illustration-debunks-australian-history-myths/9911892 The manuscript can be viewed digitally on https://digi.vatlib.it/view/MSS_Pal.lat.1071

I recently had the pleasure of reviewing Nicola Tallis's "Uncrowned Queen" for The Times, a superbly readable and revisionist biography of the Countess. For an overall history of the family, Nathen Amin's "The House of Beaufort" can't be recommended highly enough. Alison Weir's biography of Katherine Swynford gives a bestselling overview to how the family began. For a biography of the half-Beaufort king, S. B. Chrimes's is "an oldy but a goody," as they say in academia, while Thomas Penn's "Winter King" focuses on the later years of Henry VII's decline.

In terms of good novels, Anya Seaton's "Katherine" is rightly considered iconic. I also can't recommend enough the BBC series "The Shadow of the Tower," a wonderfully detailed and relatively accurate dramatization of Henry VII's career, with a great performance by Marigold Sharman as Margaret Beaufort.

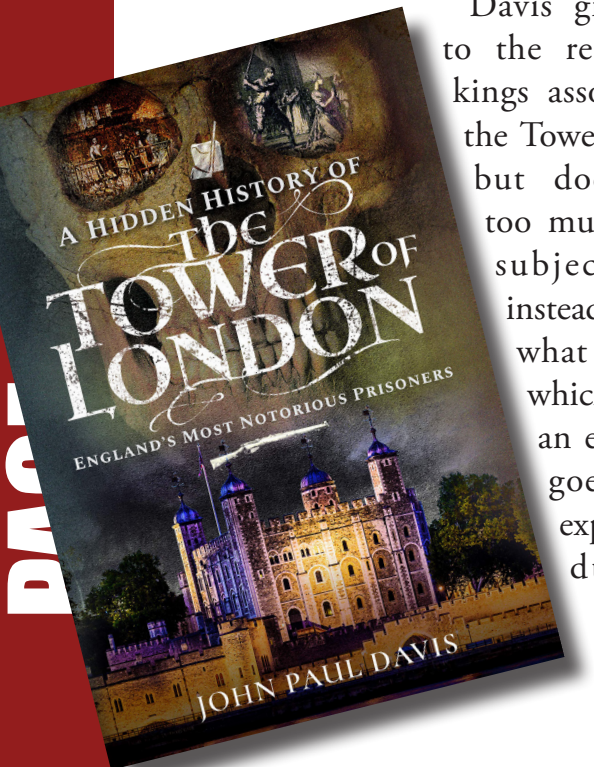
Gareth Russell

Charlie on Books

A HIDDEN HISTORY OF THE TOWER OF LONDON

John Paul Davis

The Tower of London is one of the most recognisable buildings in Britain and is one of those most associated with the Tudor dynasty. It has a long history, which has been covered in several books, including most recently by John Paul Davis in his book *A Hidden History of the Tower of London*. This book covers the whole history of the Tower but there are 10 chapters relevant to us, covering the period of the Wars of the Roses and the Tudors. It is an interesting book and well worth a read for anyone wanting to know more about the history of the building.



Davis gives context to the reigns of the kings associated with the Tower of London but doesn't divert too much from the subject matter, instead it stays with what is relevant, which isn't always an easy task. He goes over the expected stories during the Wars of the Roses, like that of the death of Henry VI and the disappearance of the Princes in the Tower. He also goes over some of the early ways those inhabiting the Tower made a profit, such as with the interest in the death of Henry VI:

'Unsurprisingly, the fate of the king [Henry VI] caused quite a stir. And in certain cases - profit. As late as the Reformation, the warden of Caversham is noted as having shown interested visitors the bloody dagger Gloucester had used, a stark contradiction to the assertion by Polydore Vergil that Richard had used a sword.'

Some of the most interesting parts of the book involve some of the lesser-known events from the Tudor period. One such includes Henry Wyatt, who was imprisoned in the Tower in Richard III's reign for two years (although there has recently been some doubt cast on that):

> *'One of Henry VII's early acts was to liberate the brave victim of Yorkist England, Henry Wyatt, whose dirty skin would soon tingle in the warm waters enjoyed by a Knight of the Bath. It is also perhaps the Tower's most ironic story that in sight of the hellish prison that had once been his home, the Tower would become his place of employment. In reward for his loyalty and astute financial mind, Wyatt was promoted to custodian of the Crown Jewels as well as controller of the Royal Mint. In contrast to many of the Tower's prisoners, he lived out his days in comfort before breathing his last at the grand old age of 80.'*

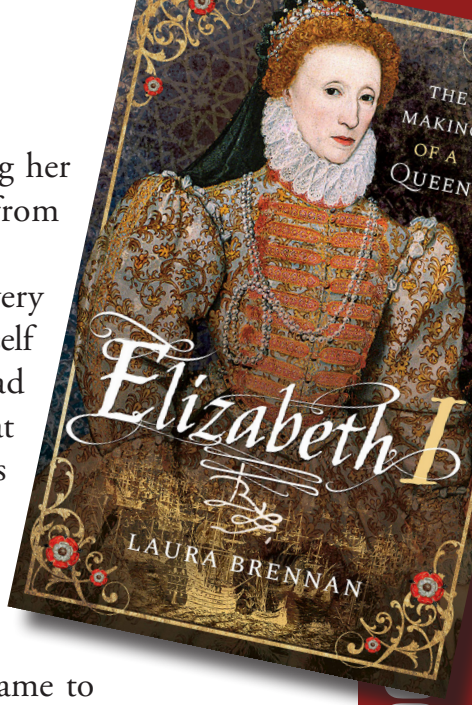
There are also some fascinating insights into the individual monarchs' relationship with the Tower, such as with Henry VII and the animals there. According to Davis, he *'personally abhorred the cruelty suffered by the animals and was especially livid on learning that two mastiff dogs had been deliberately set upon a lion'*. This shows a different side to the traditional view of the stern Tudor monarch.

A Hidden History of the Tower of London is an interesting book on the history of the famous building. It is easy to read but still manages to be informative. I would recommend it to anyone who wants to learn more about the history of the Tower of London and the various events that happened during the Tudor period.

ELIZABETH I: THE MAKING OF A QUEEN

Laura Brennan

There have been numerous books on Elizabeth I released over the years, with many of them claiming to have unearthed new information on her and have a different perspective on her life and reign. One such book is the newly released *Elizabeth I: The Making of a Queen* by Laura Brennan, which looks at the impact of different events in the Queen's life on her reign and how she fashioned herself. Brennan's book claims to look at a *'selection or events that... help to demonstrate who Elizabeth was and why she acted and made the choices she made both as a very public queen and as a private woman'*. It looks the events before she became queen and after, around half of each, with the events during her reign mainly being from the earlier part.



There seems to be very little on Elizabeth I herself in this book, instead focusing on events that may (or may not, as some may disagree with the author's views) have had an impact on how she acted when she came to the throne. The title is, therefore, a little misleading, as it is more on events that Elizabeth witnessed than how she became queen.

However, there are some hidden gems, such as the author's views on how the Prayer Book Rebellion of 1549, in Edward VI's reign, had an impact on how Elizabeth shaped her religious policy. Sadly, these are few and far between and not enough to warrant someone who has read other works on Elizabeth I reading this.

One of the problems with this book is the bizarre referencing system. It varies as to whether page numbers or volume numbers are included in the references, with quotes from large works like Hall's Chronicle having none. This is odd as, apparently, this work started as a BA thesis (according to the introduction), so logically you would expect there to be proper and consistent references.

Elizabeth I: The Making of a Queen is unfortunately not the best book on the popular queen. It is a difficult one to recommend, especially with so many other brilliant books out there on her. It is hard to determine the intended audience, as there are some good insights at certain points, although these are infrequent, but the lack of a proper referencing system and style of the book would not suit an academic reader.

CHARLIE FENTON

Catherine Interviews...

Managing a historical house

This month's interview is with Phil Downing, who you may recognise from The Tudor Tours. Phil is also Hall and Programmes Manager at Harvington Hall.

Hello, Phil, and thank you so much for joining us here at the Tudor Society! First of all, please introduce yourself and tell us a little bit about your background and what you do outside of the history world.

Thank you so much for having me!

My name is Phil Downing, I am 32 and the manager of the most amazing Elizabethan house called Harvington Hall. Although now working in heritage, I was actually a PGA Golf Professional 10 years and then spent a few years working for an insurance broker…yawn!

I have had my fingers in many pies over the years but the Paranormal was a huge part of my life, I ran an events company where we would take some hardy investigators and spend many an hour in a supposed haunted location. In 2015 I was a cast member of a TV show called the Paranormal Misfits which was great fun.

So, what got you into history and what pulled you towards the Tudor period?

Great question, I remember being in Mrs Brammer's class at the age of 7 learning about motte and bailey castles and instantly having this feeling of wanting to learn more about what and who came before us. As for the Tudors, again I was at school and we had a timeline of all the kings and queens around the room and for some unknown reason I was

drawn to Henry VII. After learning a bit more I had this feeling that the 16th century felt familiar like I have lived before. Sounds strange but I can't explain it.

A lot of people will have come across your company 'The Tudor Tours', and your beautiful vlogs and videos can be found on your YouTube channel (see below). Where did the idea for 'The Tudor Tours' come from, and what made you take the plunge to make it a reality?

This idea came from working with the Paranormal misfits. Originally, I was going to make videos mixing the paranormal and history. However, my passion for the Paranormal started to dwindle, and in the meantime, I became a tour guide at Harvington Hall. In January 2017 I recorded a promotional video for Harvington, which became the lightbulb moment for the Tudor Tours. I feel very comfortable in front of a camera and I had such good feedback I thought why not.

What do you think makes for an excellent tour video? And what challenges do you face whilst filming?

I love this question, how much time have you got? For me the first things are good picture quality, lighting and audio. Thankfully I have a professional cameraman who has a great eye for detail, and we bounce ideas off each other. The little details can really make a video, such as music, additional footage that you can overlay when doing voiceovers or between scenes etc. Challenges are normally me being a perfectionist and keep doing a take over and over or messing up my lines…It is not as easy as it looks. Filming is great fun and always plenty of outtakes!

What has been your favourite so far?

Worcester Cathedral without a doubt.

You were recently in a rather interesting documentary about Henry VIII and Donald Trump! Tell us about that.

Strangely enough this links to Worcester Cathedral, whilst filming I had a message from a guy to say Channel 5 are looking for someone

to play a young Henry VIII and my photo was spotted on Instagram dressed in a Henrician costume. Obviously, I said yes! I spent the day at the amazing Penshurst Place near Hever Castle.

I will never forget walking out of the room I got changed and walked into the great hall with the smoke machine on and the huge lights outside the windows beaming in creating the effect of rays of light filling the room. I really felt like Henry!

The documentary itself was actually very interesting and wasn't what people expected it to be. Experts such as Suzannah Lipscomb and Tracy Borman compared the parallels between these two leaders.

You recently became Halls and Programmes Manager at Harvington Hall. Firstly, can you tell us all about Harvington Hall?

In a nutshell Harvington is a unique moated Elizabethan manor house built in the 1580s, although its origins go back to the 1250s and the first manor of Harvington dating back to the 14thcentury. Most of that medieval building is actually still standing. However, Harvington has 7 priest holes/hides which is more than any other house in England, a large collection of Elizabethan wall paintings, original panelling and many original floorboards. It is a real house of secrets! Harvington was owned by a devout Catholic named Humphrey Pakington who had a series of hides built to protect a Catholic priest if the priest hunters came knocking at the door.

And now tell us about your role there, and how it came about. I know it has kept you very busy during lockdown, which is a good thing!

This is a long story and I could probably write a book on how this came about. I won't bore you with it don't worry. In short, I have been a tour guide at Harvington since 2016 but have been obsessed with the Hall since the age of 17. Harvington is my life and to say I am now the manager is a real dream come true. Harvington is going through a real change and my appointment is part of that change.

Catherine Interviews...

I first got in touch with you when you did the article for the Tudor Life magazine on Priest Holes. This was the stuff of nightmares to me! How on earth did you decide to spend 24 hours in one?! Are you planning any more 'sleepovers'?

Haha, Priest holes aren't for the faint hearted and hats off to those priests who spent days hiding from the priest hunters. I have main goal in life and that is to get Harvington the map and sleeping in as hide was one attempt to raise awareness but to also raise money for the hall. Even Lucy Worsley donated £50 which was a huge surprise. As for more sleepovers, yes I will soon be spending 36 hours in a different hide. Come to think of it I really am crazy!

If people were to visit Harvington Hall, what would you recommend to them to get the most out of their trip?

The guided tour is an absolute must to get chance to hear the story and bring it to life.

Do you have any new projects coming up that you'd like to tell us about?

COVID put a stop to me filming in 2020 but I will be back out on the road in 2021.

Lastly, if you could recommend any 3 history books, and they don't have to just be Tudor, which would you choose?

Firstly my favourite book of all time "Hunted Priest" Autobiography of Fr John Gerard. I also love "God's Traitors" by Jessie Childs and "Thomas Cromwell a life" by Diarmaid MacCulloch

You can find Phil at the following links:

https://www.facebook.com/thetudortours
https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCYki767-ON7fDNn3Lx07xqQ
https://www.facebook.com/Harvington

WENDY J. DUNN
ON WRITING

HISTORY OR HISTORICAL FICTION

My dear reader/ writer,

There is one fact we cannot change: we are constructions of our own times and place. Even after years of immense research, is it possible for us to write accurately about historical characters and events? I hope to write accurately. I want to write accurately. Historical fiction writers narrate imagined stories, made up stories informed by history. I believe the heart of historical fiction should beat the truth and depth of history, otherwise they end up alternative histories.

But how can you meld a fictional story informed by history with accuracy? How can you make history come alive in the page when it is not your history? When you have not lived in that time and place. Hartley is so right. “The past is another country; they do things differently there (Hartley and Brookes-Davies 1997: p.5). Writing these words reminds me of a scene in All Manner of Things, my novel soon to step out into the published world. The scene is set during María de Salinas’s first days in England. María, my point of view character, is devoted to Katherine of Aragon. This devotion also meant a life of exile from the country of her birth:

***

María sat by the tub, threw handfuls of rose petals into the steaming water and poured in rose oil. She leaned over the tub. The water reflected her solemn, wavering face, dappled with red and dark pink petals. Circled by light from an overhead sconce, she moved forward. The cords of her over gown yet untied, her even looser chemise drooped down a naked shoulder. Her long, black hair cascaded over it and fell towards the water. Her

reflection quivered, as if she metamorphosed into a water dryad from an ancient Greek tale. The water-logged rose petals losing their vibrant colour, she drifted in a dream of flower-adorned nymphs stepping into the sea, as the sun sunk over the horizon. If I slip into the watery world of the nymphs, will I feel as strange as I feel now? Would their world be just as strange to me as this one? (Dunn unpublished work).

If I slipped in the Tudor world, other than by the means of my imagination, I would feel even stranger than my María as she learnt to adapt to her new world. Everything would scream at me that this is not my time and place. That this not where I belong. My novels are thoroughly researched, but I write knowing that I am a woman of my times writing about "back then." Way back then. No matter how much research I put into a novel, whatever I write will be only my interpretation of a time long gone. It will always be my own interpretation of the past through the prism of a fictional work, and a representation of

my own truth. Want to know the real me? My novels illuminate how 'Fact can be realigned. But fiction never lies; it reveals the writer totally' (Naipaul 2002, p.7). Fiction worth crafting means being both true to yourself as a growing human being and to the voices of your characters.

Margaret Atwood says of novel writing, "The process is much more like wrestling a greased pig in the dark" (Atwood 2012). It is like that for me, too. Writing my first draft, finding the heart of my story is so elusive. It slips and slithers from my grasp as I reach for words to make it take shape and substance, until, finally, I craft my work into the permanence of believability.

Beginning a novel, I have no idea where my characters will take me. One thing I desire to avoid is the "colouring it in with characters and words, sort of like paint-by-numbers" school of novel writing" (Atwood 2012). I craft my stories through marrying my imagination to Tudor history. I allow myself to imagine what may have happened behind closed doors. I welcome, and seize onto, the silences and gaps left by historical record because I can step into these spaces and imagine – and create a work of fiction. Sutherland (2007, p. 10) tells us, '[i]n writing a historical character in fiction, we start with known facts, which provide a spring form for the imagination to fill the many gaps'. I believe it is not 'superfluous detail [that] gives fiction its verisimilitude' (Booth 2007, p. 48) – argued as the fundamental stylistic dissimilarity between writing nonfiction history and historical fiction – but research and knowledge about the context of the times allows the writer to imagine. Our research also shows our respect to the people of the past.

Before embarking on my PhD in 2014, I was a panster (a writer who does not plot out their story from the start) rather than a plotter. I enjoyed and revelled in not knowing the writing journey before me and the surprise of it all. The discovery. So many discoveries. Managing my PhD meant developing strategies to achieve important deadlines. It led me to map out my novels, after realizing how much it had helped me to map out The Light in the Labyrinth with the use of the twelve steps of the hero's journey.

I quest for story in my first draft as if it is my grail. At times, the writing process is chaos, "dark, without form and void" (Atwood 2012). Word by word, I lessen the darkness. I do not know what I am questing for until that moment happens and I write one line, one sentence, and I see and hear the beating heart of my story. That is when I step out into the light, exhausted, but grown and victorious, finally with that pig in my arms. It is also the moment I know I will indeed write my novel

and not put it aside for another time. My novel has quickened inside me – and demands me to take it beyond the first draft. It demands birth. It demands life.

For me, writing is the agony and ecstasy of my life. It is adventure of mind, heart and soul – one I would not change it for anything.

WENDY J. DUNN

Atwood, M. 2012. Spotty-Handed Villainesses: Problems Of Female Bad Behaviour In The Creation Of Literature, Sweet Briar College, Web, 10.

Booth, S 2007, 'Falling Off the Edge of the World: History and Gender in Daphne Marlatt's Ana Historic', in A Heilmann & M Llewellyn, Metafiction and metahistory in contemporary women's writing, Palgrave Macmillan, SWINBURNE EBook Library, pp. 49-55.

Dunn, WJ, Falling Pomegranate Seeds: All Manner of Thing, to be published January, 2021.

Sutherland, E 2007, 'Historical Lives in Fiction, Characters in Fiction: Are they the same people?', TEXT Journal, vol. 11, no. 1, pp 1-12.

QUIZ ANSWERS

How did you do with this month's quiz?

1. John de la Pole, 2nd Duke of Suffolk, Edmund Tudor, 1st Earl of Richmond, Henry Stafford, Thomas Stanley, 1st Earl of Derby
2. Uncle
3. Beheaded after the battle of Mortimer's Cross in 1461
4. Edward, Prince of Wales
5. Charles VI
6. Edward III
7. Katherine Swynford
8. 1397
9. The Nevilles
10. James I

FROM THE SPICERY

WITH RIOGINACH

BREAD AND CHEESE

Bread and cheese: a simple meal of both rich and poor alike. Everything from the finely milled white loaves of bread of the elites known wastels and manchets to the lowly clap-breads of the peasantry have been extensively written about by some of the best historians the Tudor Society has to offer. However, I'm not intending to do that. Rather I want to take you through the process of making a simple beer-based bread, as well as an utterly delicious cheese using nettles to make the rennet.

As some of you may know, my favourite aspect of medieval reenactment and Living History is culinary reconstructive archaeology. I love learning how our medieval forebears made the foodstuffs that we tend to take for granted in our modern world. So first up, I thought we'd start with a bread, using yeast trubs (a more polite way of saying 'beer dregs'). One of the local craft brewers in the Barossa Valley was kind enough to give me a bottle of yeast trubs from a dark stout. The same craft brewery also makes a seasonal horehound beer and bog myrtle gruit made to a traditional Wendish recipe (the Barossa Valley was settled by the Wends in the 1840s).

Mix a cup of the yeast trubs with a cup of flour of your choice. I've used both spelt and buckwheat). Mix together, then cover loosely and leave in a warm place for 24 hours. This

will form the starter culture (similar to making sourdough starter, but far easier). After 24 hours, the starter is bubbly and smells delicious. Put your chosen flour, fennel seeds, honey a little salt, and half a cup of the starter into your favourite mixing bowl. Now for the fun bit; start adding the same beer that the trubs came from. Add a little beer at a time, mixing well after each addition. The idea is to make a dough that is neither to dry nor too wet - just right like Goldilocks's porridge :-). Once you've achieved the right consistency, turn the dough out onto a lightly floured surface and kneed well for 10 minutes. I find this bit to be the best way to get rid of stress. Roll the dough into a ball, dusting it lightly with a little flour, and return it to the bowl. Loosely cover with a damp cloth (do not let

the dough dry out), and leave it to prove somewhere warm for 24 hours.

While your dough is doing its thing, put some gloves on and harvest at least 2kg of fresh nettles. Just make sure that they've not been sprayed, and avoid the roots and woody stalks of older plants. Once you've got your nettles, wash them thoroughly to remove any dirt. For reasons I don't understand, washing the nettles also removes most of the stingy bits. This is a great advantage when it comes to the next stage of stripping the nettle leaves off the stems and stalks! You'll need about 750g of washed leaves to make the rennet. Incidentally, the history of nettle rennet comes from the practice of the autumn slaughter of cattle and sheep before winter. Given the scarcity of feed in winter, most of the herd would be slaughtered to feed peasantry and lords alike, with only a few animals kept as breeding stock for the following year. Cows with calves or nanny goats with kids supplied the milk needed for winter cheese making.

Take your washed nettle leaves, and place them into a pot of clean water and bring to a medium simmer. At this point add the magic ingredient: a couple of teaspoons of salt. Salt releases the coagulant from the nettles, creating the nettle rennet. Let the nettles simmer for a good 30 minutes before you strain them through a colander lined with cheesecloth (or a tea towel like I do). The resulting liquid rennet is an unpleasant looking olive green in colour, but don't worry as you won't end up with green cheese. In another pot, bring 4 litres of your preferred

milk to blood heat; I use raw Jersey milk, but a good friend swears by raw sheep's milk. Once the milk is at blood heat (between 37C and 40C), add 4 cups of warm nettle rennet, stir briefly, and wrap the pot in a blanket to keep the temperature relatively stable. Now the hard bit; resist the temptation to stir or cut the curd! Let the pot stand overnight and let nature do what she does best.

The next morning, heat your oven to 240C and put Dutch oven into heat up. Unwrap your dough and gently massage it - under no circumstances knead the dough again! Form the dough into whatever loaf shape takes your fancy, and allow it to rise for another hour while the oven heats. In the meantime, carefully drain the curds through a colander lined with cheesecloth. Gather up the cloth containing the curds and squeeze out as much of the remaining whey as you can. I use the whey in cooking, but I know people who use it as the basis of a pickling solution. Place the cloth with the curds on your kitchen draining board and weight it down with the heaviest things you have in your kitchen. I use two mortars and a marble slab. This will force more whey out and give you a smoother cheese.

After an hour and when your oven is up to temperature, carefully take out the heated Dutch. Quickly brush the inside with a little butter as this will stop the dough from sticking. Put the dough into the Dutch oven, put its lid back on and put it back into the oven for 30 minutes. After 30 minutes is up, take the cover off the Dutch oven, and allow the bread to cook for another 15 minutes. Remove it from the over and carefully tap the bottom of the bread (be very careful as it will be extremely hot). If the bread sounds hollow, you're all done! While the bread is cooling, remove the weights from your cheese and unwrap it. It will look something like a cross between soft ricotta and cream cheese; beautifully white and with absolutely no taste of nettles!! Put your newly made cheese into an airtight container and wait patiently for the bread to cool.

Then, be you King or Queen, Lord or Lady, merchant or peasant, cut yourself a good thick slice of your beer bread, and top with a goodly amount of the cheese that you made with your own fair hands and enjoy! Depending on the trubs and beer you used, the bread with have a rich dark flavour (as mine did), and is the perfect match for the smoothest cheese you'll ever taste!

RIOGHNACH O'GERAGHTY

NOVEMBER'S "ON THIS

1 November 1558
Death of Michael Throckmorton, agent for Cardinal Reginald Pole, probably at Mantua in Italy.

2 November 1581
Death of Gilbert Berkeley, Bishop of Bath and Wells, at Wells. He was buried at the cathedral and his tomb chest can still be seen today, in the aisle of the north chancel.

3 November 1568
Death of Nicholas Carr, Pegius professor of Greek at Cambridge. He was buried St Michael's Church, Cambridge.

4 November 1501
Catherine of Aragon met Arthur, Prince of Wales, for the first time. They married ten days later at St Paul's.

7 November 1541
Archbishop Thomas Cranmer went to Hampton Court Palace to interrogate Queen Catherine Howard.

8 November 1543
Birth of Lettice Knollys, daughter of Sir Francis Knollys and Catherine Carey, Mary Boleyn.

9 November 1596
Burial of George Peele, poet and playwright, at St James's Clerkenwell.

10 Nov 1542
Death of Sir Richard Pollard, the King's Remembrancer of the Exchequer.

11 Nov 1541
Catherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry VIII, was moved from Hampton Court Palace to Syon House.

15 Nov 1597
Death of Robert Bowes, member of Parliament and Elizabeth I's English Ambassador in Scotland, at Berwick.

16 Nov 1596
Death of Sir Francis Willoughby, industrialist and coalowner, in London.

17 Nov 1558
Mary I, died. She was just forty-two years-old. Elizabeth became queen.

23 Nov 1499
The hanging of the pretender Perkin Warbeck at Tyburn.

24 Nov 1598
Death of William Paulet, 3rd Marquis of Winchester, nobleman and author, at Basing in Hampshire.

25 Nov 1545
Death of Sir Thomas Legh, lawyer, member of Parliament, diplomat and ecclesiastical administrator.

28 Nov 1489
Birth of Margaret Tudor, Queen of Scotland and consort of James IV, at Westminster Palace.

29 Nov 1593
Execution of Richard Hesketh, merchant, at St Albans for treason. Hesketh had incited Ferdinando Stanley, the new 5th Earl of Derby, to lead a rebellion to claim the throne by right of his descent from Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII.

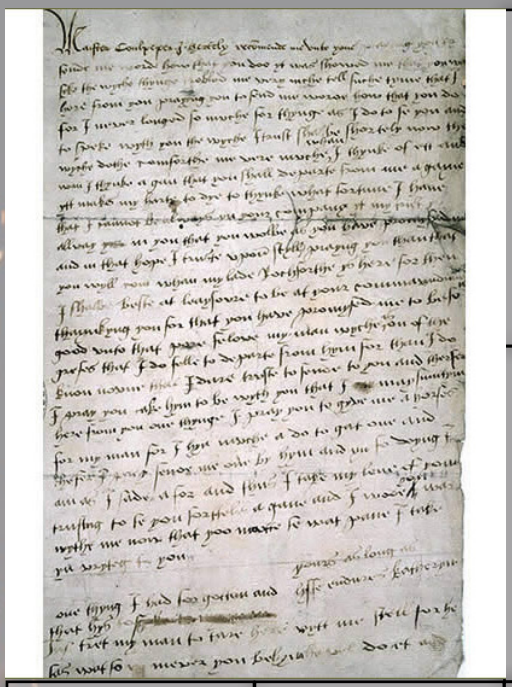
30 Nov 1554
Both Houses of Parliament presented a petition to Mary I and her husband Philip to intercede with Cardinal Reginald Pole, the papal legate, for absolution for the years of separation from Rome and for reconciliation with Rome.

Marie de Guise, c 1537 by Corneille de Lyon

Background image: Bonfire by CHUTTERSNAP

DAY IN TUDOR HISTORY"

A letter from Catherine Howard to Thomas Culpeper



5 November 1605
Londoners were encouraged to celebrate the King's narrow escape from Guy Fawkes by lighting bonfires around the city, and it is that celebration that is still remembered in the UK every year on the 5th.

6 November 1541
Henry VIII abandoned Catherine Howard, his fifth wife, at Hampton Court Palace.

12 Nov 1555
Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, died. He was laid to rest at Winchester Cathedral,

13 Nov 1601
Burial of Lady Mary Ramsey (née Dale), famous philanthropist, at Christ Church in London.

14 Nov 1531
Birth of Richard Topcliffe, member of Parliament, priest-hunter, interrogator and torturer.

18 Nov 1559
Death of Ralph Baynes, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, during his imprisonment at the home of Edmund Grindal.

19 Nov 1587
Death of Henry Vaux, poet, Catholic recusant and priest harbourer, of consumption at Great Ashby.

20 Nov 1515
Birth of Marie de Guise, Queen of Scots, consort of James V, regent of Scotland and mother of Mary, Queen of Scots.

21 Nov 1579
Death of Sir Thomas Gresham, merchant and founder of the Royal Exchange and Gresham College.

22 Nov 1545
Henry VIII's trusted physician, Sir William Butts, died at Fulham Manor, Middlesex.

26 Nov 1533
Henry Fitzroy, the Duke of Richmond and Somerset, married Lady Mary Howard at Hampton Court Palace. Henry Fitzroy was the illegitimate son of Henry VIII by his mistress Elizabeth (Bessie Blount), and the King openly acknowledged that he was his father and was proud of the boy. He was enobled at the age of 6 in 1525. He was given the title Earl of Nottingham first, and then made the Duke of Richmond and Somerset.

27 Nov 1582
18 year-old William Shakespeare married 26 year-old Anne (also known as Agnes) Hathaway.

TUDOR FEAST DAYS

1 November - All Saints
2 November - All Souls
11 November - Martinmas
17 November - Accession Day
30 November - St Andrew

Tudor Life

NEXT MONTH IN YOUR REGULAR

Tudor Life

MAKE GOOD CHEER WHO WISHES

SUSAN ABERNETHY
Swashbuckling Personalities

KYRA KRAMER
Christmas Spices

RIOGHNACH O'GERAGHTY
Twelve days of culinary Christmas

ROLAND HUI
The portraiture of Anne of Cleves

PLUS

much more Tudor fun!

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

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