Tudor Life

THE TUDOR SOCIETY

The Tudor Society Magazine

Members Only
No 53
January 2019

TUDOR MARYS

Mary Boleyn

Mary I

Mary Tudor

Mary, Queen of Scots

Maria of Austria

Marie de Guise

PLUS

Scadbury Manor

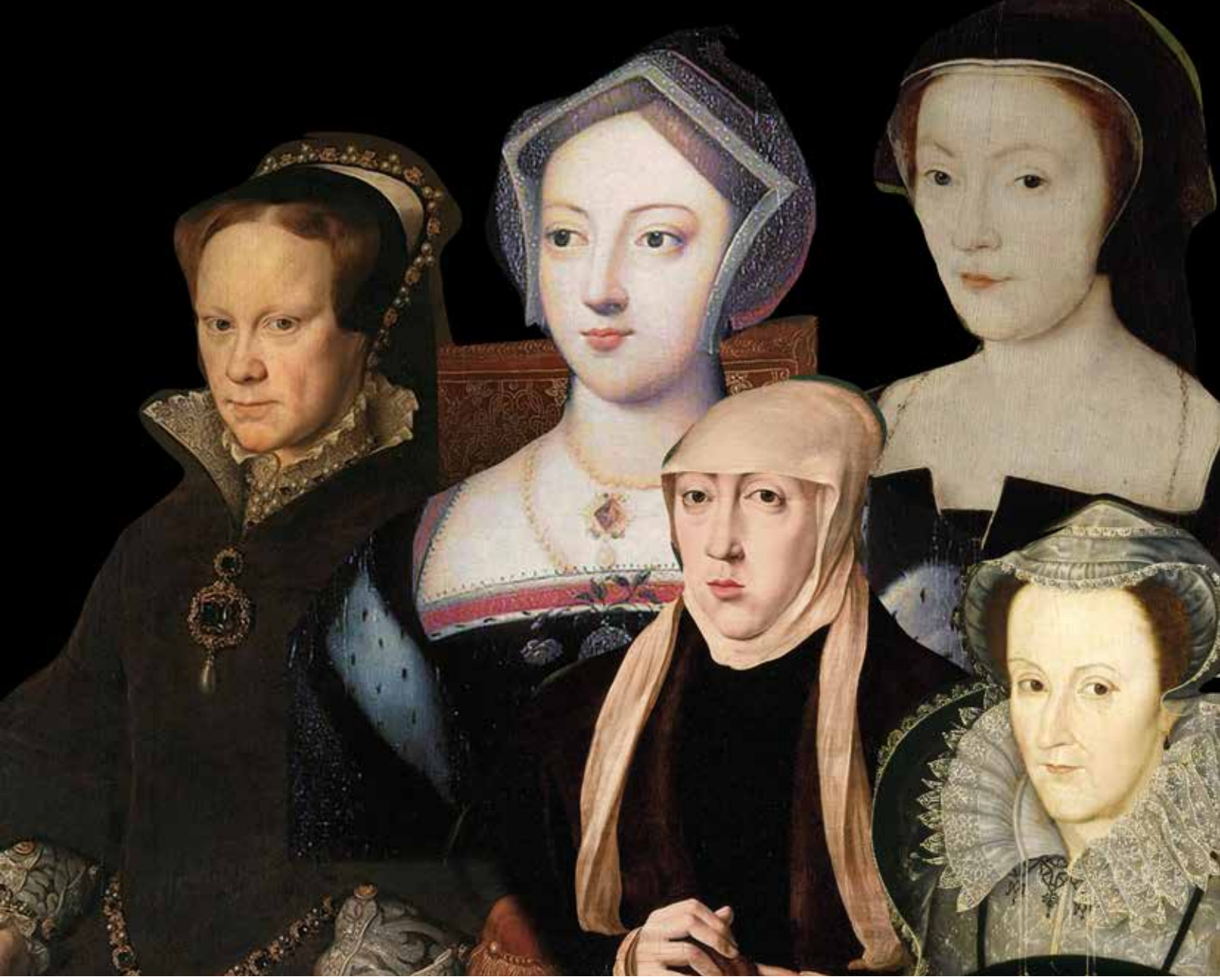
Ghost Story Winners

EXCLUSIVE: A VISIT TO BEAUTIFUL TUDOR WEST HOATHLY

Thinking about discovering more about the Tudors?

The Tudor Society currently has over 2000 articles, over 200 weekly historical discussion videos, over 60 expert talks, more than 190 hours of video and 53 monthly magazines ... you're missing out on the best that there is if you're not a member!

https://www.TUDORSOCIETY.com/



Tudor Marys

JANUARY BEGINS, in the Church Calendar, with the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. So it seemed fitting to me to pick the Virgin Mary's earthly Tudor liege-women as the broad theme for this month's issue. The Tudor era was rich in those christened in honour of the Mother of God, including but not limited to Henry VIII's favourite sister, Anne Boleyn's only sister, regents in Scotland and the Netherlands, and queens regnant in both Scotland and England. January does, however, mark a period of new beginnings and thus also of endings. In that vein, it falls upon me to bid farewell to our regular columnist, Lauren Browne. It's not a permanent goodbye but for the next year, Lauren will be devoting time solely to the completion of her Ph.D. in early modern presentations of queenship. She is an excellent scholar, who will be missed here and by our readers. Our thanks and best wishes to Lauren. On a personal note, as someone who has known Lauren as a friend for the best part of a decade, I should like to add my love and confidence in the months ahead for her.

GARETH RUSSELL
EDITOR

Tudor Life

JANUARY

Maria of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Governor of the Netherlands, painted c. 1520 by Hans Maler zu Schwaz

A GALAXY OF MARYS: QUEEN OF HEAVEN AND QUEENS ON EARTH

BY GARETH RUSSELL

As the acceleration towards a Protestant England gathered pace, mid-sixteenth century evangelicals noticed with concern and determination that veneration of the Virgin Mary was proving one of the toughest devotional aspects of pre-Reformation Christianity to eradicate. Along with prayers for the Dead, Marianism remained a vibrant aspect of many English and Welsh Christians' beliefs long after the government of Edward VI had officially outlawed it. This persistence of devotion to the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, Aqueduct of Grace, Bride of the Canticle, Queen of the Prophets, arguably helped facilitate the swing back towards state Catholicism when the Holy Virgin's earthly namesake took the throne as Queen Mary I in 1553 and it proved enduringly tricky to those who tried to undo that legacy under Mary I's sister and successor, the Protestant Virgin Queen, Elizabeth I.

It is well known that medieval coronations for English queens consort deliberately harnessed Marian imagery to make explicit the link between Mary, Queen of Heaven, and the new English queen as her earthly handmaiden. This continued right the way up to the coronation of Anne Boleyn in 1533, when imagery of the new Queen's patron saint, the Virgin Mary's mother, Saint Anne, proliferated throughout the coronation's pageants and processions. After that, there were no more coronations for consorts in London until Anna of Denmark's in 1603, by which point the shift from late medieval Catholicism and Henrician "Catholicism without the Pope" towards undeniable and undiluted Protestantism

had been decisively made.

On a less spectacular level, veneration of the Holy Virgin inspired millions of European parents in the 1500s to christen their daughters with the name Mary. Some of those princesses bearing the Virgin's name, like Henry VII's youngest daughter, Mary Tudor, or Charles V's sister, the Hapsburg Archduchess Maria of Austria, grew to maturity just as the Catholic world of certainties that had framed their childhoods began to unravel. Mary Tudor's opposition to the plans of her brother, Henry VIII, to divorce his first wife, Katherine of Aragon, are well known, although it is unclear if this was because of her personal dislike of Anne Boleyn or concerns over the divorce's growing utility for the new Protestant faith. While Mary, by then Duchess of Suffolk through her second marriage to her brother's favourite, Charles Brandon, was conventionally religious, there is no evidence to suggest that was especially devout.

A sixteenth-century woodcut showing the Annunciation with Saint Gabriel (right) announcing the Miracle of the Incarnation to the Holy Virgin Mary (left). Note the presence of the Holy Spirit, allegorically depicted as a dove, hovering in the space between Heaven's Messenger and God's Mother. (WorthPoint)

Across the Channel in the Hapsburg Netherlands, Maria of Austria, the woman who might have been Mary Tudor's sister-in-law had things gone to plan decades earlier, regarded the emergence of the Reformation with more explicit, precise concern. Sometimes known as Mary of Hungary, she was the younger sister of the Hapsburg Emperor who, in his youth, had been considered as a possible bridegroom for Mary of England. Those plans had fallen through. However, like her putative sister-in-law, Maria of Austria had been left a widow after the death of a kingly husband called Louis. In her case, she had been married in 1515 to King Louis II of Hungary. After he was killed in battle defending his kingdom against the Ottoman armies, Louis II's childless widow Maria was appointed Regent of Hungary then, after the selection of a new king, her brother the Emperor appointed her to the same role in the Netherlands. She served as the imperial regent there

Marie de Guise: Duchess, Queen, Regent. (ArtUK)

Irish actress Sarah Bolger won praise for her sympathetic portrayal of the future Mary I in the last three series of "The Tudors" (Showtime)

from 1531 until 1555, retiring three years before her death. She established a court famed for its elegance, its patronage of the arts and for the shrewd political, and economic, intelligence of its mistress.

The Regent Maria was, like many members of the Hapsburg family, a devout practicing Catholic. Yet, although her maternal grandparents had overseen the introduction of the Inquisition to Spain, Maria took a more pragmatic approach to the emergence of non-Catholic faiths in her dominions. The Protestant religion spread rapidly in certain parts of the Hapsburg Netherlands, especially in the northern provinces, and despite her personal unhappiness at this development, the Queen Regent did not pursue a vendetta against them. This led her to clash with her brothers, the Emperor Charles and the Archduke Ferdinand, both of whom put Maria under pressure at different stages to enforce the empire's anti-Protestant laws. She was clever enough to deploy the Hapsburg charm with her subjects, telling her brother in a private letter, "Whoever is in charge of this country should be very sociable with everyone in order to gain the goodwill both of the nobility and the commonality; for this country does not render the obedience which is due to a monarchy, nor is there an oligarchical order nor even that of a republic."

A far less conciliatory approach was taken by Maria's Tudor cousin, the younger Mary Tudor, after she defeated a coup designed to disinherit her in the summer of 1553. Installed as Queen of England and Ireland, Mary I dedicated herself to undo the religious policies of her late father Henry VIII and especially of her recently deceased brother, Edward VI, which she believed had wrongfully severed England's spiritual obedience to the Vatican and unleashed militant heresy

onto the kingdoms. However, the policies enacted by Henry VIII between 1531 and 1547 and Edward VI's regencies between 1547 and 1553 had resulted in the establishment of sizeable Protestant communities in England, Wales, and Ireland. Queen Mary I's reinstitution of the heresy laws resulted in hundreds of her most devoutly Protestant subjects being burned at the stake when they refused to recant. It was a policy that earned the Queen the nickname of "Bloody Mary", which has been sharply queried by many of Mary's modern biographers who say it presents a skewed, myopic focus of her achievements as a leader. That being said, it is perhaps understandable why the families and admirers of her government's victims chose only to see that terrible aspect of her rule when reflecting on her life, which came to an end in November 1558.

Protestantism's theological objections to Christian veneration of the Virgin Mary was based on their particular interpretation of the Scriptures and, perhaps on slightly shakier ground, of early Church history. However, there are plenty of scholars and observers who saw a whiff of misogyny in Protestantism's determination to unseat a powerful female figure at the heart of their religion. It is worth noting that in their zeal to end the system of convents - nuns being the only women in medieval Europe who could voluntarily exempt themselves from marriage and childbirth - Protestant theologians had to work very hard indeed to eviscerate the centuries-long standing narrative that the Virgin Mary had taken a vow of perpetual virginity early in her life, that her marriage with Saint Joseph remained unconsummated and that the other children mentioned as Christ's siblings in the Bible were, in fact, Saint Joseph's children from a previous marriage, from which he had been left a widower. In fact, the adjective 'brother' or 'sister' clearly did not mean that in its most obvious term since, according to the Bible, Christ had a Divine rather than human father. It was clear that the term could mean step- or half-, with the overwhelming weight of Church tradition lending mountains of evidence to it being, in this case, 'step'. However, Protestants were uncomfortable with women being allowed to exempt themselves from their 'designated role' as bearers of children and the Virgin's vow was a crux of allowing that system to endure. Thus it was critiqued into oblivion.

Another self-proclaimed virgin, Elizabeth I, might have expected to see a surge of support from her Protestant co-religionists after she succeeded her Catholic sister Mary in 1558; instead, she found herself repeatedly undermined by the more militant wings of Protestantism, including Presbyterianism in neighbouring Scotland and Puritanism in England, which was, at best, uneasy with a female monarch. Elizabeth's difficulties with Presbyterianism, of course, were as nothing compared to those faced by Scotland's French Catholic regent, the Queen Mother, Marie de Guise, who held the reigns of government in Edinburgh after her husband James V's death in 1542. Marie had sent their daughter, another Mary, to be raised with the French side of her family, through which she married the future King François II. Queen Marie, roundly demonised by the blossoming Presbyterian Kirk, endured rebellions and the assassination of her

closest Catholic adviser, a biographical trait that was sadly to plague her daughter Mary, Queen of Scots when she returned to rule Scotland as an eighteen-year-old widow in 1561.

Of course, not all those who bore the Queen of Heaven's name were queens themselves. While the romantic disasters that beset Mary, Queen of Scots through her second and third marriages are infamous, as is the damage they inflicted on her career, there were plenty of Marys with less dramatic, if equally self-determined, romantic aims in the Tudor era. Financially shipwrecked after her first husband's death during the Sweating Sickness epidemic of 1528, Mary Carey found support mainly from her sister, Anne Boleyn, which evaporated after an estrangement arose between the sisters through Mary's subsequent elopement with a well-connected if comparatively low-born soldier, William Stafford. Mary was open about her love for her second husband, as well as, I think, a little touchy on the insinuation that he was socially unworthy of her, as this quote from a letter she wrote in 1534 suggests: 'I might have had a greater man of birth and a higher, but I assure you I could never have had one that should have loved me so well, nor a more honest man; and besides that, he is come of an ancient stock, and again as meet (if it was his Grace's pleasure) to do the king's service, as any young gentleman in his court.'

Another Mary willing to risk much for love was Lady Mary Grey, youngest sister of the "Nine Day Queen". It is unclear if the old legend that Mary Grey was a dwarf has any truth it. Many modern scholars query it, strenuously. After her eldest sister's tragic tenure as queen and the incarceration of their middle sister, Lady Katherine, for eloping with the Earl of Hertford without the Queen's permission, Lady Mary Grey incredibly mimicked Katherine's action. Queen Elizabeth was attending the wedding of one of her Boleyn kinfolk while her cousin Mary secretly married one of Elizabeth's sergeant porters, Thomas Keyes. The Spanish ambassador, who meanly described Mary Grey as 'very ugly', reported on the height of her husband, who allegedly stood at 6'8 in height. More importantly, Sir William Cecil spoke for many when the scandal broke and he said of Mary's actions, 'the offence is very great'. Queen Elizabeth I had the couple separated and Mary placed under house arrest until Keyes died after a long illness in 1571. It is not true that the estrangement lasted permanently. The Queen and Lady Mary eventually, if tentatively, reconciled to the extent that Mary was appointed as one of Queen Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting. However, she died during the plague epidemic of 1578, aged 33. Many of her bequests in her will were left to her late husband's family. The Queen paid for a sumptuous funeral for Lady Mary at Westminster Abbey.

In the splendid improbability of their lives, the sixteenth-century's earthly Marys open a window for us into a world that was shattering, and being reborn, in the face of unprecedented religious upheaval and also into the eternal, humanising stories of love, determination, and hope.

GARETH RUSSELL

Five Marys - the young Queen of Scots with her four similar-named ladies in waiting (From "Scotland's Story", 1906)

Earlier in the year the Tudor Society was pleased to announce that we would be printing the winners of a **Tudor Ghost Story** competition which is run by two of our favourite authors, Wendy J Dunn and Natalie Grueninger. We know it's January now, but there's never a bad time for a good Tudor story... Congratulations to all the winners!

FOUND
BY L.H.

Inside, Peterborough Cathedral is cool and pale with winter sunshine. The faint shadows of falling snow glide down ancient walls and vanish. I can hear a bitter wind push up against the windows; beg entrance, shelter from its own ferocity. But its howl goes unheeded, and Peterborough stands firm, as it always has, against time and the elements. I am the only one here now, save the Vicar, who has seen enough of me to know when I want to be left alone. He has gone and busied himself elsewhere, for which I am exceedingly grateful.

Unthinking, I make my way to the far side of the church, where an iron fence fashioned with scrollwork blocks the public from accessing private chambers. Beneath its heavy form, carefully polished gold letters spell out "Katherine Queen of England", and beneath them is a narrow slab of dark stone, elaborately engraved. For the first time since I stepped out of my home, the dark cloud retreats and I can breathe deeply. Someone has lain a soft pink rose on the cold tomb, another a bright sprig of daisies. Cold fingers fumbling in pockets, I pull out my own gifts to the long-wronged lady: a pomegranate and, as always, a folded note. Stooping to lay them just at her head, I catch a whiff of exotic spices, and the tail end of a warm wind not felt in England for months. My skin prickles as a presence draws up behind me. I can feel it, looking at me, curious: strangely familiar, yet remarkably alien all the same. I freeze, my body enveloped instantaneously in the primordial need for fight or flight. But a voice, warm as the wind, pushes back the flap, and infiltrates the panic.

"The Pomegranates, they are my favorite. They remind me so much of Spain, and of my mother." It is a deep voice, rich like velvet. It puts me in the mind of port wine and cloves. I straighten, turn to face it. She is strangely more human than I expected; there is no ethereal light, no chorus of angels, no cloak of gold. Only a woman with a soft oval face framed by an old fashioned gabled hood, her form draped with heavy damask and silk. Before I can think about it, I find myself dropping into a curtsey; it is somehow instinctive. She smiles as I rise, "Please, such formality is not

necessary. I have not been Queen for a long while, not since my husband died."

It is only now that I catch the hint of an accent, a reminder of her status as a foreigner in her own realm. "Come," she gestures to the long aisles of the church, "walk with me awhile. It has been many years since I have had company." And what can I do but oblige? As I walk towards her I realize how absurd the situation is. But something in her demeanor, in her sense of reality, keeps me from being afraid. She takes my arm in a familiar way, and I am startled by the warmth of her. All the stories say ghosts are cold, but she feels as if she has just come from sitting in the sun.

With a sense of purpose she starts away from her grave, towards the back of Peterborough; I can hear the click of her shoes on hard floors. For a minute we are silent, and it is like walking with an old friend. As we pass a window she stops to take in the snowy grounds,

"Winters in England, they were not so endearing to me. I suppose it is my Spanish blood, but the cold never suited me well."

"They do take some getting used to." I admit, almost laughing at how natural the conversation sounds.

"My Henry, he enjoyed winters. He loved to hunt game in snowy fields and traverse frozen stream beds." She chuckles, "I remember how the ice hung in his beard, and the cold colored his cheeks." She presses a hand to the window, and shivers, "Even now, when it cannot affect me, I dislike it." For a moment she is still, then, with a sigh, she turns away and we continue our stroll. "I have been receiving your letters for some time now; I am so sorry about your son."

The black cloud that has followed me so closely these past two years takes back over, and I am again engulfed in the sickeningly familiar feeling of having a vortex rip open inside of you and suck up all the light and warmth; like a Dementor who has infiltrated your soul. I can feel her gentle gaze on me, and somehow I know she does not expect me to respond,

"That feeling, it is one a mother never forgets. It never leaves her, not fully. It follows her all of her days, like a shadow at her heels. I think, sometimes, that it even lingers over her grave. In all these many years I have been unable to fully rid myself of it, even though I now have all my little ones close to me again."

The words are heavy and hard with truth. I think them over, and wonder how I can live the rest of my life with a shadow always following behind. Then I think of all the shadows that follow her: five lost babes and one child grown to adulthood. "How did you do it? When Nate died I couldn't get out of bed for a week. There were entire days I couldn't even speak. Friends had to go out and buy smoothies just so I ate something. At his funeral I nearly fainted. How did you go on running a court? Running a country? I could barely keep my job."

She is silent, her face tight with emotions I know all too well: grief, shame, embarrassment, anger. She seems lost, far away in her thoughts, then,

"I had no choice. I had thousands of people depending on me. I had decisions to make, people whose livelihoods were in my hands. As much as I sometimes wished to, I could not stop living because it pleased God my babes should do so."

Somehow those words are heavier than her sentiment about shadows. The idea that I have to keep living, that the world will not stop turning just because my boy was hit by a car, is a bitter one to swallow. "Jamie dealt with it so differently than I did. He got out of bed, drowned himself in work, went to the gym, went to the park… for hours. Anything to not be home, not stare down that closed door. He wouldn't even look at it. Wouldn't go in and look at any of his things. Just let them sit there, as if Nate might come bursting through the door any moment. It made me so angry! I felt like he was moving on without him, like he was trying to wipe Nate out of existence. It's part of why we divorced; we couldn't help each other grieve, we were so wrapped up in our own loss."

She nods, "With Henry and I, while I cannot say the experience was the same, it was similar. He would mourn with me at first, but soon was back to his hunts and his games and his masks. And I thought sometimes then …and now even more so…that he was truly mourning the loss of his heir, not of his child. He saw a son as an item: a thing to keep in his possession and secure his legacy. One was the same as another to him. But to me, they were all so unique. In the womb they behaved so

differently, each giving me different pains, different joys. I had so looked forward to meeting them in life, to watching those little motions blossom into an entire being." Tears brim in dark eyes and, instinctively, I reach out to comfort her. The damask of her sleeve is stiff: gold patterning on a red background, studded with gems that wink and snap even in the dying light.

"I'm sorry you never got to know them. I can't imagine what that's like." Her own hand squeezes mine and our eyes meet.

"Thank you."

Our walk continues in soft silence, around to the front of the Cathedral where Christ and His apostles look down on us. Their faces framed in gold halos, they sit on a background of robin's egg blue, run all over by pastel leaves and vines. We have passed the velvet rope meant to keep us back, but somehow I doubt the Vicar will mind. Katherine stops under the figure of Jesus, fingers a diamond laden cross at her neck,

"My faith gave me much comfort during my life, and in my death. I am sorry that it has not been so kind to you."

I shrug uncomfortably, trying to shake off the awkward feeling that religion has given me ever since Nate's death. Ever since the Pastor presiding over his service had said God had a reason for taking him from me. I am still furious about that. That someone, let alone a man of God, had the gall to insinuate that the violent, bloody death of a child was ordained. That his suffering was predetermined, smiled upon even. "How could you be so sure the death of your babies was the will of any god? It seems so cruel, so unholy."

She breathes in, lets out a long, tired sigh, "I have asked myself that many times. In my life I struggled so often with the love I bore my children and the love I bore God. But to think that their deaths were meaningless, to think that the world was so cruel as to tear a babe from my arms before it truly had a chance to live, it seemed impossible. Or, I suppose, I did not want it to be possible. And so I accepted, and I still accept, that God had a plan in taking them from me. After all, He took His own son. What are my children compared to His?"

"I wish I could believe that."

"And besides," her voice is warm again, full of golden honey, "I had my Mary. My sweet girl. Often, especially as the years wore on, it was the thought of her alone that kept my spirits high."

"All the books say she was a particularly clever girl, good at music and language."

She smiles, "Oh, she loved music. Dancing, singing, playing! Sometimes, when she danced, I thought her feet did not truly touch the ground, she was so nimble!"

I smile with her, chuckle at her memories, "Nate was learning piano… it's a bit like the virginals. He played it so much I had to lock it at bedtime, otherwise I'd find him up at 3 A.M. trying to learn a new song."

"Mary enjoyed the virginals greatly! She often played for me after her lessons. And the organ at church always fascinated her! I shall never forget when Dionysus Memmo came and first played for us! She was so enchanted she kept saying 'Priest! Music! Music!', over and over again. Of course she was only 2 at the time, so it took the poor man a moment to realize what she meant!"

We sigh in tandem, and I can feel relief tinge the air. It has been so long since I've been able to talk about Nate without almost breaking down. Even in the support group his name brings tears to my eyes. But with Katherine all that grief is somehow eased, and I am able to focus more on all the happy memories 12 years of life brought.

From high above us the tolling of the bells interrupts our thoughts.

"I cannot stay much longer. It takes more effort than you might think to traverse the gaps in mortality."

My heart sinks. I knew she couldn't possibly stay forever, but I was hoping for just a bit more time.

"Walk me back to my grave. It is easiest to come and go there."

And so, arm in arm with a former Queen of England, with a fellow mother, with a fellow mourner, with a fellow divorcee, I walk once more to the iron railing.

"I am so glad we were able to meet. It has given me great comfort. I am glad to know that motherhood has remained much the same, even if the world has not. And talking to you… it has eased

my soul somehow. I am glad you began writing me letters."

I am floored: with all her visit has done for me, I couldn't have imagined that I had the same effect on her. "I am too," is all I can manage to get out.

All too soon we are at the dark, polished slab. She turns to face me, "I do not think I shall be able to come again." my heart sinks further, "But I shall never forget you. And, should I ever find your Nate in the vastness of the Afterlife, I shall take him under my wing and keep him safe until it is your time to join us."

I can feel tears welling in my eyes, and for the first time in two years they are not from sorrow.

"Until then, remember that there is a mother always cheering for you, and comforting you in turn." She draws me in to an embrace, and I feel her soft, rounded form beneath all the layers and trappings. I wish, so, so dearly, that I could hang on forever, but already I can feel her fading away. "Farewell, my friend. I look forward to your next letter."

Then, with one last breath and the scents of an exotic land, she is gone. I am left looking at a quiet grave, with only a lingering warmth surrounding me. As the wind blows outside and the snow falls in heaps I offer a low, well deserved bow to Katherine, Queen of England. And, before I leave, I summon the only words I can think of, "Goodbye Your Majesty, and thank you. Give the children a kiss for me. I hope to meet them one day."

THE LETTER

BY CAROL POWER

I found the pages buried in a Tudor letter casket I bought at an outdoor flea market in Peterborough, Cambridgeshire. The market wasn't far from the church where Catherine of Aragon is buried. Was it Catherine's spirit who led me there that day?

I'd like to believe it was Catherine's spirit whispering in my ear to buy the chest. Or perhaps it was all of Henry's wives, and Elizabeth, too, who distracted the seller after she told me she'd need to have a look inside the chest before she could sell it. She didn't know where it had come from, she told me, she'd never seen it before, but she'd let me have it for fifty pounds. It had been sitting on her table, off to one side, apart from a conglomeration of old fountain pens and cutlery. As she reached out her hand to open the lid, a gust of wind blew the forks and spoons and knives off the table. She snatched my fifty pound note and dashed off to rescue her table settings, calling, "Never mind!" over her shoulder as she went.

Of course I was so curious about the box's contents I opened it as soon as I was sitting in my car. At first, though, all I could see was a scramble of Christmas ribbons. I decided to empty the box later. It was a long drive with lots of traffic back to my house in Ely, and that gust of wind was followed with splatters of rain that quickly turned into a deluge. I decided not to stop for my favorite Chinese food take away. I'd fix myself a cup of tea and an omelet, then open the box, I told myself.

I sat alone at my kitchen table, sipping my tea, an omelet plump with cheese and browned in butter on my dinner plate. I lifted the box's lid, pulled out the ribbons, and felt the scratch of paper against my fingertips. It was many pages of folded paper. I pushed my omelet to one side, unfolded the papers, and began to read the Italic script:

The hour is late this night of Christmas, and the candle flickers low. I must hurry, to record what I remember when I am the most alone, late at night. Although truly, as Queen, I am never alone, even now a servant lies nearby. Did it all really happen as I remember, or was my mind twisted with fever, playing tricks? I am Elizabeth of England, daughter of the Great Harry, none who have ever seen me, with my Tudor red hair, could deny this. And yet my father's mind wandered as he lay with Death filling his chamber … he saw monks surrounding him in his bed while he lay gasping, struggling for air, the life ebbing from him.

Am I the same?

But I am living. I have survived the terrible pox. My body burned with fever, my face remains scarred. And when my will to live faltered, during the worst of my wretched sickness … dare I write it? Yet I must not forget the spirits who came to me.

Catherine of Aragon I knew her not. Of course I had never met her whilst she lived and breathed, although my half sister, Mary, harped to me countless times and hours of her Godly and womanly virtues, but naught of her appearance. It mattered not. Even in my delirium I could see the resemblance. That same martyred air.

My fever'd mind panicked. I clutched at the bedclothes and struggled to rise, but I was too weak. Come she to gloat, to tell me to prepare to die? She'd been cast aside so cruelly and brutally by my father, surely she hated me. But her countenance was kind, she smiled, her voice gentle, her ghostly hand on my hot, pox ravaged cheek.

"Fear not, Elizabeth, you will survive. You may think I hate you. Nothing could be more false. You were born to do what Mary could not."

As I struggled to reply, she faded away. I sank back into the pillows. My dear Mary Sidney rushed to dab my forehead, swollen with pox, with a cool cloth. Limbs aching, I fell into a fitful sleep. I didn't doubt that Cecil and even my dear Robin would think me quite mad, were I to tell them of this.

Had it, in fact, been real? Surely it could not, was not. And why Catherine? Why not my own mother, Anne Boleyn?

'Twas only the beginning. The days of my illness dragged on. The first time I awoke after Catherine of Aragon's visage appeared, her words echoed in my mind. I told myself it had been the pox, making my mind go false.

Where does one go when one dies? I shivered as I lay, my body wracked with pain and fever, the ugly, oozing, painful lesions covering my body … my face, ravaged. I might be discovering for myself soon enough, but I took her words to heart. Until the fierce illness struck hard at me again. My will to live began to crumble.

The servant girl who brings my chamber pot slept on the pallet at the foot of my bed. I could barely discern her light, even breathing, yet I knew she was with me. Her rest was deep and untroubled. She hasn't the worries or the cares I shoulder.

Another mist began to gather by my bedside. I knew her at once. My most beloved stepmother, Katherine Parr. The woman I'd wronged so terribly when I allowed my attraction for her husband, Lord Thomas Seymour, to overwhelm my judgment. True, I was but a child of fourteen. That mattered not, women and girls are always considered to be the ones who lead men astray. And hadn't she herself held me to keep me from running away, when he cut my gown to ribbons with his knife? Even now, years later, it is a memory at which I wince and shudder to think of. But these things led me to learn life's harsh lessons for one born royal as I was at an early age. Trust no man. Or woman. I struggled to find the words to greet her. Poor Katherine. Dead of childbed fever. I still pray for your forgiveness and mourn your loss. A dank, gray twilight, the day nearly over late afternoon, a cold November twilight, rain pelting against the windows of my chamber. My women were as relentless as the downpour, watching over me and forever scurrying about. I could not the words discern, so quiet and hushed were their tone, but I sensed their worry and fear.

Perhaps I might yet die, Catherine of Aragon's reassuring message of a few nights ago be damned. Mayhap she had only come to taunt me after all, to gloat over what I would fail to achieve. My sister, Mary, was no doubt sniggering with her over my fate as I lay weakening by the hour. They say she heard a children's choir singing as she hovered between this world and the next. If she could be forgiven for her treatment of those who refused to return to Rome and the Pope in their worship of God, surely I must fare as well?

Katherine's misty form took full shape. Radiant, joyous, smiling she was, surrounded by a glowing aura of white light. "Grieve me not, mourn me no longer, sweet child, my beloved stepdaughter, "she said, speaking clearly as my women walked to and fro, but they noticed her not, neither her distinct words, nor her sparkling presence.

She continued.

"I loved you as if you were my own flesh and blood child. It was all part of a piece of a larger puzzle, the weaving of your destiny. All your trials, the difficult, hard, dangerous, lonely, despairing times were your preparation for your destiny – to be the greatest ruler and Queen that England and the world has ever seen."

At that moment I cared not if my ladies heard me and thought me mad. I struggled to speak, to answer, to question her. But, just as Catherine of Aragon had done, she faded away. The first of my father's wives, and now the last. But not his second, not my own mother!

If all of this was real, surely she would be here? My bed had become my prison. I lay thrashing, sheets soaked with my sweat, my hair tangled and plastered to my cheeks and pillows. My throat was parched and sore. Nothing my women brought me to drink helped.

I obsessed over what the shades had told me. That I would survive the pox. My lonely childhood and terrifying years during my brother Edward's rule and Mary's had been to prepare me for my destiny.

My poor brother, dead at only seventeen. One could scarce compare our childhoods, how different they had been, although we shared many hours in the schoolroom. We had both lost our mothers, true, but there the similarity ended.

Surely my sister, Mary, had as miserable a start in many ways. Yet she failed to learn from her circumstances. I witnessed her countless mistakes. Marrying a foreign, Catholic Prince was bad enough. Far worse was plunging the country into misery with her persecutions of those who loved the New Learning. Torturing, burning, killing and, in the end, martyring the people whom she'd professed to love.

What was it, the words I'd heard whispered, from my cousins and playmates as I grew, of what my mother had said? When she learned my father desired her as yet another mistress, to be used and then tossed aside like an empty flagon of wine?

"I shall not be as my sister."

Nor shall I.

My body was still much weakened, yet I resolved to fight Death. The ghosts' whispers had made me realize all I had survived to become Queen.

At long last, my fever broke for good.

Now it is late December's weather piercing my bones like a well sharpened blade, but the chill it brings is naught compared to the pox's fever. My women drape me in furs and shawls and pages visit hourly to heap more wood onto the fire roaring near my bedside. The flames' crackle, hiss and spit are a comfort to my ears again, no longer a shrieking to my distorted hearing as when my fever raged.

I am gaining in strength day by day. And last night, the eve of our Savior's birth, all I had ever hoped for, a miracle … My Lady Mother, Anne Boleyn, did visit me whilst I lay abed.

To be sure, throughout the long days and nights of my sickness, I wondered what my mother would resemble if she did appear before me.

A headless corpse … I do not deny I thought of it.

It was the first night after my fever broke for good. I was as weak as a newborn babe. I fell asleep weeping that night. Gratitude flavored with grief. Grateful to be alive, oh to be sure, but distraught to know I would be henceforth scarred and ugly, my face pitted and pockmarked.

Any who doubt gratitude and grief cannot exist together side by side has never been desperately ill, nor maimed and disfigured and then lived. 'Twas a bittersweet return to a life that will never again be as I'd remembered.

My tears began to cease, I wiped my cheeks as I lay, rigid and staring up at the ceiling, determined that my servant girl sleeping on the floor should not hear my sobs, the sounds of despair.

Then there she was.

She glowed, her Boleyn necklace, the strands of pearls encircling the "B" around her neck.

"Mother," I croaked. I could feel the tears welling up inside me. If she had motioned to me to come with her, I would not have resisted.

"Yes, I waited," she answered. "I didn't want you to doubt me, 'tis why the others appeared before me."

Now I was even more incredulous.

"Oh, yes," she assured me, "we are all together now, the six of us …. " her voice trailed off. I could see shadows, figures of shimmering light, behind her, all of them in a cluster. A sense of peace, calm and love settled around me.

"I gave you life, Elizabeth, but yet all of us have assisted you on your path. You have learned much from each of our fates. We all celebrate you, and delight in your ability to rule England better than any man has yet done. Never forget what our lives have taught you. The lessons will make you, and England, a great nation and a world power. Let yourself not be influenced to marry, Elizabeth, no matter what pressure is put upon you. Yield to no man. We had not the power that you do. Never give it away."

"Your time to join us is many years hence. Never doubt we are with you always."

That was all.

These pages I shall keep secret, lest others – the men around me – think me mad. I am the Queen, no one would dare to search my private quarters. I will reread my memories when I need a reminder, on days when I am sad and weary of my burdens. I wear my ring with my mother's likeness hidden inside. It too brings me comfort.

The pages are dated 25 December 1562. There is no signature, but the handwriting looks like Elizabeth's. I have an appointment with the curator of the British Museum tomorrow.

I have told no one else.

THE THORNS OF A TUDOR ROSE

BY SAMMI COX

Night falls, and I wait. What do the hours of darkness hold for me, Anne, Queen of England, I wonder?

I cross to the table and pour myself a drink of wine. I'm alone, and glad to be. My maids and ladies-in-waiting are banished from my sight. I do not need their simpering or giggling, their girlish chatter and childish whimsy. They do not understand the weight upon me. It's not easy being the queen. My mind races, always thinking, always planning. I may smile and laugh and sing, but it is a mask. No period in my life has been more serious. To climb so high, I fear to fall...

I drink long and deep. The wine is a balm, but it can only achieve so much. Nervously, I wait, twisting my necklace, an ornate golden "B" with pearls, a gift from Henry during happier days. Eventually, I sit in the chair by the fire, for I know my bed will offer me no comfort.

I do not wish to sleep and suffer dreams of how my body fails to fulfil my promise to my husband, my love, my king. My daughter, my cherished heart, is beautiful, but she is not the son he yearns for. He speaks kind words to me, words of love, but it's in his eyes I see the truth.

And yet, to remain awake is to invite *her* into my presence, a nightly torment I have endured

these past weeks. I thought I was safe from my enemies when they were dead. But, alas, no! They plague me still. *She* plagues me still. *Katherine, The Dowager Princess of Wales*. Katherine, who called herself queen until the day she breathed her last, even though she wasn't entitled to do so.

Her spirit is restless, though a month and more has passed since she died at Kimbolton Castle and was laid to rest in the Cathedral Church in Peterborough. Now she has taken to visiting me, night after night. Her purpose? I can only guess at it, but I believe she means to distress me, perhaps send me into madness.

I close my eyes and hope the wine will give me the comfort I seek: a night undisturbed by troubles. My wanting is in vain. I do not drift off into sleep. A little time passes, and slowly I open my eyes, aware that I am no longer alone in my bedchamber.

She stands before me, as vivid in death as she was in life. Even now there is a beauty, a charm, about her, the contrast between fair skin and auburn hair, striking. And those blue eyes! They pierce me but I dare not look away. To do so is to concede defeat, to admit she is – was, always has been – in the right and I am in the wrong. I will not do it. My precious Elizabeth's future depends upon it. I do not wish her to become another Mary, another bastard.

'Do you now realise how uncertain the ground is beneath your feet?' the apparition asks, foregoing any greeting, as was her want. 'Or do you still falsely believe you are in control of all?'

Her poise is graceful, regal. Not because she is queenly, I think to myself, but because she is the daughter of a king. Her face betrays nothing. I cannot tell if she is goading me, so I remain silent and continue to sip my wine. My movements are measured and slow; I will show her how in control I am. Every now and then I look elsewhere in the room, not for the reason I can no longer face her but to let her know how tiresome these frequent conversations are becoming.

'You think you have attained all, little Anne. The test is not in the acquiring but in the keeping.'

I smile at her use of the diminutive. She thinks to relegate my position beneath hers. She will have to try harder.

'I outlasted you, didn't I?' I whisper, a hint of triumph in my voice.

'You know better than that, little Anne. I am only one amongst many.'

Was that a smile I glimpsed? It was so fleeting I couldn't be sure.

'It must be difficult, your position I mean. You're not as popular as a queen should be. The people should love you. It is not enough to only have the love of your husband, even if he is the king. If that should fade…'

I clench my jaw, trying hard not react. It takes all my strength. Why was this ghost able to unseat me when men of flesh and blood could not? That was simply answered. The dead Dowager Princess touched upon a raw subject. The people of England had no great love for me. Where they had lined the streets and cheered for the Spanish princess, they kept away for me. Why had they loved her so? Why was she so special?

Katherine, slowly taking a turn about the room, answers as if she can read my thoughts. 'The people did not have to fear for the future when I was queen. I offered them comfort. Their lives held certainty, security.' Suddenly she turns, her tone accusatory. 'But you! You think of nothing but yourself, and so you plot and connive and scheme like a common knave, causing trouble, causing upset. The people know you for what you are, little Anne. And it's not a queen.'

'Do you ever wonder why Henry was so eager to cast you aside?' I snap. 'There is no mystery to it, *Dour* Princess.' It is my turn to offer a glimpse of a smile. I think my retort is a clever play on words. 'It is not enough to only have the love of the people,' I say, twisting her words back at her. 'A king needs more…lively company.'

'And where do you think he is finding that lively company now?' I watch as she takes an exaggerated look around my bedchamber to prove that the king was elsewhere.

I know where he is. Chasing after Jane Seymour. But I won't tell *her* that. Instead, I grip the arms of my chair tight, turning my knuckles white. I know I'm walking a narrow path; one slip and I will push my husband further into the arms of my lady-in-waiting. For now the woman is just a plaything, an infatuation.

Was this how Katherine felt when Henry fell in love with me? Did she know I was different than the ones who came before? That here was a woman who would not be content to be another Bessie Blount? I possess a strong mind and determined nature. And, even in those early days, I knew I would gamble all so as to not be so easily cast aside.

Do I have anything to fear from Jane Seymour? No, she is quiet and simple. She prefers embroidery to scheming. Henry is another matter. I've witnessed first hand the lengths he will go to have the wife he wants. How far will he go to get rid of...no, I cannot even think it! Jane's star will fall and he will come back to me and I will give him the son that will lighten his heart for the rest of his days. I just need time. I must be patient. All *will* be well.

Throughout my internal deliberations, I feel Katherine's eyes on me. They do not waver. Even now she thinks herself a queen and me, an imposter. A usurper.

'What is it you want?' I ask, exasperated.

For the moment, Katherine remains silent. The only sound I can hear is the ferocious beating of my own heart. Then she speaks. I know what she will say next; this exchange is taking its well-rehearsed path and we have been here many times before.

'Did you celebrate, dear Anne, as they said you did? Did you smile, laugh, weep tears of joy at my passing?'

'No!' I cry out. It was true. I wasn't happy on hearing the news of Katherine's death. I was *relieved*. I hoped that we could distance ourselves from the tumult, the upheaval of the past ten years. Perhaps it was a fanciful notion, for it lingers still... The trouble has not yet quietened.

The ghost offers me a withering look. She does not believe me.

'I will pray for you, little Anne, for all the wicked things you've done. You ensnared the king with your devilry. Between you and my bewitched husband, my dear lord, my king, you sought to bring me low. Now I am dead, beyond the reach of man, but comforted by God who knows only too well how I've been wronged.

'You on the other hand, still walk amongst the living, at the mercy of a king who bears the burden of a dynasty still in its infancy. Do you think he will suffer your inability to give him the heir he so desires?'

'He loves me! And our daughter.'

'I do not doubt it.' Katherine smiles wryly, as if concealing some secret. Her eyes are twinkling with mischief.

I'm so stunned by what I see, that my mask falls and I lose my composure. 'What? Pray, tell me what you mean?' I exclaim, no longer feeling I have the upper hand. 'You mean to tell me it matters not how much joy my daughter brings her father? Or that his love for me–'

'Is no longer in its ascendency? Only you, the closest in his affections, can know this.'

She is mocking me. Nevertheless, there is something about that look that somehow counters the words she spoke. This is a new development. What does she mean by it? Is there a message hidden in her words? No, there cannot be. Why would Katherine warn me? What would she gain from it? Unless, it was no warning but a premonition…a glimpse of a future that could not be changed?

I open my mouth to demand she explain, but the apparition is fading before my eyes. I can hear footsteps outside the bedchamber.

I try to compose myself. It wouldn't do to look so agitated. Agitation can easily be mistaken for guilt. I close my eyes and seek to steady my breathing, but Katherine's words will not leave me.

Panic rises in the pit of my stomach. Had I raised my voice to the Dowager Princess? If I was shouting…If someone heard...What if the person on the other side of the door thought I was not alone?

My sister, Mary, often warned me of being too clever. I could argue and debate with the sharpest of minds, but she frequently cautioned me of falling foul of simple things and simple people. The lesson returns to me now when I need it most. It does not do to be too clever when one's own star is fading. I cannot not afford the taint associated with accusations, rumour and malicious gossip. I cannot not afford my reputation to be sullied. And I certainly cannot afford to give Henry cause to replace me.

There is no knock. No-one opens the door and enters. I wait with bated breath, until a few moments later, I hear footsteps once more, this

time receding as whoever is responsible for them walks away.

When I have calmed a little, and feel I can trust my legs to bear me up, I stand. Crossing the room, I pour more wine and drain the cup. I ignore the fact my hands are shaking.

Tomorrow night, I decide, I will summon a physician and demand a sleeping tonic. I need to be more careful. I need to lay to rest the ghost of Princess Katherine. If I fail…it is not myself I fear for but my precious Elizabeth and her future.

Feeling steadier and more sure of myself, now that I can see clearly what I must do, I yawn. I need to rest, to recapture my beauty. These past few weeks it has begun to wane. My skin is pale and dull, and my eyes and hair no longer bright. How can I recapture my king's heart if I do not out-shine all others?

With my heart resolved to fight against this reversal in fortune, I get in to bed. As soon as my head touches the soft pillow beneath it, I feel a sense of tranquillity, as if I know soon I will be asleep and tonight's torment will be over. So I close my eyes, but I see before me a soldier. I do not know him; he has a stranger's face. I'm soon to learn his significance.

Katherine's voice whispers sweetly in my ear, 'What is it they say about soldiers? Their first kill on the battlefield is always the hardest, but after that one, it becomes easier for them to dispatch their foes…Is it the same with kings and their queens, do you think?'

I sit up sharply, staring about the room, but it is empty. I am all alone, with nothing for company but my fears. And they are many.

THE END

REFRAIN & DEPARTURE

BY EMILY GARDNER

A woman is singing.

The sound is at once far-off and maddeningly close; one moment it seems as though he could see the singer's face if he had the strength to turn his head, and the next it is so distant he can barely hear it at all.

None are here with him. The physicians have scattered like spiders, not one of them wishing to be last in the room when the inevitable happens. The servants have gone too, to wash the linens and keep the mills of gossip running at the same time, no doubt. No loyalty anymore, he thinks sourly. They think that because he is on his deathbed they can forget the respect he is owed as King of England, the man who has kept them safe, body and soul, these past four decades.

Yes, he muses, adjusting himself as best he can, they have forgotten their respect. Perhaps they wish to forget him altogether. Ha! He has questioned many things in his life, but never this: He is not the sort of man to be forgotten.

Still, the emptiness of the room unnerves him. Even his wife—dear, faithful Catherine—has left his side. And someone is singing.

Singing! He grunts his displeasure at the sheer gall. Singing, when they should be weeping the death of their king!

Death.

The starkness of the thought sends a shudder through him. He would cross himself if he had the energy, Papism be damned. The air feels chillier

than it did before, and that echoing voice doesn't help matters. His patience withers.

"Cease your damned caterwauling!" he barks, but the last word is broken over a series of hacking coughs. His eyes water, breath coming short and sharp; for a moment he fears his end has come.

But it only lasts a moment. All at once his eyes and lungs are clear.

And she is there.

"Catherine," he says, for want of anything else.

His Spanish wife inclines her head with all the dignity of royalty born and bred. She does not rise from the cushioned chair by his bedside. She does not curtsey. She does not even do him the courtesy of looking at him.

"You are unwell, Henry," she says.

He hasn't heard the sound of her voice in so long. It was his constant companion for more than twenty years, and somehow it still has the power to soothe him—that rich, calm voice carrying shades of her native Spain. Despite the strangeness of their meeting, he relaxes.

"A passing illness," he says with feigned confidence. "Nothing more."

She does look at him then, with eyes that are blue and careworn.

"There was a time when you did not lie to me."

Unexpected guilt grips at his chest. He wants to look away but finds that he cannot.

"You look young," he says at last. It is not an apology, but a small smile tugs reluctantly at Catherine's mouth: it is not a lie. She looks the age she was when they were first wed, beautiful with shining red-gold hair and a soft round face.

She has not looked so young since before they lost their first child.

The memory knocks a smile from his face like rotten fruit from a branch. Catherine must guess at his thoughts, for her own smile dims.

"Our children are safe now," she says quietly. "I have seen them in the arms of the Lord. They were spared from this world of suffering."

There is a certainty in the words that she did not have back then, when all they could do was swallow their tears and try again and pray, over and over, that this time it would end differently. It brings a tightness to his throat, and a question he cannot resist.

"And my boy?"

Catherine's eyes soften. "Our Henry is grown tall and strong. Like his father."

He closes his eyes against the unmanly wetness in them. When he is himself again Catherine is looking away, her face distant.

"Why is our daughter not yet married?" she asks.

He is taken aback. It is not the question he expected.

"We have found no one suitable."

"No one?" she repeats. "The daughter of a king, England's most precious jewel, and you can find no one? At her age I was twice married, and a mother besides."

He frowns. It seems impossible that Catherine's stubbornness can still find new ways to vex him, and yet. "Do not harangue me over Mary. She is also a bastard, as you should well remember."

Catherine shakes her head so violently he wonders if her jewels will be dislodged. "No. She is a princess. In the eyes of the Church—"

"Your church no longer speaks for England, madam!"

"In the eyes of God, then!" she snaps, turning on him with eyes like fire. "Mary is our child, Henry—yours and mine. You can never deny her that much."

"I have never denied it," he replies tersely. "I have acknowledged her as my natural child by an unlawful union."

Catherine's face goes white but she does not stop. She never did know when to submit, he remembers.

"You were not always so faithless," she says. "And I praise God that Mary is more my daughter than yours. You cannot keep her from her birthright forever."

"Catherine—"

Whatever he would have said dissolves beneath another wave of coughing. By the time he can breathe again, Catherine is gone.

He wakes with a start, gasping in ragged breaths in the dark. Half of the beeswax candles in the room have gone out. Damn it all, where are his *servants*?

"Not frightened of the dark in your later years, I hope?"

It takes his eyes a moment to focus on the second figure in the room, but that hardly matters: he would know that voice even in death. Long-dimmed embers in his chest suddenly burst into flame—and anger.

"Witch!" he roars. "Harlot! Leave these rooms at once!"

Anne laughs, arranging her skirts around her as she sits at the foot of the bed. "And what have I done to merit such a welcome?"

"You know full well," he snarls. "You cuckolded me with half a dozen men!"

She sighs. "Come now, Henry. There is no one to pretend for here."

"I pretend nothing. How dare you come here to harass me?"

She spreads her hands wide, one long sleeve trailing across his blanketed knee. Even that faint touch makes him recoil as she speaks.

"And why should I not come to this place? We were married here, after all." She tilts her head ever so slightly, as if deep in thought. "Then again, you married that Seymour woman here too, didn't you? For shame, Henry. My body wasn't yet cold."

"Our marriage was false," he snaps. "Made on false pretenses and utterly broken by your treachery. Why should I observe a period of mourning for a lying whore?"

The amusement vanishes from Anne's face.

"You were the only man to ever have me, husband," she says coolly.

He scoffs. "And you made me pay dearly for it."

"Do you wish to discuss which of us *paid* more for our marriage?" The black eyes flash. "You never saw the result of the swordsman's work, did you? A pity—you did go to all that trouble. Would you like to see how fine it was? Well?"

In the flickering candlelight he can almost believe he sees a gash across her throat—so dark a red it's nearly black.

"Enough," he barks, and the vision is gone. His skin crawls nonetheless.

Anne sits back, composed once more.

"And how is our Elizabeth?" she asks. "How fares my poor child without her mother?"

"She has been looked after," he says. Then, grudgingly, "She's a bright thing. Clever with languages—too clever by half, I'd say. If she had been a boy…"

They are silent for a moment. When Anne speaks again her voice is somber.

"Our boys died in my womb," she says. "It broke my heart that they were never able to breathe the air of this world. But know that I would not trade Elizabeth for one of them."

Ignoring the stinging reminder of yet more children lost, he presses, "She is an intelligent girl, but she cannot rule. Nor can Mary. It would mean another war, and England—"

"Do you know," Anne interrupts, "when I served Margaret of Austria, she kept a work by a Frenchwoman called *The City of Ladies*. I was only a girl at the time, but there was a passage in it that I always remembered." She closes her eyes as if recalling the words to an old song. "'*The man or woman in whom resides greater virtue is the higher; neither the loftiness nor lowliness of a person lies in the body according to the sex, but in the perfection of conduct and virtues*.'"

Her eyes hold a challenge. It's as if they are married still, and he finds he has a rejoinder ready.

"Fine talk," he says, "from a Frenchwoman's theoretical book."

"I changed your life with a theoretical book once," Anne retorts with a tiny smile. He is forced to concede the point—he still recalls with perfect clarity the experience of reading Tyndale's work and realizing that the answer to all of his prayers was within. Realizing that his resentment toward the corrupt Pope's hoard of earthly power stemmed from Scripture itself. That God was on his side after all.

And then he ripped his kingdom in half, for his rightful sovereignty and for love of the woman beside him. And for what? She had failed him. She betrayed him.

"Elizabeth would make a fine queen," Anne murmurs, to herself it seems, and his anger returns in full force.

"She will never be more than she is now—the bastard child of an adulterous mother!"

At once Anne is standing, her skirts whirling around her. The shuddering light makes her elusive; his eyes cannot seem to capture her shape. She speaks before he has the chance.

"I could tell you tales of what's to come, Henry, were I as vicious as you claim." Her eyes close again for a moment. "But I will not, for I did love you once."

The words make him ache for a long-ago time. He forces the sensation away. "You are nothing more than a liar," he bites out. "Soon to be forgotten."

She almost appears to be vanishing before his eyes, so that he hears rather than sees her high, lilting laugh, her parting words:

"I am not the sort of woman to be forgotten."

The room is growing darker, candlewicks burning to nothing. He has given up on waiting for the servants to return. Instead he listens for the footfalls of another ghost—his third wife Jane, perhaps. It would be good to see her again. Sweet Jane, so gentle and accommodating. If she had survived Edward's birth, how things would have been different…

There is a strange note in the far-off singing, some intense new quality, and somehow he knows she is coming. He tries to lift his head and fails.

"Jane?" he calls, hating the eagerness he hears.

But the woman who appears at his bedside is not Jane, he can tell by the footsteps alone: they are too spirited, too loud. Jane always walked as if she were loath to stir the dust from the flagstones. His other wives breathe still, which can only leave…

Her name turns to dust and dread in his mouth as he faces Katherine Howard.

"Hello Harry," she says.

Memory plays many tricks, but she is as pretty as he remembers—petite and fair-haired with eyes that sparkle like gems. She wears a jewel around her neck on a velvet ribbon. He can't remember whether he gave it to her or not.

"Katherine," he manages when he has gathered himself. His little wife clucks her tongue.

"If we are to be formal I should call you Your Majesty, or My Lord Husband! But those are such dreary titles. Why do you not call me Kitty, as you used to?"

"You presume much," he says quietly, "given how we…parted ways."

He half expects her to fly into a rage as Anne did, but that was never Katherine's way. She laughs instead.

"Parted ways! A fine courtly way of saying you had my head cut off."

She says it as if they're having a normal conversation, or playing some flirtatious game. For a moment he is stunned into silence. Katherine ignores his shock and chatters on.

"You ought to be grateful I've come instead of Jane. She resents you, you know. Although after what you did to her even you cannot lay blame for that."

The name snaps him back to his senses. "Jane? I never wronged her, by God's blood!"

Katherine pauses. An expression of pity dances across her face.

"Forgive me, Harry. I didn't mean your Jane, though you're right—you didn't wrong her, or at least she doesn't feel that you did. Otherwise she would be here tonight. I think she preferred to watch over her son and leave it at that."

His disappointment is bitter enough to taste, yet it mingles somewhat with relief; at least one of his dead wives bears him no ill will. "Then—"

"I spoke of Jane Boleyn, of course." Katherine sighs, looking downcast. "My dear Lady Rochford. All she did to help me and I was unable to do anything for her in the end."

Helped you to play the whore, you mean. He nearly says it, but he can imagine from recollections of their former arguments how that scene would play: Katherine would look at him with a child's hurt, utterly open, and all at once he would remember that she was young enough to be one of his own children. The thought always made him feel old; he never had the heart to continue arguing after that.

Instead he speaks patiently, as he used to when she asked after some finer point about court life. "The Boleyn women are always treacherous in the end. Lady Rochford sent her own husband to the axe, and did the same to you by encouraging your…liaisons." He has to grind the word out between his teeth to say it calmly.

Katherine, however, is outraged. "You malign her! Jane was as loyal to her husband as I was to you."

Now he cannot stop a derisive laugh. "Loyal? That is comedy, madam."

"I never betrayed you, not with any man!"

"Then you deny what they say about your final words?" Long-buried pain twists his voice into

a snarl. “That you would rather have died as that bastard Culpeper’s wife than as my queen?”

She bristles. “I said no such thing.”

“*But was it true*?”

It comes out nearly as a roar. Yet, to Katherine’s credit, she does not flinch. Her expression is impossible to read.

“You know,” she says softly, “you were not the first man to handle me when I did not wish it. I used to think of it as my lot in life as a woman.” She smiles a little. “But I am dead now. I answer to no one. And no one—not even you, my Great Harry—can force me to do or say other than what I wish.”

She steps closer, bending down towards him and he wonders briefly if he should be afraid. But her face is gentle as she tilts it toward the candle at his bedside. The last candle in the great bedchamber that remains lit.

“May God have mercy on you,” she says, just before she blows it out and all becomes darkness.

Even as he returns to himself he is aware of the slimmest of threads tethering him to this life. Against his will he is frightened.

The room is chaotic, overfull after what has seemed like hours of solitude; there are people talking and weeping and praying but he realizes with dawning panic that he cannot see them. They are as blurred as paint running down a canvas. A woman’s cool hands clasp his own—is she wife, daughter, nurse? He does not know.

He cannot even hear her voice. He cannot hear anything, save for the singing that has returned louder and clearer than before.

That voice could belong to anyone. It could be Catherine murmuring Spanish lullabies to her growing belly, Anne singing from her French songbook, Jane softly humming to their son. It could belong to his new Catherine or to his sister of Cleves. It could even be Mary’s voice, deep and strong as a man’s, or Elizabeth’s sharp tones that are so like her mother’s.

The thought strikes as suddenly as a snakebite: will any of them mourn him when he is gone? Will they weep?

Or will they sing, like this voice that seems to come from everywhere and nowhere?

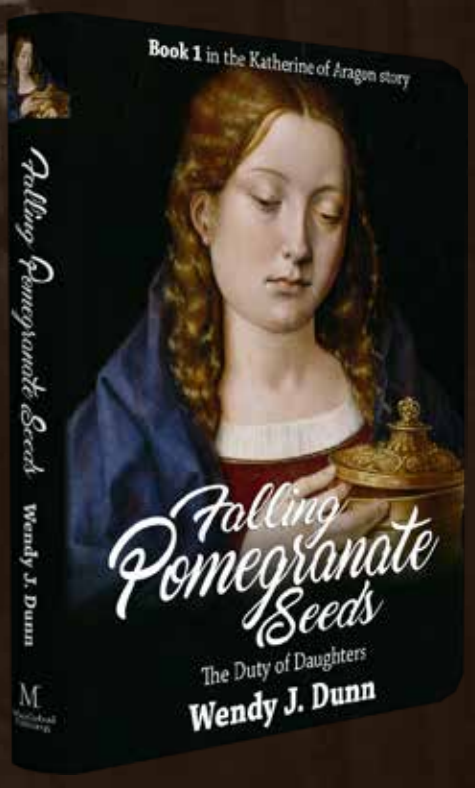
He is struck with imagined memories, Catherine wasting away in a cold manor house, Anne and Katherine climbing wooden steps to kneel in the straw. They had walked to their ends alone, and only now does he see the terrible irony of it, that he should be forced to do the same. For the first time in his life he wishes he could ask for forgiveness.

But the time for that has passed. The deeds of his life have been measured and noted and done. All that is left is to walk into the unknowable, that which renders all of his earthly power useless.

He shrugs his body off like a heavy stole and walks toward the doorway. The singing grows louder as he approaches. A strange, blinding light intensifies along with it, until he can no longer tell whether he stands in perfect light or perfect darkness.

He will know soon enough.

Wendy J. Dunn is the author of Falling Pomegranate Seeds, the story of Katherine of Aragon’s early life.



EXAMINING THE REPUTATION AND REPRESENTATION OF QUEEN MARY I

'A bleak childhood, a persecuted adolescence, a harassed and suffering maturity, produced the woman who was to go down to posterity unwept, unhonoured and unsung'. (J.M Stone, Mary, the first, queen of England, 1901)

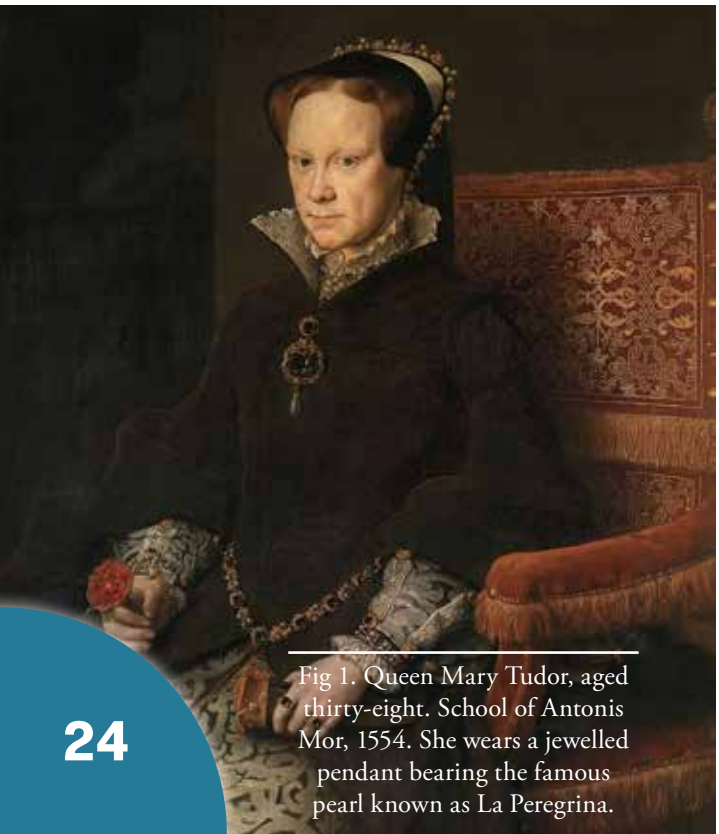


Fig 1. Queen Mary Tudor, aged thirty-eight. School of Antonis Mor, 1554. She wears a jewelled pendant bearing the famous pearl known as La Peregrina.

Throughout British history no other reigning monarch has received a similarly bitter reputation than England's first anointed queen regnant, Mary Tudor. Traditionally known by her attributed sobriquet, 'Bloody Mary', King Henry VIII's eldest daughter has experienced ridicule and condemnation not only from her Protestant contemporaries, but posthumously from academics and television producers. While Mary's characterisation as a tyrannical monarch has remained eternally popular, a number of academics have begun to challenge this potentially erroneous assumption; significantly gender historian, Dr Anna Whitelock. Mary lived, and reigned, during a turbulent and unstable period of British history; an era ravaged by unrelenting religious reforms domestic and abroad. However, as will be argued in this article, Mary's perceivably underwhelming reign witnessed a number of

successes that are invaluable to the study of early modern queenship. With this in mind, the aim of this article is to analyse a series of factors regarding her reputation: firstly, to examine the sixteenth-century perceptions of her, alongside comparing her reign with queen Elizabeth I. Additionally, it will endeavour to answer if Mary's representation in cinema is unjust; of which I will leave it up to the readers discretion to form their own opinions.

Born a royal princess, Mary Tudor was the only surviving daughter of Henry VIII and his Spanish wife, Katherine of Aragon. As historian Ann Weikel argues, Mary was, albeit female in a patriarchal society, an invaluable asset to the dynastic power and international marriage market that dominated European politics. While none of the propositions instrumented by her father manifested into anything more than negotiations between the houses of Habsburg and Valois, Mary remained an important figure in Tudor policymaking. As is popularly known, the young princess's relationship with her father became strained during the 'king's great matter'; a series of events that led to the annulment of the king's marriage, the beginning of the religious reformation in England and the rise of Lady Anne Boleyn. Father and daughter maintained an amicable relationship during the latter end of the 1520s and early 1530s, with the Imperial Ambassador Eustace Chapuys, a fervent supporter of the princess Mary, stating that the king 'showed her all possible affection'. In contrast, Dr Whitelock argues that the years following the early 1530s were a period of 'self-preservation' for the princess, and there is truth in this statement. Until Mary's reign commenced in 1554 she remained an unequivocally shadowy figure in high Tudor society; only attending court on rare occasions. She subsequently formed her own household in East Anglia, renowned by seventeenth century writer Henry Clifford as an institution 'only to harbour for honourable young gentlewomen, given any way to piety and devotion'.

It was upon Mary's death in 1558 that her posthumous reputation became a symbol of violence and religious oppression. Her short reign of five years witnessed a number of ferocious episodes that have been characterised as brutal; notably her heresy burnings of religious non-conformists. It is estimated that the Marian government condemned between two to three hundred people between the years 1555-1558. What makes these deaths poignant when analysing Mary's reputation is the sheer number of executions within a distinctly short period of time. As historian Eamon Duffy states, 'England had never experienced the hounding down of so many religious deviants over so wide an area in so short a period of time'. Historians have debated as to Mary's need to invoke a religious terrorism on a country that had spent the last two decades undertaking religious reform. From a young age Mary's Catholic zeal was more than apparent, and this only manifested during her short reign; her intent was to return England to papal authority, rather than opting for religious unification. Challengers to the Catholic restoration were therefore, consciously or unconsciously, opposing Mary's queenship and her newly established Catholic authority. However, Protestant clerics utilising the convenience of the printing press were able to facilitate sympathetic material to English reformers; emphasising that they remain steadfast in their cause and beliefs. The queen took affirmative actions against these heretics with sheer brutality, however unfortunately for her, corporal punishment only fuelled England's Protestant fervour rather than eradicating it. Even sympathetic academics have struggled to comprehend the scale of Mary's actions, arguing that her devout Catholicism and new-found royal authority were significant factors in the persecutions.

The Marian heresy burnings and the sobriquet 'Bloody' Mary, while not actually used until after the Glorious Revolution a century later, have become immortalised as a result of historian John Foxe's denouncement of queen Mary following her death. His published work of Protestant triumphalism, *The Actes and Monuments of these Latter and Perilous days*, is a book, which among other things, established Mary's reputation as a recipient of God's disapproval for her

malevolent treatment of reformers. This is evident from the following segment. 'We shall never find any reign of any prince in this land or any other, which did ever show in it (for the portion of time) so many great arguments of God's wrath and displeasure, as were to be seen in the reign of this queen Mary, whether we behold the shortness of her time, or the unfortunate event of all her purposes.' Foxe's book received notable attention, both during his lifetime and after. The first English edition was published by John Day in March 1563. *Actes and Monuments* essentially denotes Catholicism as an evil, superstitious ideology, which is further emphasised through the use of expressive, woodcut impressions of religious martyrs suffering execution. Additionally, in an age where the printing press was a newly convenient means of communication, it was able to circulate and spread the Protestant cause throughout reformist Europe.

There has evidently been a prominent anti-Catholic rhetoric following Mary's death, as is evident from Foxe's book. In contrast, she did receive posthumous support from one notable proponent, the Catholic priest Nicholas Sander. While the latter denounced Anne Boleyn as a six-fingered witch, he in turn characterised Mary as the 'daughter of misfortune, whose simple and heroic virtues were wasted upon an unregenerate nation of self-seeking heretics', i.e. Protestants. While Sander was renowned for his inflammatory remarks, according to historian Christopher Haigh, many English citizens were content with the country's reversion to Catholicism as the state religion; significantly the reintroduction of religious festivities and feast days. In terms of identifying Mary's true representation, it is hard to conclude. Succeeding the Marian era, the competition for memorial rights to Mary's regime was a fierce battle between Protestants and Catholics, home and abroad: the former denouncing her as a violent, heretical she-wolf, with the latter hailing her as a virtuous heroine who steadfastly upheld the 'true' faith. It is challenging to conclude with which group held the most realistic representation. Indeed, Mary's government decreed heinous crimes towards dissidents of Catholicism; that is undeniable. However, as this article will endeavour to examine, her Protestant counterparts were arguably as militant towards religious nonconformists during the Elizabethan and Jacobean period.

An article from The Catholic Herald, a Catholic weekly magazine, published a piece in 2010 arguing that queen Mary is the most unfairly treated woman in British history. Whether readers of this article will agree with this assertion, the piece denotes several vital points. Firstly, that Henry VIII had executed significantly more people than his eldest daughter. While specific numbers are hard to obtain, academic Dr Lauren Mackay has suggested it could be within the region of 57,000 to 72,000 people. Similarly, queen Elizabeth I was guilty of discriminating against English Catholics, regardless of her once famous statement that she 'would not open the windows of men's soul', in reference to their religious convictions. During the Elizabethan period, England remained a heretical island ruled by an illegitimate queen to its Catholic counterparts. This animosity was cemented when in 1570 queen Elizabeth was officially excommunicated by the Pope under the papal bull Regnans in Excelsis. Exceptionally brutal executions of Catholics followed, specifically Jesuits. An example being that of Edmund Campion, alongside two fellow priests, Fathers' Ralph Sherwin and Alexander Briant. The Catholic clergymen were hanged, drawn and quartered; Campion was later beautified by the Catholic Church in 1886. In similarity to the

Fig 2. Illustration from Foxe's *Actes and Monuments*, depicting the execution of the first Protestant martyr of Mary I's reign

Marian policy of eradicating potential threats to her royal supremacy, Elizabeth utilised the brutality of execution to emphasise her message that outwardly non-nonconforming Catholics would be punished. With this in mind, it is unfair to categorise Mary as significantly more 'bloody' than her sister's equally violent tenure. Popular culture has produced a fanciful version of Elizabeth's reign as a period of unwavering peace and harmony, when in similarity to Mary's, it witnessed famine, poor harvests and religious discontent.

In terms of Mary's reign, it is important to first mention historian J.E Neale's analysis. He suggests that Mary represented the 'old world' of Catholic and medieval values', and Elizabeth the 'new England'. Indeed, many historians like Neale have argued similar and that Elizabeth's 'golden reign' is primarily more interesting than her elder sister's in terms of historiography; however, it is important to examine Mary's successes. Queen Elizabeth has become an immortalised figure in the contemporary world as one of England's greatest monarchs; the first true queen regnant. Elizabeth has been praised for fashioning a sense of her own queenship, a concept unparalleled until the commencement of her reign in 1559; again, Mary's accomplishments are side-lined. Historian Judith Richards has re-evaluated this traditional assertion, arguing that Mary paved the way for Elizabeth's style of queenship and government. She states that 'Mary had more familiarity with the Henrician royal court – and with its politics' This is true, Elizabeth was only thirteen upon the death of her father n 1547, whereas in contrast Mary had lived through the tumultuous religious and political change that the Tudor court had witnessed from the Henrician reforms. Additionally, she was often in contact with the Imperial Ambassador and remained updated on current affairs. More importantly, as Richards argues, Mary was brought up to be a queen; to recognise her status and future destiny as a queen consort. Her mother, Katherine of Aragon, had instilled in her daughter a sense of majesty, possibly transcending from her own formidable mother, Isabella of Castile. During Mary's queenship, she exercised full female monarchy, an example of this was her healing sufferers of scrofula disease. Historically a masculine healing ceremony, performed by kings, Mary restored this Catholic tradition of blessing cramp rings and performed the pseudo-healing ceremony not only as a woman, but as a queen.

Fig 3. Queen Mary I, aged thirty-eight. School of Hans Eworth, 1554. Mary again wears La Peregrina

While traditional academics have suggested that Mary was a 'weak and unsuccessful monarch', she was in contrast a resilient and formidable queen. An example of her competency was the speech she gave while rallying her troops at Framlingham Castle against Lady Jane Grey in July 1553. To contemporaries, Mary spoke confidently and passionately; instilling in her soldiers a sense of patriotism to Henry VIII's eldest daughter and rightful heir. Additionally, her speech against Sir Thomas Wyatt's attack on the city of London in February 1554 was received with considerable acclaim. Even John Foxe, who was to write his famous Protestant martyr book, recorded that the speech could

not be faulted. In terms of historiography, Professor David Starkey, seldom an admirer of Mary, recognised that 'not even Elizabeth could have done better'. Perhaps Mary's most utilitarian method of self-promotion as a newly established monarch was the utilisation of her clothing; Charles Wriothesley left an account of Mary's appearance on her first entry into London. She was lavishly dressed in purple velvet and purple satin, all richly adorned with gold and pearls, and wore a gold neck piece closely worked with pearls and precious stones; even her horse had purple caparison worked with gold, which reached to the ground. Mary understood that apparelling herself in purple, to a great number of people, would allude to her royal status; reinforcing a sense of female kingship. In similarity to her father, Mary understood the importance of being richly apparelled and the effect visual majesty emphasised. These examples debunk the myth that queen Mary was a weak female monarch. Rather, it can be argued that Mary viewed herself as a female king and utilised clothing and public occasions to further cement her queenship. It was necessary for Mary to capitalise on her feminine attributes to portray herself as quasi-female-king. This was especially imperative in the harshly patriarchal and misogynistic environment she lived in; ultimately, she performed them successfully.

The final segment of this article will analyse Mary's depiction in cinema: firstly, actress and comedian Kathy Burke's portrayal of queen Mary in the 1997 biography film entitled 'Elizabeth'. The film's opening scene is that of several Protestant men and women strapped to a burning stake, accompanied by dramatic music and swathes of smoke; intent on visually reinforcing the atrocities of the Marian regime. Burke's depiction of Mary is that of an overweight, highly emotional and at times hysterical monarch. Additionally, Burke's Mary is an impressionable, easily influenced woman who is seemingly controlled by her intimate group of councillors. While this article has intended to defend a handful of Mary's qualities, it is undeniable that she was prone to severe migraines and emotional outbursts; indeed, she struggled with several phantom pregnancies that brought her distress and frustration. While Burke's interpretation of Mary makes for an exciting film, it regrettably fails to acknowledge any successes regarding her queenship, instead, her violent policy-making against religious non-conformists takes precedence. In similarity, actress Jane Lapotaire's depiction of queen Mary in the 1986 film 'Lady Jane Grey' focuses primarily on the cruelty enacted by her tenure; the demise and eventual execution of Lady Jane and her husband, Lord Guildford. Unfortunately, there has been little scope for alternative interpretations of Mary's reign, with the prevailing image of her as an unsuccessful monarch remaining dominant on-screen.

Overall, it is understandable why cinema has decided to focus primarily on Mary's undesirable qualities; it makes for good television. Thus, Mary has become a kind of

Fig 4. Actress and comedian Kathy Burke depicting queen Mary I in the cinema film 'Elizabeth', 1998

caricature, one that encompasses unrelenting aggression, violence and destruction. This is also true from a historically Protestant point of view, as is evident from Foxe's *Actes and Monuments.* Additionally, In John Knox's *The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*, the sixteenth century reformist minister ridicules queen Mary Tudor and her Catholic counterpart, Mary, queen of Scots. He states, 'and therefore, I say, that of necessity it is that this monstrous empire of women, which amongst all enormities that this day do abound upon the face of the whole earth, is most detestable and damnable.' While Knox was vehemently opposed to female rule, his polemic did not include queen Elizabeth, whom albeit Protestant, opposed the tract and several letters of apologies from Knox to her secretary, William Cecil. Alongside the anti-Catholic sentiment Mary has received, this article has concluded that her elder sister was equally as blood-thirsty against those who threatened her regime. Mary & Elizabeth shared similar policy-making and self-preservation in terms of religious discontent. Most importantly, I hope readers of this article will understand that queen Mary was not an entirely unsuccessful monarch. While overshadowed by her more glamorous younger sister, she made several attempts to cement her style of queenship; which was an entirely challenging prospect. England had seldom experienced female rule, as ruling had been an entirely masculine occupation beforehand. Therefore, Mary's style of ruling was an entirely new concept for both a woman and the kingdom of England. With gratitude to historians such as Judith Richards and Dr Anne Whitelock, Mary's long-suffering reputation in academia has begun to shift towards a more sympathetic light.

ALEXANDER TAYLOR

MARY I TIMELINE

Born 18th February 1516, only surviving daughter of king Henry VIII and queen Katherine of Aragon.

1525 - Henry sent the Princess Mary to the border of Wales to preside, in name only, over the Council of Wales and the Marches. Her household was based at Ludlow Castle.

December 1533 - following the annulment of her parents' marriage, the Princess Mary was sent to join the household of the infant princess Elizabeth at Hatfield, Herefordshire.

1536 - following queen Anne Boleyn's execution, the now titled Lady Mary, along with her sister Elizabeth, was declared illegitimate and stripped of her succession rights.

1544 - Henry returned ladies' Mary and Elizabeth to the line of succession, through the Act of Succession 1544. However, both remained legally illegitimate.

10 July 1553 - Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed queen by the Duke of Northumberland; she was deposed on 19 July.

3 August 1553 - Mary rode triumphantly into London to claim the crown of England.

1 October 1553 - Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, crowned Mary, Queen of England at Westminster Abbey.

25 July 1554 - Mary married Philip II of Spain at Winchester Cathedral.

17 November 1558 - Queen Mary died, aged 42, at St James Palace.

14 December 1558 - Mary was interred in Westminster Abbey. She would eventually share the tomb with her younger sister, Queen Elizabeth I.

WHO WAS THE REAL MARY BOLEYN?

by Claire Ridgway

THE OTHER BOLEYN GIRL novel and movie made Mary Boleyn hot property. Even though, as Eric Ives once told me, what we know about Mary "could be written on the back of a postcard with room to spare", two full-length biographies have been written on her, and she has been the key character of several novels. Perhaps it's the fact that we don't know much about her that makes her the perfect character in historical fiction, she's the ideal blank canvas.

But who was the real Mary Boleyn?

Well, let me share with you what we do know about her.

Mary Boleyn was born at the turn of the 16th century, year unknown, probably at Blickling Hall in Norfolk. She was the daughter of Thomas Boleyn, who would later become Earl of Ormonde and Earl of Wiltshire, and his wife, Elizabeth Howard. Mary was the granddaughter of Thomas Howard, 2nd Duke of Norfolk, and Thomas Butler, 7th Earl of Ormonde. She had four siblings – Anne, Henry, Thomas and George – all thought to have been born in the first decade of the 16th century.

Mary was chosen to serve Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII, who travelled to France in the autumn of 1514 to marry King Louis XII. Although it is often claimed that Mary became King Francis I's mistress while she was at the French court, the evidence is scant and relies on words written by those hostile to the Boleyns.

Whatever happened in France, Mary Boleyn was back in England by 4th February 1520, the date she married William Carey, who served King Henry VIII as a gentleman of the privy chamber and an esquire of the body. Henry VIII attended the couple's wedding in the Chapel Royal of Greenwich Palace.

At some point, Mary had a sexual relationship with the king. Although some historians date the relationship to 1522 because the Shrovetide theme at court was unrequited love and the king rode out to the Shrovetide joust with the motto "Elle mon coeur a navera", or "she has wounded

Portrait of a woman said to be Mary Boleyn,
Hever Castle

Henry VIII by Joos van Cleve

my heart", it is impossible to say whether this was aimed at Mary. We do not know any details about their relationship, only that they slept together at least once. We only know that because when the king wanted to marry Mary's sister, Anne, he applied for a dispensation from the Pope in 1527 to enable him to marry Anne Boleyn and in this dispensation was listed the impediment of "affinity arising from illicit intercourse in whatever degree, even the first". In my opinion, the relationship is more likely to have happened before Mary's marriage to William Carey, and when the king had finished with her, he arranged the marriage, just as he had with Elizabeth Blount. Mary was at court in 1522, for she is listed as playing the part of Kindness in the Chateau Vert pageant.

Mary had two children while she was married to William Carey: Catherine, born in c.1524, and Henry, born on 4th March 1526. Unfortunately, William Carey died of sweating sickness on 22nd June 1528, leaving Mary in a precarious financial position. To help her, the king granted the wardship of her son to Anne Boleyn. He also intervened with Thomas Boleyn on Mary's behalf, to ensure that he made some provision for her, and the king also assigned her an annuity which had previously been paid to her husband.

In January 1532, Mary was listed as giving the king a shirt with a blackwork collar as a New Year's gift. In return, he gave her a piece of gilt plate. In October 1532, Mary accompanied her sister Anne and the king on their journey to Calais to meet with King Francis I to gain his support for their relationship. In 1533, Mary served in her sister's household and attended on her at her coronation on 1st June 1533. She then disappears from the records until she turned up at court in September 1534, visibly pregnant. Mary informed her sister, the queen, that she had secretly married William Stafford, a man thought to have been a soldier in the Calais garrison. It is not known how or where they met and we do not know what happened to their baby, for the child is not mentioned again. Perhaps Mary had a stillbirth. Her secret marriage led to her being banished from court because she had not sought permission from her family or the queen. Thomas Boleyn cut off her allowance and Mary was forced to write a letter to Thomas Cromwell for financial help. This is where we gain some insight into Mary's personality. Here is a record of the letter from Letters & Papers:

"To the right worshipful &c., master Secretary,

Desires him to be good to her poor husband and herself. He is aware that their marriage, being clandestine, displeases the King and Queen. "But one thing, good master Secretary, consider; that he was young, and love overcame reason. And for my part I saw so much honesty in him, that I loved him as well as he did me; and was in bondage, and glad I was to be at liberty; so that for my part I saw that all the world did set so little by me, and he so much, that I thought I could take no better way but to take him and forsake all other ways, and to live a poor honest life with him; and so I do put no doubts but we should, if we might once be so happy to recover the King's gracious favor and the Queen's. For well I might a had a greater man of birth and a higher, but I ensure you I could never a had one that should a loved me so well nor a more honest man." Begs him to put her husband "to the King's grace that he

may do his duty as all other gentlemen do;" and persuade his majesty to speak to the Queen, who is rigorous against them. "And seeing there is no remedy, for God's sake help us; for we have been now a quarter of a year married, I thank God, and too late now to call that again. Wherefore it is the more almons to help [us]. But if I were at my liberty and might choose, I ensure you, master Secretary, for my little time. I have tried so much honesty to be in him, that I had rather beg my bread with him than to be the greatest Queen christened." Begs, as he has the name of helping all that need, he will help them: among all his suitors none more require his pity. "Pray my lord my father and my lady to be good to us," and desire "my lord of Norfolk and my lord my brother" to do the same. "I dare not write to them, they are so cruel against us. But if with any pain I could take with my life I might win their good wills, I promise you there is no child living would venture more than I."—"And being that I have read in old books that some for as just causes have by kings and queens been pardoned by the suit of good folks, I trust it shall be our chance, through your good help, to come to the same." (LP VII. 1655)

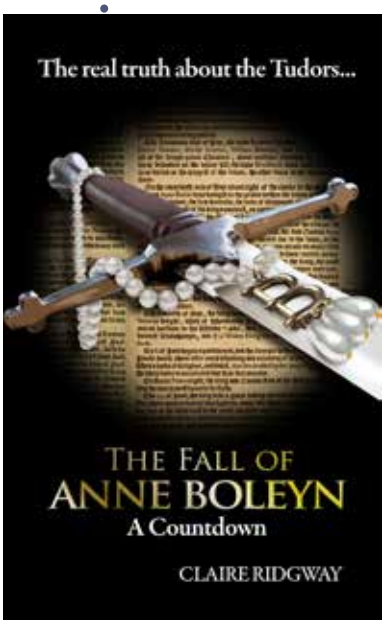
It is clear from this letter that Mary married for love and although she wishes to be restored to favour, she would prefer to live in poverty with Stafford than be in her sister's position as queen. She is also critical of her family, for what she sees as their cruelty.

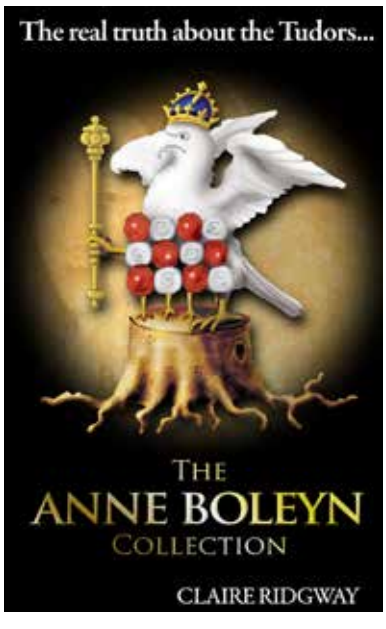
Mary's whereabouts at the fall of her brother and sister in May 1536 is not known, perhaps she and Stafford were in Calais, well out of the way, but we do know that Stafford was in Calais in late 1539 when he was chosen to meet Anne of Cleves there. Mary's daughter, Catherine, was chosen as one of Anne of Cleves' ladies in November 1539. In April 1540, Catherine married Sir Francis Knollys.

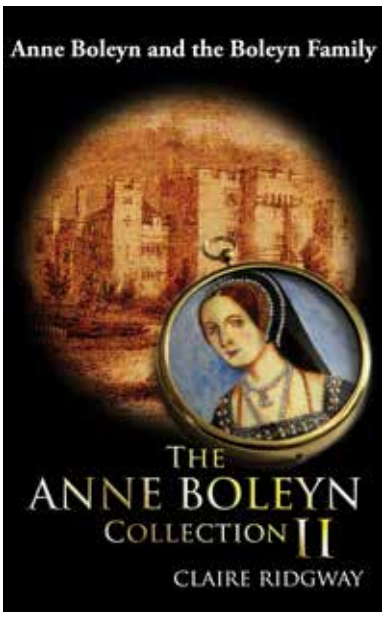
In 1543, Mary finally received her inheritance from her grandmother and father, who had both died in 1539, but she had little time to enjoy it for she died on 19th July 1543. Her resting place remains a mystery.

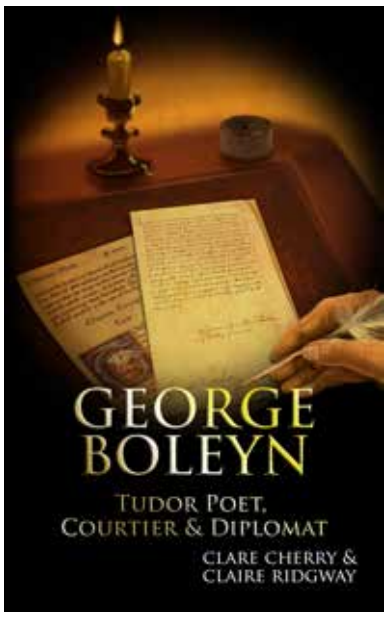
Mary's children went on to serve their cousin, Queen Elizabeth I. Catherine was Elizabeth's chief lady of the bedchamber and Henry, who became 1st Baron Hunsdon, served Elizabeth as a privy councillor and Lord Chamberlain of the Household. Both were given lavish funerals and buried in Westminster Abbey.

CLAIRE RIDGWAY









Henry Carey, 1st Baron Hunsdon,
by Steven van Herwijck

Woman believed to be Catherine Carey,
Lady Knollys, by Steven van der Meulen

THE TUDOR SOCIETY

JANUARY 2019 GUEST EXPERT SAMANTHA WILCOXSON SPEAKS ABOUT MARY I

MARY TUDOR - A LIFE IN PORTRAITS

BY ROLAND HUI

Mary Tudor (1516-1558) was one of the first Tudor women to have her life documented in portraiture. From her youth as Princess to her reign as Queen, she has repeatedly been painted, giving a good record of what she looked like over the passage of time, and of the iconography in presenting her as a lady of high standing.

Mary's portraiture owes much to her grandfather and to her father. Henry VII was most interested in disseminating likenesses of himself and his family to bolster the new Tudor dynasty. Later, his heir Henry VIII was an avid patron of painters. At his court was the great Hans Holbein the Younger, hailed as 'the Apelles of his age',[1] and the Horenbouts (or Horneboltes), a family of skilled illuminators that included the patriarch Gerald and his two children Lucas and Susanna.

The earliest known likeness of Mary Tudor is a 'limning' or a miniature portrait (Fig.1). She is shown wearing a black dress, and upon her head is a French hood edged with pearls. Pearls also adorn her neck and are suspended from her gold and diamond cross pendant. But the more important jewel is the brooch pinned upon her. On it is written *The EmPour*, that is *The Emperor*. The inscription allows the miniature to be dated from March 1522. From that time, the 6-year-old Mary was engaged to her Hapsburg cousin the Emperor Charles V. She was described by an Imperial envoy as wearing 'on her bosom a golden brooch ornamented with jewels forming Your Majesty's name, which name she had taken on Saint Valentine's Day for her valentine'.[2] The most likely period for the taking of Mary's likeness was from September 1525 on. Lucas Horenbout, to whom the miniature is attributed to, appeared in the royal accounts starting

Figure 1: Mary I as Princess (attributed to Lucas Horenbout)

from then.[3] The image could not be later than the spring of 1526. By then, the betrothal was renounced by Charles who married Isabella of Portugal instead.

By the time Mary Tudor was in her teens, her life had taken a dramatic turn. Her father was intent on divorcing his wife Katherine of Aragon. In siding with her mother, Mary incurred the wrath of the King and she was in disfavour with him for a number of years. As an estranged daughter, there would have been no desire on Henry VIII's part to commission any likenesses of her. It was not until the death of Queen Katherine and the fall of her successor Anne Boleyn - a lady much detested by the Princess - in 1536, did Henry VIII and Mary finally reconcile.

Figure 2: Mary I as Princess (by Hans Holbein)

The new harmony was acknowledged by two existing likenesses of Mary. One is a chalk drawing by Hans Holbein (Fig. 2). That Mary wears an English gabled hood with one of the veils pinned to the top is reminiscent of pictures of her stepmother Jane Seymour painted from 1536-1537. This would make the drawing the earlier after Mary's restoration to favour.

Although no known painting was derived from the chalk drawing, an oil on panel was done of Mary a few years later (Fig. 3). Attributed to one 'John that drew her grace in a table' in November 1544,[4] the painting is a lavish half length showing the Princess in her finery. She wears a rich jewelled French hood - the height of fashion once again by the early 1540s[5] - and a sumptuous dress of cloth-of-gold with crimson over-sleeves. Around her neck may be the same pearl necklace and pendant from the Holbein sketch. Behind the sitter is an inscription identifying Mary at the age of 28. As the picture is comparable to a full-length of her stepmother Katharine Parr from about the same time,[6] perhaps it was she who initiated the idea of having Mary painted as well. That said, the artist 'John' (and Holbein before him) was one of the few allowed access to Mary. In 1541, when a French envoy expressed interest in obtaining her likeness, he was told that 'no painter dare attempt it without the King's command'.[7]

Mary's continuing good relationship with her father had her (and her half-sister Elizabeth) included in a family portrait painted in the mid 1540s (Fig. 4). As 'mere' daughters (and ones that were technically still called illegitimate)

Figure 3: Mary I as Princess (by Master John)

they appear on the sidelines, and are more or less identically dressed. In the centre is the King of course. Sharing the spotlight with him, beneath a cloth-of-estate, is his much cherished son Prince Edward and the boy's late mother Queen Jane. As historian David Starkey proposed, the inclusion of the two young ladies most likely in recognition of Henry VIII's new regard for them. In his will of 1544, he had both his daughters restored to the succession despite them named bastards earlier.[8]

There are no known pictures of Mary from the reign of Edward VI. Although her father's will had left her as a magnate with considerable wealth and prestige, Mary's life was one of turmoil under her brother's regime. She was continuously harassed for her Catholic faith, and at one period was desperate enough to flee abroad to the protection of her cousin the Emperor. However, a great miracle occurred in the summer of 1553, King Edward was dead, and apart the Lady Jane Grey's brief 'reign' of nine days, Mary was Queen by popular acclaim.

As sovereign, Mary was painted by two eminent artists at her court, Anthonis Mor and Hans Eworth. The picture by Mor (Fig. 5), of which three versions by him exist,[9] was probably done between November and December of 1554. Earlier that summer, Mary

Figure 4: Henry VIII and His Family (detail, by an Unknown Artist)

Figure 5: Mary I
(by Anthonis Mor)

was married to Charles V's son Philip of Spain, and Mor had arrived in England in November to enter Philip's service. A letter from the King, signed two months later, confirmed the fact.[10] The Queen's well known love for fine jewelry is evident in the picture. Prominent at her bosom, is a piece described as a 'great diamond with a fine large pearl pendant from it', given to her by Philip.[11]

Reference to England's new King Consort, is not only in the great jewel he presented to his wife, but also in the manner of the posing of Mary herself, according to art historian J. Woodall.[12] Shown seated at an angle, her presentation follows a convention of Hapsburg wives. A portrait type of Maria of Portugal, Philip's first wife had her depicted as such, as did pictures of Isabella of Portugal, the spouse of the Emperor and thus Philip's mother. Therefore rather than having Mary honoured as Queen of England, Mor had her relegated to being a Hapsburg bride. A painting (by an unknown artist who copied Mor's seated image of Mary) which does put the royal couple on a more equal footing is a charming panel showing them sitting together with two lapdogs before them (collection of the Marquess of Tavistock).

A more regal Mary was by Hans Eworth (Fig. 6). There are about four different portraits of the Queen by his hand, and all show Mary

Figure 6: Mary I (by Hans Eworth)

Figure 6: Mary I (by an Unknown Artist)

with a cloth-of-estate behind her denoting her royal status.[13] Two of Eworth's pictures, it is suspected, had the painter flattering his subject. Unlike Mor, he was unapologetically honest in his depiction of the already ageing Mary. Eworth arguably made his subject look slightly younger and more attractive.[14]

The death of Mary in 1558 meant a cessation of demand for the late Queen's portrait. That and the unpopularity of her regime because of its religious persecutions meant a further discouragement of her likeness. However, later in the reign of her half-sister Elizabeth, 'corridor portraits' came in vogue. These were a series of paintings (like those depicting the line of the 'Kings and Queen's of England) hung along the length of long galleries in the homes of the elite. Such pictures were meant to showcase a family's continuous loyalty and service to the monarchy. In these sets, Mary Tudor took her place with as one of Elizabeth's royal predecessors. One such example was adapted from the Mor and Eworth images of her (Fig. 7).

Such images simply identified Mary as Queen, with no criticism towards her even in Elizabeth's Protestant England. But a panel done in circa 1572, attributed to the artist Lucas de Heere, was more forthcoming in its opinion of Mary. Usually called *The Family of Henry VIII: An Allegory of the Tudor Succession* (Fig. 8) it shows Henry VIII surrounded by his successors and attendant figures. Beside the King is a kneeling Edward VI who receives the Sword of State as his father's direct heir. To the right is Elizabeth followed by the goddess Minerva (she is identifiable by her breastplate of the gorgon Medusa) exemplifying *Peace*, and by a deity with a cornucopia - probably Ceres personifying *Plenty*. On the left is Mary with Philip of Spain. Entering the court from their side is Mars the god of War.

Although the metaphors were obvious - Elizabeth the Protestant Queen has brought prosperity to her kingdom, unlike the Catholic Mary and her husband who fostered discord - the inscription on the picture, interestingly

Figure 6: The Family of Henry VIII: An Allegory of the Tudor Succession (attributed to Lucas de Heere)

enough, was far less condemning of the former Queen. The verses (around the edges of the painting) merely described Mary as 'a zealous daughter in her kind.' As to her failings, it was simply noted 'what else the world doth know.' Elizabeth, the verses even go on to say, held 'the right and virtues of the three' (that is to say, Henry VIII, Edward VI, and even Mary). Despite her unpopularity, Mary Tudor had still been God's anointed and had to still be respected as such.[15]

ROLAND HUI

NOTES

1. Apelles was a renowned painter of 4th century Greece.
2. *Calendar of State Papers, Spanish*, G.A. Bergenroth et al. (eds.), London, 1862-1954, Further Supplements to Volumes 1 and 2, p. 71.
3. British Library, *MS Egerton 2604 f.lv.*
4. Karen Heard (editor), *Dynasties: Painting in Tudor and Jacobean England 1530-1630*, London: Tate Publishing, 1995, p. 47. A 'table' refers to a wooden panel.
5. 'Then began all the gentlewomen of England to wear French hoods with billiments of gold': entry for the year 1540 in *Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London,* (edited by John Gough Nichols), London: printed for The Camden Society, 1852, p. 43. The French hood was in fashion in the 1530s until the short time of Jane Seymour as Queen. Jane had a preference for English styled gabled hoods and this was followed by the ladies of the court.
6. The National Portrait Gallery, number 4451.
7. Karen Heard (editor), *Dynasties*, p. 48. A curious painting said to be of Mary Tudor shows her in a black dress and a red French hood seated with a book in front of her. Recently, the Ashmolean Museum has stated that the picture

'was painted c. 1830 (likely a pastiche over a 17th century original)'. See: https://twitter.com/ashmoleanmuseum/status/1025694109867098113 (accessed Nov. 2018).

8. David Starkey, *Elizabeth: Apprenticeship*, London: Chatto & Windus, p. 31.
9. The Prado Museum in Madrid, The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston, and at Castle Ashby in Northampton.
10. Karen Heard (editor), *Dynasties*, p. 54.
11. *Calendar of State Papers, Spanish*, XII, p. 309. The large teardrop pearl as seen in the Mor portraits and in many others is the famed 'la Peregrina'.
12. J. Woodall, 'An Exemplary Consort: Antonis Mor's Portrait of Mary Tudor' in *Art History*, vol. 14, June 1990, pp. 192-224.
13. Karen Heard (editor), *Dynasties*, pp. 66-67.
14. ibid.
15. A later version of this painting (The Yale Center for British Art) included Henry VIII's jester Will Somers near the figure of Mars. The implication seemed to have been that Mary and Philip were foolish in their reign. See: 'Clowning Around – The Portraits of Will Sommers' (June 6, 2013) : at *Tudor Faces - Observations and Musings on Tudor Portraiture and Personalities*: https://tudorfaces.blogspot.com/2013/06/clowning-around-portraits-of-will.html

THE HUSBANDS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS QUIZ BY CATHERINE BROOKS

Mary Queen of Scots did not always make the wisest of choices in husbands. In total, she married three times, firstly to King Francis II of France, then to Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, and finally to James Hepburn, 4th Earl of Bothwell.

For each question or statement complete the trivia

_____

FRANCIS II OF FRANCE

1. Succeeded to the throne whilst already married to Mary, in the year _____
2. The son of Catherine de Medici, who was the wife of _____
3. Was crowned with the Crown of _____
4. Died at the age of only 16 in the year _____

_____

HENRY STUART, LORD DARNLEY

5. Younger than Mary by _____ years
6. Son of Matthew Stuart, 4th Earl of Lennox and _____
7. His grandson, _____, was famously beheaded
8. His only child became _____ of Scotland
9. He was involved in the murder of Mary's Italian Secretary, _____, over unsubstantiated accusations that she was having an affair with him
10. He was murdered in the year _____ and found close to his house in Kirk o'Field, following an explosion there

_____

JAMES HEPBURN, 4th EARL OF BOTHWELL

11. Married 3 times in total, his first wife being _____
12. He was also 1st Duke of _____
13. The son of Agnes Sinclair and _____, 3rd Earl of Bothwell
14. Died in _____ at the age of 44 years and 1 day
15. The recipient of the famous _____, used as evidence against Mary in later years

_____

ANWSERS: 1) 1559 2) Henry II of France 3) Charlemagne 4) 1560 5) four 6) Lady Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox 7) King Charles I 8) King James VI 9) David Rizzio 10) 1567 11) Anna Throndsen 12) Orkney 13) Patrick Hepburn 14) 1578 15) Casket Letters

MARY TUDOR, QUEEN OF FRANCE

BY LAUREN BROWNE

MARY TUDOR IS often overlooked in the historiography of the Tudor period, despite the fact that she was close to her brother, Henry VIII, and that it is through her line that the ill-fated "Nine Days' Queen" drew her claim to the throne. In this article, we are going to explore the life of Mary Rose, Princess of England, Queen of France, and wife of the Duke of Suffolk.

Around 18th March 1496 Henry VII and Elizabeth of York welcomed their fifth and youngest child to survive infancy, Mary. The birth of the royal couple's new child came just six months after the death of their daughter, Elizabeth, who had died at the age of three at Eltham in September 1495. It appears that the loss of Elizabeth greatly affected both the King and Queen, and perhaps due to their grief they cherished this new baby even more.

Mary was brought up with two of her three elder siblings, Margaret and Henry, and Eltham Palace near Greenwich served as their base. It had been a favoured palace of the children's maternal grandparents, Edward IV and Elizabeth Woodville, '- large and luxurious with its Great Hall facing a spacious courtyard. Private royal lodgings separated from the public areas incorporated Burgundian architectural features: brick facades, five sided bay windows, and a pleasure gallery with spectacular views of the Thames valley.'[1] Modern historian Thomas Penn describes the children's household as a 'small satellite establishment' which was permeated by the Queen's household: 'The worlds of Elizabeth and her younger children were from their infancy intimately linked, their staff shuttling between the two households.'[2]

Both the King and Queen were extremely fond of music, 'their minstrels included players of bagpipes, organs, pipes, tabors, trumpets, sackbuts, fiddles, harps, recorders, and horns.' It was also a subject in which their children received extensive education. The Frenchman Giles Duwes was employed as a lute player around the mid-1490s, and he proved to be an outstanding music teacher. In Prince Henry and Princess Mary, he found 'willing and able pupils'.[3]

By 1501 Princess Mary had her own staff of attendants, which included a physician, schoolmaster, wardrobe keeper, gentlewomen

1 Arlene Naylor Okerlund, *Elizabeth of York,* (New York, 2009), p. 136

2 Thomas Penn, *Winter King: The Dawn of Tudor England,* (London, 2012), pp. 100-101

3 *ibid.,* p. 101

Mary's eldest sister Margaret with her first husband, James IV, King of Scots

of the chamber.[4] The exact details of Mary's attendants have been lost to history, for example we do not know who her schoolmaster was, but we know that it was a small operation. In 1502, Henry gave an order 'that his daughter was to be attended on the same scale as his recently widowed daughter-in-law, Catherine of Aragon, for whom an allocation of £100 a month was made, which was enough for six to eight servants.' [5]

Mary was just six years old when her mother died in childbirth in February 1503. Arlene Naylor Okerlund suggests that Henry VII raised his daughter 'to become an accomplished royal consort', and 'provided an education that produced a charming, lovely, accomplished woman.' She was a gifted musician, and appears to have been taught composition, although nothing composed by her remains. As with most princess' education, Mary's was focused on courtly practices of dancing, managing a household, Latin, French, and embroidery- at which she apparently excelled. She was also briefly tutored by Thomas Linacre, who had taught her brother, the heir to the throne Prince Arthur, and so it appears she may have had some education in humanist thought.

As was the case of royal princesses of the Tudor period, Mary was a key dynastic pawn on the chessboard of European politics. Her father had opened negotiations with the Hapsburgs over the marriage contract between his youngest daughter and the infant Charles of Ghent, the son of Philip the Handsome and Joanna of Castile. This was part of a wider plan, which would also see Henry VII marry Philip's sister, the recently widowed Margaret of Savoy. Indeed, Mary appeared to play an important role in the visit of Philip to England in 1506. Her deportment during this occasion made clear that Mary 'had inherited her mother's emphatic gregariousness'. The young princess was 'the focus of the entertainments'. 'Even at the age of eleven, Mary had a self-possession about her, an awareness of the power of her looks – alabaster skin, grey eyes and golden hair inclining to auburn – coupled with the effortless charisma she shared with her brother [Henry].' She entertained the court with the lute and clavichord, and danced with considerable skill. 'She was "of all folks there greatly praised", one of the onlookers later recorded. In everything she did She behaved herself so very well."'[6]

In the same year the Archduke Philip died, but the negotiations for marriage between

4 David Loades, *Mary Rose: Tudor Princess, Queen of France, the Extraordinary Life of Henry VIII's Sister*, (Stroud, 2012) (accessed online)

5 *ibid.*

6 Thomas Penn, *Winter King,* pp. 197; 218-19

Mary's childhood fiancé, the Hapsburg Emperor Charles V

Mary and Charles of Ghent gathered pace regardless. Mary took part in the spring jousts of 1507, including one arranged two months after her marriage contract with the Hapsburg heir was drawn up. 'She played the lead role on the dramatic tableau that introduced the tournament's theme: that of new love, of Venus and Cupid, symbolised by the colour green. In a green dress entwined with spring flowers, surrounded by green-clad servants, Mary herself played the Lady May… presiding over the contest and awarding prizes.' The challengers wore green badges as the princess' favours. At thirteen years old, Mary 'had the presence to carry off the lead in this game of courtly love.' A later reporter of the events swooned that she 'had such beauty/ It would a heart constrain to serve her.'[7]

Charles Brandon, 'one of the company of King's spears, martial young gallants active in jousts and courtly display' was given one of the star billings in this joust. Brandon was an intimate of prince Henry, though he held no official role in Henry's household at this time. His father's death at the Battle of Bosworth, baring Henry VII's standard, and his uncle Sir Thomas Brandon's position as a leading courtier of the King, prepared the way for his fame.[8] It is not known precisely when Mary fell for Brandon, however his chivalric displays in the tiltyard during the final years of her father's reign could have certainly turned the young princess' head.

The proxy marriage of Charles and Mary took place in 1508, and would rival the festivities held for her brother Arthur's wedding to Catherine of Aragon seven years previously. Henry VII oversaw the details with his characteristic eye for detail. Furnishings for his guests and for his daughters' lodgings were carefully vetted, and no detail, however minor was missed. Extravagant pageants were arranged in London, armies of craftsmen were employed to complete the work and no expense was spared. On Sunday 17th December, in front of a host of courtiers in the presence chamber at Richmond, the fourteen-year-old Mary was betrothed to Charles of Castile through his proxy, the lord of Bergen. She clasped the ambassador's hand and 'recited the long matrimonial speech, from memory… without any hesitation… Then, after marriage contracts had been signed and exchanged, Bergen kissed her "reverently" placing a gold ring on her wedding finger. The ensuing entertainments, the feasting, dancing and jousting, all went off spectacularly'.[9]

The long awaited marriage of Mary and Charles of Castile – or Emperor Charles V, as he would become – would never take place. Henry VII died in April 1509 and, although Mary had been styled Duchess of Burgundy during the early 1510s, Henry VIII called off the match in 1514. A more expedient marriage was instead arranged for the King's sister, once again proving the dynastic importance of royal princesses. Cardinal Wolsey arranged a peace treaty with France, and at its centre lay the marriage of Mary to the fifty-two-year-old King Louis XII. She was accompanied to France by English maids of honour, including Mary Boleyn, who was joined there later by her younger sister, Anne, who had previously served as a ward to the Archduchess Margaret of Austria. The Franco-Tudor wedding was celebrated with immense pomp and circumstance. Apparently, according to contemporary sources, the King may have enjoyed his wedding celebrations a little too enthusiastically, because he died less than three months after. His apparent cause of death was that Mary 'danced him to death', as contemporaries delicately put it.[10]

The new King of France, Francis I, attempted to arrange another marriage for the eighteen-year-old Dowager Queen, but his plans were in vain. Mary had apparently agreed with

7 *ibid.,* pp. 289-90

8 S. J. Gunn, 'Brandon, Charles, first duke of Suffolk (c. 1484–1545)', *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography, (*http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/10.1093/ref:odnb/9780198614128.001.0001/odnb-9780198614128-e-3260?rskey=THvHQo&result=2*)*

9 Thomas Penn, *Winter King,* pp. 328-330

10 *ibid.,* p. 376

Henry VIII that if her husband should die she would be free to choose her next husband. It appears that Mary had already made her choice, as she was almost certainly in love with Charles Brandon by this stage. He was dispatched to France to return her home in January 1515, under promise to Henry VIII that he would not propose marriage to her. Mary convinced him otherwise, and the couple were secretly wed in Paris in the presence of ten witnesses, including Francis I. Henry was livid, technically Brandon had committed treason in marrying a royal princess without the King's permission. He attempted to defend himself by stating that he 'newar sawe woman soo wyepe', and Mary took the blame on herself.

In early May, the King met the couple in Kent as they travelled home. 'Henry's displeasure was mollified by the surrender of Mary›s jewels and plate, half her dowry, the wardship of the now redundant Lady Lisle, and a further £24,000 payable over twelve years from the profits of Mary›s dower lands in France.' The couple married in public at Greenwich on 13th May 1515.[11]

Mary was Brandon's third wife, and he already had two daughters, Anne and Mary, by his second marriage to Anne Browne. She raised her step-daughters with her own growing family, as the pair had three children who survived infancy. Despite her incredibly short tenure as a queen consort, Mary was most commonly referred to at court as 'the French Queen', and although she had right to be styled 'Duchess of Suffolk', this title has only been used posthumously. Mary, whose health was never completely strong, succumbed, most probably to tuberculosis, in June 1533 at the age of thirty-seven.

Mary, as Princess of England, Dowager Queen of France, and Duchess of Suffolk, was afforded a funeral fit for her status. She was interred in the Abbey of St Edmundburry, only to be reinterred at St Mary's Church, Bury St Edmunds during the dissolution of the monasteries.

Her story serves as an exception to the rule in the marriage of princesses, as she married for love – at least the second time around.

11 S. J. Gunn, 'Brandon, Charles, first duke of Suffolk (c. 1484–1545)', *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography, (*http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/10.1093/ref:odnb/9780198614128.001.0001/odnb-9780198614128-e-3260?rskey=THvHQo&result=2*)*

LAUREN BROWNE

We would like to thank the amazing LAUREN BROWNE as she leaves the Tudor Life team (hopefully temporarily) to finish her PhD. We have learned an exceptional amount from the articles that Lauren has contributed.
THANK YOU from all the members of the Tudor Society and we hope to see you back very soon!

MARY TUDOR
This drawing of Mary Tudor is probably from 1514-15 when she was Queen of France.

MARY TUDOR, QUEEN OF FRANCE AND DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK

Mary Tudor was Henry VIII's little sister and his favourite sibling. They had a far better relationship than Henry did with his older sister Margaret. Whilst Margaret had gone to Scotland to become James IV's wife, Mary had stayed at home, at the centre of the Tudor court and its daily life.

by **SARAH-BETH WATKINS**

SARAH-BETH WATKINS

DID MARY REALLY LOVE CHARLES OR WAS HE A MEANS TO AN END?

Scotland would always be troublesome for Henry and he would struggle to control a country that was linked to France through its 'auld alliance'. The king sought to find ways to break this alliance and one way was to make his own stronger with France. Mary would provide that opportunity. On 7 August 1514, England signed a peace treaty with France. Henry would get a million gold crowns in ten instalments and King Louis XII would get a bride.

Mary must have been appalled to hear that Henry was arranging her marriage to an old and unhealthy Louis. He was in his fifties, toothless, gouty, with a scurvy-like skin condition, and rumoured to have syphilis and leprosy. Yes, she would be Queen of France, but she was marrying a man so much older than her. He wasn't a dashing knight or a handsome prince – far from it. But she had little time to argue with Henry nor could she have ever changed his mind. On 13 August, Mary's proxy marriage to the French king was held at Greenwich.

By October she was on her way to France. Mary knew that Louis might not live long and before she left for France she made her brother promise that after her husband's death she would be allowed to marry whom she wanted.

She nearly died herself when a storm lashed against her ship, scattering her entourage and dragging the channel crossing out for two days. Her ship ran aground. She was soaked through, seasick and had to be carried ashore. But nothing would stop her marriage going ahead.

On the 9 October Mary married King Louis XII of France in a sumptuous ceremony at Abbeville. The Duke of Norfolk and Marquis of Dorset escorted Mary, dressed magnificently in gold brocade trimmed with ermine, along the aisle to join her husband. Louis presented her with a necklace of diamonds and rubies before they sat before the Bishop of Bayeaux for the nuptial mass. After the ceremony, Mary returned to her rooms to rest for a while before the evening's entertainments and the ordeal that was to follow.

Louis boasted the next morning that he had 'crossed the river three times that night and would have done more had he chosen' but it was not long before Louis' health began to fail. After eighty-two days of marriage, the King of France died on 1 January 1515. It was rumoured he had overexerted himself with his new bride but it was more likely complications of the chronic gout he suffered from.

But Mary could not yet return to England. The French court required that she declare she was not pregnant, therefore allowing Francis I, Louis' son-in-law, to succeed. Forty days of mourning would also ensure she was not carrying a child. She kept to her darkened rooms in the Hotel de Cluny dressed in traditional white, the colour of royal mourning, earning her the title 'la Reine Blanche' or 'the White Queen'.

During this time she fought off the new king's advances. Francis I, although married, was in no hurry to see her leave and was contemplating putting his wife aside for the young and beautiful Mary. But Mary had other plans and eventually asked for his support in marrying the person she really wanted to be with.

Mary had grown up with Charles Brandon, a constant fixture at her brother's side. Henry knew she was enamoured of him. He was the dashing knight, handsome and, if not a prince, at least a duke. All of which makes it all the more surprising that Henry sent Brandon over to France to aid Mary. Henry must have known

that putting these two together could spell trouble.

Did Mary really love Charles or was he a means to an end? I think there is something quite calculated about her marriage to the duke. If she went home she would be at Henry's mercy regarding her next marriage. She was well aware of her value on the marriage market and also knew how ruthless her brother could be. Charles was a way out. If she married him Henry could no longer send her off to a different country or marry her to a man she did not care for. She could return to England and not be a part of her brother's machinations.

Because although Charles was a dashing young man he was also a man with a chequered marital past. He had fallen in love with Anne Browne, the only child of Sir Anthony Browne by his first wife, Eleanor Ughtred, and had a daughter by her in 1506. But in a strange twist, he went on to marry her aunt, Margaret Neville, Lady Mortimer instead. She was almost twenty years older than him and a rich widower. He had married her for her money and immediately began selling off her lands for a profit but Anne's family were not going to let him off lightly. They began legal proceedings against him and Brandon was forced to annul the marriage and return to Anne. In early 1508 Charles married her in a secret ceremony at Stepney. But Anne's family were not impressed and wanted their marriage to be public so a second ceremony was held at St Michael's, Cornhill.

After Anne's death, Brandon was betrothed to his eight-year-old ward Elizabeth Grey and he was still contracted to her when he arrived in France. Regardless of his past, Mary convinced Charles to marry her in a secret ceremony at the Hotel de Cluny, with only Francis and a handful of attendants present. It was a tale of three weddings. Another public wedding followed on 31 March with a third to follow. Henry was furious, or so it appeared because he must have known this was a possibility.

Brandon was also worried and wrote to Wolsey 'And the Queen would never let me [be] in rest till I had granted her to be married; and so, to be plain with you, I have married her harettylle and has lyen wyet her, in soo moche [as] I fyer me lyes that sche by wyet chyld.' Perhaps too much information as Wolsey replied warning him he was in great danger. Henry had not given his permission and as much as the king loved both his sister and the duke, they had married without his consent, undermining his authority.

Mary wrote letter after letter asking for forgiveness. 'Whereupon, Sir, I put my Lord of Suffolk in choice whether he would accomplish the marriage within four days or else that he should never have enjoyed me. Whereby I know well that I constrained him to break such promises as he had made to your Grace… I most humbly and as your sorrowful sister requiring you to have compassion upon us both and to pardon our offences…'. She also reminded him of his promise that she could marry whomever she chose after Louis' death.

Henry would forgive them but they would pay for his forgiveness. Mary had to pay back £24,000 in yearly instalments of £2,000 to compensate Henry for the cost of her wedding to the French king, and give Henry back all the plate and jewels she had taken to France or be faced with a £100,000 fine. Whilst other nobles called for Charles Brandon's execution, Henry demanded they marry again and for the third time, they were married on 13 May 1515 in the Church of the Observant Friars in Greenwich.

In June, Mary conceived their first child and not long after retired from court life to begin family life at Westhorpe Hall in East Anglia. She spent most of her time there with her children and Brandon's daughters Anne and Mary, by his marriage to Anne Browne.

Mary would be content to live away from court especially when Henry became interested in Anne Boleyn. Mary had known Catherine of Aragon for many years and could not believe her brother would contemplate putting his queen aside for someone she felt was beneath him. But then he could have said the same to her. He had raised Charles Brandon and could have easily brought him down but they would remain friends throughout their lives.

Mary enjoyed country life while Brandon was more often at court but they made their marriage work. Despite their ups and downs including Charles siring at least one illegitimate son and the loss of their own, they were married for eighteen years before her death in 1533.

THE TUDOR SOCIETY

MEMBERS' BULLETIN

Happy New Year to you and your friends and family!

As you can see, this magazine is a bumper edition packed with so many amazing articles from regulars and guests. Sadly we're saying a temporary goodbye to Lauren Browne, a historian who has been with us from the start. We wish Lauren every success with the final stages of her PhD and hope that she will be back to the magazine soon to keep us learning more about Tudor history. We're of course thrilled to have our new regulars, Sarah-Beth Watkins and Alexander Taylor, who, alongside the other regulars we have, contribute to make Tudor Life magazine stronger than ever.

A HUGE congratulations to Debra Bayani and Dmitry Yakhovski who have recently had a beautiful baby boy. The Tudor world really does bring people together!

We love to hear about any ideas that you might have for the magazine, and if you've done anything Tudor-y then please do let us know so that we can tell the world about it! Our open-weekend was a great success and we had a lot of activity on the Tudor Society website. Hopefully we have helped more people to discover our favourite historical period. Keep sharing the news about our society and thank you, as always, for your support of the Tudor Society.

Tim Ridgway

SAOIRSE, QUEEN OF THE SCREEN

This month sees the release of the new biopic "Mary, Queen of Scots". Based on the acclaimed and sympathetic biography of the Scottish queen, "My Heart is My Own" by John Guy, the movie focuses on the fraught relationship between Mary, played by Oscar-nominated Irish actress Saoirse Ronan, and Elizabeth I, played by an other nominee of the Academy, Margot Robbie.

So far, reviews of the movie have been positive if tempered. Some felt Robbie was a less than impressive Queen Elizabeth, a view countered by other critics. Dr. Estelle Paranque, author of "Elizabeth I of England Through Valois Eyes: Power, Representation and Diplomacy in the Reign of the Queen, 1558-1588", attended an early screening and was frank in her assessment on Twitter that she found the historical inaccuracies too jarring to fully enjoy the movie, although she praised the acting of the leads.

The movie also features Guy Pearce as Sir William Cecil and David Tennant as evangelical firebrand and demented

Saoirse Ronan (left) as Mary, Queen of Scots with Margot Robbie as Elizabeth I. (IMDB)

Guy Pearce as Sir William Cecil with Robbie as Elizabeth I (Tampa Bay Times)

misogynist, John Knox.

It is no easy task to please everyone when making an historical biopic. After all, it is frankly impossible to make an entirely accurate piece, given that one cannot know the minutiae of a person's behaviour when they have been dead for centuries, nor can one feasibly insert every chronological detail without completely eviscerating any artistic appeal. That is not to say that there have not been relatively accurate historical pieces - such as Netflix's hit "The Crown" about British politics and monarchy in the late 20th century or, in the Tudor world, the BBC series "The Shadow of the Tower" - which have not also been superb pieces of drama. Equally, there have been pieces in which the historical inaccuracies have been judged sufficiently jarring or unnecessary to excite criticism from even non-academic pundits. One thinks of the 2008 adaptation of "The Other Boleyn Girl" or the American Revolutionary drama "The Patriot".

It remains to be seen how "Mary, Queen of Scots" will fare on that tightrope. Depressingly, trailers seem to have been enough for many historical drama fans to wax themselves apoplectic in criticism. Personally, I prefer to wait to see the finished product and I'll report back on my thoughts when I have.

GARETH RUSSELL

Historian Interview

KING ARTHUR AND THE TUDORS

An interview with Sean Poage

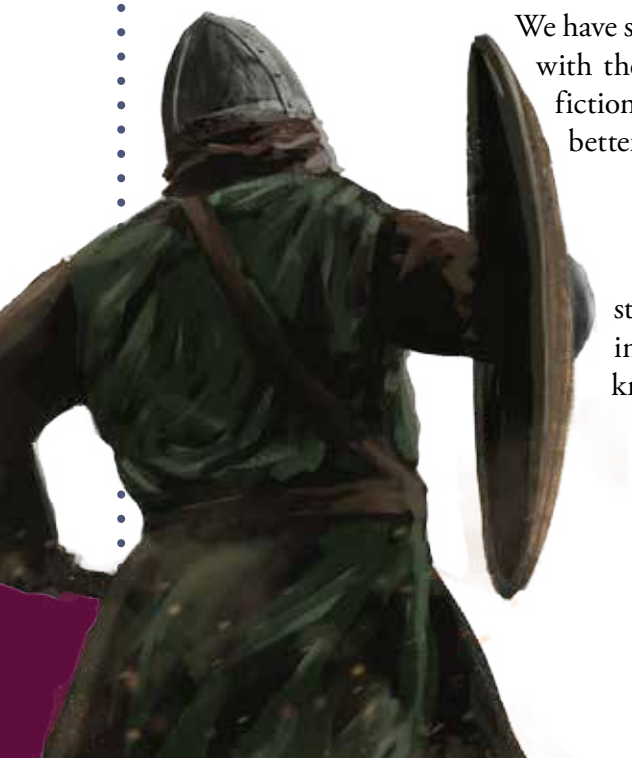
This month's interview is with Sean Poage. Sean currently lives in Maine, USA, having settled here after travelling widely with his career as a Military Police officer in the army. These days, he works in the world of technology, having obtained a Bachelor of Science in Computer Networking. He writes as often as he can, and enjoys spending time with his family, with whom he shares a passion for travel. Sean describes himself as a 'History Nerd', who loves the mysterious eras such as the British and Greek 'Dark Ages'.

Hello Sean, and welcome to Tudor Life magazine. Thank you for taking the time to talk to us today. Can you please tell us a little about yourself and about your book, 'The Retreat to Avalon'?

Hi, and thank you for inviting me. I'm an amateur historian and writer of historical fiction. I'm most fascinated with the most little-known periods of time, such as the Greek and British Dark Ages. My novel, *The Retreat to Avalon*, is the first in a series entitled "The Arthurian Age". The series is intended to show an authentic, historically accurate version of King Arthur that is also true to the earliest legends.

So of all the periods of history, what drew you most specifically to the Arthurian era?

I'm really drawn to the mysterious eras. The real Arthur lived in the 5th century when the Romans have left Britain and the Anglo-Saxon tribes are just beginning to expand into Britain. We have so few written records from these times, so piecing these together with the archaeological record and the early legends turns historical fiction writing into a sort of detective work. A way for me to get a better understanding of why certain things might have happened.



Who influenced your work the most?

There are many influences for writing, but for this particular story, Geoffrey Ashe, the prominent British historian is by far the inspiration for this series. It is his research, linking Arthur with known historical events and people, that the story is based on.

Author Interview

At what point did your interest begin to lend itself to the idea of writing a novel? Did you toy with non-fiction at all?

Historical fiction is the closest I've come to writing non-fiction because it takes real events and people and tries to show the back story. I've toyed with the idea of being a novelist for years, with some unfinished work, but this story seemed to just spill out onto the paper.

With so much of this period written in legend, I would imagine it's challenging to put together a novel when resources can be so inconsistent?

It's a tremendous challenge, but also what makes it so much fun. Often times the research is a matter of looking at many different sources and finding the common denominator. Sometimes even seeing a hole in the data can have implications. If I can't demonstrate plausibility, I can't use it.

What would you say defines a good historical novel?

As a novel, it has to be engaging. As history, it has to be authentic. I want to be drawn into the story and really see the world being described.

Arthurian legend has, of course, endured over the centuries. Why do you think that is?

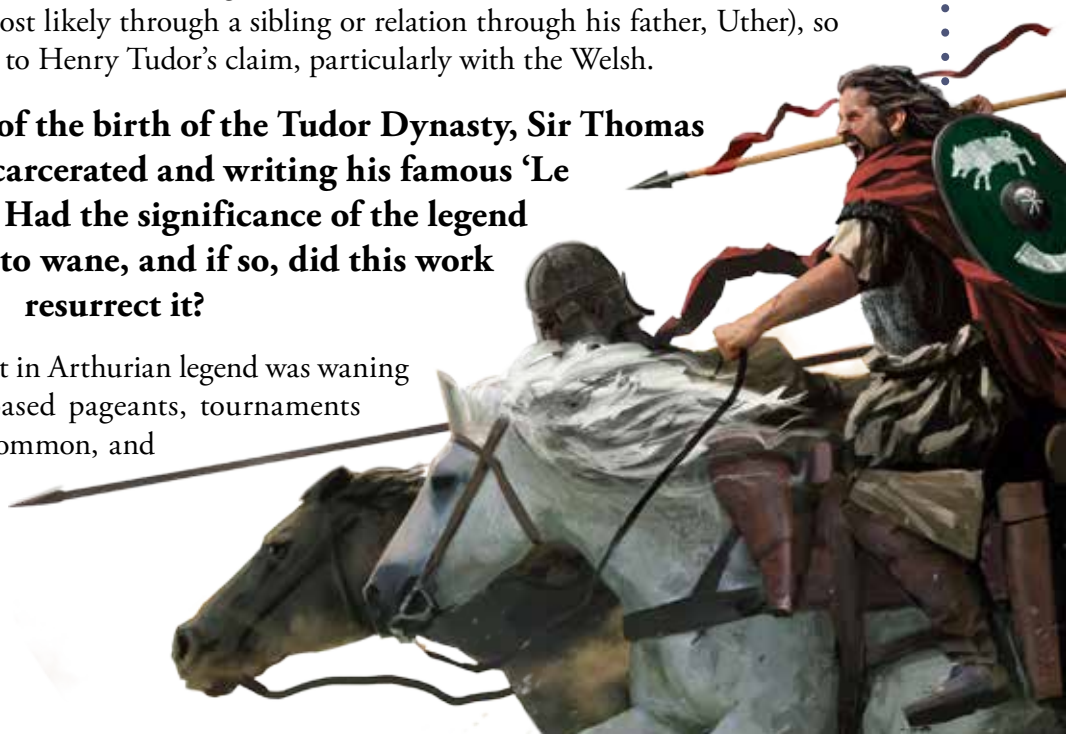
It fits the timeless themes of heroism and tragedy, loyalty and temptation, love and betrayal. All things that people can relate to, wrapped in the fascinatingly romantic Medieval era.

Now, as many, if not all Tudor fans will know, the Tudor monarchs were heavily influenced by this era. Henry VII named his eldest son and heir Arthur, for example. Can you please tell us what you know about these two periods of history knit together?

There is a lot to this subject, but long story short, The War of the Roses had depleted the male heirs of both houses, leaving an opening for Henry Tudor to claim he was the next in line. His claim, through his maternal side, was bolstered by his claim of descent, through his father's side, from Cadwaladr, last of the Ancient Kings of Britain. Cadwaladr was claimed to have been descended from Arthur (most likely through a sibling or relation through his father, Uther), so this gave additional weight to Henry Tudor's claim, particularly with the Welsh.

In 1485, the year of the birth of the Tudor Dynasty, Sir Thomas Mallory was incarcerated and writing his famous 'Le Morte d'Arthur'. Had the significance of the legend of Arthur begun to wane, and if so, did this work resurrect it?

I wouldn't say interest in Arthurian legend was waning at that time. Arthurian based pageants, tournaments and festivals were pretty common, and there was a great deal of



Arthurian literature being written outside of Britain. However, Mallory's is the first comprehensive narrative of Arthurian stories laid out in a logical fashion, aside from Geoffrey of Monmouth's shorter version, 350 years earlier. Mallory was strongly focused on the concept of chivalry and introduced the "Pentecostal Oath" that the good knights swore to, promising to commit no outrage, help women and the defenceless, grant mercy, etc. It is certain that this fresh look at Arthurian legend, particularly in a time when the English monarchy was claiming descent from Arthur, stoked a new frenzy of Arthurian fandom.

What do you think the people of Tudor England may have made of the claim by Henry Tudor that he was a direct descendant of King Arthur? Were there many prophecies of Arthur's return that Henry, or any other monarchs, may have used to further their own causes?

I would guess that it was very political. People who supported the Tudors were likely to support the claim, while those who didn't may have panned it. On the other hand, having a monarch descended from the famous King Arthur, who had drifted from being Welsh to English, was probably an exciting thing.

There were two prophecies that Henry specifically appealed to, both reported by Geoffrey of Monmouth. First, when Merlin explained to Vortigern about the Red Dragon of the Britons eventually conquering the White Dragon of the Saxons. This is where the Red Dragon banner of Cadwaladr and Wales comes from. Second, is that Cadwaladr, whom the Tudors claim to descend from, had relinquished his throne when a prophetic voice promised his sacrifice would mean that a great leader would return to free the Britons from their English oppressors. The Welsh bards made a great deal of this prophecy, and Henry's use of the Red Dragon banner shows his support of the claim.

What do you think drew not just the Tudors, but many monarchs across the centuries to these tales?

People are drawn to greatness and high ideals and tragic stories. Certainly, monarchs of any time and place would like to be considered great, and peers of Arthur.

All of our readers will know that with so many sources to draw from, and so many things we may never know, getting a true picture of any event or person in history can feel like an impossible task. From your research, what do you feel has been able to be established as fact from this period in the Dark Ages?

It's extremely hard to call anything from this time period established fact, aside from the departure of the Romans and the influx of the Germanic tribes. The war in Gaul that I describe in my book is attested to by Gallic writers of the time period, but Britain is truly under a dark cloud of mystery. The best anyone can do is interpret the evidence and come to conclusions, but any particular theory can be challenged or supported without being ultimately provable. In the end, it seems that most scholars have a mental image of what was going on, and interpret the evidence to that image.

Author Interview

As somebody who specialises in a very different period of history, tell us a little bit about what you think of the Tudors!

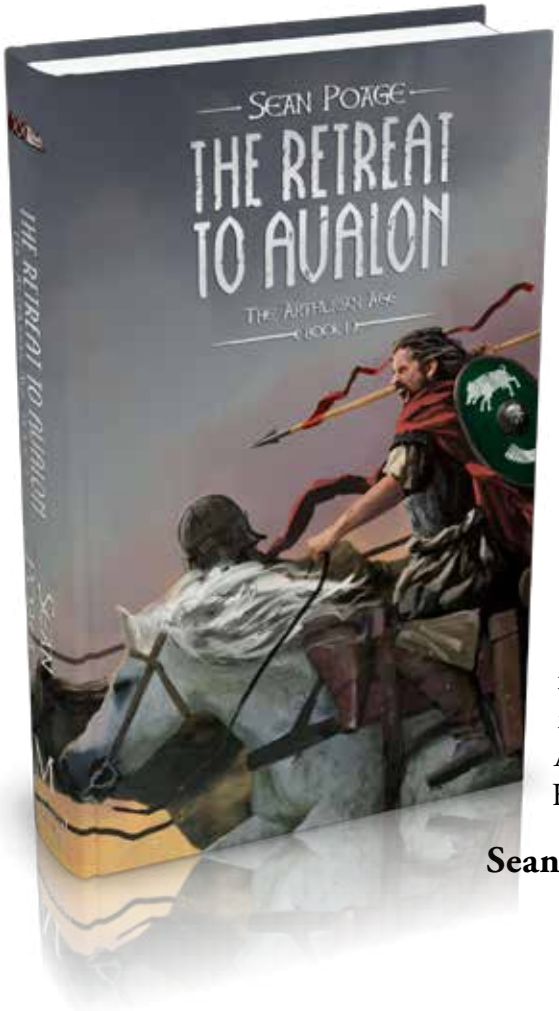
I'm afraid my knowledge of the Tudors is limited to my broad knowledge of the events of the time period. Being a better-known era, it hasn't sparked my investigative nature the way earlier eras have. But there are some great authors at Made Global that are experts on the Tudors, so when I am able to read for enjoyment again, I'm going to learn more about them!

'The Retreat to Avalon' is the first of a trilogy. Can you tell us any more about the next novel, without giving too much away? And once this series has ended, do you have any other writing goals?

I'm working on the second book now. There are additional historical events that need to be accounted for following the events of the first book. These events, such as the Battle of Badon and the Battle of Camlann (or, The Strife of Camlann, as it is referred to historically), are set in motion by the first book, and ultimately result in setting Britain on the path to the nation it is today.

For the third book, I'll be going back in time to before the first book, and showing the events that lead up to the first book, including the rise of Arthur. I had to do it this way because going strictly chronologically would have given away some of the secrets from the other books too soon.

Following this series, I am interested in doing something about the Greek Heroic Age and the Greek Dark Ages that followed it. I am also interested in looking into some of the foundings of the different knightly orders of the Crusades. Once I retire, I really look forward to writing all the time!



Finally, can you recommend your top three history books? (These can be fiction or non-fiction, and any era)

That is a very difficult choice! I have a wide range of interests, so it all comes down to the subject. Ok, one I will always list at the top is *Anabasis* by Xenophon. It is a fascinating account of an army of Greek mercenaries stranded in central Iraq, who have to fight their way home.

So I'll round it out with two that are important to my series. *Lords of Battle* by Stephen S. Evans is a fascinating look at the warband culture of Post-Roman Britain and Europe, that developed into feudalism. And, because it started me on this series, I must say, *The Discovery of King Arthur* by Geoffrey Ashe, where he is able to tie the earliest legends of King Arthur with known historical events and people.

Sean's first Novel 'The Retreat to Avalon', is published by MadeGlobal Publishing - http://getbook.at/avalon

Member Spotlight

Tudor Society member and Historical fiction writer, **Adrienne Dillard**, recently took a holiday from the USA over to England and of course she took the opportunity to visit all the historical places that she could. Here are her thoughts on the wonderful **Greys Court**. Over to Adrienne.

Deep within the heart of the verdant rolling hills of the Oxfordshire countryside lies an alluring retreat, whose grace and unassuming elegance beckons the weary to set aside the cares of the world and take respite among the surrounding lush gardens. Billed as a 'peaceful family home,' Greys Court is just that, yet so much more. Nearly a thousand years ago, the site of Greys Court was known as Redrefield, a village made up of twenty households, under the lordship of Anketil of Graye. Though much has changed since Anketil's time, it's still possible to see parts of the medieval wall constructed near to his lifetime. Since then, Greys Court has been passed down through the ages to an Archbishop of York, a founding Knight of the Garter, an uncle to a king, two leading Elizabethan courtiers, founder of the notorious Hell-Fire Club, the mother of two famous authors, and a past President of the Liberal Party.

Seeing Greys Court is something I have been dreaming of since 2009, when I began researching Catherine Carey and Francis Knollys. On a previous visit to England, I had been unable to fit it into the itinerary, so I made it a priority to visit during my most recent trip and the effort was greatly rewarded. From central London, we caught a train to Twyford at Paddington Station; from there, we changed trains, arriving at Henley-On-Thames railway station less than an hour later. Greys Court is less than 3 miles away, but there aren't many footpaths along the road, so we took a taxi to be on the safe side. Thankfully, there was a line of them waiting outside the station, so if you are an international visitor with a limited phone plan, you are in luck! No need to call ahead.

When we arrived at the end of the drive, we were a bit early for opening time of 10 am, so we took the opportunity to soak in the atmosphere and read the charming excerpts from Alice in Wonderland posted along the fence line. As soon as the booth opened up, we got

our tickets and commenced the walk to the house. Having reached out to the Head House Steward nearly a year ago in anticipation of my visit, I was very graciously granted my own private tour before the house was opened up. I had been looking forward to it for what seemed like forever!

The tour started in the drawing room with a detailed history of the past owners. While our guide regaled us with tales of Francis Lovell's defeat at the Battle of Stoke and Sir Thomas Stapleton's Hell-Fire Club frolics, we took in the gorgeous Rococo ceiling decorated with symbols of love; a holdover from Sir Thomas' preparations to welcome his new bride home. From there, the guide led us on an illuminating jaunt through the ages, highlighting the changes made during the tenures of Sir Thomas' heirs, Evelyn Fleming, and the Brunners.

Though Greys Court history winds through centuries of change, it is the story of the most recent owners, Sir Felix and Lady Brunner, taking center stage. Each room is painstakingly curated to pay tribute to the idyllic family home created by two very devoted, optimistic philanthropists. Furniture owned by the Brunners, beloved family photographs, and theatrical memorabilia belonging to Lady Brunner's father and grandfather continue to decorate the property, giving one the sense that at any moment the family will return to pick up right where they left off.

As we descended the stairs leading to the kitchen, after our tour of the second floor, the remaining vestiges of

the 16th century finally began to reveal themselves. We were greeted in the stairwell by two faces I've come to know well. Portraits of Sir Francis Knollys and his son, Sir Francis the Younger, looked warmly down upon us, welcoming us to their kitchen. Here we found timber framing dating from the 1400s, a larder door with its ancient metal lock still intact, and the arched Elizabethan fireplace revealed when Lady Brunner replaced her stove in the 1980s. In an instant, it was if we were transported through time.

Having made our way through the whole of the house, our formal tour dwindled toward its regrettable conclusion. Truly, I could have spent hours with our guide exploring every nook and cranny. Alas, the house was beginning to open up for the public tours, and so it was time to move outside. Before leaving us to our own devices, our lovely guide, Lynn, took a few moments to show us the remaining structures that would have been familiar to the Knollys family. She took care to point out the remains of a hearth built into the ruins of the medieval wall and led us to the dower house most likely built by William Knollys. We finished up in the Cromwellian stables, where we took in the 'Women of Greys Court' exhibit featuring the most famous of the Knollys children, Lettice.

After an enjoyable discussion of Catherine Carey and her life, we bid our farewells and made our way to the Cowshed Café for lunch. The weather was perfect for dining al fresco, so we

happily noshed on the most delicious lasagna while we took in the view. Bellies full, we meandered through the gift shop where I picked up a mug to take home, and then made our last stop at the Well House. Built in 1586, the Well House contains a vertical tread wheel used to bring up water from the medieval well. Appearing for all the world like a giant hamster wheel, it was fun to picture what it might have looked like in use, with a donkey trotting inside, drawing up a bucket filled with water.

With an appointment to see the Knollys tomb at St. Nicolas Church drawing near, it was time to say our goodbyes to Greys Court, but there was so much more to explore. When planning your trip to Greys, make sure to carve out time to take in the maze, Wisteria Walk, and various gardens throughout the estate. There is plenty to see, whether you have a whole afternoon or just a few hours to spare.

ADRIENNE DILLARD

Located in Rotherfield Greys, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire the garden at Greys Court is open most days from 10:00 – 16:00, with the house open from 11:00 – 15:00. Various events are held throughout the year, so make sure to check out their website: https://www.nationaltrust.org.uk/greys-court before your journey to see what's on. For more information about the history of Greys Court, you can visit The Anne Boleyn Files for my previous article about the past residents of this gorgeous family estate.

St Margaret's Church

A VISIT TO WEST HOATHLY

WITH IAN MULCAHY

The Manor House

West Hoathly is a West Sussex parish of just under 2,200 inhabitants (as of 2011) with a land area of over 5,000 acres. The parish is centred on the village of the same name; an ancient hilltop settlement which, at its highest point, stands 185 metres above sea level. The area displays evidence of human activity dating back up to 12,000 years; a time when Great Britain was still connected to continental Europe by a land bridge. At Philpots Camp, an Iron Age promontory hill fort located approximately one mile to the south west of the village, worked flints have been found in natural cave shelters; evidence of hunting dating as far back as 10,000BC. Fragments of Neolithic pottery have also been found which suggests that, as humans evolved from hunter gatherers to

The Manor House

land cultivators, the area was being farmed up to 6,500 years ago. If you are interested in further details and a large selection of photographs of Philpots camp, please visit http://www.iansapps.co.uk/oldbritain/westhoathly/philpots.html

The name Hoathly derives from Hadlega and then Hothelegh; the Anglo-Saxon word for a Heather covered clearing, which no doubt describes the appearance of the area during the later centuries of the first millennium. It is known that the village itself was already established by the time **St Margaret's Church**, the oldest surviving building within the parish, was founded in the 11th Century by Ralph de Cheyney, who almost immediately gifted it to the Priory of St. Pancras at Lewes, some 14 miles to the south. The nave, in the north west quarter of the church, was built in approximately 1090 using locally quarried sandstone. The church was added to considerably over the following two centuries; a narrow south aisle was added in around 1175, a large chancel in 1250 and a southern chapel sometime around 1270. The south aisle was widened in 1330 and in 1400 the tower was added. With the exception of the small modern porch, the church appears today as it did when Henry VII was crowned King.

In 1538, during the Dissolution, the advowson of St Margaret's was granted to Thomas Cromwell. Following Cromwell's decapitation on the orders of the King in 1540, it passed to Anne of Cleves who remained the avowee until her death in

1557, at which point the right returned to the Crown. Further evidence of the wealth of Tudor history around West Hoathly can be found in the story of parish resident, Ann Tree. 'Mother' Tree was one of three Sussex Martyrs burned at the stake in the High Street of nearby East Grinstead on 18 July 1556 for refusing to return to the teachings of Rome. Her charred remains are interred under a memorial stone in the grounds of St Swithun's Church, a mere stone's throw from the spot where she met her fate, and a memorial plaque can be seen within St Margaret's Church.

Leaving the Church and walking through the churchyard towards the western gate, the imposing **Manor House** looms large on the western side of North Lane. Originally built in the 16th century, the property was acquired and considerably altered in 1627 by the Infield family of nearby Gravetye Manor who turned it into a Dower House (that is, a residence for the widow of an estate where the heir is married) for Katherine Infield, the widow of Richard Infield.

A couple of hundred yards to the south of the Manor House is **The Priest House**, a marvellous timber framed house which was originally built c. 1430 by the Priory of St Pancras as an estate office to manage the land they owned around West Hoathly. In 1524, the Priory leased the house to John Browne, who lived there as a tenant farmer and continued to do so subsequent to Henry VIII seizing the entire property portfolio of the Priory in 1538. Henry passed ownership of the house in line with the advowson of St Margaret's, that is firstly to Thomas

The Priest House

The Priest House

Cromwell and then to Anne Of Cleves. John Browne died in 1546, but the property continued to be occupied by his family, with his son Thomas becoming the new tenant. Following Anne's death in 1557 the rental income from the property was directed to the crown until, in 1560, Elizabeth I sold all of the former Lewes Priory property and Thomas Browne purchased the house.

The house was originally a hall house, and the ceilings and chimneys were inserted c. 1580. Inside the house, particularly around the fireplace and on the front door, 'witch marks' are to be found. These were carved into the wood by superstitious house dwellers to protect them from witches, especially around places where witches may be able to enter the house. There is also a

Upper Pendant

The Old Parsonage

Taddys

rough iron slab in the doorway; another method of keeping the witches at bay! The property boasts one surviving original window and others that can be dated to the 16th century.

In your writers opinion, this building is the jewel in the West Hoathly crown and, thanks to the generosity of J Godwin King who funded the restoration of the property in 1908 and gifted it to the Sussex Archaeological Society in 1935, the house is open to the public from 1 March to 31 October each year. A visit is highly recommended.

Behind the Priest House is Lower Barn which served as the Tithe Barn. The building dates back to, at the latest, the 16th century, but could be considerably older. The barn is now a private residence and is well shielded by trees, rendering it virtually invisible to those on public land. Slightly north of the Priest House, on the opposite side of North Lane is **Upper Pendant**, a 16th century building that was formerly divided into two houses, but is now a single residence. A 19th century lean to at the southern end was added when the building served as a shop. The building is timber framed, but is now encased in painted bricks on the ground floor and is tile hung on the upper storey.

A short walk north past the church and on the northern side of the junction of Church Hill & North Lane is The **Cat Inn**, an early 16th century timber framed building which, like Upper Pendant, is now encased in painted bricks and tiles, though the timber framing is visible from inside. The Cat Inn has been operating as a public house since at least 1615, when it was known as the 'Ale House', and serves as an ideal refuelling point for the contemporary visitor to the village.

Opposite the Cat, and to the north of the Manor House, are **The Old Parsonage** (to the south) and **Taddys** (to the north). The south west wing of The Old Parsonage, where the timber framing is visible externally when viewed from the right angle, is potentially of Tudor origin while Taddys is a 16th century house set on a stone base with its timber framing hidden behind a more modern façade, though some of the timber framing is visible to the rear.. The three storey cross wing on the southern side was added in the 17th century.

To the immediate north of Taddys is a public footpath which, initially, affords a view of the rear of The Manor House, The Old Parsonage and Taddys and, if followed for a mile or so, leads westwards out of the village to **Chiddingly Farmhouse**, a 15th century farmstead with a southern wing added in the 16th century. Chiddingly was originally part of a Saxon manor which, by

Chiddingly Farmhouse

the late 13th century, was held by William de Chytyngele. In 1409, the manor belonged to the Pope family who held the lands until 1536 when it was sold to Thomas Mitchell. Mitchell's heirs subsequently conveyed the manor to the Mills family in 1577 and they were still in possession at the end of the Tudor period. A short walk across fields to the north west takes us to **Stonelands**, a large and mainly modern property which incorporates a stone wing built in approximately 1580 and a timber framed wing dating back to c.1500.

Re-tracing our steps back to the village and, on reaching North Lane, turning north towards the main road through the Parish we soon come across a couple of buildings that could possibly be of interest to the Tudor enthusiast. The first is **Peckhams**, whose statutory listing dates the structure as 17th century or earlier and, in common with many of the old timber framed buildings in the village, has been refaced with bricks on the ground floor and tiles above. Just before the junction with the main road is the wonderfully named **Cobbwebbs**. The listing for this building states it is of 17th century origin, but other sources suggest that it was owned by Richard Infield in the mid 16th

Stonelands

Cobbewebbs

Duckyyls Holt

century when it was known as the not so wonderfully named 'Cockwebbs'. Perhaps this was a building that stood on the site prior to the extant structure?

A quick detour along the main road towards Turners Hill takes us to **Duckyyls Holt**, a 15th century house which, in Tudor times, was an ale house known as Batts and is now a private residence. The timber framing is still very much evident.

Returning back to the top end of North Lane, we now cross the road and continue heading northwards along an ancient hollow way which would have once been a busy track in to and out of the village, but is now just a bridleway of approximately two thirds of a mile which leads into a deep valley before rising on the opposite side to **Gravetye Manor**. The original, central, section of the house was built in the late 1500s by the previously mentioned Richard Infield, a local Ironmaster whose furnace was powered by the ponds created by the construction of a bay at the eastern end of the valley. The Manor, which had northern and southern wings added in the 19th century, was a step up the property ladder for Infield who previously resided at **The Moat**, a timber framed building 200 metres to the south west which was built in c. 1500 and is visible both from the western gardens of Gravetye Manor and from a nearby public footpath.

Having circled the northern side of the valley we re-join the Holloway midway along its course and retrace our steps back towards the village once again, slowly this time due to the steep incline from the floor of the valley. On reaching the main road and walking south east for roughly a third of a mile we leave the road and turn left

Gravetye Manor

Old Coombe House

Hamminglen Farmhouse

onto a public footpath which we follow for around half a mile downhill. **Old Coombe House** is located on the bridleway beyond this footpath, close to the site of the now demolished West Hoathly Railway station and is of late 16th century construction and, in common with our previous two stops, was originally built to serve as an ironmasters house.

On returning, once again, to the main road we take the southern leg of the shallow x shaped crossroads in front of us and commence the almost two mile walk along a very picturesque country lane, with fantastic views eastwards across The Weald, towards our final destination; the hamlet of Highbrook in the far southern reaches of the parish. **Hammingden Farmhouse** is possibly a very late Tudor period structure sporting the seemingly almost standard West Hoathly refacing of ground floor brick work with hung tiles above. However, the real purpose of this lengthy detour is Hammingden's near neighbour **Battens**. Comfortably the oldest extant residential property within the parish, the northern wing of Battens dates back to the late 1200s. To put that into context, on the day of Henry VII's accession a passer-by would have been looking at a 200 year old house; the equivalent of you or I observing a pre-Victorian building today. The remainder of the house dates back to the 15th century which means it's most likely that the whole property existed, as seen today, before the commencement of the Tudor dynasty.

IAN MULCAHY

http://westhoathly.org.uk
http://www.sussexmartyrs.co.uk/
https://www.british-history.ac.uk
https://britishlistedbuildings.co.uk
http://peter-brown.net/index.html
https://www.wealdeniron.org.uk/

Charlie on Books

HOW TO BEHAVE BADLY IN RENAISSANCE BRITAIN

Ruth Goodman

For those who enjoy learning about social history and seeing how people lived in different periods, Ruth Goodman will be a familiar name. She has been in several documentaries, including *Tudor Monastery Farm* and *Secrets of the Castle*. Recently she has released a sequel to her last book *How to be a Tudor,* entitled *How to Behave Badly in Renaissance Britain*. Unlike the last one, which was about how people lived, what they ate etc., this book is on manners and how people behaved in the Renaissance and is an interesting angle to take on this popular period.

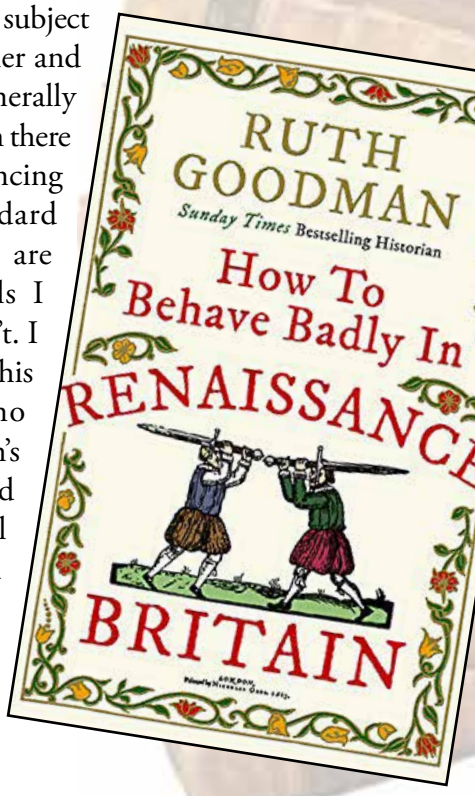
The chapters of this book are helpfully divided into different types of bad behaviour, including 'Offensive Speech', 'Mockery', 'Outright Violence' and 'Disgusting Habits'. This means that you can skip to the ones that interest instead of reading the whole book from cover to cover if you want.

This book provides an interesting insight into why certain insults were effective, who they were aimed at and how they might have changed over time. As well as that, Goodman makes some interest points on how some things haven't changed or are still a stereotype, like the 'hands-on-hips and finger wagging' of women. It includes quite a few examples and is written in an easy manner, for instance, there is an example of people mocking the military stance (also the one used by Henry VIII in his famous portrait by Holbein):

'Imagine the scene then: a young man full of martial pride, striding along, head held high, shoulders back, with a wife swaggering gait, turning heads as he goes, tailed at a distance by a woman with a wooden spoon and a gang of boys all wagging their hips from side to side, almost falling backwards from the extremity of their lean, elbows as pointy as can be, gales of laughter echoing down the street.'

After explaining that, it moves on to look at how things like insulting people could result in prosecution.

In conclusion, while this is an interesting read, I would say it is not quite as good as her last book *How to be a Tudor* and was a little dry in places compared to that one, which had held my interest throughout. It did, however, make me laugh at points and very few history books make me laugh, but Goodman's tone and subject matter work well together and make certain events generally funny at times. I also wish there was some form of referencing other than the standard bibliography, as there are many cases and details I want to look up but can't. I would still recommend this book to anyone who enjoyed Ruth Goodman's previous books and documentaries, as well as those interested in the social history of the time.



QUEENSHIP AND COUNSEL IN EARLY MODERN EUROPE

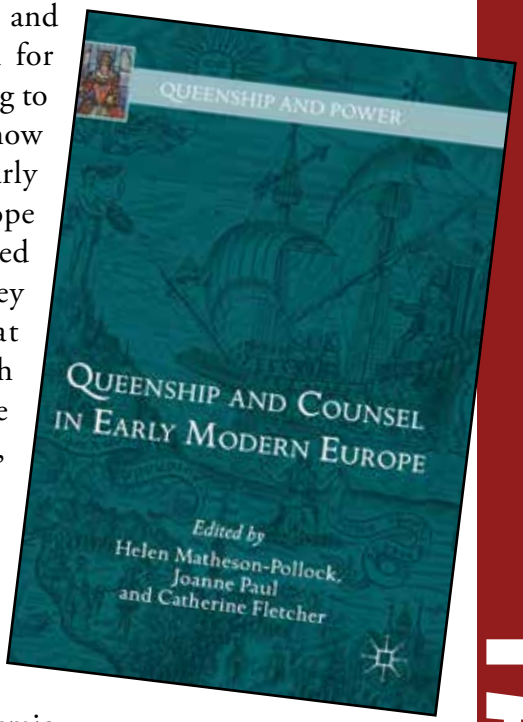
Palgrave's *Queenship and Power* series has been around for many years now, and comprises useful academic books looking at the reigns of both queens regnant and queens consort, including notable works like Retha Warnicke's Wicked Women of Tudor England. The latest book is *Queenship and Counsel in Early Modern England* and includes several essays by different historians on both prominent and less prominent queens, and looking at how they received and responded to counsel. There are several chapters focusing specifically on Tudor queens, five out of ten in fact: Catherine of Aragon as Counsellor and Mediator; Mary Tudor, Queen of France and Female Counsel in European Politics, 1509-1515; Mary Stuart and Her Rebels-Turned-Privy Councillors; Sir Francis Walsingham's Advice to Elizabeth I; and Elizabeth I in the Faerie Queen's Proems.

One of my favourite chapters is on Mary Tudor's time as Queen of France. The chapter includes a lot of information on her education and how it would have prepared her to be queen consort, as well as how she skillfully balanced both the interests of her brother and those of her husband, it explains that:

> *'Key to this was appearance - the necessity of appearing steadfastly loyal to her husband in public, while in private engaging in a more nuanced, conciliar relationship that balanced loyalty to her husband with that to her natal family, thereby fulfilling the consort's complex and challenging role. From her female attendants Mary directly received wisdom and counsel, and from her brother the king and his advisers Mary received instructions and instruction on how best to approach and advise her husband. These three aspects of how a queen might counsel and be counselled are clear evidence of Mary's association with and utilisation of her female attendants and other female influence in her conciliar conduct, and is therefore a crucial aspect in the study of queenship and counsel.'*

We also have other chapters on aspects of certain queens' lives that have often been overlooked, like Catherine of Aragon's role as the Spanish ambassador before she married Henry VIII and how she used those skills she learnt during her marriage to him. Catherine was unique in having become an ambassador for her father, partly due to her wanting to be more involved in her own marriage negotiations after Prince Arthur died. This resulted in an almost dual role for her when she became queen, as she expertly balanced the roles of ambassador and consort until the breakdown of her marriage in the 1520s.

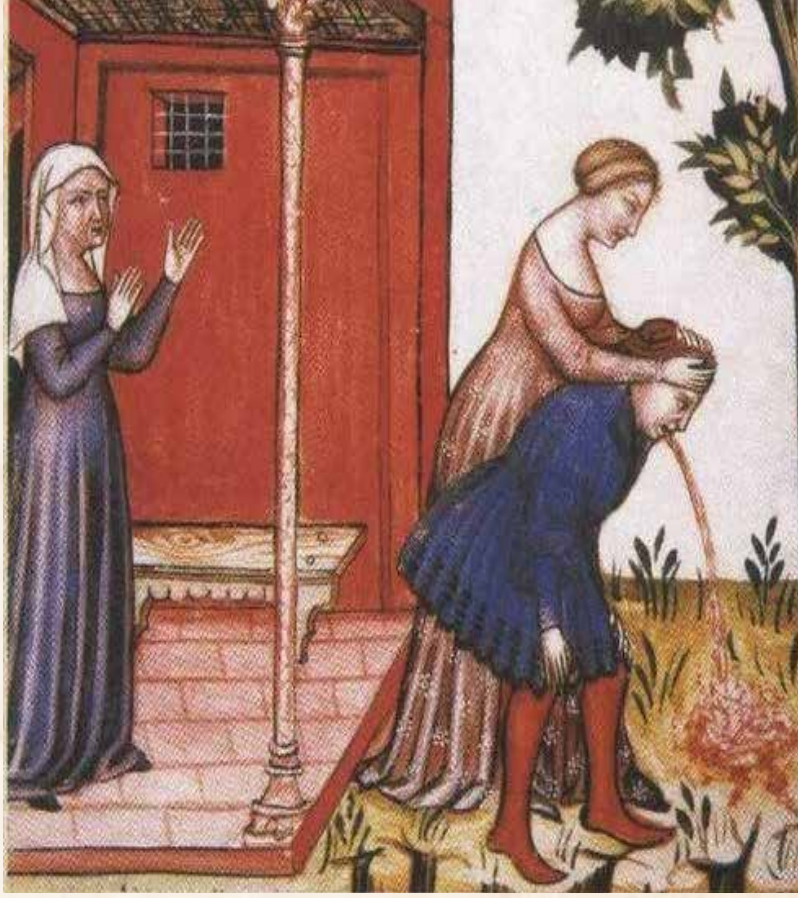
In conclusion, this is a valuable addition to the *Queenship and Counsel* series and a useful work for anyone wanting to learn about how queens in Early Modern Europe were counselled and how they received that counsel, with some, like Elizabeth I, taking counsel but often still ignoring it and making her own decision. It is still a very academic work, and so I would only recommend this to those who have some experience of the events in question. However, it is a book that all interested in the various aspects of queenship should read.



CHARLIE FENTON

TUDOR COOKING TRUE OR FALSE

Image above: Tacuinum Sanitatis, Hog Butchering, 1430, Kingdom of Lombardy.



Welcome to the first "From the Spicery" article for 2019! I hope you had an enjoyable festive season, and that the first few weeks of 2019 have lived up to your expectations. During my online chat session in January 2017, fellow contributor Roland Hui asked if there was any truth to the story that spices were used to disguise off meat. Alas and alack, I didn't answer that question at the time, and so I propose to do so now.

Welcome to the world of urban myths, medieval style!

The old chestnut that spices were used to disguise off or rotten seems to surface whenever people talk about life in the medieval period.

One of the biggest misconceptions about medieval cooking is that spices were used to disguise the stench of rotting meat. At first glance, it does seem like a reasonable assumption, especially given the lack of anything vaguely resembling cold storage. However, it is merely a case of modern authors being unable to accept that medieval people knew or understood very much of anything.

Given the substantial investment that went into raising an animal for food, every possible bit of the carcass was used. In short, it is highly unlikely that there would be much left over to be allowed to go off. Animals were slaughtered on site, and the flesh was sold where the animal fell.

A thrifty medieval housewife (let's call her Maud) could use salt and indigenous herbs and spices such as bay, juniper and caraway to preserve cuts and joints. Maud could smoke her herrings, or dry her lamb by the fire, and make sausages and blood puddings from the offal. If push really came to shove, Maud could even bury meat in frozen ground to extend its 'life' (the first of my bad puns 2019). In fact, if

Above Left: Author's own work, Six Spices, Clockwise rose buds, grains of paradise, cubebs, mace blades, black pepper, nutmeg.
Above Right: Tacuinum Sanitatis, Illness, op cit.

Maud did attempt to preserve some suspect meat by pickling, for example, she'd be fighting a losing battle and would be making a bad thing worse.

If the kitchens at Hampton Court Palace are anything to go by, the medieval chefs who cooked for royalty had no reason whatsoever to have suspect meat anywhere on the premises. But why? There are several reasons for this.

No chef worth his salt (most medieval chefs were male) would keep off meat in his larder; it just wasn't worth his life to risk serving a dish of green pork to his monarch. As we saw in the dining trilogy last year, medieval courts were always trying to outdo each other, and serving up a genuinely green haunch of venison wasn't the preferred way to gain a reputation. If you've ever had the misfortune to find a packet of meat at the back of the fridge that you'd forgotten about, you'll know that it has a distinct, unforgettable aroma. Needless to say, the noses of medieval cooks would soon tell them if the leg of beef they'd just bought was off, and no amount of spice would miraculously make the meat safe to eat.

So, why not use spices; they were used as preservatives, right? Yes, spices were used to preserve meat (such as the ubiquitous Vindaloo), but in minimal quantities, and as part of an extended cooking process. Not to mention how incredibly expensive spices were; paying a lot of hard earned gold or silver to preserve meat, just in case, is not really a viable thing to do. Put it this way, if you were reduced to eating off meat, you'd hardly be able in a position to afford expensive spices such as pepper and saffron, now would you? Even if you could afford to splurge on the spices, you'd make yourself and your family (or worse, your monarch) extremely ill.

The popular myth that spices were used by unscrupulous merchants to disguise yesterday's chicken comes to us from a couple of culprits.

Firstly, the popular media of the Twentieth Century became obsessed with all things medieval. Gee, thanks Hollywood. Media moguls of the time decided that off meat simply had to have been covered with sweet smelling spices to hide the stench. I suspect this goes back to the use of sweetly smelling herbs, pomanders and nosegays to mask the foul miasma of the Plague and its victims, as much as the stink of slaughterhouses in high Summer.

Other culprits who have helped spread this myth, include Professor J. C Drummond[1], an early Twentieth Century biochemist, and inadvertently, historian Alison Weir[2]. Now, before I am accused of dissing Ms Weir, I'm

---

1 Drummond, J.C. *The Englishman's Food: Five Centuries of English Diet*, initially published by Johnathan Cape Ltd, 1939, reprinted with A. Wilbraham, by Pimlico, 1991.

2 Weir, A. *Eleanor of Aquitaine: By The Wrath of God, Queen of England*, Vintage Books, 1999.

not. What I am referring to is the concept of 'green' meat.

Celebrated Nineteenth Century culinary doyens Georges Escoffier and Prosper Montagné said of freshly slaughtered and therefore tough meat: "it can be used for dishes that involve long cooking, like *pot-au-feu*"[3], and that the process of maturing meat via hanging or burying must not be confused with "putrefaction due to bacteria".[4]

The culinary trap of describing green meat as bad or off meat is the one that Professor Drummond and Ms Weir both fall into. Prof Drummond calls out a passage in Hugh Platt's *The Jewell House of Art and Nature* (1594) which references the medieval practice of ageing 'green venison' by wrapping it in linen and burying it. Unfortunately for the good professor and I suspect Ms Weir, the term 'green' refers to fresh, unaged meat which has yet to be hung. My local butcher dry-ages his own beef before he sells it, and despite how hard I've looked, I haven't seen a single clove or stick or cinnamon within cooee of the cabinet.

In the case of Ms Weir, she states that the nobility of Aquitaine used spices to 'disguise the taste and smell of rotten meat which had in many cases gone green." What I suspect she is referencing is the fact that young and unaged game meat would benefit from the use of highly spiced sauces in an attempt to tenderise it. To be honest, I can't see Eleanor of Aquitaine's cooks risking their mistress's life (and their own) by attempting to pass off putrifying meat by smothering it with cloves and mace, grains of paradise and cubebs, and onions and ginger.

I did find an interesting example of the average wage for a skilled craftsman in 1439 and what it could buy.[5] Let's call our craftsman Dyffyd the carpenter. Dyffyd would earn around 8 pence a day. One penny could buy him a gallon of milk or a pint of butter.[6] Dyffyd could also buy a pound of sugar for 2 days total wages, or a pound of cinnamon for the equivalent of 3 days total earnings.[7] The same weight of cloves would cost Dyffyd 4 and a half days total salary, while a pound of saffron would have Dyffyd working fulltime and living on air for a month.[8] At these prices, I can't see Dyffyd being in a position to splurge on a pound of cloves and some pepper (which cost a little more than two days full wages) for Maud to add to a stew to disguise the taste of off mutton, can you?

Rioghnach O'Geraghty

---

3 Montagné, P. *Nouveau Larousse Gastronomique*, Librairie Larousse, 1960.

4 Montagné, *ibid*

5 Chadwick, E. *The Myth About Spicing Rotten Meat,* March 2013, http://livingthehistoryelizabethchadwick.blogspot.com/2013/03/todays-research-snippet-myth-about.html

6 Chadwick, *ibid*

7 Chadwick, *ibid*

8 Chadwick, *ibid*

Scadbury Manor

The Walsingham family seat, a little-known manor house in Kent.

Toni Mount

Back in the summer, quite by accident, we discovered that an Elizabethan manor house had existed in a pretty rural setting that is now on the very edge of Greater London's urban sprawl. As we drove from Chislehurst towards Sidcup, I noticed a sign which read: 'Scadbury Manor Open Day'. I must admit, I'd never heard of the place but a quick search online informed us that the site dated back to the thirteenth century and was currently being excavated by Orpington and District Archaeological Society. The dig, normally closed off, would be open to the public the following weekend, at the end of the summer's excavations. It sounded intriguing.

Next Sunday the grandchildren made light of the long walk from the car park to the excavation site, while we tottered along behind. The dig lies in the middle of Scadbury Nature Reserve and the going was tough for us olds, but we made it. Mind you, the walk itself was rewarding with hedgerows afire with autumn berries – some common, like haws and rosehips, others more rarely seen, like spindle-berries and wayfaring tree berries. In a woodland glade there was a giant sundial which the children had to try. You stood on a paving stone marked with the appropriate month – September in this case – and you became the gnomen: the bit that sticks up in the

middle of the sundial, and your shadow fell on a curve of other numbered paving stones, giving the hour. It was correct too, so must have been aligned to allow for British Summer Time.

At last, having had to stop so the grandchildren could pet the local horses, we reached the site. I expected to see the lumps and hollows of a medieval moated site and was afraid it would prove very dull for a ten and a twelve-year-old. There certainly was a moat full of water but a surprising amount of brickwork was visible above ground. In fact, there were buildings of many dates including an apple store c.1930, the foundations of a Tudor gatehouse and medieval fish ponds. Some of the farm buildings were still in use. Fortunately, there were archaeologists there to show and explain some of the finds and the information boards told a good story, keeping the grandchildren interested throughout the visit. Apparently, the brick walls and pillars are an archaeologist's nightmare because a well-meaning later owner in the 1920s used the fallen Elizabethan bricks to 'rebuild' the hall as a folly, so it is difficult to tell the original structure from the reconstructed walls. However, the kitchen has been located, complete with a drainage system for dirty water into the moat. A display of Tudor pottery and a talk on Tudor foodstuffs kept the children enthralled, as did a discussion of Tudor privies and the use thereof, especially Queen Elizabeth's insistence that flushing loos were not to her liking. The afternoon ended with welcome

refreshments and the lucky finding of a £20 note that was swiftly donated to the Archaeologists' Fund.

Of greatest interest to readers of *Tudor Life* must be the family that bought Scadbury Manor in 1424 and lived there until 1659 – the Walsinghams. In that year, Thomas Walsingham, a wealthy London vintner and trader in Venetian luxury goods, acquired the medieval, timber-built hall at Scadbury as his country retreat from the hectic and plague-ridden city. Three generations on, Sir Edmund Walsingham became Lieutenant of the Tower of London and it was to him that Sir Thomas More addressed those famous lines as he mounted the scaffold for his execution: 'I pray you, see me safely up and, for my coming down, let me shift for myself'.

Sir Edmund had a brother, William, who must also have lived at Scadbury with his wife Joyce c.1532 because sometime around that date their son Francis was born there. Francis Walsingham would become Queen Elizabeth's principal secretary and spy-master. Sir Edmund's son, Thomas III, inherited the manor in 1550, followed by his elder son, another Edmund, in 1584 but he did not live to enjoy the property for very long. By now a splendid Elizabethan manor house in the latest style, complete with ornamented chimneys and tiled floors, it passed to the younger son, Thomas IV.

Thomas Walsingham IV was a close friend and patron of the Kentish playwright, Christopher Marlowe. Marlowe spent a good deal of time at Scadbury with the Walsingham family, to the extent that when the Privy Council issued a warrant for his arrest in May 1593, on a charge of atheism, the manor was the first place they looked for him. Atheism – non-belief in God – was a serious crime in Elizabethan England but, although Marlowe was arrested, evidence was lacking and he was released, pending further investigation. The matter came to nothing because on 30 May, Marlowe was killed in a tavern brawl at Deptford, then a Thameside village south-east of London. However, even today, knowledge of the incident leading to Marlowe's death remains questionable but one report stated that a servant of Thomas Walsingham, Ingram Frizer, killed the playwright in self-defence when Marlowe attacked him. The full story may never be known.

Whatever happened that fateful day and whether or not any member of his household was involved, Thomas Walsingham IV remained in high favour with the queen. In 1597, Queen Elizabeth visited Scadbury Manor and knighted Thomas – an occasion still depicted on the Chislehurst village sign today [see below]. Previously, in 1589, she had sent a valuable gift to Thomas and his wife Audrey on the birth of their son, yet another Thomas. It was a silver-mounted Chinese Ming bowl which came to be known as the Walsingham Bowl. It can now be seen at Burghley House in Lincolnshire.

Thomas V was the last Walsingham to own Scadbury Manor. Things became difficult during the English Civil War of the 1640s and as Vice-Admiral of Kent,

he tried to remain on terms with both king and parliament – an impossible balancing act. His father had lavished money on the manor, no doubt to beautify it for the queen's brief visit, and although he remained in favour with the next monarch, James I, the money was never recouped. Thus, Thomas V inherited an estate already in debt. The Civil War finally drained the coffers and Scadbury's was sold in 1659 to Sir Richard Bettenson. Thomas lived until 1669 when he joined his forebears in the Scadbury Chapel in St Nicholas Church, Chislehurst, where some of the Walsinghams' fine memorials can still be seen.

Incredibly, in 1955 and again in 1956, the intricately carved table tomb – so old that it may have been reused from an earlier church – was opened in the hope that evidence might be discovered within, relating to the authorship or otherwise of works by Shakespeare or by Marlowe. If you wish to find out more, the relevant documents are kept at The National Archives [TNA] in Kew, reference BUR 40/641/1, 2. There is a plaque by the tomb noting that Thomas Walsingham IV was Christopher Marlowe's patron.

TONI MOUNT

JANUARY'S "ON THIS

1 Jan 1514
Death of **Louis XII** of France, less than three months after his marriage to **Mary Tudor**.

2 Jan 1554
Thomas Wyatt the Younger and Sir **Peter Carew** were summoned to appear before **Mary I**'s privy council

3 Jan 1590
Death of **Robert Boyd**, Scottish nobleman, courtier and Protestant, at Kilmarnock. He was buried there in the Laigh Church. Boyd supported **Mary, Queen of Scots,** but could not support her marriage to the Catholic **Lord Darnley**, and so joined the Earl of Moray's faction, involving himself in the *Chaseabout Raid* of summer 1565. He managed to escape punishment.


Pope Adrian VI

8 Jan 1571
Burial of **Mary Shelton** (married names: Heveningham and Appleyard) at Heveningham Church, Suffolk.

9 Jan 1522
Adriaan Florenszoon Boeyens was elected as Pope, becoming Pope Adrian VI.

10 Jan 1480
Margaret of Austria was born to her parents, **Maximilian of Austria** and **Mary of Burgundy**.

14 Jan 1515
Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was sent to France to bring back **Henry VIII**'s sister, **Mary Tudor**, Queen of France.

15 Jan 1555
Death of **Jane Dudley**, Duchess of Northumberland and wife of **John Dudley**, Duke of Northumberland.

16 Jan 1501
Birth of Sir **Anthony Denny**, close friend of **Henry VIII**, at Cheshunt.

20 Jan 1557
"The Queen's Grace's pensioners did muster in bright harness" before **Mary I**.

21 Jan 1510
Henry VIII opened the first Parliament of his reign.

22 Jan 1575
Death of **James Hamilton**, 2nd Earl of Arran. Arran was appointed Regent for the infant **Mary, Queen of Scots**.

23 Jan 1570
Assassination of **James Stewart**, 1st Earl of Moray, illegitimate son of James V.

24 Jan 1503
The foundation stone of King **Henry VII**'s chapel was laid at Westminster Abbey.

28 Jan 1577
Death of **Richard Harpur**, Judge of the Common Pleas. He was buried at Swarkestone in Derbyshire.

29 Jan 1547
Edward Seymour and **Anthony Denny** informed **Edward VI** that his father, **Henry VIII**, had died the day before.

30 Jan 1593
Ippolito Aldobrandini was elected as Pope Clement VIII.

31 Jan 1510
Queen **Catherine of Aragon** gave birth to a still-born daughter. Her confessor, **Fray Diego**, reported that the miscarriage occurred "without any other pain except that one knee pained her the night before."

DAY IN TUDOR HISTORY"

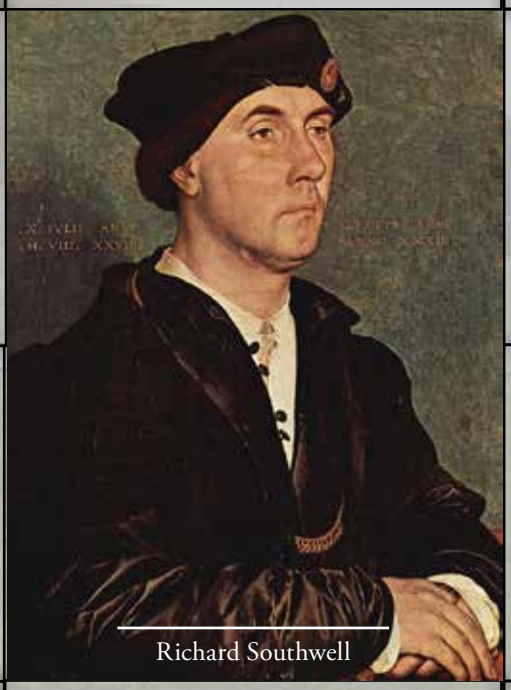
4 Jan 1578
William Roper, author of "*The lyfe of Sir Thomas Moore, knighte*", died.

5 Jan 1511
Baptism of **Henry, Duke of Cornwall**, son of **Henry VIII** and **Catherine of Aragon**, at the Chapel of the Observant Friars, Richmond.

6 Jan 1538
Birth of Jane Suárez de Figueroa (née Dormer) at Eythrope, Buckinghamshire, the daughter of Mary Sidney.

7 Jan 1536
At two o'clock in the afternoon, Catherine of Aragon died at Kimbolton Castle. She had been ill for a few months.

11 Jan 1564
Death of Sir **Richard Southwell**, the administrator who had served **Henry VIII**, **Edward VI** and **Mary I**.


Richard Southwell

12 Jan 1587
Death of M**atthew Godwin**, Organist and Choirmaster at the Cathedral Churches of Canterbury, then Exeter.

13 Jan 1584
Death of Thomas Wentworth, 2nd Baron Wentworth who served Mary I as Lord Deputy of Calais when Calais fell to the French.

17 Jan 1587
Death of **Bartholomew Newsam**, famous clockmaker. He was buried in the church of St Mary-le-Strand.

18 Jan 1616
Burial of **John Bettes the Younger**, portrait painter, at St Gregory by St Paul's.

19 Jan 1561
Death of Sir **Edward Carne**, **Mary I**'s English ambassador to Rome.

25 Jan 1559
Elizabeth I's first Parliament was inaugurated.

26 Jan 1554
Mary I wrote to **Elizabeth I** summoning her to court and warning her about *Wyatt's Rebellion*. Elizabeth did not obey the summons, pleading illness as an excuse.

27 Jan 1556
Execution of **Bartholomew Green**, Protestant martyr, at Smithfield, with six other Protestants.

TUDOR FEAST DAYS

1 January - New Year's Day
Feast of the Circumcision of Christ
6 - Epiphany
7 - Plough Monday (movable)
St Distaff's Day
13 January - Feast of St Hilary
25 January - Feast of the Conversion of St Paul

Tudor Life

NEXT MONTH IN YOUR REGULAR

Tudor Life

Tudor Documents & Sources

SARAH-BETH WATKINS
Living with the Lisles

ALEXANDER TAYLOR
A picture tells a thousand words

DEBRA BAYANI
Anne of Cleves - German Footsteps

PLUS

CATHERINE BROOKS
The wonder of Wolf Hall

KYRA KRAMER
Caldey Island

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

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS

Charlie Fenton
Rioghnach O'Geraghty
Roland Hui
Toni Mount
Alexander Taylor
Sarah-Beth Watkins
Debra Bayani

LAYOUT Tim Ridgway

VIDEOGRAPHER Tim Ridgway

MAGAZINE EDITOR
Gareth Russell

info@tudorsociety.com

CONTACT

info@tudorsociety.com
Calle Sargento Galera, 3
Lucar 04887
Almeria
Spain

ONLINE

www.TudorSociety.com