Tudor Life

The Tudor Society Magazine

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16th Century Europe

The Queens of 1536

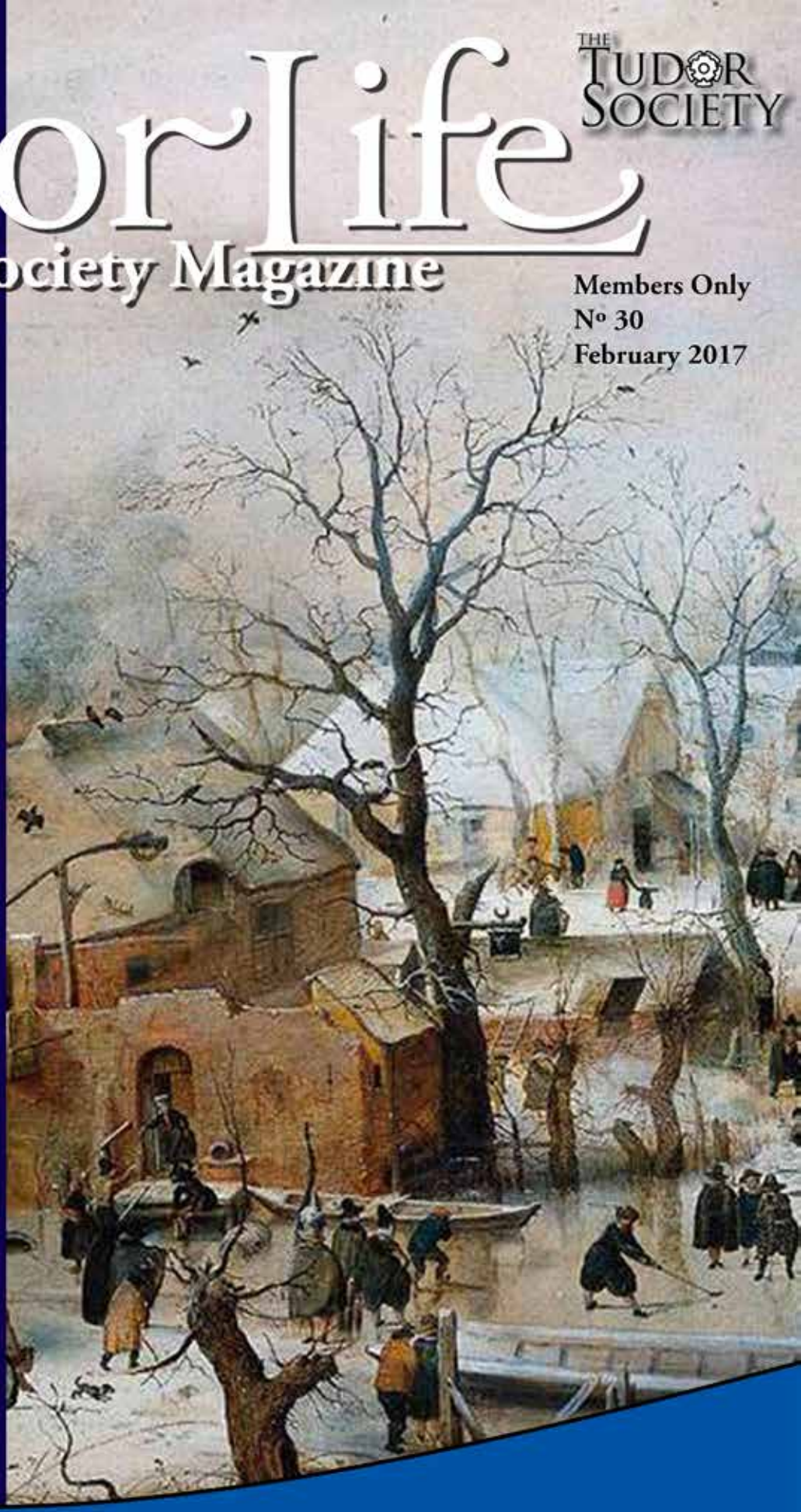
Women of the Italian Renaissance

Mary Tudor & Louis XII

English Royalty & the Borgias

Musical Antwerp

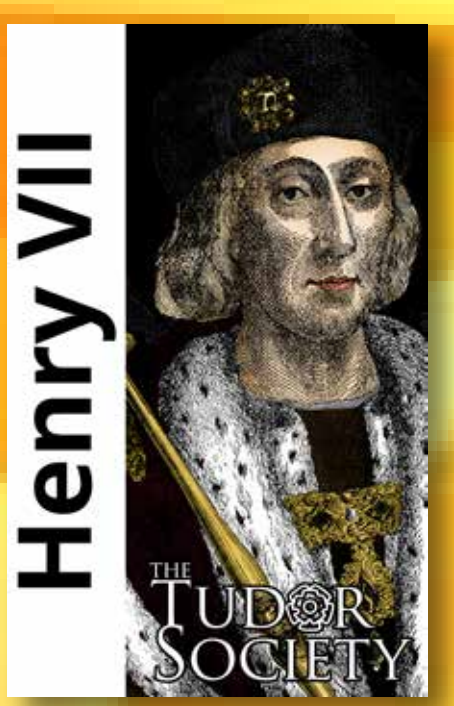
Tudor Gingerbread

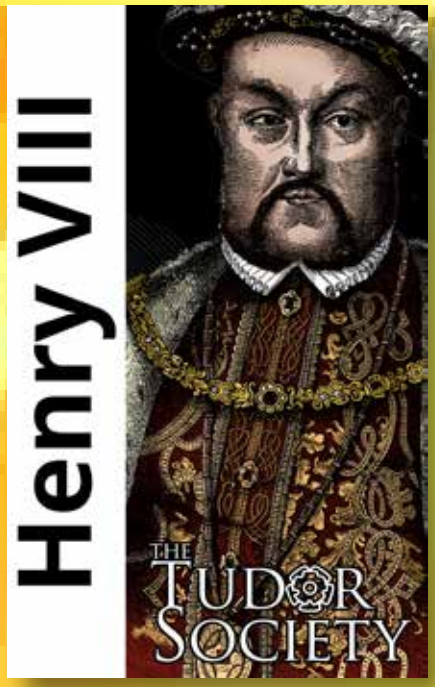


The First Feminist

by Derek Wilson

Exclusive Tudor Society Books





OUT SOON

https://www.tudorsociety.com/tudor-monarchs-book-series/

WELCOME!

Increasingly, we are seeing books published that aim to set Tudor England in its continental context. It's a kind of anti-Brexit for the intellectual study of the sixteenth century. Jerry Brotton's The Orient Isle (published in the US as The Sultan and the Queen) explores the links between Elizabethan England and the Islamic world, while Lord Norwich's new book Four Princes offers a fresh perspective on Henry VIII by examining his life as lived alongside his three great royal contemporaries – Emperor Charles V, King François I, and Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent.

The Tudors and their kin had many ties to Europe – Henry VII, Anne Boleyn, and Mary, Queen of Scots had spent many of their formative years there. But comparatively few of their consorts – Katherine of Aragon, Anne of Cleves, and Philip II – were chosen from the ranks of European royalty, culminating in the final Tudor monarch's proud boast that she was entirely English. **ISSUE 30** seeks to discuss what was going on in Europe – its politics, culture, and libraries – and how it influenced the Tudors' proud sceptred isle.

GARETH RUSSELL

Tudor Life

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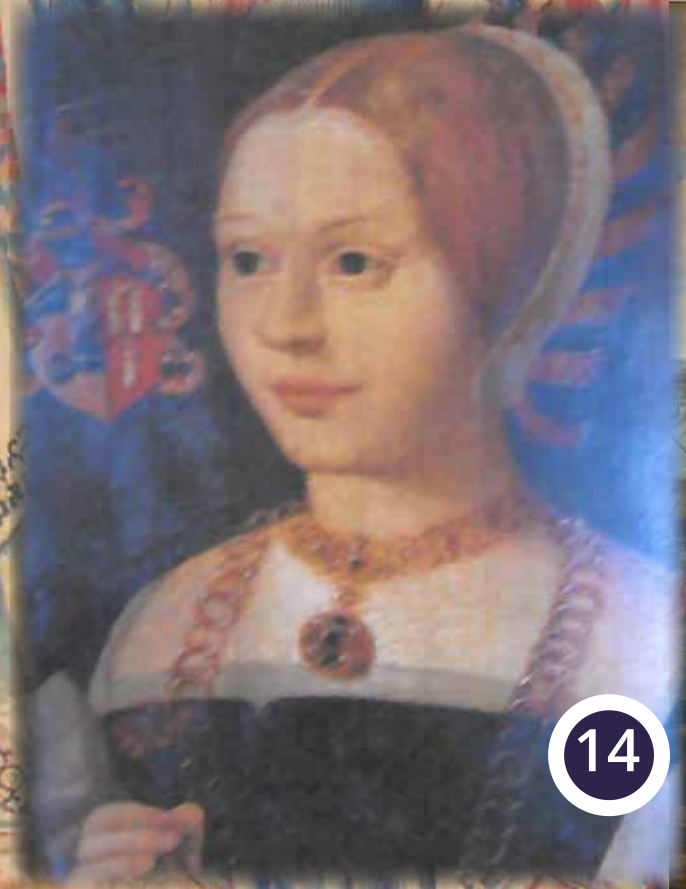
John Murrell's 1621 recipe

"To make white Gingerbread. Take halfe a pound of marchpane past, a quarter of a pound of white Ginger beaten and cerst, halfe a pound of the powder of refined sugar, beate this to a very fine paste with dragagant steept in rose-water, then roule it in round cakes and print it with your moulds: dry them in an oven when the bread is drawn foorth, upon white papers, & when they be very dry, box them, and keepe them all the yeare."



FEBRUARY

"PULL OUT" SECTION

The Queens of 1536

BY GARETH RUSSELL

For England, 1536 was a year of three queens. The former queen, Katherine of Aragon, died at Kimbolton Castle, five months before her successor, Anne Boleyn, became the first royal in English history to be publicly executed, a horror that facilitated the rise to the consort's throne of Queen Jane Seymour. With this macabre merry-go-round, it's easy to forget the other remarkable, tragic and magnificent European women who glittered as monarchies' first ladies...

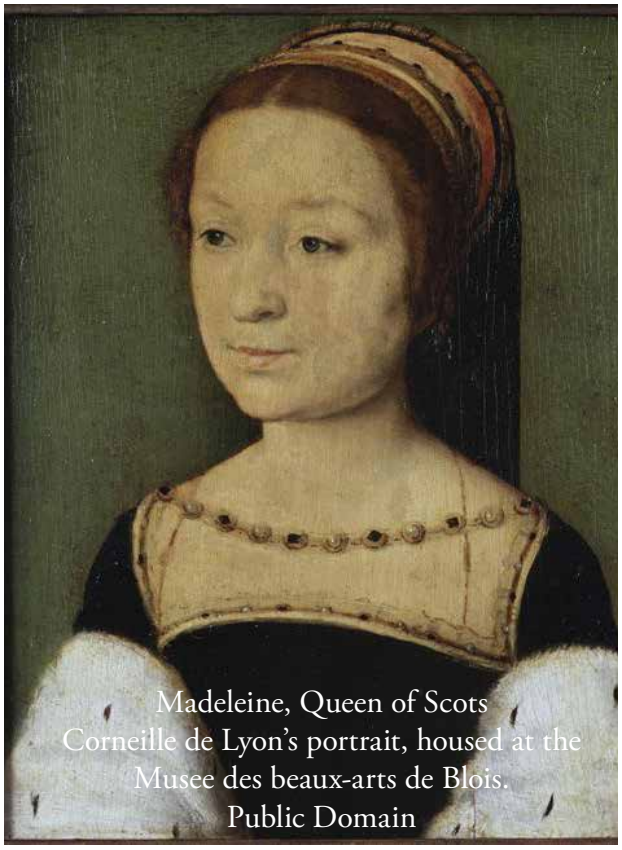
The fall of Anne Boleyn - Public Domain

The Summer Queen of Scots

Madeleine de Valois Princess of France

Queen from: 1 January – 7 July 1537

Thanks to England's way of dating the new year from 25th March, Madeleine de Valois became Queen of Scots in 1536 by English reckoning, but on the first day of 1537 for most other countries. The Treaty of Rouen had called for the marriage of a French princess to the Scottish king, James V, to maintain the three-century "Auld Alliance" between the two kingdoms. However, by the time an eager James arrived in France to woo his bride, the French Royal Family were crippled by fears that 16-year-old Madeleine had inherited the fragile health of her late mother, Queen Claude. To honour the alliance, they instead offered James the hand of the French noblewoman Marie de Bourbon, the Duke of Vendôme's daughter. King François I offered to provide Marie's dowry himself, guaranteeing she would receive as much as if she were a princess of the Blood by birth. The best laid plans of a protective father, however, went awry when James arrived in Paris and was smitten by the fragile loveliness of Princess Madeleine. She reciprocated the gallant monarch's affection and, against his better judgement, François permitted the match. Madeleine arrived in Scotland surrounded by the panoply of the French monarchy, but she tragically earned the nickname "the Summer Queen". Her family's fears had proved correct. It was too much for her. The young Queen of Scots died in her husband's arms shortly before her seventeenth birthday.

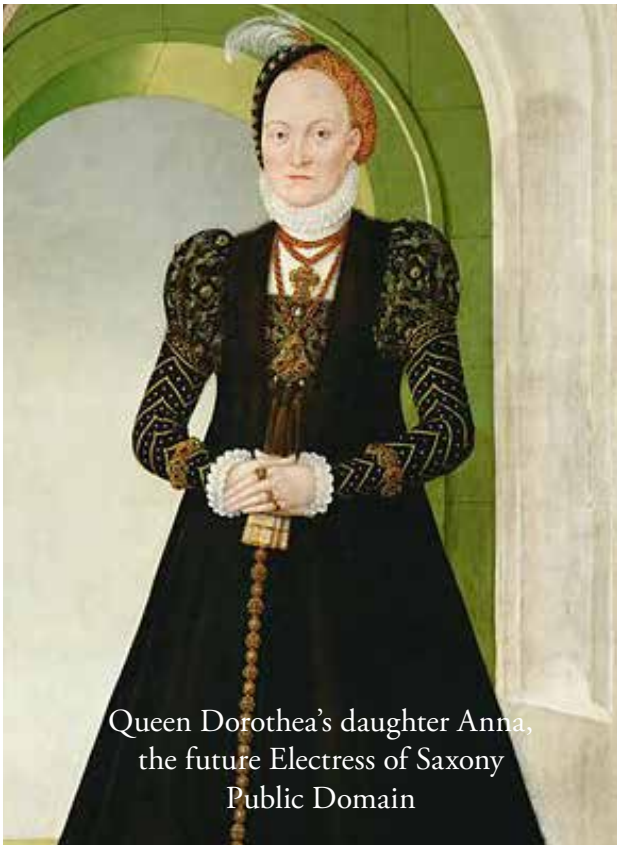


Madeleine, Queen of Scots
Corneille de Lyon's portrait, housed at the Musee des beaux-arts de Blois.
Public Domain

The Imported Queen of Denmark and Norway

Dorothea of Saxe-Lauenburg

Queen from: 1534 – 1559



Queen Dorothea's daughter Anna, the future Electress of Saxony
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At the start of 1536, the 25-year-old Queen Dorothea was still waiting to be crowned queen consort. It was not that Dorothea lacked the requisite royal connections – a year earlier, she had mourned the death of her younger sister Catherine, Queen of Sweden – but nonetheless there was always an inescapable air of jitteriness and incompletion to Dorothea's career as queen. She had, after all, only become queen thanks to her husband's coup that had made him King Christian III at the expense of exiling the previous royal family, including the Hapsburg Emperor's sister, Elisabeth of Austria, her husband the King, and their children – including Henry VIII's future would-be sweetheart, Christina of Denmark. Born in the cradle of Lutheranism, Queen Dorothea was a devout woman and a strict disciplinarian to her servants. However, she continued to speak German as her preferred language and never bothered to learn Danish or Norwegian. The mother of two children, Anna and Friedrich, in 1536, the Queen was not granted any formal political role, unlike some previous Danish royal women, but she did use her influence to campaign successfully against the legality of betrothing minors in her new country.

The Anne Boleyn of Sweden
Margaret Leijonhufvud

Queen from: 1536 – 1551

Like her contemporary Anne Boleyn, the new Queen of Sweden was a native-born noblewoman who replaced a royal bride called Catherine. In Margaret's case, her predecessor had died of natural causes the year before, rather than participating in one of the most acrimonious divorce cases in history. However, again like Anne Boleyn, Margaret Leijonhufvud was under immediate and undisguised pressure to provide her husband, King Gustav I, with a son and heir. There were also rumours, mirroring the legend of Anne Boleyn and Lord Henry Percy, that Margaret's family had broken off her engagement to a young nobleman to pave the way for her marriage to Gustav. 19 years-old and insecure in her new position, Queen Margaret allowed her mother to control her household in 1536. As time went on however, Queen Margaret was praised for her wit, intellect, and beauty. Her similarities to Anne Boleyn fortunately ended with her happy marriage and their ten children, including two future Swedish kings, Johan III and Karl IX.

The grave of Margaret, Queen of Sweden
Public Domain

The Renaissance Queen of Poland
Bona Sforza

Queen from: 1518 – 1548

Across the sea in Poland, Queen Bona had the confidence and sense of purpose that the newly-married Queen Margaret lacked in Sweden. A daughter of one of the greatest clans in the Italian nobility, Bona Sforza had been Queen consort of Poland for 18 years in 1536, thanks to her marriage to King Sigismund I. He was nearly thirty years older than his queen, but Sigismund's even-temper helped balanced Bona's fire and passion. She was the mother of five surviving children – the heir, Sigismund, and his four sisters, Isabella, Sophia, Anna, and Catherine. But following a fall from her horse and a subsequent miscarriage in 1527, Queen Bona could have no more children. As befitted a child of the treacherous yet glittering Italian Renaissance, Queen Bona was a skilled political intriguer who established her own faction at the magnificent Polish court, which she used to promote a foreign policy hostile to Hapsburg interests – a particular gripe considering the Austrian dynasty's growing influence in Bona's homeland. She was also instrumental in promoting significant financial reforms which she correctly believed would increase the Polish monarchy's stability and power.

A woodcut of Bona, Queen of Poland and Grand Duchess of Lithuania
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The Empress-Regent
Isabella of Portugal

Empress from: 1526 – 1539

A copy of Titian's portrait of Isabella of Portugal, Holy Roman Empress and Queen of Spain
Public Domain

The Portuguese princess was empress, queen, and regent in an empire that straddled most of central and western Europe, as well as the emerging colonies in the "New World". An elegant and admired woman, Isabella had the good fortune to marry into the Hapsburg dynasty at the apogee of its fortunes. In 1536, Isabella was serving as regent for the entire kingdom of Spain, entrusted with the task by her loving husband, Emperor Charles V, while he tended to matters elsewhere in his vast empire. Adored by her servants, who included the future Saint Francesco Borgia, Isabella had given birth to her fourth child, Juana, in 1535 and a reunion with her husband at the end of 1536 resulted in the conception of their fifth, the short-lived Infante Juan, as he was known in Spain, or Archduke Johann, in the German-speaking parts of the Hapsburg conglomerate. Isabella's surviving son grew up to reign as King Philip II of Spain.

The Haseki Sultan
Roxelana

Haseki Sultan from: 1534 – 1558

By 1536, it had been two years since Roxelana had publicly married Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent in a ceremony so ostentatious that its splendour almost distracted from its political significance. With the institution of the harem, no Ottoman Sultan had married in over two hundred years. What made the great Süleyman's decision even more remarkable was that Roxelana had been kidnapped from her homeland in what is now Ukraine and she was sold into slavery, before being forced into the Sultan's harem at the age of fifteen. From there, Roxelana used her extraordinary beauty and vivacity to elbow the competition out of the way and became Süleyman's official consort, his *Haseki Sultan*, a position she would use in the years after 1536 to up-end numerous Ottoman customs limiting the power of imperial women and promote her sons as heirs to their father.

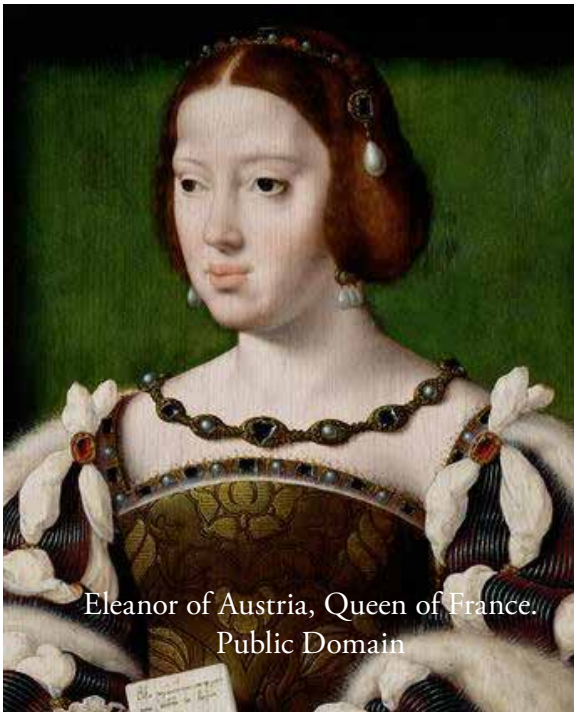
An unknown artist's portrait of Roxelana. Her husband described her in his poetry as "**the most beautiful of the beautiful**" Public Domain

Queen Dowager in Portugal and Queen Consort in France

Eleanor of Austria

Queen from: 1530 – 1547

The Hapsburg Emperor's sister, Archduchess Eleanor, had once been considered as a possible bride for a young Henry VIII. Once he succeeded to the throne, he had preferred to marry Eleanor's aunt, Katherine of Aragon, and Eleanor became Queen of Portugal through her marriage to King Manoel the Fortunate. Left a widow by his death in 1521, in 1530 her brother's foreign policy resulted in Eleanor's marriage to King François I of France. As Hapsburg princesses like Anne of Austria and Marie-Antoinette were to discover after her, being a Hapsburg who married into the French ruling family was often a thankless task. Eleanor represented an alliance with a traditional enemy, one who was heartily despised by many members of the French nobility. With her tact and winning good manners, Eleanor won over many of her stepchildren, including the future King Henri II, but she still had to compete with her husband's publicly acknowledged mistresses. Luckily for Eleanor, she was close to her sister Maria of Austria, who ruled the nearby Netherlands as their brother's governor, so the two imperial sisters were in regular contact with one another. Queen



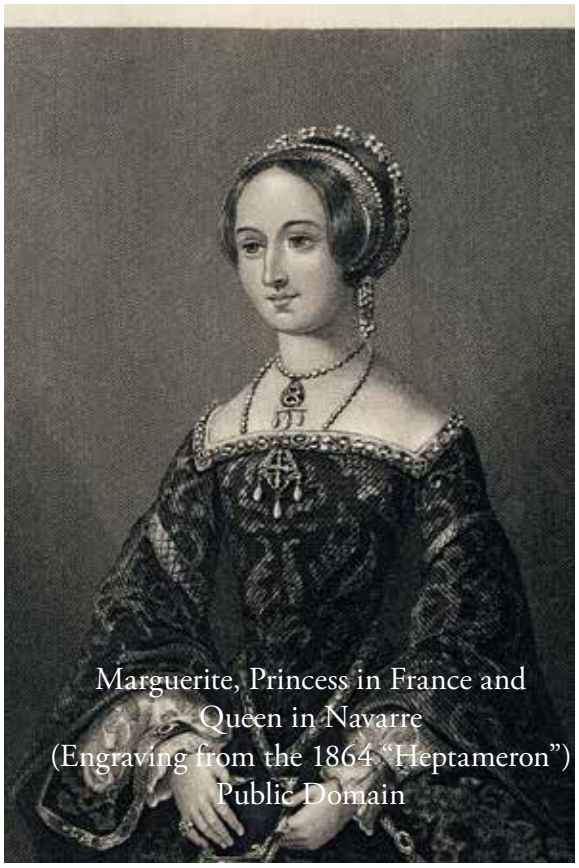
Eleanor of Austria, Queen of France.
Public Domain

Eleanor had one daughter from her first marriage, the Duchess of Viseu, but none from her second, as Queen of France. After her second husband's death in 1547, Queen Eleanor retired to the Hapsburg Empire, where she died in 1558. Due to her relationship to Katherine of Aragon, Eleanor had refused to meet Anne Boleyn during the latter's visit to Calais in 1532.

The Queen Outside Navarre – Marguerite of Angoulême

Queen from: 1526 – 1549

One person at the French court who certainly did not approve of closer ties with the Hapsburgs was Queen Eleanor's sister-in-law, the glamorous and brilliant Marguerite of Angoulême. She had married King Henri II of Navarre in 1526, only to see her adopted country slowly eroded by the Hapsburgs' aggressive foreign policy. She worked tirelessly to promote better ties with other countries in the hope of off-setting Queen Eleanor's influence, even going so far as to speak well of Henry VIII at a time when he was being roundly condemned in polite European circles as a heretic. The Venetian ambassador and the Duke of Norfolk both praised her skills as a diplomat. A patroness of learning and the arts, the squeezing of Navarre meant that Marguerite spent most of her time at the court of her brother, King François. In 1536, she had an eight-year-old daughter, the heiress to the diminished Albret throne, Jeanne, who would one day reign there as Queen Jeanne III.



Marguerite, Princess in France and Queen in Navarre
(Engraving from the 1864 "Heptameron")
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The Hapsburg Queen of Portugal
Catherine of Austria

Queen from: 1525 – 1557

Catherine of Austria depicted as her patron saint, Saint Catherine of Alexandria
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For much of their long history, the Hapsburgs maintained a family-meets-political network that would make the mafia envious. Catherine of Austria, Portugal's queen for the last 11 years by 1536, was the sister of the Emperor Charles V; his deputy Archduke Ferdinand; Eleanor, current Queen of France; Maria, Dowager Queen of Hungary, and the late Elisabeth, Queen of Denmark. Married to King John III, Catherine was, like her sisters and her late aunt, Anne Boleyn's one-time mentor Archduchess Margaret, an educated and cultured woman. Deeply religious as well, Queen Catherine was an avid art collector – she was particularly keen on porcelain – and she collected objects of curiosities from Portuguese expeditions to Africa and Asia, including an *objét* which she and her courtiers were told was a unicorn's tusk, but was more likely snatched from a dead rhinoceros. For most of 1536, Queen Catherine was pregnant with a baby boy, Prince John-Manuel.

THE TUDOR SOCIETY

The Tudor Legacy of Eleanor of Aquitaine & Eleanor of Castile

FEBRUARY'S EXPERT

LAUREN BROWNE

The First Feminist?

by **Derek Wilson**

There is something thrilling about objects that once belonged to famous historical figures. They provide us with a 'physical' connection to the great men and women of the past. We can see what they saw, touch what they touched, live with what they lived with.

The little portrait shown here, which hangs on my study wall, is one such object. It is dated 1524 and a helpful inscription along the top informs us that the comely subject is Jeanne Louise Tissie, aged twenty-one. It was painted for her bridegroom to mark their marriage in that year, a fact confirmed by the carnation (symbol of married bliss) that Jeanne holds. She was his second wife and, though she died in 1529, their time together was happy. According to a letter he later wrote to a friend: 'There was never anger between us on which the sun set.' It was in homage to Jeanne (or so I like to think) that in that same year (1529) he published a remarkable little treatise he had composed many years before entitled, *Declamation on the Nobility and Pre-eminence of the Female Sex*.

Who was this devoted husband? His name was Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim (1486-1535), polymath, doctor, lawyer, theologian and one of the most famous /notorious humanist scholars of his age. This citizen of Nettesheim, near Cologne, has his place among a dazzling array of stars that illumined the Renaissance sky. He was contemporary with the likes of Erasmus, Luther and Rabelais. If he is less well known than them it is because, in an age when old ideas and beliefs were being challenged by unconventional and controversial scholars, Agrippa was that little bit more unconventional and controversial – too much the maverick to be embraced even by intellectual rebels. At various stages of his life he was accused of Lutheran heresy, of pro-Jewish sympathies, of defending a woman accused of witchcraft and dabbling in black magic – and there was some truth in all these accusations.

After graduating from Cologne University Agrippa led the life of a wandering scholar, seldom settling in any one place for more than a few years. He was overmasteringly inquisitive, determined to cram as much experience as possible into life and explore every avenue of human knowledge. He served in the army of the Emperor Maximilian I, probably as a physician/surgeon. He lectured at the University of Pavia. He spent some years in the household of Margaret of Austria, Regent of the Netherlands, who presided over one of the most cultured courts in Europe. He was invited to England to add his intellectual weight to Henry VIII's case for having his marriage to Catherine of Aragon annulled (an honour he declined).

1524, the year of Agrippa's second marriage, found him in France, where he had become personal physician to Louise of Savoy, mother of King Francis 1. Francis was constantly preoccupied in military competition with the Emperor Charles V, leaving his mother to attend to day-to-day matters of state. It may be that Jeanne was one of Louise's attendants. Anyway, as I say, Agrippa's French sojourn seems to have been very agreeable. Until 1526. In that year tragedy struck the king, his family and the nation. At the disastrous Battle of Pavia Francis was captured and carried off as a prisoner to Madrid. Louise was, of course, distraught and, in her anxiety, she asked Agrippa to cast the king's horoscope. This was a normal part of a doctor's job. Astonishingly, Agrippa refused, advising his patron not to rely on such superstitious nonsense. He really did seem to have a knack of upsetting people.

We hear nothing more of him until 1529. As already mentioned, that was the year his beloved Jeanne died. It was also the year of the Treaty of Cambrai. This was an attempt to bring to a final end the hostility between France and the Habsburg Empire. It was also known as the 'Ladies Peace' because the principal negotiators were Margaret of Austria and Louise of Savoy – who just happened to be Agrippa's previous and current patrons. Was it the combination of these events that prompted him to publish his *Declamation on the Nobility and Pre-eminence of the Female Sex*? He certainly moved to Antwerp in that year and dedicated his treatise to the regent.

Conventional thinking about women	Agrippa's estimate of women
⚜ Adam was created first and was, therefore, superior.	⚜ Eve was created last and was, therefore, the summit of God's creation.
⚜ Eve was created to be Adam's helper.	⚜ In both Old and New Testaments woman is called the 'glory' of her husband.
⚜ Sin entered the world because Eve succumbed to temptation.	⚜ Adam, not Eve, was forbidden to eat the fruit of the tree of life. So the sin was his.
⚜ God incarnate was a man.	⚜ God took male form to expiate man's sin.
⚜ St Paul told women to be subservient to their husbands.	⚜ But it was women Christ first revealed himself to after the Resurrection.

Into this extraordinary little treatise (fifty pages in the latest English translation) he crammed no less than 238 biblical references and numerous allusions to classical and more recent history to demonstrate the superiority of women in every department of life.

Agrippa has an answer to every objection urged from holy writ and he then goes on to cite the lives and accomplishments of scores of women in antiquity who excelled in philosophy, art, science and politics.

Some of Agrippa's arguments from the Bible and history might strike us as suspect. He is on surer ground when he describes the plight of contemporary women. They are, he states:

> *… obstructed by unjust laws, suppressed by custom and usage, reduced to nothing by education. For as soon as she is born a woman is confined in idleness at home from her earliest years, and, as if incapable of function more important she has no other prospect than needle and thread. Further, when she has reached the age of puberty, she is delivered over to the jealous power of a husband, or else is enclosed forever in a workhouse for religious. She is forbidden by law to hold public office. Even the most shrewd among them are not permitted to bring a suit in court.*

This denunciation of gender inequality has a decidedly modern ring and it comes as something of a surprise to discover it being raised five centuries ago.

In fact the position of women in society was not quite as bleak as Agrippa suggested, and that for two reasons. The first is that there were, and had always been, women who bucked the trend. Chaucer's Wife of Bath had her counterparts in real life. Women managed farms or large estates when their husbands had died or were away at war. Nuns who rose to be abbesses exercised considerable administrative skills and wielded real authority and some, like Catherine of Siena, were political *femmes formidables* who challenged popes and kings. The second fact is that the times they were a-changing. The new thinking of the Renaissance and Reformation was challenging old social stereotypes. Pioneers like Juan Luis Vives and Desiderius Erasmus were championing women's education. Erasmus had only recently published his satire *The Abbot and the Learned Lady*, in which his cultured heroine (Magdalia) ran rings round the asinine monk (Antronius):

A: Distaff and spindle are the proper equipment for women.
M: Isn't it a wife's business to manage the household and rear the children?
A: It is.
M: Do you think she can manage so big a job without wisdom?

A: I suppose not.
M. But books teach me wisdom.
A: … I could put up with books, but not Latin ones.
M: Why not?
A: Because that language isn't for women …
M: Is it fitting for a German woman to learn French?
A: Of course.
M: Why?
A: To talk with those who know French.
M: And you think it unsuitable for me to know Latin in order to converse daily with authors so numerous, so eloquent, so learned, so wise …?
A: Books ruin women's wits – which are none too plentiful anyway.

The Reformation encouraged women, as well as men, to learn to read so that they could study the Bible for themselves. Some were not slow to share their spiritual experiences *in print*. For example, Ursula Jost of Strasbourg was just about to publish *Prophetic Visions and Revelations of the Workings of God … revealed through the Holy Spirit from 1524 to 1530*.

However, it was a huge step from women's lib to women's superiority but this Agrippa did not shrink from asserting. According to his argument, it was self-evident that the female of the human species is more beautiful, more virtuous and more constant than her male counterpart. If all this is so obvious, he concludes, why is it not openly acknowledged? The answer, in a word, is tyranny.

Our modern legislators are of such bad faith that they have made null and void the commandment of God. They have decreed according to their own traditions that women, no matter how otherwise naturally eminent and of remarkable nobility, are inferior in status to all men. And so these laws compel women to submit to men as conquered before conquerors … under the pressure of custom, education, chance, or some occasion favourable to tyranny.

All this, of course, is the language of the debating chamber or the law court. It is OTT, sheer oratory, piling argument on argument, to score points over the opposition. Agrippa was well trained in rhetoric, for this was a major part of university education. Students had to take part in disputation. It is, therefore, pertinent to ask, how much of his tirade did he actually believe? Was he preaching from the heart or displaying the peacock feathers of his undoubted erudition to impress his noble lady patron? The *Declamation* was not the only work in which he had flung down the gauntlet to traditional orthodoxy. Back in 1510 he had written *On the Occult Philosophy*. He circulated it among other members of the scholarly fraternity in manuscript – a common practice at the time. It was daring stuff – a treatise on magic. The author described ancient pre-Christian beliefs, including alchemy, astrology and the conjuration of spirits. He explained to his readers how to use spells and incantations and summon supernatural beings to do their bidding.

Unsurprisingly, *On the Occult Philosophy* attracted the attention of the Inquisition. Agrippa wisely fell silent on the subject. Then, in 1531, he decided to have the book printed. But the published version was very different from the original. Now Agrippa claimed to have been misunderstood. Practise magic? Not he! He declared that whoever should

> *presume to divine and prophesy and practice through magical vanities, exorcisms, incantations and other demoniacal works and … brag that they can do miracles, I say all these shall … be doomed to the torments of eternal fire.*

So, we are left with the questions, 'Which Agrippa do we believe?' it would be very agreeable to think that here was a man

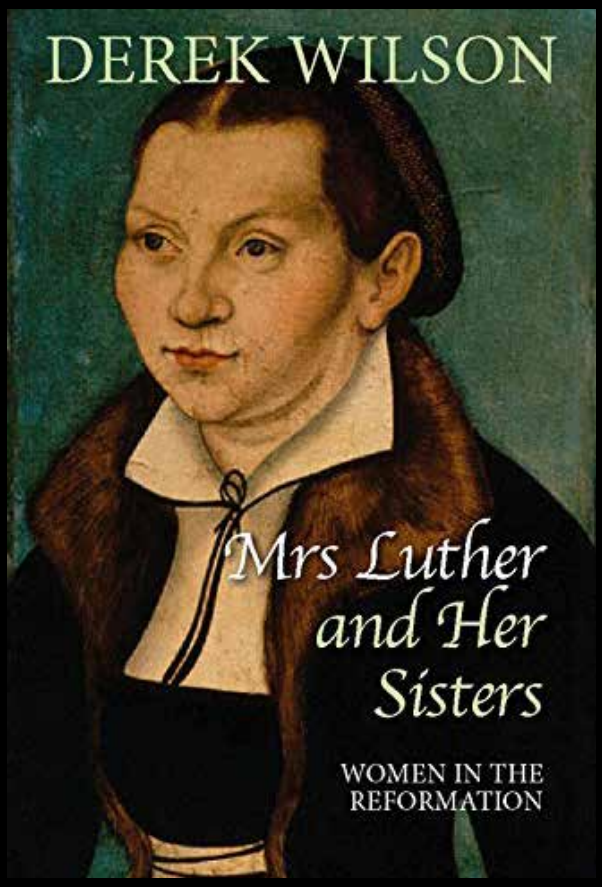
ahead of his time, bravely trying to ameliorate the position of the underprivileged half of the human race. I like to think of him recalling the virtues of his own beloved Jeanne and elevating her and her kind to the social heights. Then I look again at his description of Jeanne and I see that the two qualities he singled out for the greatest praise were that she was 'loving and **OBEDIENT**'.

DEREK WILSON

Discover more

Henry Cornelius Agrippa – *Declamation on the Nobility and Pre-eminence of the Female Sex*, Trs. A. Rabil, University of Chicago Press, 1996

Women have made crucial contributions to the life of the Church from New Testament times onwards, but the Reformation saw an explosion in their involvement. Having benefited alongside their brothers from the Renaissance's emphasis on learning, and with the increasing casting aside of the belief that they were intellectually inferior, women learned to read in ever increasing numbers—and most of them wanted to read the Bible. As a result, many started to interpret Scripture for themselves, putting them on a collision course with the Church.




HENRICUS CORNELIUS AGRIPPA Med. & IC. EQU.
Nascitur Colon.
Agrip. 1486
Obiit Anno 1538.

Women of the Italian Renaissance

BY CONOR BYRNE

The Italian Renaissance featured several women as major cultural and political figures, who were, and have subsequently been, celebrated for their cultural, religious and political activities. This article examines three of the most well-known: Giulia Gonzaga, Vittoria Colonna, and Isabella d'Este.

Giulia Gonzaga (1513-66) was the daughter of Ludovico Gonzaga, lord of Sabbioneta and Bozzolo, and his wife Francesca Fieschi. At the age of fourteen, Giulia was married to Vespasiano Colonna, count of Fondi and duke of Traetto. Their marriage was destined to be a short one, for Vespasiano died only three years after their wedding. At the age of twenty-two, Giulia joined a convent in Naples and was acquainted with the Spanish religious exile Juan de Valdés. Members of the Italian nobility, including Giulia and her cousin by marriage, Vittoria Colonna, were admirers of Valdés. Diarmaid MacCulloch has noted that this elite support meant that 'there was a ready entry to the courts and noble palaces of northern Italy [while] Valdesian ideas in turn filtered into the lively world of humanist discussion in Italian cities'.

Camilla Russell has argued that Giulia was one of Valdés' most prominent dedicated and enduring disciplines. Her social position, her vast social links and her personal influence means that she

was one of the most important heterodox figures in sixteenth-century Italy. Valdés' ideas were appealing to members of what has been called the *spirituali* movement, which was active in mid sixteenth-century Italy. This movement is both enigmatic and difficult to define. It sought spiritual and organisational Church reform, and some of its members sympathised with reformed doctrines. Several of the ideas embraced by the *spirituali,* including organisational Church reform and the pursuit of a personal relationship with God, were gaining currency across Europe. They were familiar with, and were in some respects influenced by, the works of northern reformers, including Luther and Calvin. Elements of Calvin's *Institutes*, for example, can be traced in the anonymously published *Beneficio di Cristo* (1543), which was the most significant literary product of the *spirituali,* and has been described by Dermot Fenlon as 'the most revolutionary product of Italy's unaccomplished Reformation'. The *spirituali* sought the abolition of superstitious forms of religious practice, while abhorring the

widespread corruption and ignorance of the clergy. However, unlike the northern reformers, most of the *spirituali* wished to remain in communion with the Roman Catholic Church.

Giulia is also known for her friendship with the humanist Pietro Carnesecchi (1508-67). Carnesecchi's beliefs were undoubtedly heterodox, for he believed in justification by faith alone and viewed the Scriptures and leading doctors of the Church as the only authorities on matters of doctrine and spirituality, while rejecting the sacrament of confession and the doctrine of purgatory. Carnesecchi was investigated by the Roman Inquisition between 1546 and 1567, and was eventually imprisoned, convicted and executed. The records of his trial illuminate his religious activities, as well as those of Giulia, who experienced 'disquiet' and 'contradiction', perhaps in relation to the teachings of the Church and those of Valdés, who encouraged her to embrace 'the idea of Christian perfection'. These records are useful, given that Giulia wrote no religious reflections or treatises of her own (or, at least, none that survive). She did not explicitly express religious sentiments in her letters, which contain oblique, cautious references to her beliefs. Certainly Giulia acknowledged that her beliefs were not orthodox. In June 1558, she wrote to Carnesecchi saying that she needed to 'watch out, otherwise she could fall into the net' of the Inquisition. Eventually, the letters between Carnesecchi and Giulia were used as evidence against Carnesecchi during his trial for heresy. Carnesecchi was certain that his and Giulia's actions were correct. He wrote to her in 1557 claiming that 'there is no doubt that God permits everything, with just (although to us obscure) reason, and that from everything he will draw his glory, to the edification and profit of his elect'. The term 'elect', of course, has reformed, specifically Calvinist, connotations.

Vittoria Colonna (1492-1547), marchioness of Pescara, was a noblewoman and poet, and is undoubtedly one of the most celebrated women of the Italian Renaissance. In 1509, at the age of seventeen, she married Francesco Ferrante D'Avalos, marquis of Pescara and resided at his court in Ischia. During the early years of her marriage, her interest in reform thought began to take shape, mostly through her links with the members of the Accademia Pontaniana who visited the Ischian court. Vittoria's poetry shows that she adopted neo-Platonic language to express a reformed spirituality, and sought the purest expression of faith. Abigail Brundin has suggested that Vittoria attempted to work out and perfect the ultimate 'poetry of faith', which would embody her search for a true union with Christ in a new form of reformed, spiritual *canzoniere* (song book). Like Giulia Gonzaga, Vittoria was a member of the *spirituali* and the meetings of the movement in Viterbo in the early 1540s coincided with the production of some of her most openly evangelical poetry.

As Brundin has noted, Vittoria's interest in reform seems to have originated from her contact with a group of individuals that were united by their literary and poetic aspirations. The religious sensibilities of the members of the Accademia Pontaniana, who shared affinities with later developments in reform thought, indicates how belief in one of the key doctrinal ideas of the Reformation – justification by faith alone – can be arrived at via orthodox, Augustinian and neo-Platonic routes, without direct contact with Protestant literature. Vittoria later made contact with the *spirituali*, which formed in Naples around Valdés. Valdesian theology can be traced in Vittoria's works, for she echoed Valdés' description of the true way to knowledge of God via 'incorporation' into Christ's body as a means ultimately to escape from the bonds of earthly flesh. Carnesecchi reported that Vittoria's interest in evangelicalism was coupled with a desire to give alms and perform charitable acts, for she held 'high esteem for works'. Brundin has stressed that this evidence is a useful reminder that belief in justification by faith alone, at least initially, was not necessarily considered a challenge to Catholicism; only in retrospect does the dividing line between heresy and orthodoxy appear to be well established. Moreover, as John Jeffries Martin has argued, the interior spirituality echoed in Vittoria's writings was a mainly elitist, cosmopolitan phenomenon, informed by a humanist critique of the abuses in the Church. Those involved largely remained faithful to Rome.

Like Giulia and Vittoria, Isabella d'Este (1474-1539), marchesa of Mantua, was a major figure in the Italian Renaissance. Described by the poet Ariosto as 'liberal and magnanimous', and by Matteo Bandello as 'supreme among women', Isabella was famed for her patronage of the arts, her diplomatic missions and her cultural pursuits. The daughter of Ercole I d'Este, duke of Ferrara, and Eleanor of Naples, Isabella was born into one of the most ancient noble dynasties in Europe. Her mother was the daughter of Ferdinand I, king of Naples. She received a classical education and was acquainted with humanist scholars and artists. Isabella was skilled in Greek and Latin, and was a talented singer and musician. In 1490, she married Francesco Gonzaga, marquess of Mantua. Husband and wife adored one another. Isabella gave birth to eight children, six of which survived childhood: Eleonora (who became duchess of Urbino by marriage to Francesco Maria I della Rovere); Federico (who succeeded his father as marquess of Mantua); Ippolita (who became a nun); Ercole (who became a cardinal and bishop of Mantua); Ferrante; and Livia (who also became a nun). Isabella's marriage to Francesco, however, was troubled by her husband's relationship with Lucrezia Borgia, who was the wife of Isabella's brother Alfonso. Isabella viewed Lucrezia as a rival and experienced jealousy and emotional turmoil as a result of her husband's infatuation.

Remarkably, over 12,000 of Isabella's written letters survive, alongside over 28,000 received by her. This correspondence illuminates her artistic and cultural interests. She patronised the most celebrated artists of the day, including Bellini, Giorgione, da Vinci, Mantegna, Perugino, Raphael and Titian. The marchesa was the most painted person of her time, although there are now few extant portraits of her. Isabella was a collector of ancient Roman art, while enjoying good relations with noted humanists such as Aretino, Ariosto, Bembo, Castiglione, Equicola and Trissino. Isabella was a gifted lute player and sponsored the composers Tromboncino and Cara. Women were employed at her court as professional singers, including Giovanna Moreschi. Isabella's love of fashion and her elite status meant that she was able to order the finest clothing and emerged as a trendsetter.

However, Isabella d'Este is significant not only for her cultural and artistic pursuits. She was highly effective in the realms of diplomacy and politics. In 1500, she was acquainted with Louis XII of France on a diplomatic mission that was arranged to protect Mantua from French invasion. While being entertained by the French king, who was allegedly impressed by her, Isabella offered asylum to Milanese refugees, including Cecilia Gallerani, the mistress of her sister Beatrice's husband Ludovico Sforza, duke of Milan. When Isabella's husband was captured and held hostage in Venice in 1509, Isabella took control of Mantua's military forces and held off their invaders until his release three years later. She participated that year at the Congress of Mantua, which aimed to settle questions concerning Florence and Milan. After Francesco's death in 1519, Isabella acted as regent for her son, Federico. She has been credited with assisting Mantua's promotion to a duchy. In her widowhood, Isabella became what George Marek terms 'a devoted head of state'. In 1527, she arrived in Rome and was present during the city's sack by the imperial forces. She eventually returned to Mantua and died there in 1539 at the age of sixty-four.

CONOR BYRNE

Conor Byrne studied History at the University of Exeter. He is the author of *Katherine Howard: A New History* **and** *Queenship in England*, both published by MadeGlobal Publishing.

QUEENSHIP IN ENGLAND

1308–1485

GENDER AND POWER IN THE LATE MIDDLE AGES

CONOR BYRNE

"An interesting and accessible exploration of medieval queenship in relation to gender expectations." - Amy Licence, author of Catherine of Aragon: An Intimate Life of Henry VIII's True Wife

"A very readable and thoroughly researched book that looks at the role of late medieval Queens of England in an original way." - Toni Mount, author of A Year in the Life of Medieval England

Between 1308 and 1485, nine women were married to kings of England. Their status as queen offered them the opportunity to exercise authority in a manner that was denied to other women of the time. This book offers a new study of these nine queens and their queenship in late medieval England.

The fourteenth- and fifteenth-centuries were frequently characterised by dynastic uncertainty and political tensions. Scholars have recognised that the kings who ruled during this time were confronted with challenges to their kingship, as new questions emerged about what it meant to be a successful king in late medieval England. This book examines the challenges faced by the queens who ruled at this time. It investigates the relationship between gender and power at the English court, while exploring how queenship responded to, and was informed by, the tensions at the heart of governance.

Ultimately Queenship in England questions whether a new model of queenship emerged from the great upheavals underpinning the fourteenth- and fifteenth-century polity.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

Tutor

Dr Katherine Butler is the author of the book, *Music in Elizabethan Court Politics* and a researcher at the University of Oxford working on the *Tudor Partbooks* project. She also keeps a blog, 'Early Modern English Music' (katherineabutler.wordpress.com)

Course Content

Session 1 Sat, 4–5.30pm	*Introducing the Tudors and their Music.* We prepare for the week ahead by taking an overview of the period's historical themes and musical changes, using the career of Thomas Tallis (who served under four monarchs) as our starting point.
Session 2 Sun, 11am–12.30pm	*Music and Monarchy in the Early Tudor Courts.* What music was heard in the courts of Henry VII and Henry VIII and what roles did music play in the establishment and development of the Tudor dynasty?
Session 3 Mon, 9–10.30am	*Music in the Late-Medieval Church*. As well as introducing the role of music in late medieval liturgy, we will also examine the repertory of the Eton Choirbook, whose intricate and elaborate music mirrors the richness of the illuminated manuscript itself.
Session 4 Mon, 11am–12.30pm	*The Musical Crisis of the Reformation*. What were the effects of the Reformation on music? What did Reformers believe was the role of music in worship and how did composers respond?
Session 5 Tue, 9–10.30am	*The Reformation Continued*. We continue to follow musical traces of mid-century religious turbulence as first Mary restores Catholicism and then Elizabeth reinitiates the Protestant Church and a new emphasis on congregational singing emerges.
Session 6 Tue, 11am–12.30pm	*Music, Monarchy and the Maiden Queen*. Elizabeth, like her father, had a reputation as a musical monarch, but to what extent did it help her to overcome the challenges of gender and authority that faced her as a ruling queen?
Session 7 Wed, 9-10.30am	*John Dowland and the Politics of the Lute Song*. We trace the political resonances of Dowland's first three lute song collections, which express his own frustrated attempts to gain a court appointment as well as the turbulent fortunes of Elizabethan courtiers, especially the ambitious Earl of Essex
Session 8 Wed, 11am-12.30pm	*Thomas Morley and the English Madrigal*. How did the English adopt the Italian madrigal and make it their own, and as the genre became politicised, did it serve the Queen's interests or those of her scheming courtiers?
Session 9 Thu, 9-10.30am	*From Manuscript to Print:* A hands-on session exploring the material forms in which music circulated through facsimiles of manuscripts and early prints.
Session 10 Thu, 11am-12.30pm	*The Survival of the Latin Motet*. The composition of Latin sacred music did not end with the Reformation. While not neglecting their significance for Protestants too, we focus particularly on William Byrd's use of the motet for the expression of Catholic oppression.
Session 11 Fri, 9-10.30am	*Viols and Voices.* We trace how a small section of Taverner's *Missa Gloria Tibi Trinitas* inspired the creation of a new, highly inventive instrumental genre – the 'In nomine' - and chart the history of the consort song from its use in choirboy plays to their adaptation for print by William Byrd.
Session 12 Fri, 11am-12.30pm	*A Tudor Soundscape in Music: City and Country Cries*. We end by exploring a series of songs for viols and voices that evoke the sounds of everyday life in London and the countryside.

Enrolment Online

Prospective students may enrol online by navigating to the desired course page and then clicking the 'apply online' link at the bottom of that page. Enrolments will be accepted up to 1 May 2017. Online enrolments require payment in full at the time of registering.

https://www.conted.ox.ac.uk/courses/music-politics-and-piety-in-tudor-england

Antwerp

A vibrant musical city

by Jane Moulder

"The inhabitants of this city are for the most part engaged in commerce and indeed they are great merchants and very rich. They are courteous, civil, ingenious, quick to imitate foreigners and to inter-marry with them. Most of them, even the women, know how to speak 3 or 4 languages, not to mention those that can speak 5, 6 and 7. This is something to marvel at. They have artisans proficient in every kind of art and craft, they work them so well that their products are sold even before they are finished as everyone knows that their work is perfection.

Both men and women of all ages go about very well dressed, always following new and tasteful fashions but many of them much more richly and sumptuously than decorum and respectability can or should permit. You can see here at all hours' weddings, feastings and dances. You hear everywhere the sounds of instruments, songs and the noise of merrymaking."

Ludovico Guicciardini, An Italian's view of Antwerp in 1567

The city of Antwerp by Peeters Bonaventura, early 17th C.

This vivid description of Antwerp by a visiting Italian gives us a wonderful picture of what life would have been like in this city in the mid-16th century. Antwerp was the principle trading port for northern Europe, famed for dealing in cloth and spices, and it was one of the largest cities of the time, with a population of over 100,000 by 1560. Merchants from across the known world visited and traded in the city and it was said that at least 2000 carts came into Antwerp each week, all laden with goods from destinations across Europe. The port would have been filled with trading vessels from the New World bringing in exotic spices and goods. Many banks and financial institutions were also based there and it was a major centre for money lending. The city had very strong links with England due to its geographical location and important cloth market (one of the principal destinations for prime English wool) but also the Tudor government borrowed heavily from the various institutions based in the city. Additionally, there was a cross fertilisation of music and the arts between the Flemish and Tudor courts, firstly with the Burgundian rulers and then the later Spanish Habsburgs.

The city, as illustrated by Guicciardini's description, was very cosmopolitan. As such, Antwerp was very tolerant and welcoming towards a multitude of different races and cultures and this included a large and settled Orthodox Jewish community. However Antwerp became the centre of the struggles between Protestant northern Europe and the Catholic south. In the same way that England fluctuated between being Catholic and Protestant from the mid-16th century onwards, Flanders suffered many of the same issues as it veered between a Calvinist and Catholic church. As consequence of religious intolerance, some Calvinist Flemish musicians sought safety in Protestant England and found work in the Tudor court or in the London civic band, and likewise, English Catholic musicians, such as Peter Philips and John Bull, fled to the Spanish Catholic Low Countries for a safe haven.

Music was an integral part of the city and it was a leading centre for both sacred and secular music. The five principle churches

A choir and musicians celebrating mass.
Engraving by Philippe Galle

of Antwerp were renowned for their music and the Church of Our Lady was known as the largest parish church in Christendom and the choir reputed to have been the largest in Renaissance Europe. Not only was music in the churches but it was part of the everyday life for the citizens of the city, again endorsed by Ludovico Guiccaiardini's commentary; "*the Flemish are indeed true masters and restorers of music; they have studied it to perfection, having men and women sing without learning, but with a real instinct for tone and measure; also they use instruments of all sorts which everyone understand and knows*". One of the reasons for this rich musical mix was partly due to the number and strength of the various trade guilds which were active throughout this trading port. Each of the guilds would have required music and entertainments to be performed on a regular basis and consequently there were plenty of playing opportunities for musicians. The number of musicians also attracted associated trades and crafts, such as music printing and publishing and instrument making.

There were two fundamental differences between the way the musical scene operated in Flanders from that in England: who was the main employer of musicians and where the musicians were principally employed. In England, the centre of music making was the royal court and the Tudors were the primary employer and patron of musicians and therefore it was the court which led the trends and the fashions. However, in Flanders the royal court only directly employed a few musicians and instead would hire them on

Depictions of an Ommeganck. These two panels (one in the Prado Madrid and the other in the V&A London) show scenes from the Triumph of Archduchess Isabella, 1615 painted by Denys van Alsloot

an "as need" basis. The Burgundian court employed between six and ten musicians, significantly fewer than the 60 plus engaged by Henry VIII. In the Low Countries, the primary employer of musicians were the town or city councils and the guilds and Antwerp, with its constantly moving population and strong mercantile connections, became a melting pot of musical influences from across Europe. These factors meant that music would have been completely intertwined with every aspect of citizen's daily lives.

In common with other major European cities, Antwerp supported a civic band - musicians employed to provide music for a variety of occasions, the "official" music of the city; such as processions, heralding the entries of visiting dignitaries, receptions and banquets. As well as employing a significant number of musicians on a permanent basis, there was a strong network of freelance performers all ready to be hired to supplement the wide variety of functions. Dating back to at least the early 14th century, one of the earliest functions for a civic musician, was to sound the hours and to act as a night watch. By the mid-16th century this role had diminished in parts of England so that it was largely a ceremonial function in some towns but the tradition was actively retained throughout Flanders. The Watchers, as many town musicians were called, would "*sound the clocks at the tenth hour in the evening and the day clock in the morning*". They would have played loud woodwind instruments such as shawms (early oboes) and sackbuts (early trombones) to perform this duty, resulting in a strong wind-playing tradition amongst the civic musicians. This meant that many of the freelance musician opportunities were for string players as the civic musicians may have lacked the necessary skills being mainly woodwind and brass players. Bagpipers were also much in demand as they were used in the many civic processions and parades which took place but they were also needed to provide music for dancing.

The civic musicians would also have given public concerts. For us today going to a concert to listen to music is an accepted pastime but in the 16th century, this concept was revolutionary and Flanders was ahead of its time. The first public concerts in the region were given as early as 1480 and by the mid-16th century it was an accepted part of city life. This was in stark contrast with England where the first public music performances were given in 1570 by the London Waits (the name given to the civic musicians) performing from the tower of the Royal Exchange each Sunday through the summer. This was still 100 years earlier than the accepted date for first paid concerts staged by Matthew Bannister in 1670.

A detail from a procession panel by Denys van Alsloot showing the civic musicians. They are playing, left to right, a bass dulcian, alto shawm, cornetto, soprano shawm, alto shawm and sackbut. It is interest to note that four of them are left handed and different from today's convention of playing right handed (right hand at the bottom of the instrument).

Civic processions were an important part of life in Flanders and musicians would have played a key role in them. The processions were held at least annually, usually on the anniversary of the town's patron saint, and they were used as a means of showing off that particular city's wealth. These processions, known as ommergangen, would consist of a parade of the civic and church dignitaries together with representatives from each of the guilds and all would be positioned in order of importance. The parades would also contain decorated pageant wagons, dramatic troupes, dancers, religious symbols and icons and, of course, musicians. A parade held in the city of Mechelen was reported to have included a staggering 163 musicians! They consisted of 18 trumpeters, 35 string players and 110 minstrels and musicians, which would have consisted of various woodwind and brass players. An Antwerp procession was described by the German artist

Albrecht Dürer, when he visited the city: "*I saw the great procession from the church of Our Lady at Antwerp, when the whole town of every craft and rank was assembled, each dressed in his best according to his range. And the ranks and guilds had their signs, by which they might be known. In the intervals great costly pole-candles were borne and their long Frankish trumpets of silver. There were also, in the German fashion, many pipers and drummers. All the instruments were loudly and noisily blown and beaten.*"

Providing musical entertainment for banquets was another source of regular income for the local musicians. Antwerp, like all other cities in the Low Countries, had a schedule of official banquets which would have been held for visiting dignitaries and people of note. Each of the Guilds would also have held regular feasts and meals requiring entertainment. The permanently employed civic musicians were contractually obliged to play for a certain number of such events each year. Instrumental and vocal music would have been performed for guests on arrival and also between each of the courses. As these formal dinners were held so frequently, there were also opportunities for freelance musicians as well. The musicians would also have found work with the royal courts in the same way because, as mentioned earlier, there were insufficient musicians employed by the court to provide appropriate entertainment for their various functions.

Another profitable source of income for the city's musicians was playing for dancing and for wedding feasts. The musician's guild stipulated in its rules that dances were not allowed to start until at least 11.00am in the morning on a Sunday. I wonder if this by turn indicates that dancing before 11.00am would be acceptable on other days!

The various trade and merchant Guilds were very powerful in Antwerp as they were in London. London's 'Company of Musicians', was quite poor and weak and ranked very near the bottom of the guild movement, whereas the musicians' guild in Flanders was strong and healthy and had a great deal of sway. The Antwerp Guild was well established and so rich that it was able to afford to sponsor the altar in the church of St James. Like the other guilds, it laid down a number of employment conditions, minimum pay rates and performing rights. Whilst the Company of Musicians did its best to enforce these it was not always successful unlike its Antwerp counterpart. In both countries though, the guild had no jurisdiction over employees in the royal courts and whilst this wasn't a problem for the Flemish guild as there were not many court musicians, the London guild regularly complained about the many royal musicians they had no control over. The guild set specific rules for apprenticeships and the training requirements of musicians. In fact, it is because of the guild records that we can see how many musicians were actually living and working in Antwerp and in the mid-16th century it was around 100. This large number of professional musicians serves to illustrate just how rich and powerful the city was.

Antwerp also owned a significant number of musical instruments and in 1532 the council undertook an inventory. The ledgers show that it owned twelve new recorders as well as two older sets - one of nine and one of seven. There was a case of eight crumhorns and another of eleven "large crumhorns". There were also a number of shawms (including descant and

A Hans Ruckers virginals, c1583, from the collection in the Musée de la Musique, Paris.

tenor sizes). This was an impressive number for any city but it was augmented in 1542 and 1543 when more shawms and sackbuts were bought. B y 1550 there were also stringed instruments such as viols. These sort of numbers of instruments exceed what would normally have be owned by an English town or city. No doubt the musicians themselves would also have their own instruments, thus resulting in a large pool which could be called on to provide a wide range of music and entertainments. There is evidence which suggests that Antwerp was not on its own in this respect that that other Flemish cities, such as Bruges and Ghent, also owned similarly large collections.

Considering the amount of musical instruments there must have been throughout Europe in this period, there are frustratingly few surviving records about the instrument makers. But is clear that Antwerp was a centre for obtaining instruments as there is evidence that woodwind, brass, stringed and keyboard instruments were all purchased from the city. What is not always clear from the records is whether the instruments were made in the city or simply traded there. We know that a woodwind player travelled there to buy a case of crumhorns in 1539 and Antwerp was the home of maker, Pietro Lupo, who made and traded viols, lutes and shawms. Pierre Bogaerts (cornets and trumpets), Guillaume Emo (shawms) and Peeter, Hans and Frans

Burlon, the family of lute and viol makers were all based in the city. There were also organ builders such as Hans Bos but it is perhaps the Ruckers family that are best known, even today. The Ruckers - Hans, Joannes and Andreas - made virginals and harpsichords and their instruments were famous throughout Europe for their craftsmanship and sound. There are a number of their instruments still surviving and many modern reproductions are based on their instruments.

The trademark Ruckers rose which was inserted into the soundboard of every keyboard instrument. The symbol was the same for all Ruckers' instruments but the initial letter changed depending on which family member made it – this one was by Ioannes.

There is no doubt that the large number of musicians living and working in Antwerp would also have drawn in various associated musical trades. Not only were there instrument traders and makers but Antwerp became one of the largest music printing centres in Europe. Venice and Paris had led the way in this trade in the 1530s but the trade came to Antwerp via Tielman Susato, who established his printing firm there in 1543. It was to be another 50 years before there was anything of a comparable nature in England. Tielman Susato was not only a printer but one of the civic musicians and a notable composer in his own right. He published prolifically and his works covered both sacred and secular genres. A key feature of Susato was that he was influential in printing chansons and instrumental music geared specifically towards the amateur musician and he was one of the first to do so on such a large scale. Others printers were attracted to Antwerp because of Susato's presence and soon Pierre Phalese, Waelrant and de Laet were producing printed music in the city on a prolific basis. From Antwerp, printed music was transported across Europe using the established trade routes. Susato and Phalese were later joined by the printer Christopher Plantin from France. Plantin explained in a letter to Pope Gregory his reasons for choosing to settle in Antwerp: *"I preferred to come to Flanders and to Antwerp above all other towns. The choice was imposed upon me by the fact that for me no other town in the world could offer me more facilities for carrying on the trade I intended to begin. Antwerp can be easily reached; various nations meet on its market; there too can be found the raw materials indispensable for the practice of one's trade; craftsmen for all trades can be easily be found and instructed in a short time; moreover I saw to the satisfaction of my faith, that this town and the whole country shone above all neighbouring peoples by their great love for the catholic religion."* Plantin, Susato and many other specialist trades and craftsmen had clearly chosen to travel, settle and work

Engraving by Frans Hogenberg showing the brutal Sack of Antwerp (MET Museum)

in Antwerp because of the wide varieties and opportunities it could offer in the same place.

However, Antwerp's dominance and importance was to eventually fade. One of the turning points in the city's fortune occurred in 1576 when the "Spanish Fury" or "Sack of Antwerp" took place. Spanish troops had been unpaid by Philip II for some time and the final blow came when 400,000 florins, destined to be their payment, was seized by Elizabeth I's government when ships containing the money had sought shelter in English ports. On hearing this news, the unpaid and badly treated troops rioted and took out their anger and frustrations on the city and its inhabitants. Within three days they had carried out mass destruction and devastated the city, including the majority of the principal buildings and market halls. Over 7000 people were killed including one of the civic musicians, Jenyn Verhoeven, who was "*most foully murdered*". This single event turned many, including Catholics, against the Spanish Habsburg monarchy, and resulted in unifying the various disparate Flemish provinces against the Spanish. Traders, especially the English, were no longer prepared to risk working from the city and they looked instead to establish new commercial links in safer and more stable ports. Within six years of the 'Spanish Fury' all English trade with Antwerp had ceased and the way was now set for Amsterdam to take over as the principle northern European trading port.

Antwerp slowly recovered from this catastrophe and the cultural life of the city continued to have an impact on European art and music but it could never recapture its former glory.

JANE MOULDER

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The Tudor Life team would like to thank Melanie V. Taylor for her outstanding work for the magazine since our very first edition back in September 2014. Melanie has been an incredible backbone of the magazine with her articles about Tudor art and artists.

Melanie has chosen to focus on her studies and research for a history PhD and therefore is unable to continue to write her articles for us. From all of our members, our experts and of course the team here, we would like to wish her a huge success with this new chapter in her historical studies!

GOOD LUCK MELL!

We would also like to thank Olga Hughes from the fantastic website "Nerdalicious" who is also no longer able to continue writing her articles about Tudor cooking and health for Tudor Life magazine. She is another stalwart supporter of the Tudor Society, having been involved in things from very early on in our society.

Olga will be continuing to write articles for her website. We wish Olga every success with her continued work.

Dover to Abbeville

Mary Tudor's Journey to Marry King Louis XII

ON THE 7TH OF AUGUST 1514 THE AMBASSADORS FOR KING HENRY VIII OF ENGLAND AND KING LOUIS XII OF FRANCE SIGNED THE TREATY OF 'PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP' BETWEEN THEIR RESPECTIVE KINGS. From that day forward England and France would be at peace, both nations providing support to the other should they go to war or be attacked. Part of that treaty was for the marriage between the fifty two year old Louis XII and Henry VIII's younger sister, eighteen year old Mary Tudor.

On the 13th of August in England Mary was married via to Louis XII, The Duke of Longueville acting as proxy for the French King. Now all that remained was for Mary to travel to France to meet and formally marry her new husband.

On the 23rd of September 1514 a great party travelled with Mary from London to Dover. Lorenzo Pasqualigo wrote to his brothers that Mary was attended on her journey to Dover by four of the chief Lords of England including the Treasurer, Lord Chamberlain, the Chancellor and Lord Mounteagle. In addition there were four hundred knights and barons and around two hundred gentlemen and squires. All of these men were accompanied by their wives, who were also attended by their own personal servants.

Pasqualigo estimated that there were around one thousand palfreys and approximately one hundred carriages. He noted that many of the women were wearing lavish gowns woven with gold and that the palfreys and horses were also covered in fine cloth. He noticed that the men and women were also wearing expensive jewellery including chains.

King Henry VIII rode with his sister Mary while Queen Katherine followed behind in her own litter as she was pregnant. The party stopped occasionally to receive gifts of thanks from those in the country and it was estimated that the whole train consisted of around two thousand people!

Henry also planned to sail out ten miles to in his ship Henry Grace de Dieu to watch his sister depart for France yet the weather had other plans. A terrible storm arose and Mary and her entourage were forced to wait until there was enough of a lull in the weather that they could cross the channel. It may have been this time that Mary made her brother promise that should Louis XII die before she did she would be free to choose her second husband.

Finally the storms subsided and at four o'clock in the morning on the 2nd October Mary left Dover for Boulogne. Unfortunately the journey was not to be upon calm seas and soon the storm that had been raging picked up again. The chronicler Hall records that some of Mary's ships were scattered to Calais while others were cast to Flanders. Of the fourteen ships that were to transport Mary to Boulogne only four arrived at their destination, one of those being the ship Mary was travelling upon. Hall states that it was with great difficulty that Mary's ship was brought into the haven and that the ship master had to run the ship to the shore.

Poor Mary was loaded into a rowing boat and was rowed towards the beach. However the weather was still terrible and soon Mary was drenched to the bone. Mary's ordeal was

Tapestry depicting the marriage of Mary Tudor and Louis XII

Hever Castle. Photo © 2012 Tim Ridgway

not yet over and unable to reach the shore she had to be lifted out of the row boat and carried to shore by Sir Christopher Garnish, a Knight of her party. For his gallantry Garnish was rewarded with an annuity of thirty pounds and a bonus of fifteen pounds in cash! Luckily of the fourteen ships that set sail with Mary only one, the Elizabeth was wrecked at sea and even more luckily the Elizabeth had held only a small amount of Mary's plate and possessions.

Wet, perhaps sea sick and certainly feeling worse for wear Mary and her party finally reached French shores on the 4th of October, ten days behind schedule. Despite the way she looked Mary was greeted by the Duke of Vendome and the Cardinal of Amboise. On the 5th October Mary and her entourage reached Montreuil where she spent two nights resting at the home of Madam de Moncaverel. Feeling rested and somewhat refreshed Mary then set out on the 7th of October for Abbeville, twenty five miles from Montreuil. Meanwhile messengers had been going back and forth frantically between Mary's party and those of the King so that Louis XII was aware of where his wife was and how she faired.

Mary's journey to Abbeville was slow, a series of celebrations and parents had been set up along the route to entertain and welcome the new Queen. Mary and her entourage entered Montreuil via the seaport village of Etaples. Here she was met by Francis of Angouleme, son in law to Louis XII, the Duke and Duchess of Longueville, the Duke of Vendome, Cardinal d'Amboise, the Governor of Picardy as well as many other bishops, abbots, merchants and men and women of nobility. Chaperoned into the city Mary was presented with a series of pageants including stories of Andromeda and Perseus, Apollo and Diana, Solomon and Queen Sheba, Esther and King Ahasuerus and Virgin Mary and the Annunciation. Each pageant represented Mary's upcoming marriage to Louis XII. It was reported that Mary was delighted by the pageants and with the great honour that the French people were paying her.

Moving from Montreuil Mary and her party continued their journey to Abbeville. At around two o'clock in the afternoon near the Anders Forest Mary was once more met by Francis of Angouleme and several of his men. Francis strongly hinted that soon Mary would receive a great surprise and delayed Mary so that she could not continue her travels. Louis XII had received messages that his future wife was approaching and sent Francis to delay her. Tradition of the time dictated that Louis XII could not meet his wife formally; however he could come upon her by complete accident (even though the whole event was staged!) Louis XII decided to go out hawking accompanied by the Cardinals of Auch and of Bayeux, Monseigneur de Vendôme, the Duke of Albany, the Lord Steward and the Master of the Horse as well as around two hundred other important dignitaries.

Riding a beautiful Spanish horse covered in cloth of gold and black satin and wearing a short riding dress of chequered cloth of gold and crimson, Louis XII suddenly happened upon Mary and her party. Mary of course clued on to what the surprise was and why her party was being detained, feigned surprise at suddenly seeing the King. Playing her role perfectly Mary blew Louis XII a kiss, which the French King did not quite understand but returned the gesture. Then delighted at seeing his beautiful bride he boldly rode up to Mary and leaning over from his horse wrapped both arms around her and kissed her. The Venetian records report that Louis XII "*kissed her as kindly as if he had been five and twenty. He came in this dress and on horseback, the more to prove his vigour.*" Despite being fifty two years of age Louis XII was clearly filled with delight and youth at having seen his beautiful new bride and wanted to show that despite his age he was still a vigorous King. Although a complete act the meeting played out perfectly and left

little doubt that Louis XII was pleased with his new bride.

After a short conversation Louis XII and his men departed on their alleged hawking trip while Mary and her train continued their journey to Abbeville. Mary's entrance outside of Abbeville was a grand and spectacular affair. Ahead of her went fifty esquires dressed in multi-coloured uniforms made out of silk. Following them came the ambassadors and noblemen ordered according to rank. These men were dressed in lavish clothing of gold or silk, all wearing velvet bonnets. Next came the heralds, macers and trumpeters who were led by Thomas Wriothesley and John Joyner. Finally came Mary riding on a horse accompanied by two footmen wearing doublets of gold brocade and black velvet with velvet caps. Mary wore a gown of cloth of gold and crimson, upon her head was a cap of crimson silk which was tilted slightly over her left eye. Francis had the great honour of riding beside his future mother in law. Behind Mary was her magnificent litter, pulled by two large horses, which was covered in cloth of gold and embroidered with lilies and roses; half red and half white which symbolised the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster. Following the Queen were around thirty of her ladies, each dressed in their own beautiful gowns of cloth of gold, riding either on horseback or brightly decorated wagons. Finally came around two hundred archers, marching in pairs behind Mary and her ladies.

Catastrophe struck just before Mary and her entourage could enter Abbeville and a sudden downpour of rain halted the party. Mary took this opportunity to change into a gown of stiff gold and white brocade in the English fashion. She wore a tiara with two large pearls hanging on the left side. Instead of her horse Mary chose to enter Abbeville in her magnificent litter. Finally at around five o'clock in the evening Mary formally entered Abbeville.

Mary heard mass at the Church of St. Vulfran before she went to formally meet her husband at the Hotel de la Gruthuse. The Duke of Norfolk presented Mary to her husband in front of a court of dignitaries and other noble men and woman. After this Mary was escorted to her lodgings at Rue St. Giles, the official Queen's lodgings which were separated from Louis XII by a beautiful garden, by Claude, Louis XII's daughter.

In the evening a luxurious ball was held by Francis and Claude in Mary's honour. There was much dancing and singing and it is reported that Mary "*delights but in hearing singing, instrumental music, and in dancing.*" Despite the sudden downpour of rain earlier in the day is was generally decided that Mary's entrance into Abbeville was one of good omen and the people delighted greatly in the arrival of their future Queen. After the ball Mary retired to her chambers to sleep and prepare for her formal wedding the following day.

The 9th of October 1514 was the feast of St. Denis, the patron saint of France. Mary and her ladies rose before dawn to begin preparing themselves for the wedding ceremony which had been arranged for nine o'clock.

Although Mary's apartments were only a short distance from the Hall at the Hotel de la Gruthuse the English were not about let an opportunity pass to continue to display their wealth and majesty. One observer wrote "*If the pomp of the most Christian Queen was great yesterday at her entry, this morning, the 9th, it was yet greater at her wedding, which took place at nine o'clock in the King's house in a large hall.*"

Mary and her entourage left her lodgings at seven o'clock. Leading the grand procession were twenty six nights marching in twos followed by heralds and a large number of musicians. Then came Mary herself wearing a magnificent gown of gold brocade designed in the French fashion and trimmed with ermine. It was reported that her wedding dress was even more beautiful than the gown she had worn the previous day. Mary was also covered with glittering jewels, which were designed to show the great wealth and pros-

perity of England. Upon her head Mary wore a coronet studded with jewels and her long golden red hair flowed down her back and over her shoulders as a sign of her purity and virginity.

Mary was flanked by the Duke of Norfolk and the Marquis of Dorset, both wearing their most expensive and grand clothing. Following Mary came a large number of noble men and twenty four noble ladies wearing cloth of gold and beautiful jewels. Behind them came thirteen women from Mary's personal staff who were escorted by two gentlemen on either side.

Louis XII was already waiting for his bride in the Hall. The French King wore an outfit of gold and ermine to match Mary's gown. It was reported that the King was not as lavishly dressed as other members of his court who were all attempting to outdo and outshine the English noblemen.

Upon seeing Mary Louis XII doffed his bonnet to which Mary politely curtsied. Stepping forward he then kissed her and guided her to her seat next to his which was under a canopy supported by four noble men of France. Louis XII's treasurer Robertet then stepped forward and handed the King a necklace which was made up of "*a marvellous great pointed diamond, with a ruby almost two inches long without foil, which was esteemed by some men at 10,00 marks*". Louis XII carefully laced the necklace around Mary's neck before the wedding ceremony began.

The wedding service was conducted by Cardinal Rene de Prie the Bishop of Bayeus. The Bishop proceeded to sing the wedding mass before breaking the consecrated water between Mary and Louis XII, each kissed the wafter before swallowing. As custom dictated throughout the service Louis was served upon by his son in law Francis and Mary by her step daughter Claude. After the mass Mary curtseyed to her husband, the pair kissed and the wedding ceremony officially over; Mary was now a married woman. After this Mary left the Hall and proceeded to her own apartments to dine with her ladies.

In the evening a great ball was held a great ball, attended by both French and English nobility as well as Louis XII and his new bride. Louis XII it appeared was so delighted with his new bride that he did not leave her side all evening! Mary was dressed in the French fashion once more and it was reported that the whole court were "*banqueting, dancing, and making good cheer*". At eight o'clock Claude arrived to take Mary to the marriage bed to consummate her marriage to the French King.

The following morning "*the King seemed very jovial and gay, and in love, [to judge] by his countenance. Thrice did he cross the river last night, and would have done more, had he chosen*." Weather there was any truth in these boastful claims will forever remain unknown.

Mary Tudor, at just eighteen years of age had travelled from Dover to Abbeville for her marriage to King Louis XII. She was now officially married and soon, on the 5th of November she would become Queen of France.

SARAH BRYSON

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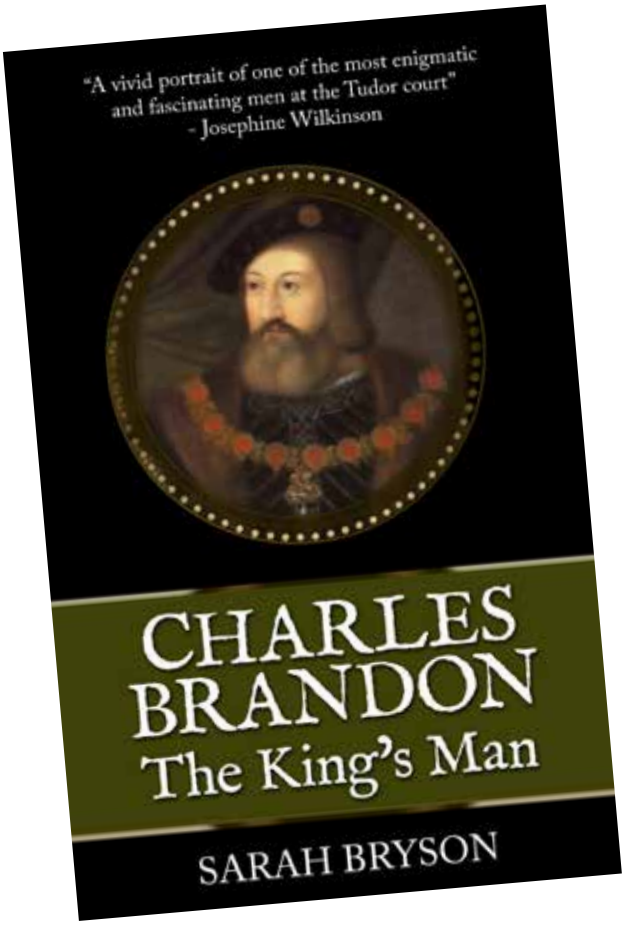
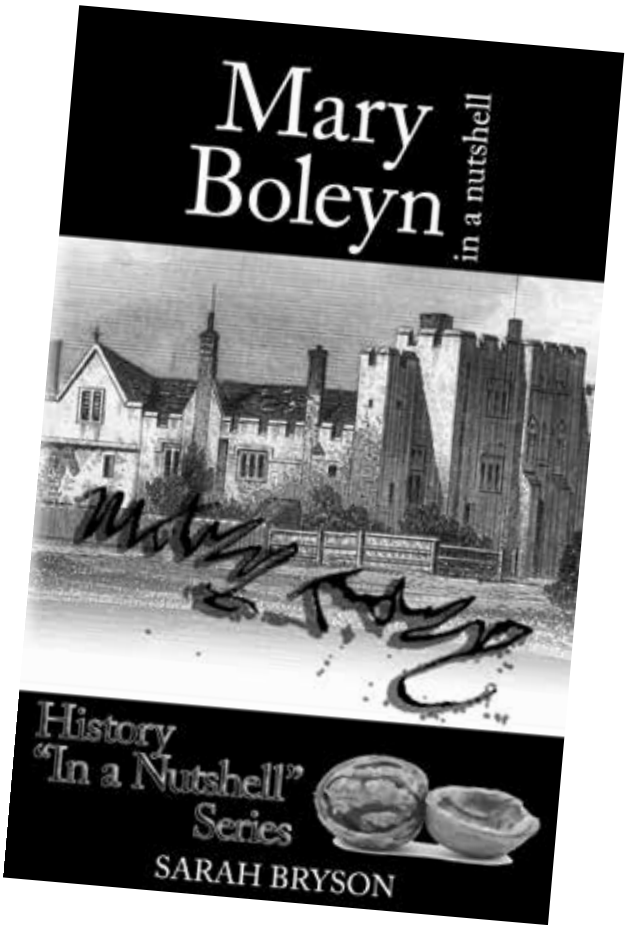
Sarah Bryson is the author of "Mary Boleyn: In a Nutshell" and "Charles Brandon: The King's Man". She is a researcher, writer and educator who has a Bachelor of Early Childhood Education with Honours and currently works with children with disabilities. Sarah is passionate about Tudor history and has a deep interest in Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Mary Boleyn, and the reign of Henry VIII and the people of his court. Visiting England in 2009 furthered her passion and when she returned home she started a website, queentohistory.com, *and* Facebook page *about Tudor history. Sarah lives in Australia, enjoys reading, writing, Tudor costume enactment and is currently working on a full length biography of Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII.*

She is also a regular contributor to the Tudor Society, making excellent videos!





ENGLISH ROYALTY AND THE BORGIAS

What did the Borgias have to do with the Tudors? **Samantha Morris** delves into a shared history...

When Henry VII took the English throne after the Battle of Bosworth in 1485, England was a Catholic country with Pope Innocent VIII as its spiritual head. But when Innocent died and Rodrigo Borgia became Pope Alexander VI in 1492, there began a relationship between the Borgia family and the reigning English Tudor dynasty that is often neglected to be mentioned in books on the period. The dealings between King Henry VIII and Pope Alexander VI were mainly done through letter and ambassadors at the Papal court in Rome. However what there is, is innately fascinating and some of it even links the English King with other such incredible Renaissance figures as Girolamo Savonarola and the artist Pietro Torregiano.

The new Tudor King has links to the Papal court even before the Borgia family ascended to the heights of the papacy. Upon defeating Richard III at the Battle of Bosworth in 1485, Henry Tudor (now King Henry VII) wished to make good on his promise to unite the Houses of York and Lancaster by marrying Elizabeth of York – such a marriage would ensure stability throughout his reign. Although the idea of sharing power was something Henry did not want so he made sure to be crowned before he married Elizabeth, thus ensuring he held absolute power over the English throne. Before marrying Elizabeth, Henry VII applied to Pope Innocent VIII for a dispensation – in essence it was to make sure his legitimacy was not called into question despite his ruling by right of conquest. As such it named Edward V as his predecessor and allowed the two to marry without any danger of repercussions for Henry.

Upon the death of Pope Innocent VIII in 1492, Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia used his political mind to convince the consistory to vote for him to become the next Pontiff. Stories abound of how he bribed cardinals into voting for him – it is said that Rodrigo brought the votes of Ascanio Sforza with gold that was transported to Sforza's home by pack mules. Borgia's wheeling and dealing worked – he was elected as Pope Alexander VI on August 11th 1492. Almost immediately, letters of congratulations poured in from across the Christian world from monarchs and princes also looking to make sure that they received papal blessings for their bishops. One such letter was sent from King Henry VII in Greenwich, on 6th September 1492. Not only did it congratulate Alexander VI on his ascension to the throne of St. Peter, but it also confirms that he has charged the Bishop of Durham as one of his ambassadors to Rome to yield in religious obedience to

the Pope.1 By showing both himself and his ambassadors as obedient to God's will, King Henry VII would no doubt gain the Holy Father's approval. Other letters were sent from Henry VII to the Pope seeking his approval on various matters, including ongoing issues with the French. France had long been an enemy of England and the two counties would continue an on-off relationship for many years, but now the Papacy had become aware of the possibility of a French invasion also. On 12th December 1492, Henry wrote to Alexander to give him news of a rather successful 'siege' in Boulogne:

"When about to besiege Boulogne, a very strong place, contrary to all expectation, a peace was proposed to us by the French, with such conditions as to make it appear that no Christian and Catholic prince could be capable of refusing them. We therefore accepted this peace, both in order to attend to other matters and to avoid shedding Christian blood; as your Holiness will understand more fully from our ambassadors in Rome, to whom we wish you to give full credence in this matter."[2]

The shared dislike of the French was something that would prove important in the relationship between the English King and the Pope of Rome. In 1494 the French army had descended on Italy like the plague, 25,000 men besieging and taking the town of Mordano in the October. The population of Mordano were slaughtered before the French moved on to Florence. This led to the expulsion of the Medici family from the city and the rise of the infamous Savonarola who would insist that King Charles VIII of France was a "new Cyrus" who would purge the Catholic Church of vice. But the rulers of Italy soon realised just what a danger the French were and the Holy League (also known as the League of Venice) was created by Pope Alexander VI on 31 March 1495. It brought together many of the political superpowers of the Renaissance world – Ferdinand of Aragon, Emperor Maximillian I, Ludovico Sforza of Milan and the Republic of Venice. England, and Henry VII, would join the following year. In essence, these Renaissance superpowers came together to try and defeat the French. After the Battle of Fornovo, in which the League gathered a huge army to be commanded by Francesco Gonzaga, Marquess of Mantua, Charles VIII managed to escape with the remainder of his armies back into France. But he left behind all of the spoils of his invasion, and it meant that Italy was free of Savonarola's "New Cyrus".

Something particularly interesting regarding the Tudor links to the Borgia family and to Renaissance Italy comes at the end of King Henry VII's life. Much later, when Alexander VI's infamous son Cesare Borgia had thrown off his cardinal's robes to become Gonfalonier of the Papal armies, Cesare found himself heading an army to take back the Romagna in 1500. He wanted these lands for himself, lands and cities that he could rule over as lord and master. Counted among his troops was a young man by the name of Pietro Torregiano – this man had studied with Michelangelo under the patronage of Lorenzo De' Medici, and had broken Michelangelo's nose in a fit of violence. Following the fighting in the Romagna Torregiano travelled to England where he created the tomb of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey, a beautiful work of art that is said to be one of the most important memorials of the Italian Renaissance in England today.

1 'Venice: 1491-1495: Sept. 6. Venetian Archives, library. 620", in *Calendar of State Papers Relating To English Affairs in the Archives of Venice, Volume 1, 1202-1509*, ed. Rawdon Brown (London, 1864), pp. 203-226. *British History Online* http://www.british-history.ac.uk/cal-state-papers/venice/vol1/pp203-226 [accessed 7th January 2017]

2 'Venice: 1491-1495: Dec. 12. Venetian Archives, library. 626", in *Calendar of State Papers Relating To English Affairs in the Archives of Venice, Volume 1, 1202-1509*, ed. Rawdon Brown (London, 1864), pp. 203-226. *British History Online* http://www.british-history.ac.uk/cal-state-papers/venice/vol1/pp203-226 [accessed 7th January 2017]

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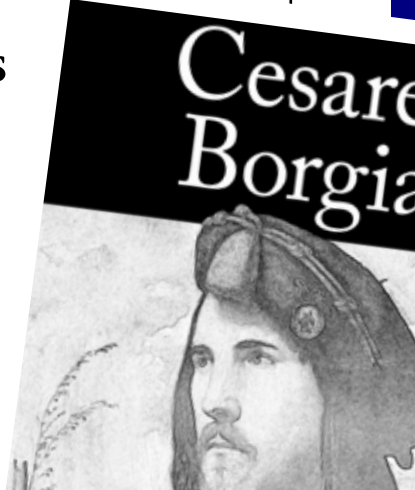

Further Reading

The Borgias and their Enemies – Christopher Hibbert
Cesare Borgia: His Life and Times – Sarah Bradford
The Borgia Pope – Orestres Ferrara

An excerpt from "Cor Rotto" by Adrienne Dillard

Frankfurt, Germany: June 1557 – November 1559

OUR NEW HOME was nothing like our manor back in Oxfordshire. Where Greys was airy and open, this place was crowded and cramped, overtaken by the smells and sounds of a house full of people. It was cosy though. Master Weller was a merchant back in England and had been made a burgher of the city so his lodgings were much more comfortable than most who shared our exile. Regardless of how well-appointed the house was, there were still twenty-one people living under one roof and such cramped quarters came with their own set of inconveniences.

The close stool was always in use, the smell of food constantly wafted out of the kitchen, and unruly shouting matches often erupted from the stress of living in such a tight space. Matilda and I quietly kept to ourselves, helping wherever we could. Elizabeth was old enough to pitch in as well and I rejoiced at her eagerness whenever she jumped at the chance to help out without being asked. Francis and I had raised our children well. They may be children of gentry, but they were the first to step in when a job needed doing and did not fear soiling their hands. My grandfather Boleyn would have been appalled, but I was pleased.

Francis spent his days at the small church our group had been granted by the city of Frankfurt, arguing with his fellow exiles over which prayer book to use and who would lead the sermons. No one could agree upon anything and with every social class living and worshipping together all the social rules had broken down. The artisan was equal to the knight, the servant's vote counted as much as the squire's. Birthright no longer guaranteed a higher status in this community. The puffed-

up men of the gentry could barely tolerate this new order, but they had to in order to survive. Everyone was granted a voice.

My husband would come home weary from these battles, his head hanging low, bags beneath his eyes. I listened patiently as he recounted his day, my hand kneading the tense muscles in his shoulders, and soon he would relax enough for us to enjoy our time as husband and wife once again. Afterwards, my body curled up against his, he whispered, "Every night since I left you, I would lie awake and think of how I missed feeling you next to me. Your warm body curved into mine, the scent of rose water in your hair. And now you are here with me, half a world away from our home and I feel as though I am dreaming. That I will wake up in the morning and you will be gone. Promise you will stay with me."

I kissed the palm of his hand and whispered back, "I promise."

I should have known better than to promise such a thing, because a few short months after arriving in Frankfurt, I was with child again.

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Isabell Weller and I sat in the solar sewing a pile of shirts. The boys were starting to outgrow their clothing and while we had the money to buy more, we had been discouraged from doing business with the local merchants. They were none too pleased by the influx of immigrants, many of them artisans, and were only too eager to take advantage of the English ladies who chose to remain ignorant of our host country's culture and language.

The maids were in the kitchen preparing the afternoon meal and the scent of smoked fish escaped every time they opened the door into the dining hall. I had been more exhausted than usual that week, but Francis had been coming home later and later and I refused to fall asleep before he was in. I sat dozing in the early summer sunlight, my needle threatening to fall from my relaxed hand. The overwhelming scent of herring overtook me when one of Isabell's maids propped open the door to let us know when supper would be ready. I turned my head just in time to vomit all over the newly scrubbed floor, trying frantically to remember when I had last had my courses.

Matilda jumped up from the corner where she had been playing with little Anne.

"My lady!"

I put one hand out and wiped my lips with the other.

"I am all right, I am all right. I think my lack of sleep has finally got to me. I am going to go lie down."

Matilda and Isabell exchanged a knowing glance.

"Please get this cleaned up before the men are home," Isabell gestured to her maid.

Matilda helped me out of the chair and up the stairs.

I gripped her arm. "Please do not mention any thing to Henry. Francis must be the first to know."

Matilda frowned at me. "My lady, I would never share your happy news. Your secret is safe with me."

I spent the rest of the afternoon in bed, tossing and turning, anxious about Francis's reaction. My husband had always been flushed with pleasure at every pregnancy. He wanted a large family and took pride in his ever-growing brood of children. But something told me this time would be different.

While we'd been sewing, Isabell had described life in exile and from that conversation I knew that several children had been born in the English settlements. Life had carried on much the same here as it did back home, but I did not want my baby born in exile. The child I was carrying in my belly would be the grandchild of a king of England and a niece or nephew of the reigning queen. Recognised or not, a child of Tudor blood should be born in England. More than that, I wanted to be home in the comfort of my own rooms. I wanted the maids who had nursed my other babies. I could not bear the idea of giving
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birth in an unfamiliar land with a midwife I did not know.

Eventually I fell asleep waiting for Francis to return home for the evening. His deep voice and the soft touch of his hand on my forehead brought me out of my dreams.

He tenderly brushed my hair from my face. "Isabell said you were feeling ill?" he ventured, his eyes full of concern.

"Just a little," I replied, scooting myself up against the headboard.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes Francis. I am fine," I said taking his hand in mine. "I am with child."

A smile broke out across his face. "An even dozen then?" he laughed.

I finally cracked a smile back. "Yes, husband, an even dozen."

"Well this is wonderful news, Catherine. Why do you look so serious?"

My stomach started to churn. How could I tell him I wanted to leave and travel home to have this child? I knew he would never permit it. He must have read it on my face when I did not respond.

"You want to go home don't you?" he asked.

"Well... Yes I do," I muttered. "I want my own midwife and for our child to be born in our own home - your home - the home you inherited from your father."

"I understand," he whispered.

I wrapped my arms around him.

"Please don't be upset with me. I could not bear it. I will do as you wish, Francis. If you wish our baby to be born here, then that is what will be."

He lifted my hand to his lips and then turned to kiss mine.

"Let me think on this, Catherine. We do not have much time to consider the options, but I want to be sure that we choose the safest one. I do not like the idea of you going back to England while Mary is queen. She burned the Archbishop of Canterbury at the stake. Who is to say that she will not take out her anger at my flight on you?"

Quietly, I murmured, "She says."

He turned abruptly to face me. "What do you mean 'she says'?"

I rose from the bed and walked over to my trunk. Inside, still tucked into my Bible where I left it all that time ago, was my letter from the queen. I don't know why I never showed it to Francis. I think it was because he had been so happy to see us and under so much pressure from everything else that I did not want to bring up the woman he despised so much. He would be angry at my deception, but I knew now was the time.

I walked back to the bed, holding the letter out to him.

"What is this?" he asked, taking it from me.

"It is from the queen."

I watched his face carefully as he read the letter, cringing as I remembered the queen's words of righteousness. He kept opening his mouth as if to say something, but the rebuke never came. He silently handed the parchment back to me.

"Put that back in your trunk. I never want to see it again."

"Francis, I ..."

He put his hand up to stop me. "You have given me much to consider. Now please, lay back down and rest. I will have Matilda bring your supper in a little while."

I nodded, blinking back the tears, and scrambled back under the covers. Francis kissed me on the forehead and quietly left the room.

The evening seemed to drag on forever. Matilda had come and gone with bread and ale and now I was all alone, listening to the incessant chatter going on below me. Dinner was a time of riotous conversation and it seemingly went on unabated without me. I stared out of the window until I heard the voices die down. When Francis still did not come back, I crept out and headed to the children's room. Matilda had them all tucked in nicely, Elizabeth in the big bed with Richard and little Francis curled into her arms, Robert sprawled across the pallet on the other side of

the room, and baby Anne wrapped tightly in the wooden cradle Francis had had made for us by a local woodworker before our arrival. I was struck by the irony of the intricate bears carved into the wood. Matilda's trundle was pulled out but it was empty. I guessed she was still downstairs cleaning up from dinner.

I sat on the edge of the bed and ran my fingers through little Francis's curls. They were so vulnerable in their sleep and the knowledge of that brought tears to my eyes. It had been a long and trying journey to get out here and we'd had Henry to guide us. There was no way I could subject them to a return trip so soon, and without a leader we trusted so much. This baby would be born in exile. It was the only option. My lips brushed against little Francis's silken forehead, then I got up and tiptoed quietly back to my room.

When I returned, Francis was sitting at his desk, hunched over a book in which he was methodically writing. His hand moved slowly and with great flourishes. Whatever it was he was recording must have been important for him to write so carefully. I stood quietly in the doorway waiting for him to address me. When he did, he was concentrating so hard on what he was writing that he did not even look up at me.

"Are the children all right?"

"Oh yes, I just missed them so I wanted to say goodnight, but they were already asleep by the time I got in there."

Francis returned the quill to its stand. He turned to me and silently nodded.

"Can I ask what you are working on?" I asked gesturing to his desk.

He smiled. "Of course. I keep no secrets from you."

Those words hit me hard. Of course Francis did not keep secrets from me, nor did I normally keep them from him. I could not excuse my lack of honesty, but I hoped he would eventually forgive me for it.

I sat down on the bed, exhaling a tired sigh.

"I am sorry I didn't tell you of the letter from the queen. I did not want to upset you. I see now that it upset you even more that I deceived you."

Francis strode over to the bed and sat down beside me.

"Catherine, I understand your desire to go home. I want to go home too. I miss my land, I miss being a trusted advisor to our monarch. I miss everything about England. But God has led us to this place for our safety, and I promise you that once our Elizabeth takes the throne, we shall return in all our glory."

The thought of my beautiful niece taking her rightful place on the throne brought tears to my eyes. Having lost children myself, I did feel for Queen Mary's pain, but I would be lying if I did not admit that it brought a certain relief when her pregnancy turned out to be a phantom. I could not stand the idea of Mary's child ascending the throne over Elizabeth.

I brushed my tears aside and took Francis's hand.

"Our child shall be born in exile, but raised to be a proud Englishman."

Francis smiled and added, "Our first child born without the taint of Catholic popery."

I wanted to laugh out loud at the serious look on his face. Catholicism did not seem like such a terrible thing to me when it was not used as a weapon to burn people alive, but to Francis it was a plague. I let him have his moment of righteousness, but stopped short of encouraging him. As long as my child was born healthy I did not care if it was in a Catholic or Protestant country.

Francis brought my hand to his lips and kissed it tenderly.

"Would you still like to see what I was working on?"

I nodded.

He got up and walked over to the desk, coming back with a book in his hand, the pages open to reveal his delicate handiwork. He sat down next to me and placed it in my hand. The leather cover was soft and supple in my hands. I closed the book for a moment

to see what was written on the cover. It was a Latin dictionary and thesaurus for the letters A to E.

"I bought this when I was a student at Basel," Francis murmured.

I opened the book back to where my finger had stayed marking the page.

At the top of the page it said:

Here follows in order the names, with the times of the birth of the children of Francis Knollys & Catherine his wife that were married the 26th day of April anno. 1540. The year of Our Lord is counted to begin at Christmas.

Below that, he had listed the names and birth dates of all of our children, numbered one to eleven. He ended with the number twelve empty, waiting for the name of this child that was growing in my belly.

"Francis, it is beautiful." I said in awe.

"I never had a chance to start this when I was back in England. It finally occurred to me that I had better write it before we have so many children we cannot remember their birth dates," he said with a chuckle.

I leaned over and kissed his cheek, the hair from his beard tickling my lips.

"Thank you for this."

"You are welcome, my darling. Now, I am going to put it in our trunk to keep it safe until the child is born."

I went to bed feeling relieved that Francis had forgiven me. Once again, I realised just how blessed I had been in this marriage. Francis was a good man and I knew he would always do what was right for our family. I fell into an easy sleep wrapped in the comfort of his care.

~~~

Living in exile had fundamentally changed the way we lived our lives and that included my time in pregnancy. At home in Rotherfield Greys, we had servants and tutors to help me with the children. In Frankfurt I had only Matilda. Matilda was amazing and I would have been lost without her, but she was ill-equipped to take on the children by herself for three months, so going into confinement was out of the question. Even if she had been able to do so, there was no other place for Francis to sleep besides in our bed. It would be far too inconvenient to move him out for the duration of my final months of pregnancy.

In a way it was quite lovely. I looked forward to getting up and moving about every day, instead of being stuck inside a stuffy room unable to get out of bed. On the other hand, this pregnancy was difficult and I was so exhausted by the end of the day that some nights I longed for the comfort of my lying-in room back in England. Above all, I worried incessantly about my labour. Back home I had a midwife I trusted. She had been there to deliver all of my children and she knew my body as well as her own. I knew of no midwives here in Frankfurt and Isabell was past the point of childbearing so she had none to recommend.

One evening in early December I pulled Matilda aside and confided my anxiety. She promised that she would visit the homes of the other exiles in the community until she found a proper midwife. The next morning, dressed in my warmest cloak and muffler, she set off into the village. I waited anxiously all that day for her return. True to her word, as always, Matilda arrived, her nose reddened with the cold, eyes shining with hope and a stout little gnome of a woman in tow - the midwife that would deliver my baby.

I looked hesitantly from Matilda to the midwife and back again. The woman looked as though she had seen seventy winters. Her wiry grey hair stuck out from underneath a woollen cap perched on her head. She was diminutive in stature but looked sturdy and strong. Matilda caught my eye and nodded vigorously, a wide grin on her face.

"She came highly recommended."

I took a deep breath and nodded, trusting in Matilda's confident smile.

I gestured for them to follow me up to my room where the old woman could examine me. Matilda took her leave, discreetly heading to the children's room, and the woman followed behind me. She shuffled from side to side as
~~~

she walked, almost as if she were in pain. I was certain that at her age her bones would wearily give out by the first landing, but she never made a sound of complaint as she followed me up the stairs.

I led her inside my room and pointed towards the bed. "Here?"

She nodded, still never making a sound. I reached behind to loosen my stomacher and then lay down on my back. She shuffled over and placed her gnarled, swollen hands on my belly, caressing it like a crone divining a fortune. Then she bent over and laid her ear against me. Just at that moment the baby kicked and I saw it make contact with her ear. She gave a great bellow of laughter and I could see the gaping holes where her teeth had rotted out. But I was relieved to finally receive a sign of life. I allowed myself to relax as she continued her examination.

Eventually she straightened and offered her hand to help me sit up. She held up two fingers and I nodded, "Yes, about two more months."

She smiled that toothless grin again and grunted, "Good, good."

I didn't know how much English she knew but I asked, "Matilda can get you when it is time?"

"Yes, fine," she replied, nodding emphatically.

I heaved a sigh of relief. I would not know until the time came if she was as skilled as it was claimed, but something in that laugh of hers gave me hope. I had to have faith that she would take care of me.

~~~

My time came as a snow-storm raged outside our window at the end of January. True to her word, the midwife returned, shuffling into my room behind Matilda. I accepted the pain and gave myself over to her practised hands.

The wind howled through the eaves as I laboured for four days. There were moments when I thought I would die from the agony, but I pressed on. Having not eaten a scrap of food in days, I hardly had the strength to push, but I refused to give up and, finally, on the evening of the fourth night, I gave a final push and fell back in exhaustion.

The child unleashed a great yell at the indignity of it all and I knew as soon as I heard his scream that he would survive. I closed my eyes and tumbled into the darkness of sleep.

While the rest of the household celebrated Candlemas, I trudged through a dark dream-world of my own creation. I awoke only twice, soaked in the sweat of my fever. The first time was after a searing pain across my belly brought me screaming into consciousness. The second was during one of the many blood lettings that I was told later were performed on me. Before I emerged through the haze of childbed fever, I dreamt of my aunt, Anne. Her raven hair billowed behind her, her shadowy body wrapped in an ethereal glow. Her deep brown eyes alighted on mine and she whispered, "Not today, Catherine."

Much to everyone's relief the fever broke, but I was heartbroken that I had missed my son's first week and I still did not even know his name. It was the first question I asked when I finally found my raspy voice.

The midwife grinned as she placed the squirmy bundle in my arms.

"Thomas, his name is Thomas," replied my much relieved husband. He looked as haggard and exhausted as I felt.

Thomas curled his delicate hand over my finger and tried desperately to pull it into his mouth.

"For my grandfather Thomas, or my uncle Thomas?"

"Neither," he replied.

I looked up and Francis's face was twisted in emotion. He glanced at the midwife busily folding blankets in the corner and then looked back to me. "Thomas for Thomasine - the woman who saved your life."

~~~

I grew stronger each day. We didn't have a wet nurse in exile so, as with Maude, I was able to breast-feed again. I felt as though I had

missed out on precious bonding time all those years I had handed over my child to the wet nurse so it was a bit of a thrill for me to ignore all those traditions of the nobles. I nursed my baby and rocked him to sleep instead of employing someone else to do those motherly duties.

Shortly after Thomas's birth we learned that Calais had fallen to the French. It was England's punishment for supporting King Philip's attack on France.

"This is what happens when the queen marries a foreign prince!" raged Francis that night.

All of England had been in uproar when Mary married the son of the Holy Roman Emperor, Prince Philip of Spain. The union had come as no surprise to me. The emperor, Charles V, was Mary's mother's nephew and the only person who truly aided Mary throughout the years of her mistreatment, first by her father then by her brother and his councillors. He even offered to spirit Mary out of the country during her brother's reign so she could be free to worship in the Catholic faith in Spain. While the people of England saw Prince Philip as a foreign invader, Mary must have seen him as her saviour. Saviour or not, now that Prince Philip was King Philip after the death of his father, all of England's treasury and military were at his disposal and he did not hesitate to put them to good use.

The people of England would never forget this loss.

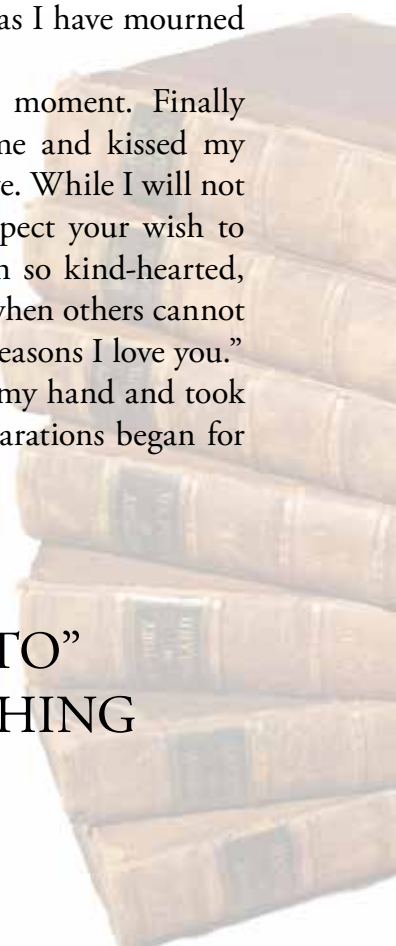
In September, word reached us that the queen was deathly ill. She believed up until the spring that she was with child, but once again it was a wish that would go unfulfilled. While I mourned the inevitable passing of my half-sister, the rest of the exiles celebrated.

"Why are you so glum Catherine?" Francis asked one night during a raucous celebration in the Weller home. "The queen is deathly ill with no son to inherit the throne. King Philip will be on his way back to Spain where he belongs and Elizabeth can take her rightful place on the throne. Most importantly, we can all go back home."

"Francis," I replied. "I have known Mary since she was just a girl. The girl I knew then was nothing like the queen we know now. That Mary was graceful and regal. Her compassion knew no bounds. She practically raised Elizabeth after Anne was murdered. She doted on Edward and even in the beginning of her reign sought to dole out mercy to the likes of Northumberland and Suffolk. She did not even want to execute poor Jane Grey until the rebels made it impossible for her not to. I didn't need to see the way she was treated by our father and the neglect she suffered at his hands to read it all over her face every time I saw her at Court. Mary was not always the monster you see her as. Above all, she is still my sister. We share blood and I will mourn her as I have mourned my aunt, uncle and mother."

Francis quieted for a moment. Finally he stood, walked over to me and kissed my cheek. "I understand, my love. While I will not mourn her death, I will respect your wish to do so. You have always been so kind-hearted, seeking the good in people when others cannot see it. It is one of the many reasons I love you."

He kissed the back of my hand and took his leave. The next day preparations began for our return trip home.



EXCERPT TAKEN FROM "COR ROTTO"
PUBLISHED BY MADEGLOBAL PUBLISHING

Adrienne Dillard has been a member of the Tudor Society since its beginning, and loves everything there is to know about the Tudors. Her first novel, "Cor Rotto" was a novel of the life of Catherine Carey, and it was a huge best-seller. Her second novel is due out in February 2017 and is entitled "The Raven's Widow". This second novel tells the life of Jane Boleyn, and was meticulously researched by Adrienne. It is bound to be another huge success. Congratulations Adrienne!

Charlie Bug Books

SCOURGE OF HENRY VIII

by Melanie Clegg

Among the likes of Margaret Tudor and Mary, Queen of Scots, Marie de Guise is often forgotten, despite her fascinating life. In one of the few biographies on Marie (the last being published in 1977), Melanie Clegg explores the life of the woman who was famous for rejecting Henry VIII and being the mother of Mary, Queen of Scots, yet did so much more than that.

After a prologue describing Marie de Guise's husband's death, Clegg goes back in time to talk about Marie's parents and their marriage. She sets the scene by describing the Lorraine family and the political background of France at the time. She only does this briefly, unlike some books that seem to focus more on the court and politics of the period than on the person themselves, and so soon moves onto Marie herself and her birth on 22nd November 1515.

Clegg reveals some surprising details about Marie's relationship with her parents, especially her mother, being close despite the fact that they were of a high status. Putting it into the context of the day, Clegg explains:

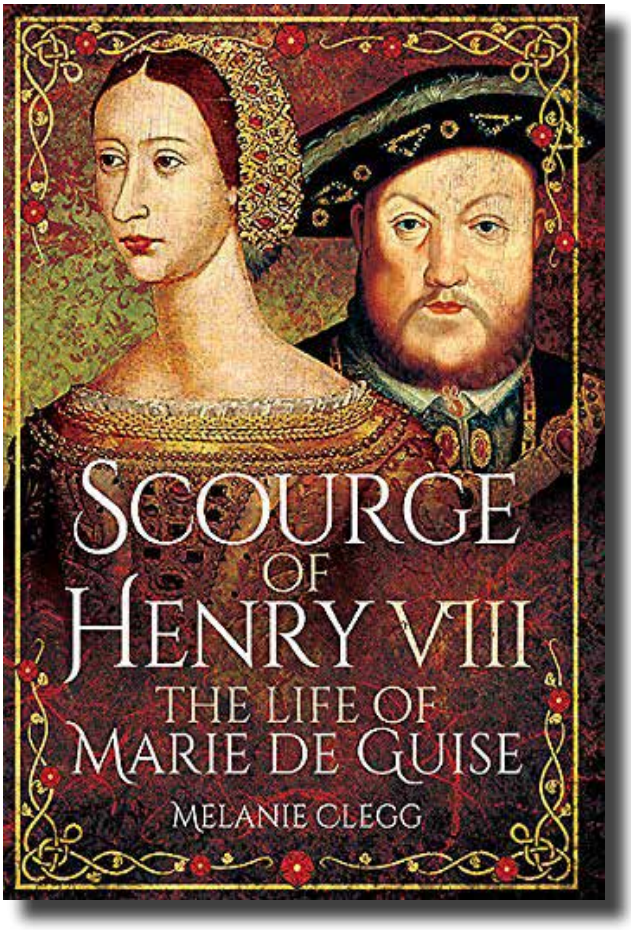
> *'Antoinette, who otherwise strictly conformed to the behaviour expected from a woman of her high status, was also smitten with her baby and refused to entirely consign her to the care of nursemaids. Instead she oversaw her daughter's upbringing herself and kept her close in a way that many other mothers and children of their class must surely have envied.'*

Marie marries later in her life than most noble women, as Clegg tells us, yet when she does it is a lucrative and happy marriage, a rare thing back then. Her marriage to Louis II, Duc de Longueville and Comte de Dunois,

> *'took place in the royal chapel of the old Louvre palace on the 4 August 1534, with all of the royal family, Lorraine clan and court in attendance to witness the marriage of the Duc de Guise's daughter and one of the highest ranking noblemen in France'.*

However, Marie's marriage does not last long as, after giving him a son (and another posthumously which only lives for a few months), Louis dies in 1537. Despite her grief at the loss of her beloved husband, marriage negotiations soon begin for her to marry James V or, famously and the inspiration for the title, Henry VIII:

> *'The results of Gardiner and Howard's discreet enquiries were enough to convince King Henry that Marie was precisely what he was looking for - tall, healthy, fertile, good looking and good natured as well. The fact that she came with an enormous dowry and was already being keenly pursued by his nephew only served to make her all the more attractive'*



Yet Henry's nephew, James V, was chosen over him, resulting in Marie being made Queen of Scotland. This meant that her kingdom was in direct conflict with Henry's, once her possible husband, who had not taken the news of her marriage well

> *'Henry made a great show of hiding his annoyance at being thwarted by his nephew and losing the hand of a lady he had persuaded himself would make the perfect Queen of England'.*

We are told that Marie gave James three children, two sons and the famous Mary (later Queen of Scots). Sadly the two sons, James and Robert, both died on 21st April 1541. The couple grieved together and would have expected to have more sons, but unfortunately James V died six days after Mary was born, making her Queen of Scotland.

Clegg shows the reader the importance of Marie's time as regent of her young daughter, a time in which she showed her capability as ruler, yet still had the 'weakness of her sex' against her. She did not marry again, which Clegg attributes to her learning from the mistakes of others, particularly Margaret Tudor:

> *'In a misogynistic and patriarchal society that resented the existence of capable, outspoken women like herself - and even believed that their being in power was against the will of God - it was inadvisable for a woman who wished to maintain her authority to ever share her power with someone else. The misadventures of her mother-in-law, Margaret Tudor, had been a perfect illustration of this.'*

This does seem a likely conclusion, as Margaret's regency had been a disaster. She had fallen for Archibald Douglas, who had quickly assumed power from her, meaning Marie had to prove herself trust worthy and able to rule for her child, not giving power to any future husband. In these circumstances, it is understandable that Marie chose to avoid marriage altogether.

One problem with this book is that, despite being very well researched, it has no footnotes. I am unsure as to whether this was a decision the publisher made, as I have heard some do with 'popular' history books. This is a major problem for me and anyone who would like to look up some of her facts and how she came to some of her conclusions. Unfortunately, this does then bar it from being a serious historical work and cannot be used for research, yet it is still an enjoyable read all the same.

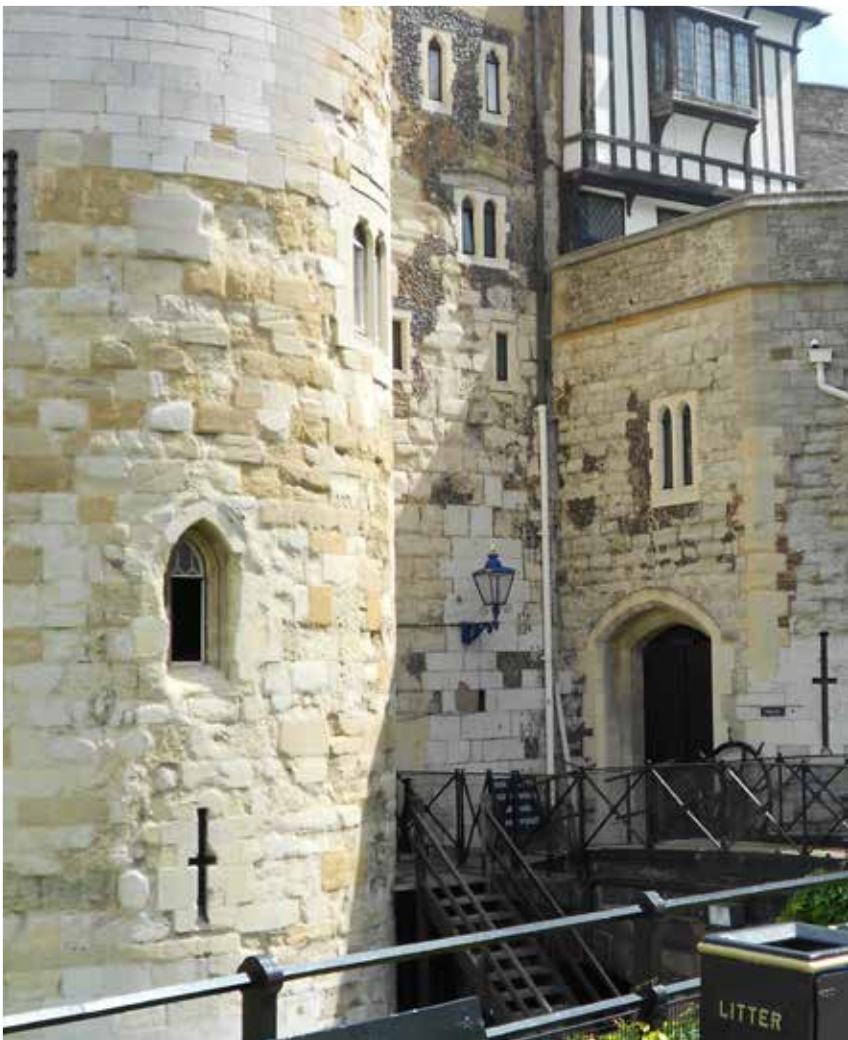
The title can be a little misleading if you do not know anything about Marie de Guise's life and Henry VIII's search for his fourth wife. The title *Scourge of Henry VIII* is more of a reference to that brief period, despite the fact Henry is not a major part of her life. It may well have been used to cash in on the popularity of the Tudors recently, although a decent biography of an often-neglected woman behind the weird title is still a nice surprise.

Melanie Clegg's narrative flows well and the book as a whole is easy to read and enjoyable. Despite the misleading title and lack of footnotes, it will still appeal to anyone who is interested in the French and Scottish courts, as well as the life of her ill-fated daughter, Mary Queen of Scots.

CHARLIE FENTON

THE TOWER OF LONDON

photos by Tim Ridgway


LITTER

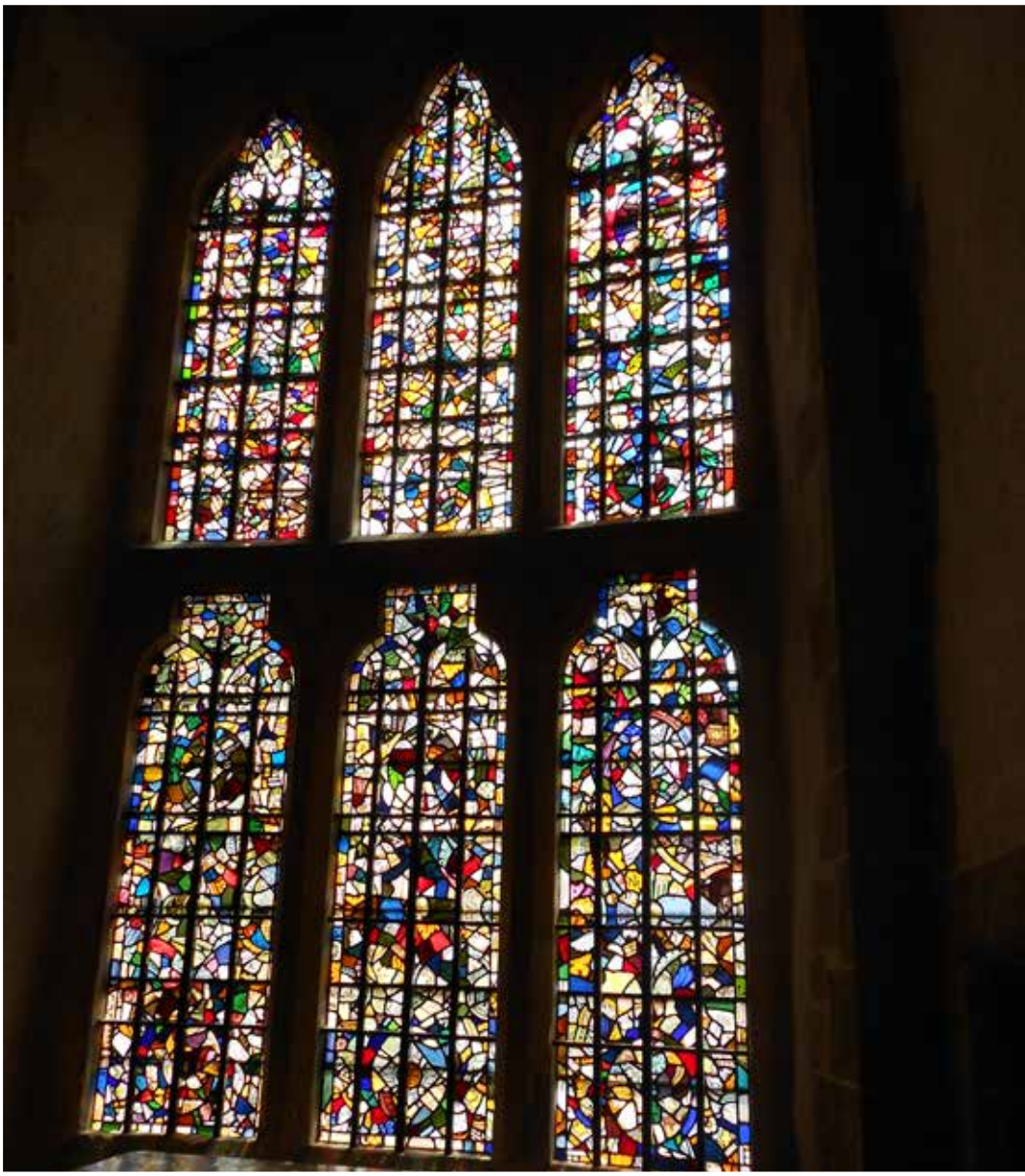
Page above, clockwise: The Tower of London from Tower Bridge, old meets new with the Shard in the background, a closeup of the Court Gate which Anne Boleyn used, the bell on top of St. Peter ad Vincula, the main public entrance to the tower.

This page, clockwise: The infamous Traitors' Gate, A stained glass window, the entrance to the White Tower, a view of the White Tower from the Thames river.

Next page, clockwise: The execution memorial, the Court Gate of the Byward Tower, closeup of the memorial, the Byward Tower, St. Peter ad Vincula Church.

Next page, clockwise: The Bell Tower, tiled flooring, the peak of a tower, an etching of IANE in the stone walls, a falcon without a crown, one of the famous Tower Ravens.

Single page, clockwise: carvings including one by Thomas Abel, St. Peter ad Vincula, the Queen's Lodgings, two guards march past.

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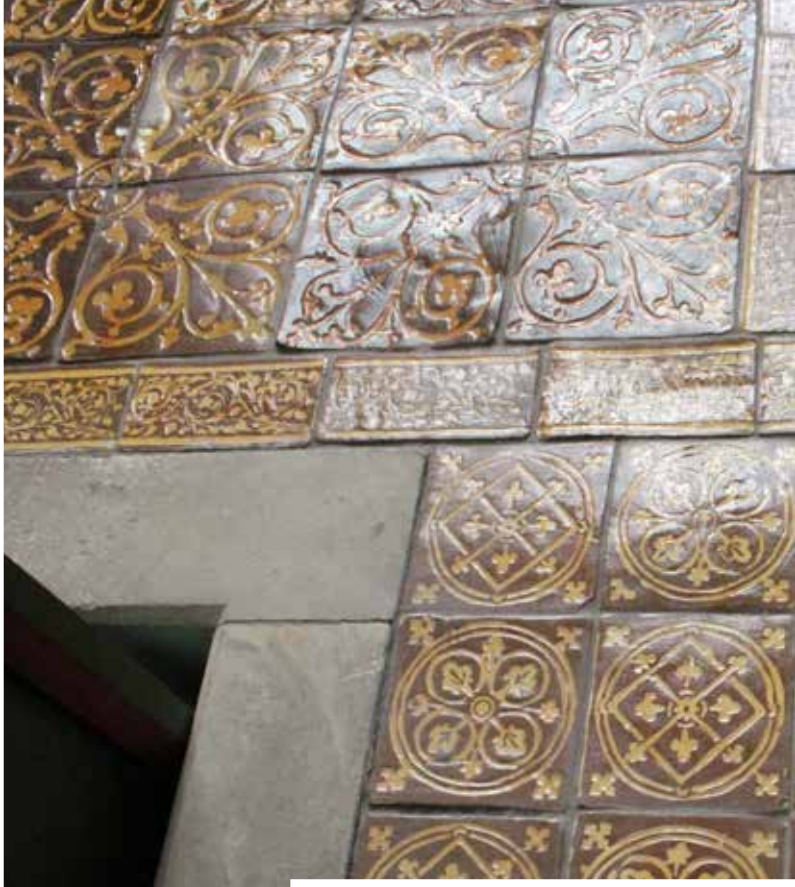
Pole, Countess of Salisbury 1541 · Queen

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FEARE GOD
THOMAS
66
DOCTOR
COOK
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THE TUDOR SOCIETY

Members' Bulletin

Winter has truly arrived here at the Tudor Society headquarters. We've had snow for a few days (which was fun while it lasted) and now the wind has turned bitterly cold. When we reach this time of year, my thoughts always go to the Tudors, and expecially those who worked outdoors like farmers and those who worked with livestock. For them, as for us, life went on, but keeping woollen clothing dry was of the utmost importance. We are so lucky today with all of our technolgy and heating.

As the nights are still long, and it is so cold outside, this is the PERFECT TIME to spend your evenings in the Chatroom and on the Tudor Society forum. There are lots of things to read and do, and if we all spend time on the site, we can get to know about each other!

Thank you so much for your continued support of the Tudor Society!

TIM RIDGWAY

Please get involved with the Tudor Society

WE RELY ON YOUR ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP

Barossa-style German Pfefferkuchen from Tanunda, South Australia. These are usually available all year round

WITH

RIOGNACH

ON GINGERBREAD

"And I had but one penny in the World, thou shouldst have it to buy Gingerbread"

William Shakespeare, Love's Labour's Lost, Act 5, Scene 1

It would seem that William Shakespeare and his fool Costard had the right idea about gingerbread[1]: a dark, rich and heavy cake/bread with cinnamon and ginger. Shakespeare's Hotspur even calls it "peppery gingerbread" as pepper was indeed one the spices that could be found in medieval gingerbread.[2]

Sounds a tad different to the thin and crisp iced houses and biscuits that we see in the shops during the Festive Season, doesn't it? Oh, and by the way, we can thank Elizabeth I for the concept of the iced gingerbread man. Apparently, Her Grace commissioned figurines made from ginger paste to be presented to visiting foreign dignitaries.[3]

There are literally volumes that have been written on the subject of gingerbread. The earliest recorded recipe for gingerbread dates to the Fourteenth Century and is more than likely the one referred to by both Costard and Hotspur in Shakespeare's works. As a side note, there is a long-standing argument as to whether the fine spice known as *Poudre Forte* was used in gingerbread. As a fine spice, *P. Forte* contains the prerequisite ginger, in combination with black pepper, cloves and cinnamon; so there is really no reason to argue that it wouldn't have been used in medieval gingerbread.

According to tradition, the tradition of making gingerbread came to Europe in the Eight Century, via a monk named Gregoire de Nicopolis. When Gregoire left his home in Nicopolis he brought the gingerbread tradition with him and taught it to the local Christian Europeans. Following Gregoire's death, his tradition lived on and spread across Europe via Christian migration.

Early gingerbread was also believed to have strong medicinal properties. It has been documented that Swedish Nuns sold them as curative for indigestion and abdominal pain[4], whilst Henry VIII ate them to help avoid the Plague. On another note, it has been alleged that crumbled gingerbread was used to mask the smell of rotting meat!

By the late Sixteenth and early Seventeenth Centuries, the making of gingerbread had become a specialised profession. Exclusive gingerbread guilds were set up, complete with the right at all days except Easter and (ironically) the Christ Mass period. Gingerbread Fairs would have also been a common sight across medieval Europe. These Fairs would occur throughout the year, especially on Saints Days and seasonal festivals.

The recipes I've chosen are very different from either dark cake/bread, or the thin biscuits or gingerbread houses. I have come across a few almond based gingerbread recipes and I suspect they may be more like the Swedish *pepparkakor*. These wafer thin, brittle biscuits are used as window ornaments during the Festive Season.

A medieval or Tudor household may have spent a small fortune in gathering the ingredients for their gingerbread. It is possible that those seeking favour from the ruling Monarch may have even so far as to gild their gingerbreads with gold leaf. This tradition is still seen in some parts of the UK in the form of gilded Fairing biscuits, which refers to Gingerbread fairs of the past. A more pious household may even have offered them as alms to the poor on various Saints' Days.

And now for the recipes!

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1 Shakespeare, W. *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V, Scene I (Costard), in *The Complete Works of Shakespeare*, Michael O'Mara Books, 1988.

2 Shakespeare, W. *Henry IV, Part I*, Act III, Scene I (Hotspur), in *The Complete Works of Shakespeare*, Michael O'Mara Books, 1988.

3 Lach, D. *Asia in the Making of Europe*, Volume I Book III, UCP, 2010.

4 Goldstein, D. *The Oxford Companion to Sugar and Sweets*, OUP, 2015

Gingerbrede found in Cury on Inglysch (Fourteenth Century).

"To make gingerbrede. Take goode honye & clarefie it on the fire, & take fayre paynemayn or wastrel brede & grate it, & cast it into the bolylenge honey, & stere it well togyder faste with a sklyse that it bren not to the vessel. & thane take it doun and put there in ginger, long pepper & saundres, & tempere it up the thin handles; & then put hem to a flat boyste & straw thereon sugar, & prick therin clowes rounde aboute by the egge and in the mydes yf it plece you."[5]

And in Modern English:

To make Gingerbrede.
Take good honey and clarify it on the fire.
Grate some day-old good white bread and add it to the boiling honey.
Stir it quickly to prevent it sticking to your pot.
Remove from the heat and add ginger, Malegutta pepper (aka long pepper or, Guinea pepper) and sandalwood (possibly red). Beat the mixture well after each inclusion.
Pour the mixture into moulds that have been oiled and dusted with sugar (also considered a spice).
Mark into squares or hearts (if you're feeling romantic) and brush with a beaten egg.
Place a clove into the centre of each piece if you wish.

---

5 *Cury on Inglysch, Part V Goud Kokery*, Sloan Manuscript, Folio 468 and 121, OUP, 1985.

As is so often the case with medieval recipes, quantities are vague or missing, along with oven temperatures and duration of cooking. I've come across many recipes that simply say "*cook until done*", or "*then serve it forth*" – very useful

At the end of this process, you should end up with a confection with a toffee-like consistency that holds its form when cold. You could remove the clove before eating, but seriously why would you? Eating the clove along with the gingerbread will sweeten your breath for when you next kiss your beloved!

Sir Hugh Platt's recipe for Gingerbread (Seventeenth Century)

"GingerbreadTo make Gingerbread: Take three stale Manchets and grate them, drie them, and sift then through a fine sieve, then add unto them one ounce of ginger being beaten, and as much cinnamon, one ounce of liquorice and aniseedes, being beaten together and searced, halfe a pound of sugar, then boile all these together is a posnet with a quart of claret wine till they come to a stiffe paste with often stirring of it; and when it is stiff, mold it on a table and so drive it thin, and print it in your moldes: dust your moldes with cinnamon, ginger and liquorice, being mixed together in fine powder. This is your gingerbread used at the Court, and in all gentlemans houses at festival times. It is otherwise called Drie Leach."[6]

6 *Sir Hugh Platt: Delights for Ladies To Adorn Their Persons, Tables, Closets, and Distillatories with Beauties, Banquets, Perfumes and Water*, Humphrey Lownes, London 1608, in Peter Brears et al, *A Taste of History, 10,000 Years of Food in Britain*, English Heritage, 1993.

Again we can see the use of stale breadcrumbs (a manchet was a small loaf or bun made from very good quality fine flour), as the basis for the gingerbread. The idea was to melt the sugar (also considered a spice) with the other ingredients so it would form a toffee-like paste that could then be rolled flat and cut into portions or stamped with cutters.

John Murrell's 1621 recipe

"To make white Gingerbread. Take halfe a pound of marchpane past, a quarter of a pound of white Ginger beaten and cerst, halfe a pound of the powder of refined sugar, beate this to a very fine paste with dragagant steept in rose-water, then roule it in round cakes and print it with your moulds: dry them in an oven when the bread is drawn foorth, upon white papers, & when they be very dry, box them, and keepe them all the yeare."[7]

7 Murrell, J. *Delightful Daily Exercise for Ladies and Gentlewomen*, London 1621

Marchpane past refers to marzipan paste, and *dragagant* refers to gum tragacanth. The term 'white ginger' refers to ginger that was sold pre-peeled and cut into pieces, as opposed to 'brown ginger', which was the whole unpeeled root.

FEBRUARY'S ON THIS

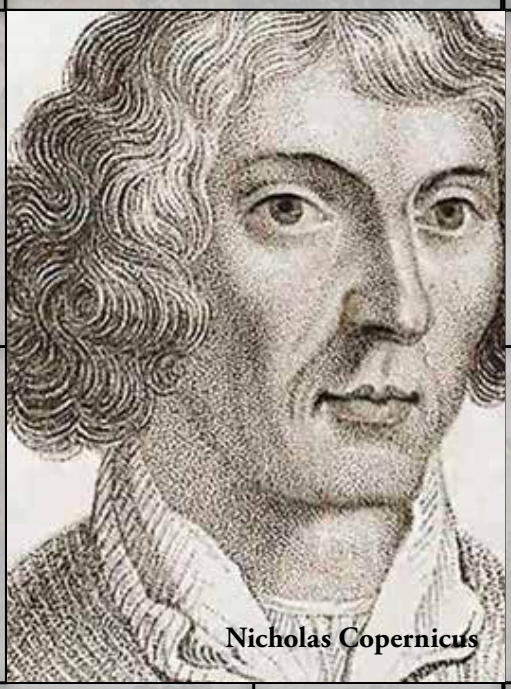
1 February 1514
Henry VIII granted the Dukedom of Suffolk to **Charles Brandon**, his future brother-in-law.

2 February 1550
Sir **Francis Bryan**, nicknamed "the Vicar of Hell", died suddenly at Clonmel in Ireland. His last words were allegedly "I pray you, let me be buried amongst the good fellows of Waterford (which were good drinkers)"

3 February 1554
Thomas Wyatt the Younger and his rebels reached Southwark, London. Wyatt found the city guarded.

4 February 1520
Mary Boleyn, sister of Anne, married **William Carey**, in the Chapel Royal at Greenwich. The King attended.

9 February 1554
Original date set for the execution of Lady **Jane Grey** and Lord **Guildford Dudley**.


Nicholas Copernicus

10 February 1542
Catherine Howard was taken to the Tower of London by barge.

11 February 1503
Death of **Elizabeth of York**, wife of **Henry VII**, from a post-partum infection.

14 Feb 1556
Thomas Cranmer was degraded from his office of Archbishop of Canterbury for heresy.

15 Feb 1564
Birth of **Galileo Galilei**, the Italian physicist, mathematician, astronomer, and philosopher, in Pisa, Italy.

16 Feb 1547
Henry VIII's body was interred in in St George's Chapel Windsor, alongside that of his third wife, **Jane Seymour**.

19 Feb 1473
Birth of **Nicholas Copernicus**, the Renaissance mathematician and astronomer, in Thorn, in the province of Royal Prussia, Poland. He is known for his theory that the sun was stationary in the centre of the universe and that the earth revolved around it.

20 Feb 1547
King **Edward VI** was crowned King at Westminster Abbey.

21 Feb 1513
Death of Pope **Julius II** from a fever. He was buried in St Peter's in the Vatican.

22 Feb 1511
Tragedy struck **Catherine of Aragon** and **Henry VIII** when 52 day-old baby, **Henry, Duke of Cornwall**, died.

27 Feb 1545
The English forces were defeated by the Scots at the *Battle of Ancrum Moor*, near Jedburgh in Scotland.

28 Feb 1556
Burial of Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, in a chantry tomb in Winchester Cathedral.

Tudor Life

Background image - Field of Cloth of Gold, showing Henry VIII on horseback, AND a DRAGON!

DAY IN TUDOR HISTORY

5 February 1605
Death of Sir **Edward Stafford**, son of Sir **William Stafford** (**Mary Boleyn**'s second husband) and his second wife **Dorothy Stafford**. There is controversy over his "spying" activities during the Armada and exactly how much information he passed to Mendoza.

6 February 1585
Death of **Edmund Plowden**, lawyer and legal scholar, in London. He was laid to rest in the Middle Temple Church.

7 February 1587
Amyas Paulet read out **Mary, Queen of Scots**' death warrant, and told her that she would be executed the following day.

8 February 1587
Mary, **Queen of Scots** was executed at Fotheringhay Castle.

12 Feb 1554
Lady Jane Grey and her husband, **Guildford Dudley**, were executed for treason.

13 Feb 1542
Catherine Howard and Lady **Jane Rochford** were executed at the Tower of London.

17 Feb 1547
Edward Seymour, uncle of **Edward VI**, was made Duke of Somerset. He became Lord Protector of England.

18 Feb 1516
The birth of **Mary**, later Mary I, daughter of **Henry VIII** and **Catherine of Aragon**, at the Palace of Placentia.

23 Feb 1503
Burial of **Elizabeth of York**, Queen Consort of **Henry VII**, mother of **Henry VIII**, at Westminster Abbey.

24 Feb 1525
Battle of Pavia. The French were defeated by Imperial troops and **Francis I** was taken prisoner.

25 Feb 1570
Excommunication of Queen **Elizabeth I** by Pope **Pius V.**

26 Feb 1564
Christopher Marlowe, poet, translator and playwright, was baptised at St George's Canterbury.

FEAST DAYS

1 February – Candlemas Eve
2 February – Candlemas
3 February – Feast of St Blaise
14 February – Valentine's Day
24 February – Feast of St Matthias the Apostle

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