Brotherton Lt q 17 – Satire on named Justices of the Peace in Northamptonshire

Catalogue (BCMSV) description:
Start (Neighbour Lister by)
First lines Neighbor Leister by your leave
Your peacekeepers wee perceave
Last lines All I wrott is but to true
And soe I byd you all adue
Author Anonymous
Date 1606 ?
Length 284
Verse form Couplets
Content Detailed satire on the character and behaviour of some thirty named justices of the peace and other Northamptonshire gentry, including Robert Cecil, Earl of Exeter; Sir Arthur Throckmorton; Sir Anthony Mildmay; and Sir Richard Knightley.
Bibliographic references Crum N104
Manuscript Lt q 17
Pages ff.1r-3r
Physical features Three stitched leaves in narrow folio format containing only this item
Record number 2608

The hand is secretary and uses a distinctive form for ‘for’ which appears at first to be only two letter forms, ‘be’ but is unmistakably ‘for’. The medial miniscule ‘d’ is quite distinctive with its ascender leaning sharply to the left while initial ‘d’ resembles a scrunched up ‘g’. Miniscule ‘a’ has a sharply angled ascender to the right and ‘w’ has a pronounced ascender on the initial stroke that curves to the left. ‘I’ is also fairly distinctive, crossing over itself and with an almost circular mark on top. Spelling is inconsistent and punctuation is nonexistent except for backslashes sometimes placed at the end of stanzas. Until the last few stanzas, correction is rare and this looks like a fair copy. Near the end however, there are more frequent corrections of the type that could be caused by misreading a source text/eye skip (see devotion / die promotion, p8, and of Ten often, p9, for example). The hand deteriorates in the final folio and what had been a consistently spaced hand becomes larger and more irregularly spaced. A watermark is present, cut off in the gutter of the spine. It is the bottom half of a pot and it looks as though the letter ‘B’ is present and clearest on f3. The mark is cut off before the handle(s) begin(s). Stanza breaks are present, but sometimes poorly defined. The stanzas are not of a consistent length.
Physically, the MS is in fair shape, though the ink on f1 is distinctly lighter than that inside the booklet. The MS has been folded into what looks like 16th s, with the most pronounced crease in the center. A hole has formed all the way through the three folios along this central crease, resulting in some loss of text. There is some spotting from water damage in the bottom right hand corner of f1.
Enclosed with the MS are two copies of letters relating to the MS, a copy of a catalogue listing for the MS and what appears to be an article or a newspaper/magazine item about the MS. I have photographed all four inclosures.

1. Letter, typed, Xerox copy

Lamport Hall, Northampton
24th June, 1967.

Librarian and Keeper,
Brotherton Collection,
The Brotherton Library,
University of Leeds

Dear Mr. Page,

Thank you for your letter of June 23rd. Naturally we regret that this document is not going to find a permanent home in its county of origin and more particularly that it will not be published originally in our journal. However, we are glad to know that it is in such safe hands, and that its publication in a learned periodical is assured. There were several mistakes regarding the personalities mentioned in Peter Murray Hill’s catalogue and no doubt these will be remedied. I feel sure that our local experts in this field will be glad to offer assistance in the way of identification etc., before the article is published.

Yours sincerely,

Gyles Isham
President of Northamptonshire Record Society

2. Letter, typed
Brotherton Collection
DIM/CAH
27th June, 1967

Dear Professor Cawley,

MS Poem on Northamptonshire J.P.’s

I enclose a xerograph of Sir Gyles Isham’s reply to Mr. Page, to go with our extra carbon of Mr. Page’s letter [NOT present in the file]. Note Sir Gyles’s last two sentences. Perhaps a tactful compromise may be found in the way of getting the Society to vet local references and biographical details, and this could be acknowledged in the article? Besides, they might then be disposed to give their “public” advance notices, or at least a relatively favourable review, of it.

Yours sincerely,

David I. Masson,
Sub-Librarian

Prof. A.C. Cawley,
School of English.
3. Catalogue record (perhaps the Peter Murray Hill Catalogue referred to by Isham)

34. MANUSCRIPT POEM, UNPUBLISHED, ca. 1605-1606. OUTSPokenLY SATIRIZING THE FOIBLES OF HIS MAJESTY’S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, AMONG THEM ROBERT CECIL, EARL OF EXETER; SIR ANTHONY THROCKMORTON, RALEIGH’S BROTHER-IN-LAW; LORD STANHOPE, PRISONER IN THE TOWER FOLLOWING THE “GUN-POWDER PLOT”; SIR ANTHONY MIDLMAV, FORMER AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE; AND SIR RICHARD KNIGHTLEY, NOTED PURITAN AND PATRON OF THE “MARPRELATE” PRESS.

4. Article cut to same folio size as the MS. Is this the article mentioned by Isham? Maybe an effusive sale catalogue entry? Someone has penciled in next to one citation ‘NO. This is Tanfeld, later in the poem.” He is correct, whoever he is... I have a photocopy of this item.

[Untitled Poem]

Neighbor Leister by yo' leave
yo' peace keepers wee perceave
by yo' Letter late sente oute
w'ch yo' Justices did floute
Whereof muche yo' were to blame
b'e yo' rules for to shame
we will more modest men
now soe blacke w'th Inke & pen
noe suche sleight synnes are yo's
most of ours are past cures
fyrste our Lorde must leade the waye
for they all doe r<unne> astraye

Exeter is Growne to greate
to take care for Maulte or Wheate
his faire howses and his Landes
w'th his ba<g>es that by hym standes
and his Brother pretty Bratte
hath his earldome st<ro>ken Patt
and nowe he thinkes but on his playe
and w'th a pryme weres tyme awaye
South that ruled onc in Wales
he that whipped the welshmens tayles
for kyssinge but once
more then needes
synce that good well never speedes
fayne he woulde be counted holye
but he cannot hyde his folye

1 having a lot of trouble with this first letter – could be a misshapen ‘w’[if so, it must be a slip of the pen because it doesn’t match any other ‘w’s, or possibly the word is ‘for’ it’s quite unclear and I don’t think that ‘b’ fits the sense, though it sort of looks like the closest letter form…
he doth noe good unto our shire
but makes lande and howses <.>eere [could this be deere?]

Stanhope he is nowe start uppe
by swallowinge Sande<s att a suppe [look at this again]
proude he is as all his race
heare god sende hym noe longe space
neyther did he any good
fyrme for frinde he neaver stood
smyles and sympers like <my²> Aunte
and yet will geve a wayward taunte

Vaux that ympe of haradon
his wyfe mother hath undon
w<.>e where women wyseste be
holye seemes yet hollowe shee
Loves a Pryste and is confeste
but I will not tell the reste/.

Mordante ys a syllye man
he must be medlinge nowe and than
as his Ladye likes it beste
for the w<.> in fleete he reste
fooles doe ever longe remayne
in the Towre for theire payne

Rowe our Lorde that gaue soe much
for his Lordshippe to speake douch
he woulde fayne beare greatest swaye
yf his braynes would beare awaye
any thinge but woolle and Lambe
and a wenche that costlye came
his own pattren is soe ylle
as his Children it doth spille

Monntagu our newe made knight
bathed for goulde w<.> ribonde dight
thinkes hymselfe noe mean man
for a wyse worde nowe and than
fayne he woulde be presyse
better yt were for to be wyse

Gryffin the Attornes sonne
he a rybon to hath wone
not for any vertue sake

² a hole in the crease of the paper makes this only partially legible
but because the Scoth[s?] woulde take coninglye aman of Lawe for the eldest hath a dawe fayne this foole woulde haue promotion yet cannot Leave the popes devotion

[end of f1, start f1v]

yelverton that Jokinge Judge thinkes that he is noe small drudge to take care for comon good but when goulde flows as a flood Lord howe howe he would be presyse but all knowe hym that are wyse

Richard Knightley gapinge Dycke never was w\text{th} out a tricke but yet fayled in the prooffe hurt he did but noe behooffe proved he was and payed full well for that secte as some can tell but his headde is far to greate to worke any willy feate

Myldmer that comersome knighte scornes our warrante for to ritte thinkes hymselfe to be to wyse for our sessions or our syse yet by his leave he runes astraye and played the wanton many a daye w\text{ch} made his pate soe soone graye

Farmor fayne woulde be a Lorde but his wyfe cannot afford Money from her hopefull dayes when shee thinkes of wanton playes Baron he to Barnett wente by the waye in in state he spente till coulde conforte mett hym there Lord howe altered was his cheere falne againe unto a farmor yet he payed full well the Charmor goes to Church and not receaves soe the kinge and Lawes deceaves and he ever cleeves to those w\text{ch} for papysts the worlde knowes
and makes gainfull <o>ste by Theeves and Lyves in dandger of the sheryffes

Throckmorton doth followe nexte rashe and heddye well to vex forward still to fynde afaulte though he hymselfe cannot mende ought but noe man cares for his furye as wittnes take his graniurye fayne he woulde be thought full wyse as his father upe did ryse yet god wot the odes ys greate wherefore we maye hym intreate to take paines wthin our shire for he likes noe thynges we heere but he loves his ease to muche much good can doe never suche whether yt be his deasease or any humor that doth sease both his body and his minde Idell never we hym fynde but sure the Matter is not greate he will doe a wonderowes feate

Osborne amores in his days womens maners profeste alwayes though he bareth not much beard yet is of the gote she heard M"ns Georde and many moe wch is hi<.>de must never kndoe good ptes in hym never any bad and scurvye we knowe many amongst the reste to keepe hym greate he doth use the pretty feate he greate courtiors doth pswade to be his heire when he doth fade and in the countrey castes that hooke soe Lowe that he doth catche a cooke

Valenyne our knightes sonne he that w<or>dly soe hath won hath as sweete a mouth in shewe as any courtious knight I knowe but for all his flearinge face
fales he is and without grace
honesty he never knewe
nor to his frinde howe to be true
for a Puritan he woulde passe
yet for game woulde goo to Masse

Isham he loves well a hoore
who hath lessened much his power
hath witt moughe to keepe a hawcke
and though he canot wyslye taulke
Longe he hath byn Londons detter
and yet I feare tis not much better

Watson he waites on good Ale
and then he telles a bawdy tale
but most of all when brookes is by
both are perfecte in A lye
and both doth love a bawdy howse
and stronge sacke for to carouse

What of Androus shall I tell
sure a foole that thus doth sell
soe much Lande and non knowes why
fondly fales to begerlye

Chitwood is an honest man
much hurte nor much good he can
faine he woulde haue byn a Lord
but his purse woulde not affoord
the highe price of such a thinge
were great inoughe for his Levinge
for he woulde a盂 that all were well
wch waye he canot tell

Samuell not the holye prophett
but samuell that makes his profitt
by hordinge upe of all olde endes
keepinge close what soe god sendes
he that sayes that all his havinge
is increaste by many wary savinge
his father was an Auditer
and he is nowe a purchaser
Tanfeilde he hath quite turned oute
and yet doth lyve but like a lowte
[end of f2, start f2v]
when any thinge is to be spente
he is from home and forth he wente
all his men have trades besydes
to serve att Table or to ryde
for fewe of them on horsbacke come
of Footmen they supply the roome
never weare there any Shiryffe
had hanginge on his slyve
yet most of them are to hym lente
to wast was never his intente
Makes the Justices at theire Meetinge
fast and praye such are there greetinge

Chansey can saye nothinge worth
but howe he did once ride forth
and bydd a poore man leave his poorse
as his sonnes hath donn much worse
whether yt be ned on a varye
forsed them to doe this knavery
to fynde it out noe matter greate
for yt ys a comon feate

With the Chanseys and the Worleys
soe to lyve by hurly burlies
on barrs in his pockett dice
the other hath an Iron vice
to locke up a chamber mayde
but turnes his wyfe to another trade

Nowe to tyte tate Tate
that soe can rly Pratt
and doth thynke his speeches rare
wch god wot but tedious are
bysey still any bee
in all matters will be hee
woulde be faynde esteemed pure
yet to them he is on sure
sets his better leg before
and stayes for su>es at his door

Barnabe that ancient squier
he that hath doth lett bares to hier
byndes Theeves over for brawles
and robery aquarell caules
Bar>des nede must beare wth Theeves

3 the middle three letters seem to have been corrected and this has rendered them difficult to decipher. It could be ‘woo’, noe’, ‘nae’, ‘mae’ basically I don’t know…
for they hange on othere sleeves/

Willy Wake whose craftye pate
recons all at his owne rate
thinkes he castes beyonde the Moone
When he is perceaved soone
yet he hath a pretty knacke
well a fury for to packe
yf yo" coulde hym well detecte
papystry most he doth efecte
soone his consience is but weake
for he syldome of god dare speake/

[end f2v, start f3]

Daper Draydon  soe sprunge up
as he scornces a sheppardes Crooke
Many a tod of woolle seles
and many a holly tale he telles
goes to Banbery for devotion
seemes not to passe for de promotion
yet is his deninited
all myxed w^th mutany
all his he liues is savinge
and ^eetle spendes of all his havinge
prosper soone canot his Lande
gotten by soe fales a hand

Hickman seemes a sparke of fier
of Ten  often he is proved a Liar
in aleginge w^th w^th bookes of Lawe
w^th god knowes he never sawe
he and R[B]utler thinkes to beare
ersors out and us to feare
w^th acqumas sublia sleights
and they dances othe dreights
all for soothe to prope up pope
for the w^th god sende them rope

As for pevishe Protherowe
he is adunce we all doe knowe
awelshman that for game will doe
bad knav sh<...> <...> or two^5

^4 something has been written over here and the ink has spotted – perhaps a correction to ‘l’ for leetle?
^5 this line has been folded over and there is a hole obliterating what looks like two words. The whole line, except ‘or two’ is suspect.
says it is a comon Lawe
still to stumble at a strawe
for gaine to lett the greatons goe
and houlde the meanest still in woe
for he for payne\textsuperscript{ence} takes every purdge
always\textsuperscript{ates} the \textsuperscript{...} of every drudge\textsuperscript{6}

All the rest we will put togeather
and packe them all in Calu[n?]es Ledger
well they maye unjustified be
for theire ins\textsuperscript{is} insufficiencie
unworthy for my pen to touche
Crowners maye be made of such
and synce this place ys yet to good
for such bastardes by the Roode
from a Justice to a Jury
Let them passe for all there fury
search not for me abyd in doubte
for youll never fynde me out
Mende yo'\textsuperscript{f} Maners be made newe
all I wrott is but to true
and soe I byd yo'\textsuperscript{n} all Adue/
[end f3]

\textsuperscript{6} again, a small hole obscures the crossed out word and that written above it