

## 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<br>Your peacekeepers wee perceave  |
| Last lines               | All I wrott is but to true<br>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 / ~~de~~ 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 16<sup>th</sup>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

24<sup>th</sup> June, 1967.

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

Dear Mr. Page,

Thank you for your letter of June 23<sup>rd</sup>. 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

27<sup>th</sup> 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 MIDLMAY, 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<sup>r</sup> leave  
 yo<sup>r</sup> peace keepers wee perceave  
 by yo<sup>r</sup> Letter late sente oute  
 w<sup>ch</sup> yo<sup>r</sup> Justices did floute  
 Whereof mucche yo<sup>u</sup> were to blame  
 b<sup>l</sup>e yo<sup>r</sup> rules for to shame  
 we will more modeste men  
 now soe blacke w<sup>th</sup> Inke & pen  
 noe suche sleight synnes are yo<sup>rs</sup>  
 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<sup>th</sup> 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<sup>th</sup> a pryme weres tyme awaye  
 South that ruled once 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 follye

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<sup>1</sup> 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 <my<sup>2</sup>> 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<sup>ch</sup> in fleete he reste  
fooles doe ever longe remayne  
in the Towre for their payne

Rowe our Lorde that gaue soe much  
for his Lordshippe to speake douch  
he woulde fayne beare greatest swaye  
yf his braynes woulde 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<sup>th</sup> 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

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<sup>2</sup> 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 comom good  
 but when goulde flows as a flood  
 Lord howe how he would be presyse  
 but all knowe hym that are wyse

Richard Knightley gapinge Dycke  
 never was w<sup>th</sup>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 sysse  
 yet by his leave he runes astraye  
 and played the wanton many a daye  
 w<sup>ch</sup> 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 spent  
 till coulde comferte 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<sup>ch</sup> 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  
thoughe 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

[end f1v, start f2]

Osborne amores in his days  
womens maners profeste alwayes  
thoughe he bareth not much beard  
yet is of the gote she heard  
**M<sup>ris</sup> Geordge and many moe**  
**w<sup>ch</sup> is hi<.>de must never kndoe**  
good ptes in hym never any  
bad and scurvye we knowe many  
amongste 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 cuntry 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 ~~thinge~~ <sup>Puritan</sup> he woulde passe  
 yet for game woulde goe 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 bawdye tale  
 but most of all when brookes is by  
 both are perfecte in A lye  
 and both doth love a bawdye 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 ~~ah~~ 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~~ <sup>wary</sup> savinge  
 his father was an Auditor  
 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 Foottmen they supply the roome  
 never weare there any Shiryffe  
 had <f..y..er><sup>fewer</sup> 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 upe a chamber mayde  
 but turnes his wyfe to another trade

Nowe to tyte tate Tate  
 that soe can<missing text>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 estemed 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 robbery aquarell caules  
 Bar<...<sup>3</sup>>des nede must beare wth Theeves

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<sup>3</sup> 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 otheres 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<sup>u</sup> 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 upe  
 as he scornes 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<sup>th</sup> mutany  
 all his he liues is savinge  
 and <.4>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~~<sup>often</sup> he is proved a Liar  
 in aleginge w<sup>th</sup> wordes<sup>bookes</sup> of Lawe  
 w<sup>ch</sup> god knowes he never sawe  
 he and R[B]utler thinkes to beare  
 errors out and us to feare  
 w<sup>th</sup> acquamas sublia sleights  
 and they dances othe dreights  
 all for sooth to prope up pope  
 for the w<sup>ch</sup> 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<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> something has been written over here and the ink has spotted – perhaps a correction to ‘l’ for leetle?

<sup>5</sup> 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.

sayes 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~~<sup>pence</sup> takes every purdge  
~~alwayes~~<sup>alwes</sup> the ~~<...>~~<sup><...></sup> of every drudge<sup>6</sup>

All the rest we will put together  
 and packe them all in Calu[n?]'es Ledger  
 well they maye unjustified be  
 for their ~~ins~~ 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<sup>r</sup> Maners be made newe  
 all I wrott is but to true  
 and soe I byd yo<sup>u</sup> all Aduē/  
 [end f3]

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<sup>6</sup> again, a small hole obscures the crossed out word and that written above it