

# Stafford Towne Crier

## The Queen doth Come

It hast been brought to our attention that members of Her Majesty's Court did arrive last eve bearing news that Her Grace shall visit Stafford this den. In her honour, a faire day has been declared. The goode citizens of Stafford are enjoined to bring forth their wares. Let the musicians and actors show their skills for her amusement and that of her court.

Jousting and Coursing shall be held for her pleasure.

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### Marquess of Northampton Dies

This news has only just arrived from London. William Parr, first Marquess of Northampton, brother to the late dowager Queen Katherine Parr (step-mother to our beloved Queen Elizabeth) died of apparent gout and infection earlier this year at the age of 64. It is a sad tale as the marquess only married the lovely Swedish Maid of Honor, Helena von Snakenborg, aged 22, two months prior to his death. The couple was engaged for six years after the death of the marquess's second wife, as his divorce from his first wife—who was still quite alive—was declared invalid when our most benevolent Queen ascended the throne. The first Marchioness of Northampton passed away only a few months prior to her former husband, and his marriage to the Swedish lady took place shortly after. The marquess was said to have already been suffering from severe gout at the time and was unable to dance at his own wedding.

The current Earl of Pembroke, a distant cousin, is Lord Northampton's heir; he inherited all that was entailed, aside from his title, which sadly was not continued as the marquess had no sons. However, most of the marquess's wealth and holdings, including estates in Richmond, London, Essex, and Northamptonshire, were not part of his entailment, and all were passed to his new lady wife. The widowed Lady Northampton, herself a Gentlewoman of the Queen's Bedchamber, is said to be putting on a remarkably brave face in spite of her grief and is continuing her duties to both the court and the economy.

## Elections for Major

Elections will be held this day for the position of Mayor of Stafford. Our beloved Major Duck drowned in a vat of his favorite ale. Mayor Peypes has not been seen since the terrible fyre. It hast been decided that a new mayor shall be elected. Who will be nominated to run for this exalted position? Will Sir John Woodward, a well known leader of the town from an old established local family be nominated? Or mayhap, Sir Walter Aston will overcome the ill will engendered by his attempt to enclose the town for sheep and be nominated? Will an unknown stranger step forward?

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### Official Notice

Be it knowne that all men\* between the ages of 16 and 60 shall be required to muster for duty withe thee Trayned Bande in preparation for her arrival and to defend the honor and glory of England. If thou shouldst shirk thy duty, penalties will range from fines to captivity in thee stockades and mayhap e'en result in thee administration of the Discipline Songe until such time as thou dost beg for mercy or thou art bloody-ear'ed and deafen'd, which'er dost come first!

\* An' there be not enough men to properly muster, women of the same ages shall be press'ed into service as well!

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### Lady Stafford's Fashion Advice

The latest fashion offering upon the continent is the French wheel farthingale. You must all be aware of the most excellent Spanish cone farthingale. It delivers unto us a most beauteous triangular shape to ladies of all sizes. It doth display the feminine form and still holds thy skirts away from thy feet. Whate'er shall we do with the French wheel? It doth radiate out from the waist, disguising the hips and draping from there down to the ground. It doth hold the skirts nice and far from thy feet but in the path of rampaging hooves of awkward gentlemen. And howe'er art thou to sit and relax? We must commission chairs with much deeper backs to be sent to court or we shall all have to find a way to stand for hours on end without fainting dead away.

I think me the French have ne'er thought this wheel idea through. How like them. After all, if brains were leather, the French would not have enough to saddle a flea. Howe'er, the style is being seen in every royal court o'er the seas. All of whom will surely be

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eclipsed by our own beauteous queen, when she doth take up the style. Yay, I have just been instructed to procure one of these wheels for Her Grace. It shan't be long now afore our Queen appears finely attired in the most interesting style to hit our shores, the French wheel. Ladies, prepare thyselfes for the coming wardrobe change. All of those wishing to remain on the cusp of fashion had best obtain a French Wheel as soon as possible.

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## Ask Billy Wigglestick

*Master Wigglestick,  
My fondest wish is to impress a certain Lady with poetry of mine own composition. Alack, I have no art within me. How does one begin to write when thus disposed?  
-Museless in the Shire*

Museless,  
One can write not of which is unknown to one's self. As thou art a Lady attempting to bedazzle I suggest thou begin with the topic of paine, as the fair creatures are the authoresses of much of the unease in this world. If you have not paine in your life proceed into the forest and knocketh thine noggin against a tree, for in soothe the effect is wonderous like unto trying to impress a Lady with poetry.

As for making an analogy of a Lady and an object not animated, I suggest not. An thou state she is like unto a bird, no matter the beauty of its plumage, and she shall not but recall the day when she thought wearing her new raiment under the tree in the garden was a wise decision. Compare her to foliage or matters vegetable and she will conclude thou arte of a humble disposition with the smell of manure ever trailing after thee. Nay, I aver the best course is to chronicle your destruction an she refuses your attentions. Women loveth that theme well as it is their intention in any event. Thou shall in the least have the benefit of explaining that you knoweth mind her well.

*Master Wigglestick,  
Wherefore do the townefolke of this Shire scorne and hateth me so?  
-A certaine person of some renown*

Renowned,  
I believe it is so as thou arte a bentback addled witless churl. And thine mother has a countenance of a bruised fist.

*Master Wigglestick,  
I have three pence and no expenses overbearing. Mine wife says to keep it as a safeguard against future want. I desire to purchase a spade for the turning of sod. Who is wiser?  
-Dirty in Avon*

Dirty,  
Buy the spade. An want visit you in the future, useth the spade to knock some rich person on the pate.

*Master Wigglestick,  
Wherefore would any sane person thinketh thou arte sufficiently sagacious to dispense advice to another?  
-Bemused*

Bemused,  
I know mine letters and I know mine ciphers. I am much read. I am wise enough to obtain payment for my advice, which not like thee who brays and mews to meager effect.

*Master Wigglestick,  
How shall I improve my station when I have no chink?  
-Poor Robert*

Robert,  
Thou arte doomed. Go to Avon and borrow a shovel.

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## Wanted

Lady Northampton is seeking a small goat for entertainment and companionship. She requests a goat that is no bigger than her favorite footstool, is clean and sweet-smelling, and is fully house-trained or accompanied by a maid. She prefers a goat that does not mind wearing bows, will remain quiet in the privy chamber, and knows one or more entertaining tricks. She notes that she has a preference for white or brown goats but that she is not too particular. All persons in possession of such a goat should present themselves to the warden at the gatehouse of the host noble's estate and request an audience with a member of the marchioness's staff.

## Apprentices Wanted

Mistress Anne Greshman hast arrived in Staffordshire to seek apprentices for the Guild of Merchant Adventurers. Members of the Guild wilt ply the seas between England and the Lowlands making their fortune. Candidates to the guild should present themselves and demonstrate the knowledge and skills suitable for their new life.

## Lost

Sheep have been lost from Sir Walter Aston's estate after his failure to enclosure the town of Stafford. If thou dost find the sheep, return them to the Militia. The goode men of the Trayned Bande shall take care of them.