

NEWS FROM HEAVEN AND HELL

The fourth of September 1588, Robert Sutton, alias Dudley, quondam Earl of Leicester, having to his no small grief left his vain pomp and glory in this world, addressed himself towards heaven, clad very thinly, yet in the colour of innocency, hoping with shows to delude the world there as he had done here, and to persuade them that he came a white and not a black ghost, for he had upon him only a fine white shirt wrought with the bear and the ragged staff, a fine white beaver felt, a pair of white buskins, and his steward's staff of office in his hand; knowing that he had a long and painful journey to go, he apparelled himself accordingly. And having passed the lowest region of the air, and being well entered the middle, there met him the king of that region called Sarcotheos, and willed him to stay, saying that before he departed his country he was to do him a good turn. Sir, quoth his Leicestership, I know you not, neither have I deserved anything at your hands, whom I never knew, having deserved so little at their hands in the world whom I knew very well, and was familiarly acquainted withal. I am, quoth he, Sarcotheos, prince of the air, whom God appointed to attend upon you as your angel on the earth, which also I did accordingly, and loved you well all the while of your abode there, because I found in you a great good disposition continually to perform all things agreeable to my will during the time of my attendance on you in the flesh, by means whereof my trouble about you was the less. I think it reason, now you are come into my kingdom, to requite with some kind of gratitude your continual obsequiousness unto me. What will you do for me, quoth his Robinship, will you return me into the world again where I lived in all joy and felicity, little inferior to a king in authority and superiority, to an emperor in my own desires? No, said Sarcotheos, that is above my power to perform, but I will write you an emblem upon your forehead which will procure you great favour at Saint Peter's hand when you come to heaven gates, because it shall appear that you are marked by the angel appointed to attend upon you on the earth for one that was always pliable to his will and pleasure. And why, quoth his Dudleyship, shall not I be suffered to enter the gates, coming as I do with my white staff of office in my hand? No door in court hath been shut against me heretofore, but all have opened even of their own accord, and shall I now be held like a page, yea, rather like a rogue, out of the gate? Yea, said Sarcotheos, were you as great a prince as Augustus Caesar you shall be stayed and examined at the gate. There shall neither your ragged nor your steward's staff stand you in any stead more than if you came with a distaff in your hand, for you know, *mores sepra lignonibus aequat*. Wherefore be not obstinate, refuse not the emblem that I offer you, which you shall find will make you better known to St. Peter than your steward's staff. What emblem will you give me? quoth his Earlship. I will, said Sarcotheos, write upon your forehead *Amy Lettice*, whereby St. Peter shall know that you have been a good husband in your life, which I tell you is a point that you will be principally examined of, and loved your Lady Lettice so dearly well on earth that you are desirous to bear her name with you on your forehead into heaven. Then his Suttonship howled for joy at the remembrance of his dear wife left behind him, and told Sarcotheos that he now perceived he loved him and was his friend, seeing that he would set upon his forehead the name of her whom he loved much better than ever he loved God, by means whereof he should be *Janus bifrons*, and dwell with her in both worlds, and so be justified for a singular loving and faithful husband both alive and

dead, which was a point that he himself knew very needful for him to be justifiable in when he should come to be examined. Then Sarcotheos took a pen full of blood, and wrote upon his forehead this everlasting emblem, *Amy Lettice*, and then his Lordship gave him no small thanks, and was ready to depart. But suddenly it came in his mind to say to him that these words written upon his forehead might haply be worn out with his long travel and much sweating (for he was corpulent and not accustomed to travel) before his arrival at heaven-gate. Whereunto Sarcotheos answered that of all things he should least need to fear, for the emblem was written with such a kind of ink that all the water in the sea would never wash it out. Then his excellency, being *Davus non Oedipus*, joyfully departed, and as one in whose mind the ancient sparks of earthly ambition were not yet thoroughly quenched, and gloried much in himself that God had given him a kingly angel to attend upon him on the earth whom he now perceived to have been the cause [cause?] of all his greatness whilst he lived here, and the rather because he had not lost [left?] him in the world but had justified him by the emblem for a passing good husband when he should come to heaven gates, which point he knew was hard, yea impossible, for him otherwise than by the credit of this emblem to make proof of. Thus passed he the middle and the highest region of the air, and then of the fire, and so came to the orb of the moon, at the very entrance whereof is a wonderful steep hill, and at the top of the hill a goodly causey as smooth as a die, and at the end of the causey, heaven gates. Monsieur Fatpaunch, with much trouble having clambered the hill, all sweating, and the soles of his buskins all worn out with climbing, and wanting breath and having ne'er a page with bowl of wine to refresh him, nor handkerchief to wipe him, nor pantofles to put on his feet now at his need, sat him down a pretty while on the causey to refresh him. The causey was railed in on both sides, the rails whereof were silver, the pillars intermeddled of fine crystal and jasper stone, and the floor underfoot was gravelled with such sand as the rivers of Ganges and Tagus carry with their violent course into the sea. From the end of the causey, Robin here beater [sic?] might very well behold heaven gates, which were so adorned with all kind of precious stones, and gave so glorious a light that the brightness thereof dazzled his sight though that he were at the least half a mile off, worse than ever the beams of any his beautiful venerous dames, notwithstanding though they were many, that had dazzled him upon the earth. After he had rested there a while, and his shirt all wet with sweat, his beaver hat on his head with grease of white become russet, his steward's staff in his hand and his tottering buskins on his feet, he addressed himself towards the gates, wondering at the extreme beauty thereof, and imagining in his mind what an unthinkable glory must needs be within, that had so beautiful an entrance without, and further well perceiving now how much he had been deceived in time past in thinking no place in beauty to excel his castle of Killingworth in Warwickshire, which he had been more careful to beautify in his life than to win this triumphant place after his death. Nevertheless, by the help of Sarcotheos' passport, and the safety of all sins that is repentance, wherewith he held himself sufficiently stored, he doubted not but to speed well enough. Now you shall understand that without heaven gates standeth St. Peter, appointed to examine all that come thither, and within the gate stands an angel that can hear every word without, and if St. Peter examine the party well and thoroughly, and open the gates to let the examine in, the angel suffereth him to pass to the second ward, but if he examine not thoroughly, and yet open the gate to let him in, the angel suddenly clappeth it to again, and catcheth the party that entereth in by the member wherein he hath most offended, and whereof he hath

not yet been examined, and there holdeth him in that manner while St. Peter hath examined anew the party so held. St. Peter, having discovered our great master Robin, Chamberlain of Leicester, afar off, said to the angel, Here comes a ghost afar off upon the causey. Weary he is, and not accustomed to travel, it should seem, whereby I presume he hath been some great man upon earth. How is he appointed? quoth the angel. Thus and thus, said Saint Peter, describing the apparel he came in, and further adding by his tall and comely stature he should have been some great man upon earth. It is, said the angel, Robin of Leicester, Steward of the Queen of England's house. Examine him precisely, for he hath been a great troubler on the earth. What, said St. Peter, the Earl of Leicester, he that was wont to have all the realm follow him? Cometh he now all alone like a man forlorn? Have all the swarms of parasites forsaken him, and not one of them come with him? What, not his page, the baron of Catlige, whom I thought would have followed him even into hell, or rather have [] himself for him than that he should remain there. But I perceive there is no Theseus nor Hercules living now upon the earth. O, quoth the angel, he was called away upon a sudden, and no groom of his chamber nor page; no, he had not the fortune to die in any of his own houses, whereof he had as great store and swarms as he made knights in Flanders; no, nor to have one lick at his Lady Lettice's lips before he took his leave. Wherefore you must not marvel if he come alone, and though he had made trial of his supposed friends, assure yourself they would have given him leave to be his own guide, companion, and page in this voyage, for their friendship each to other is not everlasting like to hell-fire. Hell-fire, says St. Peter, marry, God save the child. By this time his Robinship was come hard to the gate, and knowing St. Peter by his bald head, put off his greasy hat and did him great reverence, being very desirous for his credit to have Sarcotheos' passport seen in his forehead, and at the very first meeting besought him for a cup of drink to cool his thirst. What, quoth St. Peter, think you there is quaffing in heaven as there is in Flanders? Have you in your life been so great a student of Bacchus' band's Italian tales, and have forgotten how the inquisitor punished a rude fellow for making Christ and His apostles drinkers of wine? Or come you to ask drink here at a churchman's hand, having drunken dry so many churchmen on earth, and caused the principallest churchman in England to be imprisoned till he died, and even in the very last action of your life sought to spoil no less than four bishoprics at a clap? Nay, soft awhile, you must be examined a little better before you can have any relief here. His Earlship, abashed with these rough words, for he was never thus hard charged since he pleaded for himself in the Guildhall, neither thought he that his offices should have been thus narrowly ripped up, and considering also that he stood upon trial here, not one but all the joints of his body and soul, could not utter one word, but held his peace, being very desirous still that St. Peter should spy the emblem written upon his forehead, and hoping to obtain as much favour as Sarcotheos had promised. St. Peter beheld him steadfastly and much pitied him because of his goodly personage, beginning already to doubt of his good success. In the end, he espied the bloody emblem written upon his forehead, and said thus unto his Honour, What, come you hither with your faults written on your face? What bloody emblem is that written upon your forehead? What Cain's mark is it? Who wrote it, and what is the meaning thereof? To whom goodman Dudley, all joints [joyous?] that he had espying [espied?] it answered, It is an emblem that the angel Sarcotheos, king of the middle region of the air, who was appointed by God to attend upon my person on the earth, gave me of goodwill as I passed through his country

because I was always obsequious to him in my life, promising me thereby to procure your favour here at heaven gates. It is written with blood because sweat should not wash it away, and the meaning of it is that I was to my wife Lettice so loving and chaste a husband and faithful a friend on earth that I joy to bear her name on my forehead into heaven, for so signifieth the French word *Amy*. French, quoth St. Peter, nay, but as you have been a common cozener of men with fair words on the earth, even so are you now cozened yourself, for Sarcotheos hath made no conscience to a Cretan to Cretize, for we shall find it neither French of Paris, nor yet of Stratford of the Bow, I fear me, but Oxfordshire French, before we part. And I wonder much that you have been so long Chancellor of Oxford, and so ignorant that you understand not neither Greek of the university nor French of the country. Why, sir? quoth his lordly Worship. Marry, said St. Peter, I will soon tell you why, and that little to your comfort. Sarcotheos, whom you call an angel, and who you say was appointed to attend upon you as your angel on the earth, gave you this emblem for goodwill because of your obsequiousness to procure you my favour here, is a prince of the middle region of the air where the habitation of devils are, and is a prince of devils as his name plainly declareth, if you could have understood it, for Sarcotheos signifieth the god of the flesh. True it is that he attended upon you on the earth, but not by God's appointment, but of his own accord, to abuse you and to draw you into all delicacy and wantonness of the flesh, thereby to make you to forget God, as also he did, for who lived so carnally as you did, or who made the flesh his god so much as you in all the world, so that in very truth you were obsequious unto him. For under colour of attendance upon you as an angel, deceitfully he drew you into all fleshly lusts like a devil, that is, like himself. And even as he abused you in the other world under the colour of an angel of light, even so hath he deceived you in this world by his emblem given you of goodwill, and as little you understand the sense of the French word *Amy* as you did the signification of the Greek word Sarcotheos. For the meaning of this emblem is not, as you suppose, *Amy Lettice*, that is, that you were a true husband and faithful friend to your wife Lettice, for your own conscience knows that to be most untrue, for Sarcotheos hath written upon your forehead the names of both your wives, namely of the Lady Amy, your first wife, and of the Lady Lettice, your last wife, and he hath written them both in blood to show that you left the one, and got the other, with murder and blood. And there is the true meaning of this emblem, and the favour that your friend Sarcotheos hath thereby procured for you here. Lord Robin, hearing this all quaking for fear, and bestinking the place where he stood, let fall the staff of office out of his hand, and with much ado having somewhat recovered himself again, began to deny the charge. But St. Peter stopped him and said, Plead not 'not guilty', for the fact is so apparent. For if you were not privy to your first wife's death, how chance you prosecuted not the law upon them that murdered her? How happened it you performed not that duty to her, with your great credit in the realm, that every mean man would have done for his wife, in hanging with all extremity the murderer of his fere's, yea, of his own, flesh? But there was all quiet, no examination, no arraignment [arraignment?] no execution. The matter was clean dashed, and why? Because if they that murdered her, if they had been touched, they would have touched your Excellency as the most excellent murderer of all the rest, they being but murderers of a woman, as you of your wife. Whereunto also I add that you never loved her in all her life, which makes the matter the more credible that you were desirous to rid her away. Now if you deny the wicked murder of your second

wife's first husband, who knoweth not that you bagged her in his lifetime, and destroyed the fruit of your travail by Seignior Doctors? Who is ignorant that the nobleman was poisoned by them that stood in fear of him, and who was principally afeard of him but you, that had principally offended him, and how chance you were so soon wedded and bedded to her after his death, that he was no sooner laid in his grave but you were lodged in the middle of his cave, notwithstanding the infamy that you had sustained by her in his life, had you not been besotted upon her that you neither cared for God nor man, honour, credit nor reputation, but made him away that you might the more easily enjoy her? If any of these affections had been in you, either love or fear, the which are able to make wise men fools, and simple men stark mad, think you when they come together, as in you they did at that time, being both together and not severed, they be not able to carry a man headlong into hell? But what, are these all the murders that you are to be charged with? What say you? What say you to your secret friend, poisoned in your house because he should not tell tales? What say you to the Italian that was with you at the court in secret conference at twelve o'clock at midnight, and was found murdered within two hours after in his own chamber? What say you to your sundry murders you committed in Flanders, too long to rehearse, especially one of a poor simple merchant taken from his business at Flushing, brought to Utrecht, imprisoned, and lastly in dicta causa suddenly hanged up he wist not why himself? But if I should stand to rehearse of your murders, time would rather fail neither matter, wherefore to pass to your other sins, your ambition, what did it not breed you? First, your great credit was founded upon betraying your dearest friend who first brought you in credit, for the which fact all England hath just cause to curse you yet. Then your ambition linked you with the Duke of Norfolk, and embarked you so far into his cause that you had as much ado to wind yourself out of his business as you had afterward to untwist yourself from a lady of his name and blood, I mean the lady with the supported nose. What should I speak of your ambitious attempts to match your Denbigh with the Lady Arbella, thereby after your father's plot to make way for the crown? Your covetousness was insatiable; no churchman but you fleeced, no bishopric but you sought to spoil, no soldier but you robbed, none of your fellows but you beggared, none of your tenants but you wronged, no end of your purchases, as though all the world had been made for you and your base brat. Your malice who tasted not of, that was but imagined to offend you, at the least if they were within your power to hurt? How could any man live, especially in court, while you lived, that refused to be your vassal, yea, to like of your embraces as Oliver, Louis's barber, did his? And as for your hindering of good men's advancements, if you did but surmise them to depend upon any other great man than upon you, the number of them is more than can be rehearsed. Amongst the rest of your virtues, in matters of religion you were accounted a Prometheus chameleon, now a protestant, now a papist, and lastly a great patron of puritans, making religion your colour only to fleece bishops' livings, and to have converted them to your own use. Now as touching your worthy exploits in Flanders, your sowing of sedition between the people and the States, your spoiling of the Queen's treasure, your robbing and starving of poor soldiers, your slandering and belying of much better and worthier men than yourself, and lastly your placing of traitors, notwithstanding you were warned thereof, in the strong towns and forts, which were also yielded by them by authority of your own letters, for the which your faults, if the Queen would have heard the truth, you should have come not as you do, but as St. Denis did betwixt the town of St. Denis and Paris. I

pass the rest basely and in colours because I see you unable to answer the hundredth part that may be objected against you, wherefore, to make an end, what can you say for yourself why you should not depart hence and trouble this place no more? Lord Robin, finding how Sarcotheos had abused him both in his life and after his death, and his emblem to have procured him hell instead of heaven, and not being able to withstand the least of these accusations objected against him, produced for himself a plea that he had reserved for his last refuge, the which in truth was of such force that it was able to throw open heaven gates if the same were liable in his mouth, namely repentance in the blood of Christ. Whereunto St. Peter replied that this plea indeed was above all exceptions if it were truly applied, but he doubted much thereof, because repentance beginneth with contrition of heart and endeth with amendment of life, from both the which how far off you have been, saith he, hereby it may easily appear, because you never sorrowed for all these monstrous sins, no, not 3 days this 30 years, but have lived in continual delicacies, wantonness, and pleasing of the flesh more than any man in your time, even till the very last moment of your life. And as touching the reformation of your manners, what show have you given thereof, considering you were grown more cruel, more insolent, more ambitious, and a greater tyrant and oppressor of good men in the end of your age than in all your life before? But because the examination of your repentance, whether it be true or feigned, appertaineth not to this place, but the second ward, I must of necessity, because of your stage [sage?] plea, open you the gate that you may pass to be examined there. And with that he threw open the gate, and his Earlship most joyfully pressed forwards to enter in, but as he was conveying his body in, and was in hope to have passed the second ward, suddenly the angel clapped to the gate and caught his merchant-Brentencer fast by the pate, wherewith he cried out as extremely as if his mother conscience had been in his arse.

St. Peter then perceiving his own error, namely that his Dudleyship's other offences were so heinous and so many that he had forgotten to examine him of his lechery, wherefore he began to examine him anew as well of his feats of arms done in his youth in his Lady Amy's time, and in his widowhood with divers ladies which shall be nameless because they are yet living and may amend, as also of his venerous acts done in his Lady Lettice's time, not forgotten his fowling-piece in England, nor the straight-bodied laundresses in the red petticoats during his abode in Flanders beyond the seas, of all the which Dudley denied not one point, hoping that St. Peter, because of his bald head, had been a good-fellow in times past as well as he himself. But to proceed. St. Peter said unto him, Have you repented also of this your lechery as you say you have done of your other faults? No, in very truth, said Robin, for it was so sweet, and I accustomed to it even from my youth, that I held it no sin, and therefore could never repent me of it neither in youth nor age. Why then, said St. Peter, you must not think to make your abode here. Yet sure it standeth not with justice to punish one member for another? I desire to have the member only punished that hath only offended, and let the rest of the body remain in heaven, and the member that hath offended go to hell to receive punishment there. Nay, said St. Peter, that may not be, for the law here is such that no imperfect body may bide in heaven; indeed, if you had come hither penitent out of the world, though with a body imperfect, your imperfections should have been supplied here, but if men come hither and lose a member here for sin, then is here no place for a dismembered body, neither can any fine

out of the fine office procure pardon for such a man, but he must depart hence and remain elsewhere forever. The angel within the gate, hearing how he had disclaimed in repentance and so could not pass to the second ward, thrust him forthwith out of the gate, and clapped it fast to. Then rung St. Peter a little bell, and forthwith came two under-porters, who stripped the great Governor of the United Provinces as naked as my nail, St. Peter at that instant withdrawing himself into heaven, and upon the top of his scoring-stick wrote in azure colour a great L, and being demanded by him why they wrote that there, they answered to signify that he had been a great lord upon earth, but in truth it was to show that he was condemned for his lechery, and that his lording had been in his life as stiff as any steel. Forthwith they drew him all quaking for cold, for you know he was not wont to go naked in this world, to the further end of the causey where Sarcotheos, his old friend, who never failed him at his need, had appointed to receive him, who at the very instant espied his belly-clapper marked with an L, and understanding the mystery better than ever his Barrenship understood the art military, clasped his members fast in an iron brake which at each end had a chain fastened to it, whereof each fiend took a part, and so between them hoised him from the causey, his privities being on a sudden made so taut to endure the torment that all the carts that were wont to attend his carriage on a remove day could not have drawn the same in sunder. Thus was he dressed like a Robin, and went down much faster than he came up, Sarcotheos' men, because he was their master's old acquaintance, giving his warder now and then an Italian stabade by the way as they bore him, to the end he might have sour sauce to his sweet meats. O doleful sight for any his beautiful ladies and old familiars to have beheld. But whither these devils carried him I leave to your charitable wisdoms to weigh. Sure on earth you see he is not, and out of heaven you hear how he is thrust, and in purgatory I am sure he is not, for the pope, the principal and first founder of purgatory, will of all men never suffer him to enter into his kingdom because undoubtedly he died not in the pope's faith, for if he had he would have given some lands or money to one monastery or other, thereby to have made satisfaction for his lechery, finding that he could not repent himself thereof. Wherefore of necessity he must needs be in that other place where only remains for him to be in, yea, and not in Campis Elisiis, where worthy heathen men have lodged in times past, and from whence Hercules and Aeneas returned back again, but he lodged in *infimo inferno ubi null redemptio*. Further in the same occurrents was advertised that as soon as his deceit was published in Pluto's kingdom, order was forthwith given that Charon should attend him at the ferries of the lake of Averno, and of the flaming Phlegiton, and that officers should be appointed to attend upon him according to his estate. For you shall understand that the order of Pluto's court is that a king shall be attended upon with 12 persons, a duke with 10, an earl with 8, according to which order his attendants were appointed unto him. First, Tamworth was appointed at his descent out of the boat to welcome him with an Italian oration, Don Julio was ordained his physician for the body, Don Adam Squire made great haste after him to be his chaplain for the soul, Herle had his place for his harbinger, Rocco was his champion, Tarleton his Ruffin, and room was left for Topcliffe against he should come at his own request to be his groom of his stool. Likewise there was Johnson appointed to be his chamberlain. Thus was he attended upon by Pluto's commandment, and lodged in a fiery palace provided for him by his harbinger, Master Herle, where, I warrant you, no lack of fire throughly to heat him, nor of stilled water of sulphur to comfort his cold stomach if he should happen to faint. Further, after his

Suttonship was descended into the dark kingdom of Tartaria, and lodged in the palace above mentioned, Pluto held a solemn assembly with his black senate to consult what entertainment [his] Leicestership should have there among those fiery fiends, wherein their sentences varied much, for some were of opinion that his heart should be pressed through with a hot iron, because it had always burned with a greedy desire to revenge; some would that down his throat should be poured continually an unquenchable stream of fiery sulphur and scalding lead, because in his life he had made it a gaping gulf of all gluttony, drunkenness, and riot. Some devised that an asp should continually hang upon his tongue to sting it and venom it, because he had carried the poison of adders in it all his life, and therewith had stung, slandered, and backbitten many valiant men; some that his hands and feet should be locked in a pair of stocks and manacles which should be made all fiery of purpose because his hands had been always given to rapine, and his feet swift to shed innocent blood. Some thought it meet that his flesh should be stung with scorpions, because in his lifetime he had pampered it with all kinds of delicacies and wantonness, some others that the filthy birds harpies should feed upon his head because in the pride of his conceit he lifted up his head even into heaven, and ever been flying with the wings of vainglory to all kind of ambitious attempts. Some would that his body should be hearsed full of vipers, to punish thereby his ingratitude to his best friends, and other some that a chameleon should feed upon his brains, because he had been full of colours, jugglings, and dissimulations in all his actions. Thus every one having delivered his advice, last of all spake Pluto, and said that he could not but very well like of all their opinions, and therefore would *ad intervalla*, namely upon great festival days, alter his Robinship's entertainment in such sort that by an everlasting revolution he should pass and repass by degrees through all these several torments set down by every one of them. So for his part he thought it most agreeable to the order of justice that a settled and an ordinary pain should be prefixed for him, and the member wherewith he had most offended, and which above all other came marked down from heaven gates, should of all the rest be most chastised, wherefore his ordinance should be, a naked fiend in the form of a lady with the supported nose should bend this bear-whelp in an iron chain by the middle, and that she should be so directly placed against him that the gate of her portic conjunction should be full opposite to the gaze of his retoric speculation, so that he could not choose but have a perfect aspect of the full point of her beetle-browed urchin in the triumphant pride and gaping glory thereof. Now there was no doubt made but that this pleasant sight, together with the remembrance of his wonted delight, would make his teeth so to water, and give him such an edge, that he could not forbear, especially having been all his life a valiant cavalier in arms, to give a charge with his lance of lust against the center of her target of proof, and run his ingredience up to the hard hilts into the unsearchable bottom of her gaping gulf. And if he should not be disposed thereunto of his own accord, it was ordained that every small touch of the chain should drown the member of his virility in the bottomless barrel of her virginity, through which runneth a field of unquenchable fire, which, at every joining together, did so hiss his humanity that he was in continual danger to lose the top of his standard of steel, and covert [convert?] his feminine suppository into his consort's badge. Yea, he was forced to offer daily to his god Priapus upon a supalter [sub-altar?] of hair a burned sacrifice, and his piece was so heated with continual shooting at this fiery breach, or breech, I would say, that he would have given his barony of Denbigh for his physician Doctor Julio with a cannon of three handfuls long to have

shot an ounce of copperas-water into the conduct of his fiery pipe at point-blank, thereby to have delayed the great heat of the sulphurous flood, and the extreme heat of the *aqua dabis and rosa soros* that flamed continually in his fiery flank; yea, he would have given his Earldom of Leicester that he might have departed and so have lost her. Thus was his paradise turned into his purgatory, his fine-furred gap into a flaming trap, his palace of pleasure into a gulf of vengeance, and his prick of desire into a pillar of fire. I was purposed here to have made an end, but I must tell you first that commandment was given that over the gate of his palace his arms should be set, which were those that his father and mother gave. This was the last report of his entertainment in hell brought by the post, wherefore not looking nor yet caring to hear any more news of him hereafter, I will here make an end, committing his body and soul to the devil, his wealth left behind him to all waste, his posterity to all ignominy, and the remembrance of his name to all infamy and reproach for ever and ever. Amen.

Transcribed from D.C. Peck, "News from Heaven and Hell": A Defamatory Narrative of the Earl of Leicester, *English Literary Renaissance* 8 (1978): 141-58.