

bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of oar will be melted, if you give him not *Tom Drum's* entertainment,^a your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

S C E N E X.

Enter Parolles.

¹ *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

² *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum so lost! there was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

² *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that *Cæsar* himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum, or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

^a Holingshed in his description of Ireland mentions a lord mayor of Dublin so hospitable that his porter durst not give the meanest man that resorted to his house *Tom Drum's* entertainment; which is, says he, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by the shoulders.

Par.