

so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

*Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

*Inter.* Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman*; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: demand them singly.

*Inter.* Do you know this captain *Dumain*?

*Par.* I know him; he was a botcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child, a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

*Inter.* Well, is this captain in the duke of *Florence's* camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

*Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your lordship anon.

*Inter.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'th' band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

*Inter.* Marry, we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

*Inter.* Here 'tis, here's a paper; shall I read it to you?

*Par.* I do not know, if it be it, or no.

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

*Lord.* Excellently.

*Inter.* Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold.

*Par.*