

438 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool shall look to the madman.

[*Exit clown.*]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him, you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,^a or be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very wellfavour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

[*Exit.*]

^a Heretofore, All proclamations by the king, All appointments of the rates of wages by the justices of peace, and other things of the like nature were sent to the sheriff of each county, who was obliged to promulgate them not only by causing them to be read in every market town, but by affixing them to some convenient place within it: for which purpose great posts or pillars were erected in each such town, and these were call'd sheriff's posts.

SCENE