

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace!

*Mal.* And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my uncle *Toby*—

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

*Mal.* Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, courties there to me.

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us by th' ears, yet peace.

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.

*Sir To.* And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' lips then?

*Mal.* Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech—

*Sir To.* What, what?

*Mal.* You must amend your drunkenness.

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience! or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight—

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* One fir *Andrew*.

*Sir And.* I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

*Mal.* What implement have we here? [*taking up the letter.*]

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.

*Sir To.* O, peace! now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*, and thus makes she her great *P's*. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*: why that?

*Mal.* To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes: her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her