

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR WHAT YOU WILL. 467

enough in thy ink, though thou write it with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at thy *cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit sir Andrew.*]

SCENE V.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, *sir Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren^a of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yond gull *Malvolio* is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'th' church. I have dogg'd him like his murderer: he does obey every point of the letter that I drop'd to betray him; he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not seen such a thing as

^a The wren is remarkable for laying many eggs at a time, nine or ten and sometimes more: and as she is the smallest of birds, the last of so large a brood may be supposed to be little indeed, which is the image intended here to be given of Maria.