

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL. 473

*Sir To.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, that is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir?

*Sir To.* Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with fatan: hang him, foul collier.

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers, good fir *Toby*, get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx!

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all: you are idle shallow things; I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

*Fab.* If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but see.

S C E N E X.

*Enter sir Andrew.*

*Fab.* More matter for a *may* morning.

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

*Fab.* Is't so saucy?

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*Sir And.*