

456 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR WHAT YOU WILL.

mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting; — lie thou there; [*drops a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.  
[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Malvolio.*

*Mal.* 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. *Maria* once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

*Sir To.* Here's an overweening rogue!

*Fab.* O, peace! contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

*Sir And.* 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue!

*Sir To.* Peace! I say.

*Mal.* To be count *Malvolio*.

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace, peace!

*Mal.* There is example for't: the lady of the *Strachy*<sup>a</sup> married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, *Jezebel*!

*Fab.* O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state —

*Sir To.* O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

<sup>a</sup> This is a word mistaken in the copying or printing, but it is not easy to conjecture what the word should be: perhaps, *Stratarch*, which (as well as *Strategue*) signifies a general of an army, a commander in chief. *Sir T. H.* [See glossary upon the word.]

*Sir*