

with arguments of state, put thyself into the trick of singularity: and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some fir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! and when she went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance — what can be said? nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well! Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

S C E N E IX.

Enter sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: how is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? *Sir Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let him alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what, man, defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray god, he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord! —

Sir