

Maria:

The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing
constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Asse, that
cons State without booke, and vtters it by great swarths.
The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes)
with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all
that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will
my reuenge finde notable cause to worke.

I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of
loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his
legge, the manner of his gate, the expresseure of his eye,
forehead, and complection, he shall finde himselfe most
feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie
your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make
distinction of our hands.

Maria:

Get ye all three into the box tree: Maluolio's
comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the
Sunne practising behaiour to his own shadow this halfe
houre: obserue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know
this Letter wil make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Close
in the name of ieasting, lye thou there: for heere comes
the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling.