

for she'll be up twenty times a-night; and there will she sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

*Claud.* Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

*Leon.* O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the sheet?

*Claud.* That.

*Leon.* O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest, to write to one that she knew would flout her: I measure him, says she, by my own spirit; for I should flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, fobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; o sweet *Benedick*! god give me patience!

*Leon.* She doth, indeed, my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborn her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

*Pedro.* It were good, that *Benedick* knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

*Claud.* To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

*Pedro.* If he should, it were an alms to hang him: she's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*Pedro.* In every thing, but in loving *Benedick*.

*Leon.* O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory: I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*Pedro.* I would, she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have doff'd all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell *Benedick* of it, and hear what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you?

*Claud.* *Hero* thinks surely, she will die, for she says she will