

Our forceful instigation? our prerogative  
 Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness  
 Imparts this; which if you, or stupified,  
 Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not  
 Relish a truth like us; inform yourselves,  
 We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
 The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, are all  
 Properly ours.

*Ant.* And I wish, my liege,  
 You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,  
 Without more overture.

*Leo.* How could that be?  
 Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
 Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo's* flight  
 Added to their familiarity,  
 (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
 That lack'd fight only, nought for approbation<sup>a</sup>  
 But only seeing, all other circumstances  
 Made up to th' deed) doth push on this proceeding;  
 Yet, for a greater confirmation,  
 (For, in an act of this importance, 'twere  
 Most piteous to be wild) I've despatch'd in post,  
 To sacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* temple,  
*Cleomines* and *Dion*, whom you know  
 Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle  
 They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,  
 Shall stop or spur me on. Have I done well?

*Lord.* Well done, my lord.

*Leo.* Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more  
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
 Give rest to th' minds of others; such as he,  
 Whose ignorant credulity will not  
 Come up to th' truth. So we have thought it good  
 From our free person she should be confin'd,  
 Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,

<sup>a</sup> The word approbation here signifies, proof.