

Is yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this? how say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of *Tunis*,
So is she heir of *Naples*; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how shalt thou, *Claribel*,
Measure it back to *Naples*? Keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep were this
For your advancement! do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments fit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience —

Ant. Ay, fir; where lyes that?
If 'twere a kibe, 'twould put me to my slipper:
But I feel not this deity in my bosom.
Ten consciences that stood 'twixt me and *Milan*,
Candy'd were they, wou'd melt ere they molested.
Here lyes your brother,
No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,