

[29] We were still arming and getting ready when Charon returned. He was cheerful and smiling, and as soon as he saw us told us to take heart: there was nothing to fear, the affair was going according to plan. 'Archias and Philip were already drunk', he said, 'when they heard that I had arrived. Their minds were as useless as their limbs. They could barely struggle to their feet to come out to the door. "We hear", said Archias, "that exiles have entered the city, and are in hiding." "Who are they supposed to be, and where?" I asked, a good deal disturbed at what he had said. "We don't know," said Archias, "and that is why we invited you to come, in case you had heard anything more definite." It took me a moment or two to recover from the shock, but I reckoned that the report was not definite information, and that none of the conspirators had revealed our plot. If there had been any accurate intelligence, they could not have been in ignorance of the house. I guessed that some vague suspicion or report current in town had reached their ears. So I said, "When Androclides was alive, I often knew of rumours and false tales like this, which had no foundation but caused you some trouble. But this time, Archias, I have heard nothing. I will look into it, if you wish, and you shall be told anything I discover that seems worth your attention." "Yes, indeed," said Phyllidas, "let nothing pass without looking into it properly. We must neglect nothing, we must keep a sharp eye on everything. 596