

Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death
 Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites, and ravens,
 To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
 (Casting their savageness aside) have done
 Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
 In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
 Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! *[Exit with the child.]*

Leo. No; I'll not rear
 Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please your highness, posts,
 From those you sent to th' oracle, are come
 An hour since. *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
 Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
 Hasting to th' court.

Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
 Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty three days
 They have been absent: this good speed foretels
 The great *Apollo* suddenly will have
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords,
 Summon a session, that we may arraign
 Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
 Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
 A just and open trial. While she lives,
 My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
 And think upon my bidding. *[Exeunt severally.]*

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