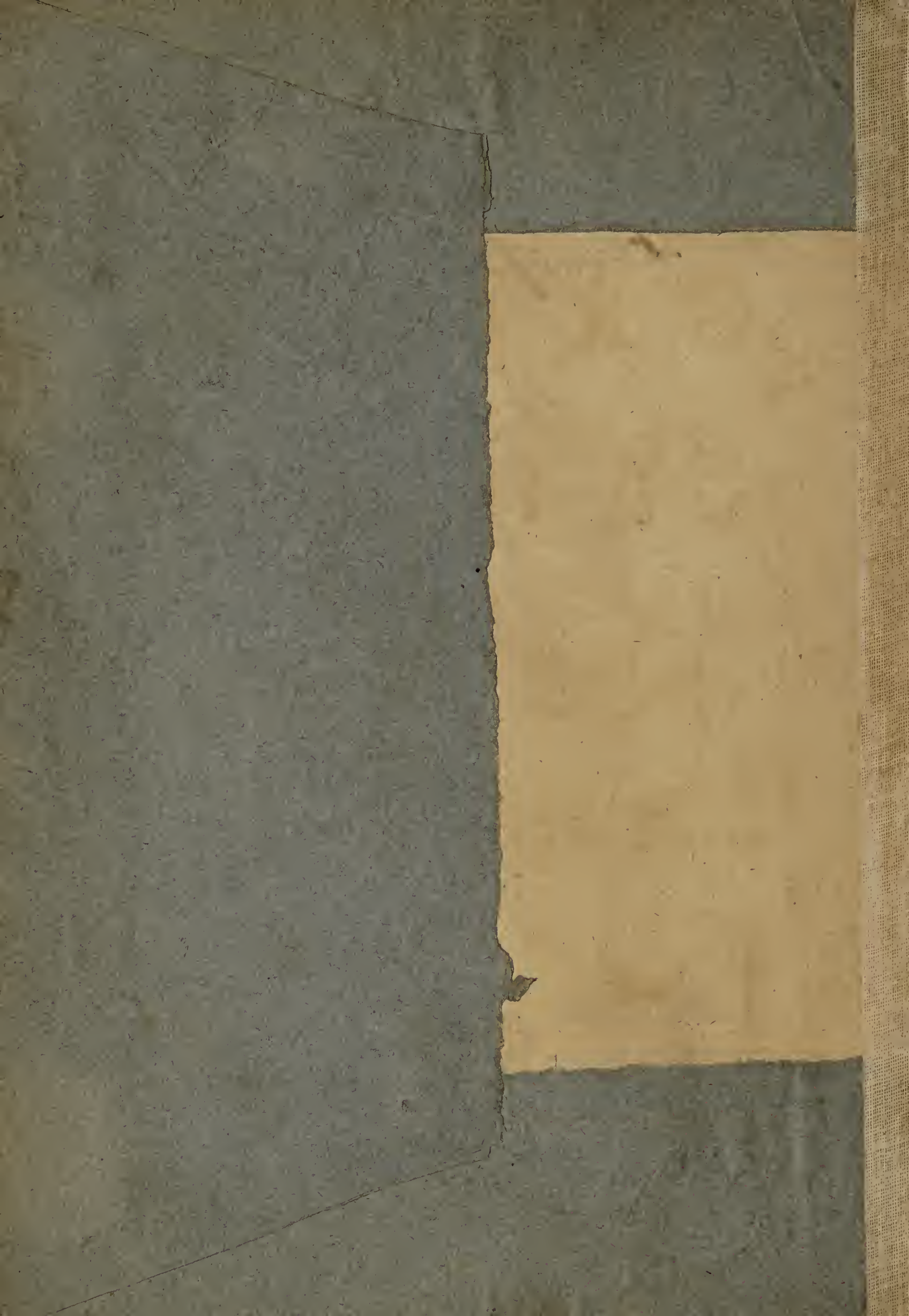


Pompey 1664

Waller



3 2
P O M P E Y

THE
G R E A T.

*OB Price
3 July 1830*

A Tragedy.

By Edm. Waller — assisted by the Earl of Dorset & Middlesex.

As it was Acted by the Servants of His
Royal Highness the Duke of YORK.

Translated out of French by Certain
PERSONS OF HONOUR.

— *Qui se Lectori credere malunt
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi :
Namque Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure Voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia Vana.*

Horat.

LONDON,
Printed for Henry Herringman, and are to be Sold
at his Shop at the Sign of the Anchor in the Lower
Walk of the New-Exchange. 1664.

B O M B E Y

T H E

G R E A T

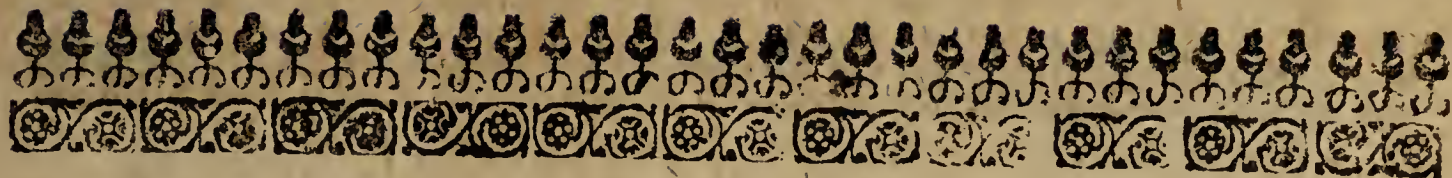
A Tragedy

DUPLICATE

Bridgew. Liby.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

THE END OF THE WORLD



PROLOGUE

AT THE

HOUSE.

From Greece, the place, where wit and Learning grew,
To Conquering Rome, the Banish'd Muses flew,
With other Spoils adorning so her State,
That all her Writers seem but to Translate;
From thence the Roman Eagle on her wing,
These Entertainments tow'rd's the North did bring,
Of such Delights cold Regions owe their part,
Not to kind Nature, but to Care and Art:
The Peach, the Tulip, Nectarine and Rose,
Not in our Woods, but in our Garden grows;
Who nothing will but what is Home-bred taste,
Must live content with Scorns and with Mast;
For your Diversion we this Night present,
A Fruit which grew upon the Continent;
Of all that's French, 'tis Rank'd among the best,
And may prove better in our Language dress'd;
As Flowers Transplanted recompence our Toyl,
Doubling their Beauties with their Change of Soil;
This you must judge of, only make us bold
With kind Attention, and you shall behold
How Cleopatra Looks, how Cæsar Burns,
How Pompey Dyes, and how Cornelia Mourns.



The Actors Names.

Cæsar

Lepidus }
Antonius } Senators, and followers of *Cæsar*.

Cornelia Wife to *Pompey*.

Philip Freed-man of *Pompey*.

Ptolomey King of *Ægypt*.

Cleopatra His Sister.

Photinus }
Achillas } Counsellors to *Petolomy*.

Charmion }
Achoreus } Adherers to *Cleopatra*.

Septimius A Degenerate Roman.






P O M P E Y .

Act the First, Scene the First.

Enter *Ptolomey, Photinus, Achilles,*
Septimius.

Ptolom.  He Fates disclose their Book, and now we Read,
What of the Father and the Son's decreed.
Th' amazed Gods awhile seem'd all divided,
What they demurr'd *Pharsalia* has decided,
Whose Rivers Dy'd with Blood and Rapid made
Swell with the fury of the *Roman* blade,
Arms, Eagles, Bodies, all Confus'dly spread,
Cover her Fields infected with the Dead,
Heaps of the Slain deny'd a Funeral,
Just Nature to their own Revenge does call
From putrid Corps exhaling Poysonous airs,
Enough to plague the guilty Conquerours ;
This is the Title of great *Cesars* cause,
At this dire Evidence by *Mars* his Laws,

absolv'd and *Pompey* guilty cry'd,
 my Leader of the Juster side,
 my Fortune of success bereft,
 be a great example, and has left
 the world a pattern of her Rowling Wheel,
 the dismal turn whole Nations with him feel;
 whose Prosperity was wont to vye,
 his own Wish, from *Thessaly* does fly,
 conquish'd *Pompey* to our Ports, our Walls,
 our Court approaching for a Refuge calls,
 his own Father in Law, his proud defeat
 where against the *Tytans* a retreat
 gods once found, where in despite of all,
 that sav'd Heav'n he thinks may stop his fall,
 bearing the Despair on which he's hurl'd,
 give a prop unto the Tottering world;
 the World's fate on *Pompey's* fate depends;
 our *Aegypt* in distress he sends,
 to Ruine, a Recruit or Grave,
 must sink with him or his Fortunes save.
 my Friends your grave advice must calm,
 my dreads dread Thunder or the welcome Palm,
 my Father, Threatens now the Son,
 what he gave, and hazards what h' has done;
 mine I must share, or else comply
 with *Cesar's* wish and make my Suppliant dye:
 the first Unsafe, the other Base and low,
 the first Injustice or an Overthrow,
 what I can, to whatloe're I fly,
 all of Danger or of Infamy;
 my voice is mine, and you are to consult
 to incline me to by your result;
 'tis the Theam, and we must have the praise
 of *Cesar*, or compleat his Bays;
 on both their fortunes, upon more
 my Council ever sat before.
in. Sir, When the Sword great Causes does decide,
 and Right good States-men lay aside,

And who
 Must ball
 Weigh yo
 His Hopes
 'Tis not
 But from
 Of *Romes*
 To a Rich
 He flies the
 Which has
 He flies the
 That would
 Their weak
 Their Reput
 The cause o
 He flies the
 Will you a
 And bear
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 Which Re
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 The recling
 They that
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 Their faith ha
 And honour
 Side with the
 Draw not on
 Ask not how
 But worship
 Approve of th
 And whom th
 By divine Ver
 Pompey involv

And who will wisely Act in such a season,
 Must ballance Strength and not examine Reason ;
 Weigh your own forces then and *Pompey's* might,
 His Hopes are dash'd, his fruitless Valour light ;
 'Tis not from *Cæsar* only that he flies,
 But from the dread reproach and wrathfull Eyes
 Of *Rome's* great Senate, whose best half invites
 To a Rich Banquet the *Pharsalian* Kites ;
 He flies the City and the Sons of *Rome*,
 Which his Defeat to Slavery does Doom ;
 He flies the Rage of Nations and of Crowns ,
 That would revenge on him their Ranfack'd Towns ,
 Their weakn'd States of Men and Monecy drain'd,
 Their Reputation by his Losses stain'd ;
 The cause of all their Woes, hated by all,
 He flies the whole World shatter'd with his fall ;
 Will you against such Opposition stand,
 And bear his Cause up with a single hand ?
 The hope he had was in himself alone,
 What might be done, he did, he Overthrown
 You must give way, will you sustain a weight
 Which *Rome* bends under shrinking from her height ?
 Maintain a Quarrel that has Thunder strook
 The reeling World, and the great *Pompey* broke ?
 They that the faults of Fortune would amend,
 And be too Just, against themselves Offend ,
 Whilst indiscreetly kind with vain Effort
 They perish with those Friends they would support ;
 Their faith has a brave Lustre, but they fall,
 And honour lessens not the bruise at all.
 Side with the Gods, declare your self for Fate ,
 Draw not on us their Thunder and their Hate ,
 Ask not how justly, wherefore they chastise,
 But worship him whom they would have to Rise ,
 Approve of their Decrees, applaud their Will,
 And whom they Frown on in Obedience Kill.
 By divine Vengeance on all sides persu'd
Pompey involves your *Ægypt* in the fewd ;

His head that he has shifted so to Save,
 Falling your Royal Company would have ;
 His present coming I Unfriendly deem,
 Th' effect of Hatred rather than Esteem ;
 'Tis to Destroy you, hither now to fly,
 And can you doubt if he deserve to Dye ?
 He should have come with Bays upon his brows,
 And with Success have seconded our Vows ;
 With Feasts and Triumphs then we had receiv'd him,
 'Tis his own Fate, not we that have deceiv'd him,
 Not him, but his ill Fortune we neglect,
 For to his Person we would pay Respect ;
Cesar subdu'd, by the same Sword had Dy'd,
 With which less willingly we peirce his side ;
 Under his Ruine you must shelter take,
 And in this Storm his Death your Harbour make,
 Which though the World should reckon as a Crime,
 Is but a Just compliance with the time ;
 The strict regard of Justice does annoy
 The power of Crowns, and policy Destroy ;
 'Tis the Prerogative of Kings to spare
 Nothing when they their own Destruction fear ;
 He wants no Danger whom the care of Right
 Keeps from Injustice when 'tis requisite ;
 Who to his Royal Power no bound, would have
 To his own Conscience must not be a Slave ;
 And thus you have my Counsel mighty Sir,
 Who Kills the Conquer'd, Gains the Conquerour.

Achil. Rhotinus, Sir, speaks well, but though the Day
Pompey has lost, his Person yet I weigh,
 I reverence that Blood the Gods did spare,
 When his whole Army such a Fate did share ;
 Nor see I reason why it should be spilt,
 Unless it prove a necessary Guilt :
 What needs such Rigour ? your Estate is sure,
 Who takes no part, can make no Forfeiture ;
 You may stand Neuter, as you did before,
 Though *Cesar's* rising Fortune you adore,

And treat him like a God, by my advice,
 You shall not make him such a Sacrifice,
 For *Mars* it were too precious, and will give
 Your name a Blot you never shall Out-live;
 It is enough that *Pompey* hither came,
 And found no Succour, to keep you from blame;
 The Senate by his inclination led,
 Set *Aegypt's* Crown upon your Fathers head,
 And yet I say not Kings should gratefull be,
 Beyond the bounds and rule of Policy,
 They of their people ought more care to shew
 Than gratitude for all that they can owe,
 A Crown bestow'd can lay no Obligation
 On him that takes it to destroy his Nation.
 Besides, if every circumstance be weigh'd,
 What ventur'd *Pompey* in your Fathers aid?
 He fought thereby to make his Credit known,
 And glory got by rendring him his own,
 He to the Senate an Oration made,
 But *Cæsar's* thousand Talents did perswade,
 Had not that Treasure made your Fathers way,
 In vain had been whatever he could say;
 He for you then, for him to *Cæsar* you
 May plead, 'tis all with safety you can do,
 And all you owe him, to receive him here,
 Were to admit a Guest that you must fear.
 A Conquer'd Consul is so great a thing,
 That he will bear himself above a King;
 Forbid him Landing then, and spare his Head;
 But if your Majesty will have him Dead,
 Command this Sword to execute your Will,
 Great *Pompey's* blood I'll be the first shall spill.

Septim. Dread Sir, I am a Roman, and do know
 Both these Commanders and their Interest too,
 To succour *Pompey* were a dangerous part,
 To chace him hence would gain but half the heart
 Of mighty *Cæsar*, and make him your foe,
 Who yet perhaps may to such Greatness grow,

Raising new Forces both at Land and Sea,
 That he at length with *Cæsar* may agree,
 And both revenge themselves on such a friend,
 Whole cold Neutrality did both offend;
 In rendring him I no less danger find,
Cæsar to Pardon him must seem inclin'd,
 And with false glory make glad *Rome* believe
 'Tis for her sake he lets his Rival live,
 Whilst in the secret of his thoughts he knows
 That his forc'd Clemency to you he owes;
 Free *Cæsar* then from Danger and from Guilt,
 And let his fortune on your shame be built,
Pompey destroy'd of *Cæsar* we are sure,
 And from the Vengeance of the Dead secure;
 This my advice is, what *Achillas* said,
 Would give you cause to Live of both afraid.

Ptolom. Then to Necessity let Justice vail,
 And the Plurality of Votes prevail,
 My inclination too favours that doom,
 Which may abate this Arrogance of *Rome*;
 Let her that does the prostrate World bestride,
 Lose at one stroke both Liberty and Pride;
 Let *Pompey* Dye in whom her Hopes do Live,
 To the World's Tyrants let's a Tyrant give,
 Let us contribute to the Fates decree,
 To make them Subjects and us Monarchs free,
 At least our Masters by this brave resolve
 In the same Servitude we shall involve;
 Go then *Achillas*, with *Septimius* go,
 And make us famous by this noble blow;
 Had Heav'n to *Pompey* been propitious,
 It had not sent him to Endanger us.

Achil. Sir, What a King commands is always just.

Ptolom. Hast then, begon, and answer this great Trust,
 Which well perform'd, our Throne secure you make;
 Remember *Rome* and *Ægypt* are at Stake.

Exeunt.

Scene.

Scene the Second.

Ptolomey, Photinus.

Ptolom. **P***hotinus*, this our Sister will deceive,
 That hopes a Crown from *Pompey* to receive;
 She knows he has our Father's Will in guard,
 And sees her way to Royalty prepar'd
 By his arrival, she already plays
 The Queen, and her Ambitious hopes betrays,
 Thinking by *Pompey's* friendship and his might
 To ratifie that Will and share my Right;
 She looks as if she were already grown
 My Mistress, or my Partner in the Throne.

Photin. Sir, 'tis a Motive which I did not urge,
 That *Pompey's* Death will her ill humours purge;
 Your cause decided by that antient Host
 Of our late King, would half the Kingdome cost.
 His Will performed will divide your State;
 Yet wish I not you should your Sister hate,
 By Nature's Law she ought to have her part,
 Not in the Royal Throne, but in your Heart.
 To Reign in Confort little Honour brings,
 And you would seem Commissioners not Kings;
 This way how oft have States distracted been?
 But see! your Sister the pretended Queen.

Scene

Scene the Third.

Ptolomey, Cleopatra, Photinus.

Cleop. **P**ompey's arriv'd, Sir, shall he come alone?

Ptolom. **A**chillas and *Septimius* both are gone
To wait upon him hither.

Cleop. Are they two
Enough for him?

Ptolom. Why, Sister, you may go.

Cleop. Were it too much, had you in Person gone?

Ptolom. Yes, I must keep the honour of the Throne?

Cleop. Remember, Sir, who plac'd you there, and bow
To that Great man to whom you so much owe.

Ptolom. Yes, your Great man's deserted and o'rethrown,

Cleop. Still he is *Pompey* and gave you the Crown.

Ptolom. 'Tis *Pompey's* Ghost which has oblig'd the Ghost
Of our Dead father, let him go and boast
Those merits past upon his Monument,
Thither perhaps e're long he may be sent.

Cleop. *Pompey* a Ghost! and sent unto a Grave!
Is this the welcome he deserves to have?

Ptolom. 'Tis what the Gods inspired us to do,
And what the Kingdom's good compell'd us to.

Cleop. *Photin*, and such mean Counsellours I fear
Have with base Counsel poysoned your Ear.

Photin. The counsel, Madam, we must all avow,

Cleop. Peace, till I stoop to mingle words with you.

Ptolom. She is my Sister, let her humour sway,
For your known Innocence there needs no plea.

Cleop. Sir, Let that horrid Sentence be recall'd
If not too late, nor longer be enthrall'd
To these low Slaves, but such advice imbrace
As Heav'n suggests to those of our high Race.

Ptolom. Swell'd with the hopes of *Pompey's* friendship, you
Speak like a Queen, and think to make us bow

With a false shew of Virtue you can hide
Your Interest too, and your Ambitious pride.
With *Pompey's* Death you could be well content,
Did he not keep our Father's Testament.

Cleop. No Sir, 'Tis honour, and not Interest,
Which for great *Pompey* makes me thus Contest;
Take here a Secret, which will let you know
My Hopes are built upon his Mortal foe:
When the Rude people of this barbarous Town,
Made the Late King desert his Royal Throne,
His Native Soil he left, in hope to find
Rome's Senate to their old Confederate kind;
To move their Pity we both went along,
You but a tender Child, my self though Young
Yet of an Age to make that Beauty known
Which Heav'n had lent me, and some Hearts my own;
Above the rest *Cæsar* his Passion shows,
Declares his Love, but yet with Caution wooes;
Fearing the Senate, he puts *Pompey* on,
Our bus'ness was by their new friendship done;
Pompey's Authority for his Sake we had,
And you this way with Royal Robes are clad.
But *Cæsar* thus to gain us mighty *Rome*,
Thought not enough, his Love pursues us home,
His Purse as well as Heart he open'd wide,
And with his Treasure our Low state supply'd;
His thousand Talents which are yet unpaid,
Over the Rebels us Victorious made,
This knew our Dying Father, and bestow'd
Half that on me to whom the Whole he ow'd,
He knew the Kingdome was my Beauties prize,
And that he ow'd his Scepter to these Eyes;
Betwixt us two by his last Will, the Land
Restor'd by *Cæsar* does Divided stand;
And thus you see it is no Partial end,
But sense of Honour makes me *Pompey's* friend.

Ptolom. This story is contrived with a Dress.

Cleop. Of *Cæsar's* coming here is an express;

The cause I have to bear me like a Queen,
 Shall by your Self, this Day perhaps be seen;
 For some years past here treated like a Slave,
 My right with-held, which our just Father gave,
 To flatter Slaves I have employ'd my breath,
 Lest your bad Ministers should plot my Death;
 From *Photin* and *Achillas* Tyranny
Pompey or *Cesar* now will set me free.
 One of those Two our Difference shall decide,
 And then you'l know the reason of my Pride.

Exit Cleopatra.

Scene the Fourth.

Ptolomey, Photinus.

Ptolom. **W**Hat think you, *Photin*, of this haughty Dame?

Photin. This secret never to my Knowledge came;

Confus'd, Uncertain, in my Thoughts, I find

No mean, whereby this Storm may be declin'd.

Ptolom. Shall *Pompey* Live then?

Photin. No, the rather Dye;

This way you must with your fair Sister vye

For *Cesar*'s grace, whose Gratitude may prove

For such a Service equal to his Love.

Ptolom. What if her Charms with *Cesar* should prevail?

Photin. She must be flatter'd, if you think I fail,

With wise *Septimius* and *Achillas* you

May take advice what you are next to do.

Ptolom. From the high Tower wee'l look on *Pompey*'s fate,

And this Affair at their return debate.

Exeunt.

Act Second, Scene First.

Cleopatra sola.

Cleop. **Y**Es; I do Love, but must not let the flame
 Dazle me so as to neglect my Fame;
 My heart feels both its Duties, and by turns,
 It sighs for *Pompey*, and for *Cæsar* burns:
 Nor shall the Victors passion make me lose
 The sense of what our House to *Pompey* owes.
 She that great *Cæsar* loves, should in her Soul
 Abhorr th' appearance of a Crime so foul;
 It were an Injury to his Desire,
 To think that Baseness can foment the Fire.

Enter *Charmion.*

Charm. **W**hat, do you *Cæsar* love, and yet would raise
Ægypt to trample on *Pharsalia's* Bays,
 Stop the high course of Fate, your Force direct
 'Gainst him you Love, and his great Foe protect?
 Love is no Tyrant with you I perceive.

Cleop. **W**ith their high Birth Princes this good receive,
 Their Souls partake their Generous race, and so
 Their rudest Passions to their Virtue bow,
 And whilst the Dictates of their own high Blood
 They dare observe, Illustrious, and all good
 That they determine, and the ill we find,
 Flows from the Counsel of some Baser Mind;
 Thus is great *Pompey* lost, the King would save
 A friend distress'd, *Photinus* diggs his Grave.

Charm. Thus then of *Cæsar*, we in one Person see
 At once the Lover and the Enemy.

Cleop. No, thus I Court him, and no Charm there is
Like that of Virtue, o're a Mind like his.

Charm. VVhat we Desire is easily Believ'd,
And where we Love we soonest are Deceiv'd.

Cleop. Know then a Queen that holds her Honour dear,
From no brave man, a low neglect can fear,
And whensoe're she owns her high desire,
She meets an Equal if no greater Fire:

But this concerns not me, who long ago
Gave that great Conquerour the fatal Blow.
At *Rome* the haughty Man became my Slave,
And the first marks of his new Passion gave;
And since that time, each Day, some new express
Brings me his Vows, and tells me his Success,
Through *France*, through *Spain*, or wheresoe're he flies,
Fortune attends, and Love Accompanies,
He VVorships me alone, and to my Eyes
Ascribes the Fame of all his Victories,
Of with that hand all Reaking in the gore
Of Slaughter'd foes, my Pity does implore,
Beating his breast, and with an humble guise
Complains of Chains amidst his Victories,
Vows he no pleasure took on what he had won,
Till unto me the high Success was known,
In whose dear Love, alone, he can receive
The utmost Joys the Conquer'd world can give:
He offers me his Glory, to my Laws
Submits that Heart and Hand the VVorld obeys,
So that my Rigour, like *Joves* Thunder, can
Make the most VVretched of the Greatest man.

Charm. VVell, I dare swear your Charms a Power enjoy,
VVhich though they boast of, they will ne're Employ;
And the great *Cesar* shall no Trouble know,
If it can only from your Rigour grow:
But what d' you aim at? or to what pretend?
Another VVife does all fair hopes defend;
The Holy band of Sacred *Hymen* keep,
His Soul enchain'd, and all such Thoughts asleep.

Cleop. A fresh Divorce so common at this day,
May in my favour take those Lets away.

'Twas so he Marry'd her, and who can blame
Him to return her by the way she came?

Charm. And who can say but hee'll serve you so too?

Cleop. That sure my better Stars wo'nt let him do;
And if propitious Heaven but bless my Bed

With any branch of his Illustrious seed,

That happy Union of our Blood will Joyn

Our Interest so, he'll be for ever mine;

And since he hath no Children, the new tye

Will grow upon him, and my Youth supply:

But whatsoe're befall me, if I may,

Ile be his Bride, and though but one short Day

Our Marriage last, the Glory ne're can fall

To have been once the Mighty Queen of all

The Prostrate World; this my Ambition says,

To which, be it right or wrong, my Soul obeys;

I Love the Noble heat, and 'tis alone

The generous passion that a Queen may own.

Charm. 'Tis not the nearest way to *Cæsar's* Bed,

Nor this thought greatness, to save *Pompey's* Head.

Cleop. But 'tis the Nobl'st, and I should disdain

The Highest Title with the Smallest Stain;

Then wonder not, I *Pompey* thus protect,

For so my Honour, and his Worth, direct.

'Tis for his hapless Virtue all I may,

And would to Heaven, had ta'ne some other way,

And hope some friendly Storm will yet prevent

Upon so Brave a Man our Foul Intent,

Forcing his Vessel from our Faithless shore;

But here comes *Achoree* will tell us more:

What, is it done? and is our cursed Land,

With the high Blood of the great *Pompey* stain'd?

Enter *Achoree*.

Achor. Madam, as you commanded, to the place
 I follow'd 'em, where I in little space
 Saw the whole Treason, the Great *Pompey* bleed,
 And every passage of that Barbarous deed;
 And since you do command me here proclame
 That glorious Death which covers us with shame,
 Harken! admire! and his strange Fate deplore.
 His Vessel now in sight of our false Shore,
 Had strucken Sail, and he with Joy beheld
 Our Gally's coming which his Murderers fill'd,
 Thought our brave King toucht with a generous sense
 Of the Sad Fortunes of so Great a Prince,
 Had sent his Fleet, but when that he perceiv'd
 The Armed Boat, he soon was undeceiv'd;
 Found the Base man Ingratefull to such Worth,
 Instead of Aid had sent his Murderers forth.

Cleop. How great a Curse Heaven on that Prince does send,
 Whom they do Power without Virtue lend!
 How much more Blest are they that cannot reach
 That height of Mischief which their Natures teach!
 Whose Lives and Faults are private, so that Fame
 Can lay no lasting Blot upon their name!
 But this base Stain will stick upon our House,
 Whilst *Memphis* stands, or *Nilus* overflows.
 But how did *Pompey* on the Villains look?

Achor. He was with Wonder, and not Terror strook;
 Some little Fear surpriz'd him, but he soon
 Recall'd his Temper, and then thought alone,
 Regardless of himself, how he might save
 His dear *Cornelia* from the present Grave;
 Let us expose alone these Silver hairs,
 To the reception that base Land prepares;
 Fly then he said, whilst the whole Storm I bear,
 And to take Vengeance by thy restless care;

Our noble *Juba* bears a Braver mind ;
 With him thy Father, and my Sons thou'lt find ;
 Yet if they fail, and meet untimely Deaths,
 Never despair, whilst the bold *Cato* breaths.
 Thus whilst their Loves contest, the fatal Bark
 Makes towards them : *Septimius* as a mark
 Of Service gives his hand, in his own Tongue
 Salutes him Emperour, as from the Young
Egyptian Monarch, Step, great Sir, he said,
 Into this Boat, Quick-sands and Shelves have made
 Our Ports unsafe for greater Ships ; even then
 Our *Heroe* saw the baseness of the Men,
 Yet shew'd no Change, but keeping in his face
 His wonted Majesty and fearless Grace,
 With the same Count'nance towards his Death doth go,
 Wherewith he wont whole Kingdoms to bestow.
 His Virtue intire attends him in his fate.
 Of all the followers of his happier State,
 His freed-man *Philip* then remain'd alone,
 From him I learnt what I have now made known.
 And this is all, Madam, that he exprest,
 My Eyes have seen, my Heart would sigh the rest ;
Cesar himself when his sad Fate he hears,
 To such Misfortunes can't deny his Tears.

Cleop. O spare not mine, proceed, this one relief,
 I have, that nothing can increase my grief.

Achor. Far off we saw him coming, and not one
 Of all that Troop but his Discourse did shun ;
 Which strange contempt made him too well perceive,
 The Entertainment he should soon receive :
 At length they came to Land, and as he stept
 A shore, *Achillas* that base Traitor leapt
 Forth of the Boat, and the first Wound he made.
 Then all at once basely his Life invade ;
 All of one Land, degenerate Sons of *Rome*,
 That should his Guard his Murderers become,
Achillas's self that set the Villains on,
 Stood yet amaz'd to see't so boldly done.

Cleop. Ye Gods that give the World to civil War,
 When ye Revenge his Death our City Spare;
 Find out the Hands, and punish not the Town,
 The crime of *Memphis* was by *Romans* done.

But how does he receive their Treachearous blows?

Achor. Part of his Robe over his Face he throws,
 And without seeing it his Fate obey'd,
 Disdain'd the Heav'ns that had his cause betray'd,
 To look at then, lest Dying he might seem,
 Or Aid, or Vengeance to implore of them;
 No feeble part though of his failing breath
 But shew'd him worthy of a Nobler Death:
 His Head cut off, is by the Villains shew'n,
 Like some proud Trophie when a Battels won,
 And his Dead Body to the Seas expos'd,
 Floats now at randome in no Urn inclos'd;
 At such a sight the poor *Cornelia* lost ----

Cleop. Great Gods, in what Distraction was she Tost?

Achor. Her Mournfull hands to cruel Heaven she lifts,
 Yet pays Subbmission to its hidden Drifts,
 And then again o'ecome with suddain grief,
 Falls in a Sound, and seems to hate Relief;
 Her men the while plying the Oars amain,
 With frighted haste the Milder Sea regain:
 But yet I fear they cannot scape, for base
Septimius does them with six Vessels chace,
 VWho to compleat his Crime endeavours shews,
 And *Pompey* even after Death persues.

Cleop. Unequall'd Villains! O! Accursed brood!
 Are they not Glutted with that *Hero's* Blood,
 That thus his dearer half they do persue,
 Forgetting all that to her Sex is due?

Achor. Mean while *Achillas* doth in Triumph bring
 His horrid Present to our Faithless King;
 The people as he goes astonisht mourn,
 And from the hated fight their Faces turn,
 A general horror doth their Souls invade,
 Some fear the Ground will open, and be made

Their common Grave : others loud Thunder hear ,
 To every one does some strange Sight appear ,
 So does the Guilt distract them, and present
 Unto their Thoughts th' excess of Punishment ;
 His freed-man *Philip* in a Servants mind,
 Shews yet a Courage of the Noblest kind,
 He follows his Dead Lord, and watches where
 Or to what Shore the Angry main will bear
 The Headless Trunck, that he may duely burn ,
 And put his Sacred Ashes in an Urn ;
 But as toward *Africk* they *Cornelia* chafe ,
Cæsar appears, and almost hide the face
 Of spacious *Neptune* with his Numerous Fleet.

Cleop. It must be he, in that we plainly see't.
 Tremble ye Villains of this impious Land,
Cleopatra now holds Thunder in her hand,
 May throw't on whom she will, *Cæsar* is come ,
 She is your Queen, her angry Breath your Doom.
 Let us admire the while, th' uncertain state
 Of human greatness, and by *Pompey's* fate
 Learn what our own may be : This Prince that sway'd
 Th' Imperial Senate, whom the world Obey'd,
 Whom Fortune seem'd to have advanc'd above
 Her own proud reach, who did more terrour move
 In *Rome* than Loudest Thunder, whom she saw
 Three times her proud Triumphal Chariots draw ,
 Who in these last extremes and falling state
 Both Consulls had Companions of his Fate ,
 When Fortune once neglected him, we see
Egyptian Monsters of his Head decree ,
 We see a *Photin* and *Achillas* straight
 The great Disposers of the highest Fate,
 A King that from his Hands a Crown receives,
 Him to the hands of Basest Villains gives ;
 So *Pompey* falls, and so perhaps one Day,
 The now Victorious and great *Cæsar* may :
 But O ye powerfull Gods that see my Tears ,
 Assist my Wishes, and avert my Fears.

Achor. Madam, the King is coming?

[Enter Ptolomey, Photinus.

Ptolom. Do you know the Honour we are like to have?

Cleop. Yes, *Cesar's* come, I'm no more *Photin's* Slave.

Ptolom. Sister, you always hate that worthy Man.

Cleop. No, but I now despise the worst he can.

Ptolom. Of what design of his can you complain?

Cleop. Where we have suffer'd much, fears are not Vain;
So great a States-man may do any thing,
When he's assisted by a Credulous King.

Ptolom. I follow his advice, and know 'tis good.

Cleop. I fear th' Effects, and see it spares no Blood.

Ptolom. For common safety, all things Lawfull are.

Cleop. That kind of Justice, I too Justly fear:
It cost me late my Interest in the Throne,
And *Pompey's* Head to whom you owe your Crown.

Ptolom. He never plaid a greater States-mans part,
Cesar to gain there was no other Art;
You see his haste, and our Disorder'd Town,
Before it could have Arm'd, had been O'rethrown,
But safely now to his Victorious hand,
Your Heart I offer, and my own Command.

Cleop. Make your own offers, I shall mine propound,
You need not thus our Interests confound.

Ptolom. They are but one, since of one Blood we be.

Cleop. You might as well say two of one Degree,
Being Sovereigns both, and yet you'l shortly learn
There is some difference in our concern.

Ptolom. Yes Sister, for my small Dominion ends
In narrow Bounds, nor beyond *Nile* pretends,
But you are *Cesar's* Queen, and may command
O're *Ganges*, *Tagus*, and the farthest Land.

Cleop. I have Ambition, but 'tis so confin'd,
That though it Dazels me I am not Blind.

Talk not to me of *Tagus* nor of *Ganges*,
I know my Right, and care not for your Changes.

Ptolom. Y' have an advantage, and you'l use't I find.

Cleop. I'm sure if I do'nt I'm not of your mind.

[Exit.

Ptolom. I follow'd thy advice, yet all my Art,
 And lowest Flattery, but made her start
 Into a farther Pride, untill at last
 Tyr'd with such Scorn my Rage had like t' have past
 All bounds, and neither minding *Cæsar* nor his force,
 With her high Pride have taken such a Course,
 That spight of all her Braggs she sooner might
 Implore of *Pompey* than of him a right;
 She talks as though sh' already were a Queen,
 And if he do indulge her Pride and Spleen,
 And she o're him her boasted Empire have,
 Her Brother and her King must be her Slave;
 But lets prevent her Rage, 'tis poor to wait,
 And tamely bear the certain stroaks of Fate;
 Lets put an end to her too long disdain,
 Lets from her take the Means to Please and Reign.
 What? shall my Scepter and undoubted Right,
 So long maintain'd, a Wanton smile requite?

Photin. Sir, give him no pretence to rend your Crown
 From off your Head, and joyn it to his own;
 That haughty Mind which has no other care
 But to bring Cruel Slavery and Warr
 Where e're he comes, Transported with the Rage
 Which such a loss must certainly engage
 A Real Lover in, though you but Justice do,
 Will take th' occasion to become your Foe,
 And then to Colour o're his Thirst of Spoil,
 Your brave Revenge will a foul Murder style.

Ptolom. If she once see him she will have the Crown.

Photin. And if she don't, y' are certainly undone.

Ptolom. I'le pluck her with me, since I needs must fall.

Photin. Preserve your self I pray, if that be all.

Ptolom. What! in my Crown to see her proudly Shine?
 Scepter, if thou must leave these hands of mine,
 Pass, pass, unto the Mighty Conquerours.

Photin. Sir, you will better wrest it out of hers.
 What ever Flames he for a while may show,
 Fear not, he shortly must begone we know;

No Ardour Love can give to such a Soul,
 But what his High designs will soon Controul,
Iberia, Africa, are yet possess'd
 By the Young *Pompeys* and that Interest,
 So great a General would much mistake
 No other use of his Success to make,
 Than to give Leisure to such Daring Sprights,
 To be again in posture for new Fights.

Ptolom. What human Force can long oppose that Hand,
 Which neither *Rome* nor *Pompey* could withstand?
 And then with Lovers haste he will return,
 And we too late our lost Occasion Mourn.

Photin. Soon as he has that Party quite o'rethrown,
 He must to *Rome* there to secure his own;
 Change at his Will the Model of the State,
 Enjoy the Bounty of Indulgent Fate,
 And when he's there, what is't you may not do?
 But for a while you must to *Cæsar* bow,
 Constrain your self to please him, we shall find
 A time to settle all things to your Mind;
 Give freely to his hands your Power and Crown,
 And to his high Disposal leave your Throne;
 What ever hopes her haughty Mind may fill,
 I know he must observe your Fathers will;
 Besides, the late great Service you have done,
 Bids you be confident of what's your own;
 But whatso'ere he do's, seem to comply,
 Extoll his Judgment, praise his Equity,
 Till he begon at least, and when we see
 That time and place with our Designs agree,
 We will revenge our selves, and she shall find
 The fatal Error of her haughty Mind.

Ptolom. Thou hast restor'd me to my Life and Crown;
 The greatest Blessings that the Gods send down
 On Princes, are such Counsellours; lets go
 Dear *Atlas* of my Throne, to meet our Foe
 With all our Fleet, present him all we have,
 That we may all again intire Receive.

A& Third, Scene First.

Enter *Charmion* and *Achoreus*.

Charm. **W**Hile *Ptolomey* with low respect does haste
 Our *Egypt's* Crown at *Cæsars* feet to Cast,
 The Queen as unconcern'd at Home does stay,
 Expecting *Cæsar* like respect should pay
 To her; what think you of this haughty Dame?

Acho. 'Tis a just Value set upon the Fame
 Of her great Beauty, and becomes her Place
 And high Extraction of that Royal Race;
 But may I have access?

Charm. No, I am sent
 Of the late Interview to know th' Event,
 To learn what the strange Present did obtain,
 The thanks of *Cæsar* or his Just disdain,
 If his Reception of the King were kind,
 And what Success our Murtherers do find.

Acho. The Head presented will produce Effects
 Much differing from what *Egypt's* Court expects,
 Whose Flatteries have mis-led their Sovereign;
 When he took Shipping I was in his Train;
 Our Navy Anchor in good Order weigh'd,
 And a League hence for *Cæsars* coming staid,
 He with full Sails advanc't, as *Mars* had grac't
 His Sword with Conquest, *Neptune* now as fast
 Favours his Course, and to his Fleet, as kind
 As his late Fortune, gives a prosperous Wind;
 When they first meet, Our Prince dismay'd appears,
 Forgetting what became the Crown he wears,
 Shews Abject Fear, in Chearfulness ill feign'd,
 A servil Baseness his Behaviour stain'd;

I blush'd to see our *Ptolomey* so near
 To mighty *Cesar* and no King appear ;
Cesar that saw Fear strike him in amaze ,
 With Flattering pity did his Spirits raise ;
 He faintly then the fatal Present shows ,
 Behold my Lord, the last of all your Foes.
Pompey, *Cornelia*, both from me receive
 More than the Gods could at *Pharsalia* give ;
 Here is his Head, the other, though she flies,
 Our Fleet pursuing will soon make your prize.
 The Head discover'd of great *Pompey* slain
 Appear'd as though it would have Spoke again ,
 As if it yet were warm enough to have
 Sense of th' Affront which to his Ghost they gave ;
 The mouth yet Gasping, and the wandring sight
 Seem'd to recall the soul but yet in Flight ,
 His Dying anger wanted only breath
 T' accuse the Gods for his Defeat and Death.

Charm. Drawn in small space, large Histories have been,
 So in that point those Miseries were seen,
 That like a Deluge the whole World o'rspread ,
 Ere they could swell so high to reach that Head ;
 Could horror there, Contracting all her power
 Make no Impression on the Conquerour ?

Acho. The sight like Thunder strook him with surprize ,
 As one not knowing what, or how t' advise ,
 His fixed Eye a while, and deep suspence
 From all about him hid his Doubtfull sense ;
 If we may guess, he labour'd to Destroy
 The rising Motions of uncomely Joy ,
 To which Ambition did his Thoughts allure ,
 Finding his Empire o're the World secure ,
 This Pleasure with Discretion did contest
 For a short pause, till Reason got the best ;
 Though he loves Greatness, Treachery he hates,
 Weighs the Worlds Judgment and his own, Debates
 What solid Motives urge his Joy, or Woe ,
 At length Concluding, Tears his Eyes o'reflow ,

A generous Frailty in his Temper shines,
 And to his Virtue Interest resigns;
 Out of his Sight he sends them with their Gift,
 And with his Eyes and Hands to Heav'n up lift,
 Against the Fact in bitter Words declares,
 Then silent stood as one oppress'd with Cares,
 Nor to his *Romans* would he make reply,
 But with deep Sighing or an angry Eye;
 At length with Thirty Cohorts set on Land,
 Both of our Ports and Gates he took Command,
 Plac'd Guards with secret Orders every where,
 To make Distrust, as well as Grief appear,
 Speaks as our Lord, names *Pompey*, not as one
 That was his Rival, but his Dearest Son;
 There's what I saw.

Charm. Here's what the Queen would have,
 And what her Prayers from just *Osiris* crave,
 Shee'l be Transported with this welcome News,
 Which to encrease your faithfull Service use.

Acho. I shall, but *Cæsar's* come, go let her hear
 How pale our Courtiers look, how Dead with fear,
 And we, as *Cæsar* shall his mind disclose,
 Will soon inform her how this new World goes.

Exeunt.

Scene the Second.

Enter *Ptolomey*, *Cæsar* and *Lepidus*,
Antonius.

Ptolom. MY Lord, as Sovereign here, our Throne ascend.
Cæsar. **M** That offer, Sir, speaks you not *Cæsar's* friend,
 Fortunes worst Malice could not set me down
 To less Advantage than upon a Throne;
 Here *Rome's* hard usage would find Just excuse,
 If such a weak Temptation could seduce

A *Roman* heart from its true Character,
 To stoop at Loyalty, disdain'd by her,
 And giv'n as Cheap, 'tis bred in our Souls frame
 To hate that Quality, and slight the Name;
 This from great *Pompey* you had sooner known,
 If your Distressed friend y' had dar'd to own,
 He had this offer of your Chair declin'd,
 If to that Worthy you had been thus kind;
 You might perhaps, have fallen, but strew'd with Bays,
 No Trophees of Success had match't that praise,
 When Fortune had betray'd your Enterprize,
Cæsar had took delight to help you Rise,
 But since your Thoughts had no regard of Fame,
 To that Illustrious head whence grew your Claim;
 Which way could he forfeit his Life to you,
 Whose Homage is to the least *Roman* due?
 Has fate made me Triumphant o're my Foes,
 That *Ægypt's* King the Conquest should dispose?
 My too Destructive Sword did I unsheath,
 That you might Judge of *Romans* Life and Death?
 I Fought to wrest that Power from *Pompey's* hands,
 Shall I endure your Barbarous Commands?
 What do you think for this can be your Doom,
 Where you pretend a Sovereignty o're *Rome*?
 Affronted more in this Illustrious head,
 Than all the Blood that *Mithridates* shed;
 Had I been Vanquish'd, your Complying thought
 My head a present had to *Pompey* brought;
 Thanks to my Fortune that I am ador'd,
 From him Retreating I had met your Sword;
 Friendship abhorr'd, and formidable Love,
 That Safe or Dangerous as our Fortunes prove;
 But speak, you have too long stood thus Confus'd.

Ptolom. 'Tis true, but with Just cause may be Excus'd.

A Soveragn Born that always us'd Command,
 I now in presence of my Master stand,
 My Courtiers all with Reverence on me look,
 But with like Awe I am by *Cæsar* strook,

Judge then how I should presence have of mind,
 Who from your Words such Cause of Terrour find ;
 Lost in profound Respect, how should we Clear
 This double Cloud of Reverence and Fear ?
 But above all that which Confounds me most,
 Is to find *Cæsar* Friend to *Pompeys* Ghost.
 You urge Ingratitude, but this I know,
 That more to *Cæsar* than to him I owe ;
 Your favour first on our Dark Fortune shin'd,
 To what he did he was by you inclin'd,
 Our Cause ith' Senate he did undertake,
 Protecting Injur'd Princes for your sake,
 Yet vain had been whatever they Decreed,
 Unless your Bounty had supply'd our need ;
 The Thousand Talents you so Nobly lent,
 Restor'd us to our Throne from Banishment.
 Your Son we Honour'd, while he was your Friend,
 Before his Force he did against you bend ;
 Before he Envy'd your Success in Warr,
 And Tyrant like began this Civil Jarr.

Cæsar. Hold ---- Are you not contented with his Death,
 That thus you Blast his Glory with your Breath ?
 Vent not such Slanders as may *Rome* offend,
 Nor him Reproach, while you your Self Defend.

Ptolom. Then we referr to Heav'n his secret thought,
 Which all our Vows during these Warrs besought,
 That you by prosp'rous Arms might be redrest,
 Whose slow Resentment was so rudely Press'd.
 How could I think, that it became your Friend
 To spare his Life, that did your Death intend ?
 A man whose Rage no Victory could quell,
 Might have fetch'd Succour from the lowest Hell,
 Made the Wild *Parthian* the Sworn foe of *Rome*,
 And all the *East* against his Father come ;
 Besides, had you his Person got, our fear
 Suppos'd your heart too generous would forbear
 Your Just Revenge, and Clemency's Excess
 Had still Continu'd your Unhappiness.

These friendly fears of Accidents so ill,
 Made us secure you, though against your Will ;
 Our forward Zeal as Guilty you disown,
 But 'twas to Serve you, what has been misdome ;
 Nor need you own the Fact by which you gain,
 To keep you Innocent I took the stain ,
 The Blacker 'tis the more it should be Priz'd,
 My Fame to your Concernment Sacrific'd.

Cæsar. Reasons ill grounded your false Zeal misled ,
 If what the whole World pray'd for, caus'd your Dread,
 That your too Curious fear should thus delude
 The fairest hope our Civil Arms pursu'd ;
 Honour engag'd me my proud Foes to tame,
 And then to pardon was my only aim ,
 The feircest Enemies I have o'rethrown,
 For my Dear Friends and Confidents I own.
 VVhat publique Joy had our sad Warr ensu'd,
 If I and *Pompey* o're our former feud ,
 Triumphant had in the same Chariot Rid ?
 All which your narrow Policies forbid.
 You fear'd my Clemency ! O gross mistake !
 VVish it were greater now for your own sake ;
 If by strict Rules of Justice I were led,
 I should appease *Romes* Anger with your Head ;
 VVithout regard to seeming Love, your State,
 Or too late Penitence, Indulge my Hate ,
 And make your Throne it self the Tragick Stage,
 Did not your Sister obviate my Rage :
 Your guilty Blood my Pardon only gains,
 Because it runs in *Cleopatra's* Veins ;
 On your base Flatterers the fault I lay,
 And am content their Lives the forfeit pay ;
 Guilty or Innocent I shall Esteem
 You, as you Spare, or as you Punish them.
 Mean while to *Pompey* let new Altars rise
 VVith Honours, such as to the Deities
 Are paid, with Sacrifice your Crime repair ,
 And in that Work employ your Cheifst care ;

Among your Courtiers order this Design,
And leave me otherwise imploy'd with mine.

Exit Ptolomey.

Scene the Third.

Antonius, have you *Aegypts* Princess seen?

Anton. Yes, and all wonders met in that fair Queen,
Heav'n never yet in such a Union Joyn'd
All Beauties Charms with an Accomplish'd mind;
Her Look with a sweet Majesty replete,
The coldest Hearts invades with Conquering heat,
Her Wit surprizes, and her bright Eyes so,
That were I *Cæsar*, I should Love her too.

Cæsar. But how does she our offer'd Love receive?

Anton. As if she durst not, but yet did believe;
With Weak Denials she invites to sue,
And seems not worthy, though she thinks it due.

Cæsar. Shall I prevail?

Anton. What doubt if you Command
Her, that Expects a Scepter from your Hand?
How should your Passion fear to be repell'd?
What can oppose him that has *Pompey* quell'd?
All the Objection that her Caution brings,
Is the Contempt that *Romans* have of Kings;
Something she's troubl'd with *Calphurnia* too,
But all will Vanish at the sight of you,
To pleasing Hopes these Fears will soon give place,
When you shall Woo her with a Conquerours Grace.

Cæsar. Lets go and free her from this Trivial fear,
By making *Cæsars* matchless Love appear;
Come, lets away.

Anton. Before you wait on her
Know that *Cornelia* is your Prisoner,
Brought by *Septimius*, whom his late Crimes raise
To great Expectance of your thanks and praise;

Your Guards by Order when they first took Shore,
Léd them tow' rds you without Expressing more.

Cesar. She must come in; these News untimely Ray
Impatient hopes with Languishing delay;
O the Excess of Greatness that Imloys
Our Life in Business, and Deferrs our Joys.

Scene the Fourth.

Enter *Cornelia* with a Guard.

Septim. MY Lord -----

Cesar. MY *Septimius* to your Master go,
No Traitors shall abide with *Cesar*, no
Degenerate wretch, that *Roman* Swords could bring you
From *Pompeys* Camp or mine to serve a King.

Cornel. *Cesar*, for Envious Fates that I out-brave
Can make me but your Prisoner, not your Slave,
Expect not that their Rage should make me Bow
To call you Lord, That Homage is below
Young *Crassus*, *Pompey's* Widdow, *Scipio's* Blood,
And what's yet more a *Roman* Born, how shou'd
I stoop to that who am so much above
The power of Fortune in my Birth and Love
For Life, 'tis that I Blush to own, that I
Could stay behind when I saw *Pompey* Dye;
Though Pity with rude Force impos'd restraint
From Steel, or Waves, It is my shame to want
Those borrowed helps, for loss of such a Friend,
Excess of Grief should Lingring Torments end;
Death were my Glory, that your Captive I
Live, is the last Degree of Misery.

Cesar. The Nature of your Grief so Violent,
Does to your Thoughts through a Dark Veil present
All black-like *Egypt's* Monsters, this belief
Of them were Juit, not where a *Roman's* chief.

Cornel. O Heav'n! upon my Birth what Planets shin'd,
 That I must praise their Clemency to find
 My greatest Foe Rule here, rather than one
 My Husbands hand Restor'd to his lost Throne?
Cesar, upon your Triumphs set less rate,
 Effects produc'd by my Disastrous fate,
 Ruine my Portion to both Husbands paid,
 Theirs, and the whole Worlds Fortune has out-weigh'd;
 'Tis I, that with my Nuptial Knot ill ty'd,
 Twice made the Gods forsake the Juster side.
 O that on *Cesar* I had been bestow'd,
 That *Rome* to my Misfortune might have ow'd
 Her freedome, and thy Family the bane
 Of blasting Stars led thither as my Train;
 Think not to change my Hate, a Heart like mine
 Though force may Captivate, can ne're incline
 Basely to sue, what e're your Order Threats,
Cornelia neither Trembles, nor Intreats.

Cesar. O worthy half of an Illustrious mate,
 Your Courage we admire, and mourn your Fate,
 From whence you Sprung, this great Heart amply proves,
 And your Just Title to such Worthy Loves;
 Young *Crassus*, *Pompey's* Virtues, whose reward
 Fate could not pay, *Scipio's* great Soul, the Guard
 Of our Distress'd and Threatned Deities
 Speak with your Voice, and Sparkle in your Eyes;
 No Dame so highly Married, and so Born,
 Does *Rome* the Mistress of the World Adorn;
 Would *Jove* and all the Gods your *Scipio* sav'd
 From Punick Rage, had heard but what I crav'd,
 That in your *Hero's* Brest no mis-conceit
 Of my Design had made him thus retreat
 To barbarous Courts, on us he had rely'd,
 And stop't his Flight to hear me Justified,
 Then had I Triumph'd with a happier Doom
 Over Mistakes and Strife, not Him, and *Rome*,
 And he his Losses recompenc'd might prove
 In the full Treasure of his Rivals Love:

To Live his Equal, and to Dye his Friend,
 Of my Contention was the only End,
 His Mind once settled in a quiet state,
 His Pardon I had got for partial Fate;
 And with it gain'd *Romes* Alienated heart,
 When she had known I had in his a part.

Cornel. *Cæsar*, great Promises are safely made,
 Where the performance is but to a Shade,
 The way's too Common, and we easily find
 Men to the Ashes of their Rivals kind;
 Be still your self, for we receive your Hate
 With better Welcome, than a Love so Late.

Cæsar. Yet, Madam, since with him these Hopes must Dye,
 And Envious Fates so great a Joy deny,
 To what is left of him, that is, to You
Cæsar shall render what to Both is due.
 Be Mistriss of your Self, I only pray
 The favour from you of a Two Days stay,
 To be a Witness after all your Hate,
 How I Resent his Loss, Revenge his Fate,
 That so the World for all the late Spilt flood,
 May know the Price I set on *Roman* Blood.
 Madam, I leave you for a Moment, see
 Good *Lepidus*, that her Attendance be
 As *Roman* Ladies ought, That is above
 Whats paid to greatest Queens, let all things move
 At her Command.

Cornel. O Cruelty of Fate!
 That I such Virtue should be forc't to Hate.

Exeunt.

Act Fourth, Scene First.

Ptolomey, Achilles, Photinus.

Ptolom. **B**Eyond belief is the sad News you tell,
By the same Hand and Sword that *Pompey* fell,
Septimius slain? *Achillas*, wert thou there,
Saw'st thou the sad Effect of his Despair?

Achil. I saw him Dye, and with his latest Breath
Seem to advise us in the Pangs of Death
To Judge of *Cæsars* slow advised Rage;
Wrath soon Inflam'd as quickly may Asswage,
But study'd Anger and deliberate Hate,
Grows up with Time and carries certain fate:
Nor must we hope his Fury will decline,
He calls it (Just Revenge) 'tis meer Design.
With *Pompey's* Ghost, a League he would Contract,
And Punishing that much Repented Act;
Strives to obtain, (for *Cæsar* Grasps at all)
Empire and Glory by his Rivals fall.

Ptolom. Ah! had thy good Advice Belief obtain'd,
Without a Master *Ptolomey* had Reign'd,
But Kings still chuse (Govern'd by some ill Fate)
The worst Advice after a Long debate;
Destiny blinds them, or if any Light
Seem to inform, it but deceives their Sight,
And with delusive Glimmerings leads them on,
Till they have Reach'd their own Destruction.

Photin. I was deceiv'd in *Cæsar* all this while,
For he his Rivals Death doth Murder style;
But since th' ungratefull Tyrant can Defame
So a Great a Service with so Foul a Name,
By the same Hand let his own Blood be spilt,
And we in that will wash our former Guilt.

Now I prescribe no Bounds to your Swoln heart,
 Nor would deferr Revenge till he depart,
 This sharp Disease must have a Sudden Cure,
 Let us no more his Insolence indure;
 By *Cæsar's* Death wee'l *Pompey's* Ghost appease,
 Secure our Selves, and give the whole World ease,
 When *Rome* her Self shall call him Tyrant too,
 And owe her Peace, and Liberty to you.

Ptolom. Photinus, now thy Reasons must perswade.
 Shall I descend to be of him Affraid,
 Whom I have Rais'd and made thus to be Fear'd?
 No, no, my Vengeance shall not be Deferr'd,
 That in one day *Egypt* may twice become
 The great Disposer of the Fates of *Rome*;
Cæsar forget thy Pride for Battel's won,
 And only think of what my Power has done;
 For *Pompey* fell beneath the Fatal stroke,
Pompey, who once thy Envy could provoke,
 And therefore was as Great, the V World shall see,
 That thou art Mortal too as well as he:
 To the Dead *Hero* thou art grown so kind,
 'Twere Cruelty to keep thee here behind.

Achil. Sir, to our Selves it were: at once his fall
 Gives full Revenge and Safety to us all;
 Revenge and Safety dear to all Mankind,
 And in his Death their Interests are Joyn'd.

Ptolom. Nor shalt thou *Cæsar* of thy Justice boast,
 I must appease both *Romes* and *Pompey's* Ghost,
 And of thy Insolence Revenge will take,
 V Who spar'st a King but for his Sisters sake;
 Nor shall my Fortunes still in Danger lye,
 Both of her Hate and thy Inconstancy,
 That when you please, those Toyes my Life and Crown,
 Reward a Smile, or Punishes a Frown.
 No, my Respects and Fears are laid aside,
 Thou shalt not long enjoy thy cruel Pride,
 And since thou didst Command me to prepare
 Victims for *Pompey* with advice and care,

I have Obey'd thee Tyrant, and I see
 There is no fitter Sacrifice than thee,
 Whose Blood might sooner on the Altar spilt,
 Appease his Ghost or Expiate our Guilt ;
 But 'tis in Vain my Friends with Angry words
 To threaten *Cæsar* ; we must know what Swords
 We can Employ to Exectue our Will ,
 The Tyrants Army are our Masters still :
 Let us consult, and suddenly advise,
 How to Destroy 'em by a close Surprize.

Achil. Sir, Let us first secure our own Defence ;
 You have six Thousand men some two Miles hence ,
 Which I from several Quarters have drawn down
 For fear of Stirs in this Tumultuous Town ;
 With all their Care the *Romans* have not found
 A secret Sally we have under Ground ,
 Through which by Night unknown to *Cæsars* Guard,
 We may Conduct them to the Palace Yard ;
 For should we now the *Roman* Host invade,
 With Trumpets Sounding, Ensigns wide Display'd ,
 Head-long we might to Death and Danger run,
 And vainly perish e're our Work were done.
 No, at the Feast let him receive his Doom,
 Doubly before with Love and Wine o'recome ;
 Then if we can but Muster all our Powers ,
 I'm Confident the Towns-men will be ours ;
 For I perceive the Tyrant does Incense
 Their Angers by his Pomp and Insolence,
 And when they saw his Vessels under Sail,
 Proudly inforce our fearfull Fleet to Vail ,
 They scarcely could those Sparks of Anger tame,
 Which we will quickly Blow into a Flame :
 But above all the Valiant *Roman* Band,
 Whom Dead *Septimius* lately did Command ,
 By all the Gods and Powers above have Sworn,
 To be Reveng'd of *Cæsar's* Bloody scorn.

Ptolom. But how to fix our Weapons in his Breast ,
 If all his Guard surround him at the Feast ?

Photin. Great Sir, the *Roman* Souldiers in your Pay,
 Amongst the Servants of *Cornelia*
 Have met with Friends and Kinsmen, who may be
 Fit Actors all in this Great Tragedy ;
 These we shall soon perswade to undertake
 Their Tyrants Slaughter for their Masters sake ;
 They as *Cornelia's* Train have free access,
 Which may assure us of a good Success,
 So that whilst *Cæsar* flatters *Pompey's* Wife,
 He would secure, but shall expose his Life.
 But *Cleopatra* comes, smooch your Rough Brow,
 And wisely seem with Servil fear to bow ;
 We must begon being Objects of her Hate.

Ptolom. Go, and expect me, I'll be with you straight.

Scene the Second.

Ptolomey, Cleopatra, Charmion.

Cleop. Brother, with *Cæsar* I have done my best
 To make your Peace, and Calm his Angry breast.

Ptolom. 'Twas nobly done, I could have hop'd no more,
 Though I had us'd you like your Self before ;
 But your brave Lover Sister left you soon.

Cleop. Some little Tumult raised in the Town,
 Lest that their Rage and Numbers should encrease
 He would himself secure the publique Peace,
 And I was glad that I had time to tell
 This happy News, since none can do't so well ;
 How great *Cæsars* brow without a frown,
 You need not fear your Person nor your Crown,
Cæsars so much your Friend, that for your sake
 He's mov'd to Pity, the advice you take
 Of such base Counsel, who in every thing
 Will make ye more a Tyrant than a King,
 These men Compos'd of the Coursest Earth,
 Whose Souls are baser than their Obscure Birth,

You give 'em power, and set 'em up to Reign,
 Cloath 'em with Purple, but 'tis all in Vain,
 Their Native Baseness is a foul Disease
 Which none can Cure, and such Men as these
 Faintly let fall, when Rais'd to high Commands,
 The Weighty Scepters from their Trembling hands.

Ptolom. Sister, 'tis true, and now I find too late,
 How ill I chose my Ministers of State;
 Had I left them, and been Advis'd by you,
 I'd Liv'd with Glory as my Equals do,
 And had deserv'd the Kindness which you still
 Retain for me, though I have usd you Ill;
 My Palace then had been the Happy place,
 Where *Cæsar* might his Conquer'd Son Imbrace,
 And when the World had found all Troubles cease,
 She'd been oblig'd to *Ægypt* for her Peace;
 I as a Friend to both, had by the Laws
 Of *Ægypt* Judg'd of the great *Roman* Cause;
 But since what's past can now find no redress,
 To you I freely may my Grievs express,
 I us'd you Ill, and your Revenge was shewn
 In the preserving both my Life and Crown:
 Subdue your Self still in this Noble strife,
 And save *Photinus* and *Achillas* Life,
 They merit Death since they Offended you,
 But then my Reputation suffers too;
 If for my Crimes these VVorthless VVretches Dye,
 I shall Live Heir to all their Infamy;
 Oblige me, Sister, let your Eyes bright Charms
 Melt the Stern man like Lightning through his Arms,
 That I to you may Owe with gratefull shame,
 My Life, my Kingdome, and what's more, my Fame.

Cleop. VVere it in me to Punish or Forgive,
 My Scorn is great enough to let them Live,
 But to solicit *Cæsar* 'twill be Vain,
 Since by their Hands *Pompey* was basely Slain;
 His Blood with *Cæsar*'s Justice will oppose
 This strange Desire of mine to save my Foes;

Once for your Sake I did their Pardons crave,
 He the Discourse to something else did VVave,
 And such a Kind of careles Cunning us'd,
 My Prayer was neither Suffer'd nor Refus'd ;
 But now at your Request I'll fully prove,
 VVhat Interest I have in *Cæsar's* Love,
 And I dare Hope -----

Ptolom. ----- He comes, let me begone,
 You'll have more Power when you are alone,
 My presence might another Passion move,
 I'll wholly leave him to your Self and Love.

Exeunt.

Scene the Third.

*Cæsar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus,
 Charmion, Achoreus, Romans.*

Cæsar. **M**Y Queen, this Storm is laid without much harm,
 A small Commotion gave a great Alarm ;
 But when I left you I began to find
 A greater Tumult in my Troubled mind.
 Love, my most powerfull Passion made me hate
 Success and Greatness, Curse the Cruel fate
 That rais'd me, since thus great I cannot spare
 My self one hour of Joy, but some new Care
 Still calls me from you, yet I straight again
 Am reconcil'd to Fortune, and restrain
 My Causeless passion, nay, adore my Bays,
 Since they my Hopes as well as Person raise
 To that Auspicious height from whence I see,
 So fair a Prospect of Felicity,
 That I dare hope Requital of my Flame,
 Though my Ambitious Love make you his Aim.
 You now may *Cæsar* with like Ardour meet,
 Kings cast their Crowns and Scepters at my feet ;

But

But if the World a Monarch yet contains,
 Who more deserves the Glory of your Chains,
 On whose high Throne you might with greater State,
 Give Laws to Nations, and Dispose of Fate,
 By force of Arms I would my Title prove,
 His Rival less for Empire than for Love,
 Nor should I hope you would my Flames allow,
 Till I had made so great a Rival bow;
 These were the Ambitious hopes which have thus farr
 Engag'd your *Cesar* in a Civil Warr,
 And that I might this glorious Right maintain,
 I Conquer'd *Pompey* on *Pharsalia's* Plain;
 Where e're I Fought, your Beauty did afford
 Strength to my Arm, and Sharpness to my Sword,
 And all the fair Success I had in Arms,
 Were the Effects of your Bright Beauties Charms,
 Which in my Breast did first this Passion move,
 And now has Rais'd me Equal to your Love,
 Since I without a Rival am become
 Master of all the World and Head of *Rome*:
 These are the Titles that my Valour gave,
 Which love innobles by the name of Slave,
 And I am more than Blest if you approve,
 And perfect the Success of humble Love.

Cleop. These Honours are too great, I needs must know
 What *Cleopatra* does to *Cesar* owe,
 And should I nicely still conceal my Flame,
 I must my Love and Reason too Disclaim;
 Your high Affections did my Child-hood grace,
 When Beauty only Budded in my Face,
 Then first you gave, and since restor'd my Crown,
 After all this I must a Passion own,
 And that my Heart no longer can exelude,
 The force of Love and that of Gratitude;
 But yet alas my glorious Birth and Fate,
 The Restoration of my Crown and State,
 And all the Honours I from you enjoy,
 My better Hopes and my Desires Destroy,

If *Rome* be still the same, my Lofty Throne
 Instead of Raising, casts me lower down,
 And marks of Regal power, like Brands of Shame,
 Render me more Unworthy of your Flame.
 Yet I dare hope, since I your Power know,
 And what the Gods to so much Virtue owe,
 That I by you this haughty *Rome* shall see,
 Bound in the Golden Chains of Monarchy;
 Then she shall soon forget the Cruel hate,
 She always bore to Kings, while yet a State,
 Growing Enamour'd of your Scepters awe,
 Whilst your Examples serve her for a Law;
 She shall from you far Nobler Maxims take,
 And Love all Princes for her *Cæsar's* sake.
 How well may I expect this Change of *Rome*,
 From him that could great *Pompey* overcome?
 Your Power I know can greater Wonders do,
 And I implore no other God but you.

Cæsar. When Love bids *Cæsar* use his utmost Force,
 Wonders grow easie, and ne're stop my Course;
 My Ensigns stain'd with Gore should I display,
 I in a March might Conquer *Africa*,
 And the Remains of my Delpis'd Foes,
 Would to my Arms, their Flying Backs oppose,
 Then wanting Power, this proud, this haughty *Rome*,
 Should *Cæsars* servil Flatterer become;
 At my return she shall our Triumph meet,
 And cast her Pride and Hatred at your feet,
 And whilst I here persue my glorious Fate,
 She shall e're long become my Advocate,
 And with all humble Duty beg a Race
 Of glorious *Cæsars* from your Chaste imbrace.
 This Fruit I hope from my Victorious Bays,
 Rather than large Dominion or high Praise;
 But e're I reach this height of Happiness,
 I must forsake all that I now possess.
 Oh that my Foes were Men so void of Fear,
 That they durst come and bid me Battel here;

Now at too dear a Rate I Conquest buy,
 Since I lose you to gain a Victory;
 But this my Fondness Love will disallow,
 To gain you ever I must leave you now;
 Where e're they fly I thither must remove,
 To perfect Conquest and deserve your Love:
 But e're I go from those all Conquering Eyes,
 Let me receive the Soul of Victories,
 That all my Foes may cry struck with pale Dread,
 He comes, he sees, and we are Conquered.

Cleop. Too much great Sir, I must such Love abuse,
 Which makes me Sin, and will my Fault excuse;
 You gave me Freedom, Life, and Scepter too,
 Which gives me Confidence to Trouble you;
 And I Conjure you by Loves powerfull Charms,
 By the Success which still attends your Arms,
 By your fair Hopes and mine, by all thats good,
 You would not Die my Royal Robes in Blood:
 Be gracious Sir, and pardon, or let me,
 As my first Act of Sovereignty;
Photin and *Achillas* we should Disdain,
 And they are Punish'd now they see me Reign,
 And this their Crime -----

Caesar. ----- Ah take some other way,
 To shew your Power, how soon should I obey?
 But this my Queen is more than Tyranny,
 To lay their Baseness and their Crimes on me.
 Some Worthier Subjects to your Mercy take,
 And think what's done already for your Sake,
 That with the King himself I dare dispence,
 Were not my Flames-----

Scene the Fourth.

*Cæsar, Cornelia, Cleopatra, Achoreus,
Antonius, Lepidus, Charmion
and Romans.*

Cornel. **C***æsar*, make some Defence,
They have Design'd thy Death, and that thy Blood
With *Pompey's* Gore should make one Purple flood.
If not prevented, this their close Compact,
The Bloody Villains straight will put in Act.
My Slaves are in, from them by Tortures try
To know the Depth of this Conspiracy,
For I Disclaim them.

Cæsar. These are Resentments of a *Roman* heart,
Worthy the man of whom you were a part,
His Manes sure, who saw that this my Care
Of his Revenge did my own Death prepare,
Have so forgot our Quarrel and all Hate,
They're now the Guardian Angels of my Fate,
And in a Gratefull and far Nobler strife,
By you his Living part have sav'd my Life.
In spite of all that Treachery could do,
Pompey's not Dead, he still Survives in you;
His noble Soul did in your Breast make stay,
To Vanquish *Cæsar* this most Generous way.

Cornel. Thou art become thine own base Flatterer.
Canst thou believe that I will ought prefer
To my Revenge? no, the deplored Fate
Of my Dead Lord, so just a cause of Hate,
Shall ever be of Force to Disallow
All terms of Reconcilement 'twixt us two.
My promis'd Liberty, let me enjoy,
That I that freedome wholly may employ

To thy Destruction, for where e're I go
 Each man I meet I'll strive to make thy Foe;
 And in the Quarrel of my Murder'd Lord,
 Engage the World, if thou dar'st keep thy word;
 I will pursue thee with a Changeless hate,
 Yet here prevent thy base Assassinate;
 For my Desires on Juster grounds are Built,
 Than to obtain them by so foul a Guilt.

Cesar. Madam, but that your Self my Death prevent,
 You'd been at once Reveng'd and Innocent.

Cornel. Who knows and suffers it, does Guilty grow;
 I wish thy Death, but as a noble Foe,
 That none but *Pompey's* Sons their Hands should stain,
 In the high Blood of *Cesar* nobly Slain;
 Who Arm'd with brave Revenge, shall at the Head
 Of all thy Dreadfull Legions strike thee Dead,
 And to my *Hero's* Ghost a Victim make,
 Whose just Revenge you Nobly undertake.
 T' obtain an intire Vengeance I'll engage
 All th' Active powers of Wit inspir'd by Rage;
 Thy Life is Threatn'd, I am thy Defence,
 My Hate is full of Care and Providence:
 For now I need not in some forein Coast
 Go seek Revenge, which so deferr'd were lost,
 Nor for *Joves* Thunder travel *Africks* Sands,
 I see it Graspt already in thy Hands;
 No Mortal power can the Stroak prevent,
 On thee I might have turn'd the Punishment,
 But that my Reason forc'd me to prefer
 My *Pompey's* Victor to his Murderer.
 Nor am I so with Rage and Passion blind,
 But that my Honour too engag'd I find,
 To punish the Audacious Treachery
 Of their base Crimes, before thy Victory.
 Great *Rome* will have it so, who else would spread
 Her sacred Fore-head with a blushing Red,
 That both her Noblest Heads at once should feel,
 Though Crown'd with Lawrel, an unworthy Steel;

And her great Heart which thou believ'st (in vain)
 So shrunk as for to suffer thee to Reign,
 Would count thy Murderers more her Enemies,
 And her Adored Liberty despise:
 None but a *Roman* could impose the Yoak,
 Which by a *Roman* only must be broke;
 Thy Ruine here, Heav'n's Justice would prevent,
 And be a Crime instead of Punishment,
 Defrauding my Just Vengeance, and Mankind,
 Of that Example thou should'st leave behind.
 Do thou Revenge great *Rome* of *Aegypt's* crime,
 And I'll revenge Her if I can of thine;
 But now make haste to save thy Threaten'd Life,
 And boast thou wert preserv'd by *Pompey's* Wife.

Exeunt.

Scene the Fifth.

*Cæsar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus,
 Achoreus, Charmion.*

Cæsar. **H**ER noble Rage and their bold Crime alike
 My Soul with Wonder and Amazement strike.
 Are these the Men great Queen you'd have me save?

Cleop. Your gracious pardon for my Self I crave,
 Your Justice I no longer will prevent,
 Go Sir, and give them their due Punishment.
 These Traitors most of all My Death desire,
 Against my Crown and Person they conspire,
 You being my Support, they but design
 Your Death and Ruine to make way to mine.
 Just were my Anger, yet I must with grief
 Remember that their Leader and their Chief
 Is still my Brother, may I hope again
 To tempt your Pity and this Sute obtain;

That

That when just Rage inflames your noble Breast,
You would Distinguish Him from all the rest?

Cæsar. I will, and must preserve him, for this Arm,
Where you would save, can have no power to harm,
Despise all fear, these base Assassinate
Can ne're Subvert or Change our glorious Fates ;
Exposing but a Gibbet to their sight,
A Band of Hangmen puts them all to flight,
Who shall, to work upon their Guilty fear,
My Rods and Axes for their Ensigns bear.

[*Exit Cæsar and Romans.*

Cleop. Good *Achoreus*, where so e're he goes,
Be still with *Cæsar*, aid him 'gainst my Foes,
And when their Blood imbrues his angry Blade,
Urge thou the promise he so lately made ;
Be carefull of the King, avert my Fears,
And spare his Blood that I may spare my Tears.

Acho. Madam, if all my Diligence and Care
Can save his Life, you have no cause to fear.

Exeunt omnes.

A& Fifth, Scene First.

Cornelia, Philip.

Cornel. **A**M I awake, or does some Dream obtrude
These borrow'd Shapes my Fancy to delude ?
Eyes may I trust you ? do I *Philip* see,
Or my Fond wishes make me think 'tis he ?
To my Dead Lord, are his last Honours paid,
And in this Urn his Noble Ashes laid ?

Sad, but dear Object, though thou hast possess't
With restless Passions my afflicted Breast,

Expect no Tears, (our feeble Sexes arms)
 My Cares have no Diversion by those Charms,
 They whose weak Grief has leisure to Complain,
 May hope that way t^e Extenuate their pain ;

But all the Gods to witness here I call,
 These Ashes too, which are above them all
 With me, 'tis just, this Heart they rule alone,
 To which such Tyrants all the rest are grown.

By you then Sacred Reliques here I Vow
 (The Highest powers I acknowledge now)
 To let no Time, nor other Mean abate
 My just Revenge, and too well grounded Hate ;
 Thy *Pompey*, *Rome*, by *Aegypts* King betraid,
 To *Cæsar* here a Sacrifice was made,
 And I thy Walls will never see again,
 Till Priest and God be on his Altar slain.
 And you dear Ashes aid my just design,
 Imprint it deep within this Breast of mine,
 And in each Heart, of what I feel, inspire
 The like at least, if not so great desire.

But tell me *Philip*, by what happy way
 Could'st thou this Duty to thy Master pay ?
 To thy Assistance what good Angel came,
 Helping to Light the Poor but Pious Flame ?

Phil. Smeard with his Blood, less sensible than he,
 And wanting Breath to curse their Cruelty,
 Madam, at length I bent my Doubtfull course,
 Where the Rough Winds the Waves on Shore did force,
 Long did I search in Vain, at last hard by
 A Bank of Sand, the loved Corps I spy ;
 Now it ee'n toucht the Shore, and now again
 The wanton Billows threw it to the main,
 Thus still he seem'd to be the sport of Fate,
 Not freed by Death from Fortunes constant hate,
 I staid no longer, but leapt in and bore
 The sacred Reliques in my Arms a Shore,
 Hard by some pieces of a Wrack there lay,
 Such as chance only offer'd in my way,

With these a Funeral pile I rudely dress,
 The time and place might have afforded less,
 And now the Body scarce had felt the Flame,
 When to my pious Cares a Partner came;
Cordus a Roman from the Town does stray,
 And the kind Heav'n guided his steps that way;
 The Headless Trunk when once he did but view,
 By the sad marks he straight great *Pompey* knew;
 His Eyes then full of Tears, O thou, he crys,
 Whom Fate hath Destind to so high a Prize,
 Instead of Punishment which thou mayst fear,
 Honour attends thee, and Reward is near;
Cesar arriv'd does to the World proclame,
 Himself Revenger of that sacred Name,
 To which in silence thou dost here direct,
 The mournfull Tribute of thy last respect;
Cornelia too forc't to this fatal Land,
 Thou maist present these Ashes to her Hand,
 With Reverence such, the Victor does her treat,
 None but the Gods can claim respect so great.
 This said, he runs while still the Corps does burn
 Back to the Town, and with him brought this Urn,
 Where of your *Hero* now inclos'd doth lie
 All that was Mortal, or knew how to Dye.

Cornel. Such Piety, what e're my Fortune be,
 The Gods can never Unrewarded see.

Phil. Scarce had I entred, when i'th' Crowded street
 An Armed Rout I in disorder meet
 Hastig unto the Gate, at which their King
 Expected was some Greater strength to bring;
 Each thinks, though safe, the *Roman* Sword he feels,
 And makes no step, but *Cesar's* at his Heels,
 He Reeking in their Blood, was in a round
 Of Armed Troops, and with his Legions Crown'd,
 I'th' midst, *Photinus* by his Sentence stands,
 Yielding his hated Head to th' Hangmans hands,
 As soon as in his sight I did appear,
 He knew me straight, and bid me to draw near;

My Masters Ashes from my Arms he took,
 And to his Listening Audience thus spoke,
 Ye Reliques of a *Hero*, whose great Fame
 I scarce can Equal with a Conquerours name,
 See how the Traitor does to Justice pay
 Life, which from you his Treachery took away,
 Receive this Sacrifice, and then expect
 The Altars we e're long to you erect,
 Where greater Victims shall be offer'd. Friend
 Thee to *Cornelia* with this Gift I send,
 To her griev'd Heart carry this weak allay,
 While to her full Revenge I make my way.
 He left me with a Sigh, and having first
 Kissed the Urn, bequeath'd it to my trust.

Cornel. Alas, 'tis no intolerable pain
 They feel, who for a Rivals loss complain;
 Well may he spend a Sigh upon this Urn,
 Whose restless fears to softer pity turn;
 Well may he run to his Revenge with haste,
 When his own Danger spurrs him on as fast,
 Since the Concern he puts on for our Fate,
 Both gains him Glory, and secures his State:
 Put *Cæsar's* Noble, nor will I suspect
 What Grief and Envy justly might Object.
 His Rivals Death has ended all their strife,
 And this false King conspires against his Life;
 His peril Arms him now, and all that's done
 On Honours score must not Confus'dly run;
 Love too's engag'd, and *Cleopatra* draws
 The Sword that seems to favour *Pompeys* cause;
 So many Interests in this Action joyn,
 I need not think, that he considers mine;
 Yet I'll perswade my Self he Fights for me,
 Because I'de do no less, if I were he,
 For noble Minds must on themselves reflect,
 Their gueses at others Meaning to direct.

Scene the Second.

Cleopatra, Cornelia, Philip, Charmion.

Cleop. | Come not here, to interrupt the Course
 | Of those just Tears your powerfull Griets inforce;
 Madam, I can no more than you neglect
 What this Urn justly may from me expect;
 Your *Hero's* Reliques by a pious hand
 Restor'd, this duty too from me Command;
 Be pleas'd t' admit to these his Funeral Rites
 A fellow Mourner whom true Grief invites,
 And had my Power been equal to my Will,
 This bewail'd *Hero* had been Living still,
 I had preserv'd the Owner of your Heart,
 If cruel Heav'n had let me play my part;
 Yet if the sight of what it now does send
 Could for a while your Sadder thoughts suspend,
 If by Revenge your Sorrows might decrease,
 I bring you News that cannot fail to please,
 If yet you know it not, *Photinus's* Head.

Cornel. Yes, Princess, I have heard the Traitor's Dead.

Cleop. His hastned Suffering makes the more amends.

Cornel. Perhaps to you, who in that meet your ends.

Cleop. Wish't for Success to all must pleasant be.

Cornel. Where Interests differ how can Thoughts agree?

It false *Achillas* the same Course should run,
 Your Vengeance ends when mine is scarce begun.

I Blush to think that to my *Hero's* Shade,

So poor a Sacrifice as that is made:

No, if in order my Revenge succeed,

Till *Cæsar's* turn, your *Ptolomey* must bleed.

I know that *Cæsar* by your Love inclin'd,

To save him though unworthy has design'd,

But the just Gods will make his Labour vain,

For one deserving neither Life, nor Reign,

And to my Prayers perhaps this grace afford,
 That both may perish by each others Sword;
 Then joy once more might be a welcome Guest,
 Which else for ever is forbid this Breast;
 But if my Bolder wishes fly too high,
 May your King bleed, if only one must Dye.

Cleop. The Gods not always give what we expect.

Cornel. Yet by the Cause we hope for the Effect,
 And seldome 'tis the Guilty miss their due.

Cleop. Though Gods have Justice, they have Mercy too.

Cornel. Yet by the Course they have begun to Chuse,
 'Tis not their Clemency they mean to use.

Cleop. Though Angry once, they often Milder grow.

Cornel. Our wishes only our Concernment show.
 An injur'd VViddow may have other Thoughts,
 Than a kind Sister for a Brothers faults;
 But when 'tis known what Blood is spilt, you'l see
 VVhose Prayers are Juster, and with Heav'n agree.
 Here comes *Achoreus*.

Scene the Third.

*Cornelia, Cleopatra, Philip, Charmion,
 Achoreus.*

Cleop. **A** Las, in's Looks I see
 Th' unlucky marks of some ill Angury;
 Speak good *Achoreus*, but without disguise,
 Banish my Fears, or else my Joy surprize.

Acho. VVhen *Cæsar* first the Horrid Treason knew---

Cleop. Ah! 'tis not that which I expect from you;
 I know he Barricadoed up the Vault,
 Through which they hop't to have their Succours brought,
 There 'gainst *Photinus* all his Force he drew,
 VVho found the Recompence to Treason due.

Achillas warn'd by his Companions fate,
Escapes with ease at the abandon'd Gate,
Him the King follows, whilst *Antonius* Lands,
To joyn with *Cæsar* all the *Roman* Bands;
I doubt not but they've Fought, and by this time
Achillas is Rewarded for his Crime.

Acho. Madam, Success still waits on *Cæsar's* Sword.

Cleop. That's not the business, has he kept his Word?
And is my Brother safe?

Acho. All he could do
He has perform'd.

Cleop. That's all I wish to know.
Madam, you see the Gods my Pray'rs have heard.

Cornel. The Punishment deserv'd, is but Deferr'd.

Cleop. That now he's Sav'd, declares Heav'n is pleas'd.

Acho. At least he had been, if himself had pleas'd.

Cleop. Thy doubtfull Words still hold me in suspence;
Explane at last their ill Agreeing Sense.

Acho. Neither your Vows, nor *Cæsars*, and your Care,
Were Arms enough against his High despair;
Madam, he's Dead, yet all those Glories wait
Upon him that can Crown a Princes fate,
Nearer his fall his Virtue more revives,
Changing his Own for many *Roman* Lives;
To his brave Charge *Antonius* 'gan to yield,
And our disordered Troops scarce kept the Field,
When *Cæsar* comes, whose presence never fails
Of doubtfull Chance to turn the Tottering Scales;
There at his Masters feet *Achillas* fell
The Traitor ne're deserv'd to Dye so well.

Ah! too weak Providence, which cannot free
The Bed of Honour from Adultery,
Cæsar crys out aloud to save the King,
Words which instead of Comfort Terrour bring;
For he suspects that from Design they came,
To keep him for a Scaffolds publique shame,
His swelling Heart with this mistake abus'd,
Seeks for that Death, which every where's refus'd:

Our Ranks he peirces through and through, and shows
 What Valour can, when to Despair it grows ;
 His Bravest men lay Breathless on the ground,
 And he himself was now Incompass'd round ;
 Wearied at length, and out of Breath, he spies
 A Vessel near the Shore and thither flies ,
 After their King the People press so fast,
 The Bark o'recharged perishes at last ;
 Dying in Arms new Glory he receives,
 To you a Crown, to *Cæsar* Conquest leaves ,
 Who on the place Proclames you *Egypt's* Queen ;
 Yet in his Face strange marks of Grief are seen ,
 He mourns his Fall, though none of his did touch
 The Life wherein you are concern'd so much :
 But here he comes, who better can relate
 His Sense of that Unhappy Princes Fate.

Scene the Fourth.

Cæsar, Cornelia, Cleopatra, Achoreus, &c.

Cornel. **C***æsar* my Vöyage now no more Retard,
 The Traitors have receiv'd their full Reward,
 Their King against thy Will has suffer'd too,
 And my Revenge has nothing here to do ;
 This barbarous Shore let me no longer View,
 Where every Object does my Grief renew,
 And with fresh Horrour to my Fancy shows,
 The Tragick Scene of my unequall'd Woes ;
 The Rabble Court thee with their Servile noise,
 And thy new Triumph all their Throats employs ,
 But what I suffer worse than all the rest,
 I am Oblig'd by him, I most Detest ;
 From this Affront 'tis time to set me free,
 And let my Hatred act with Liberty ,
 Only one favour I may still receive,
 And that is all which Honour gives me leave ,

That

That *Pompey's* Head you will to me return,
To add to what Expects it in this Urn.

Cæsar. 'Tis fit I should the Head to you restore,
Since you may Claim it on so just a score;
But first let's all the Sacred Rites attend,
Which peacefull Ghosts unto *Elizium* send;
A stately Pile your Hand and mine shall Light,
Which may the Meanness of the first requite,
And in an Urn more fit for their repose,
The Ashes thus United wee'l inclose,
So shall his quiet Spirit rest in peace,
And by our Pious cares all Passion cease.
This Hand which once my Sword against him Drew,
Shall Build the Altars to his Virtue due,
On which as to the Gods wee'l Incense pay,
And Honours he deserves as well as they;
Let us both this from your Impatience gain,
And for those Duties one Day more obtain,
That done, y' are free, go when you please away,
And this your Treasure to great *Rome* Convey.

Cornel. No *Cæsar*, though I know these Ashes be
As dear to *Rome*, as they are dear to me,
'Tis only thy Defeat can bring us home,
Without that Triumph we will ne're see *Rome*;
Over thy Grave our Passage thither lies,
We have no Country, untill *Cæsar* Dyes,
I am for *Africk*, where the Warr's begun,
By *Cato*, *Scipio*, and my *Pompey's* Son;
To these King *Juba* has his Forces sent,
And Fortune her Injustice may repent,
The Reliques of *Pharsalia* there you'l find,
Another World against your Arms combind;
My self will bring these Ashes to the Field,
And my just Tears shall their Assistance yield,
From Rank to Rank thus Arm'd about I'll go,
And every step shall haste thy Overthrow;
The Souldiers then may lay their Eagles by,
This Urn shall lead them on to Victory,

This mournfull Object shall their Courage wake,
 And in their Souls a deep Impression make.
 To give him his last Honours you pretend,
 Honours indeed which on your Self descend,
 I must Assist, the Victor I obey,
 But never hope to move my Heart this way ;
 My Helpless loss admits of no relief,
 My Hate must be as endless as my Grief,
 That and my Life an Equal course shall run,
 And end Pursuing what I have Begun.

Cæsar. Nature her Ignorance has here confest,
 To place this Spirit in a Womans Breast.

Cornel. Yet as a *Roman* I must needs confess,
 My Hate prevails not to Esteem thee less,
 At once I Praise thee and thy Life pursue,
 That to thy Virtue, this my Honour due ;
 Once set at Liberty, I'll use my Art,
 T'engage both Men and Gods to take my part,
 Those Gods who when our Cause was lately tryd,
 So Partial seem'd against the Juster side ;
 Those Gods that let their Thunder idle lye,
 When they saw *Pompey* for his Country Dye,
 In time we hope their Errour they may see,
 And to the V World repair that Injury ;
 But though they never mend the Fault they made,
 I have a Zeal which does not want their Aid,
 And to Destroy thee, if no means prevail,
 Here's *Cleopatra* that can never fail.
 I see your Flames, and know her Beauties force,
 That you already think of a Divorce,
 Your Country's Laws under your Feet you'll tread,
 To make your way to an *Egyptians* Bed,
 Then the free *Romans* shall attempt your Life,
 VVithout all Scruple, when a Queen's your VVife.
 In your neglected Friends, you'll hope in vain,
 VVho in your Blood will wash their Countrys stain.
 Keeping your word, Farewell, for in my stay
 Your Love and Ruine find the same Delay.

[Exit.
 Scene

Scene the Fifth.

Cleopatra, Cæsar, Achoreus, &c.

Cleop.
Rather than *Cæsar's* Life expos'd shall be
 Unto these Dangers for the Love of me,
 I'll Sacrifice my Self to his repose,
 And Bless that Death, from whence his Safety grows,
 Sure in his Memory of a better Life,
 Though too Unworthy to have Liv'd his Wife.

Cæsar. Madam, when only Vain designs are left,
 To such high Spirits of all means bereft,
 Nothing their Weakness does so well express,
 As Aiming high because they can do less;
 Kind Heav'n will make these ill Prefages vain,
 And my unwonted Fortune mock their pain.

Ah! Could my Love as easie Conquest find
 Over these Tears, and Calm your Tronbled mind,
 With such a Lover 'tis no small Disgrace,
 The worst of Brothers should dispute the place.

You may have heard with what Unwearied care
 I fought to save him from his last Despair,
 My Clemency had so Beset him round,
 No way t' avoid it, but his Death was found;
 Perhaps h' had Conquer'd, could my Arms but know
 Resistance such as to my Love you shew:
 Success in Vain, why didst thou with me stay,
 Since *Cleopatra* I could not Obey?
 Not justly me, but Heav'n you must accuse,
 Which to the Guilty pardon does refuge,
 Their Cruelty to him Exalts your Fate,
 Now the Sole Mistress of th' *Egyptian* state.

Cleop. 'Tis true, his Death has plac'd me on the Throne,
 And that by no Milcarriage of my own.
 While among Mortals here, my Lord, we stay,
 Some Cloud will still O'rcast our brightest Day.

Be not offended though it strange appears,
 I must receive the Conquerour with Tears;
 His Fate was just my Reason does perswade,
 Yet Nature too must be as well Obey'd;
 A secret Murnur in my Soul does rise,
 If on his empty Throne I cast my Eyes,
 T' ascend it then what pleasure can I take,
 When my Blood checks me at each step I make?

Acho. My Lord, at Gate th' impatient people stand,
 And with loud Crys to see their Queen demand,
 Accusing those as Authors of their Wrong,
 Who such a Blessing do Retard so long.

Cesar. Madam, let's go, and with the same success
 Begin your Empire and their Happiness,
 And now I hope amidst their Loud applause,
 Your sighs will cease Drown'd with that welcome Noise;
 And let no Image in your Fancy rest,
 Of other Wounds than what are in my Breast;
 Mean while a Noble strife I see will Reign,
 Twixt your glad Court and my Ambitious train;
 Contending who shall there appear most Gay,
 And Glory most in this Triumphant Day,
 Such just occasion for them both are found,
Pompey Reveng'd, and *Cleopatra* Crown'd;
 These to your Throne, those to his Altars bow,
 And I to both Eternal Honours Vow.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

AT THE

HOUSE.

I Know you Look for't, something we must say,
Either to Praise or to Excuse the Play;
Custom will have it so, and we Obey.

It came from France, where it had good Success;
Which makes us Hope well, though I must confess,
The Mounſieur's something Alter'd in his Dress.

That you may Cavil at, and we submit;
But know you mighty Judges o' the Pit,
'Tis dangerouè at this time to shew your Wit.

If by Condemning this you stir our Rage,
Wee'l those, who but Translators were, engage
To bring their own Inventions on the Stage.

Tremble and be advis'd; but I was sent
Ladies to you with a great Complement,
To say the Truth, I knew not what it meant,

And so forgot it, pardon want of care
With the same mercy as the Play you spare,
And though twice Kind you're not so Kind as Fair.

Your Favours with some Justice we may claim,
The Lines are Chast and Spotless as your Fame.
Ah, let not modest Men still bear the blame.



EPILOGUE

To the King at Saint James's.

From *Vulgar Wits* that haunt the Theater,
Pompey to you appealing (Royal Sir)
Hopes for more Favour, as the Subject bears
Better proportion to a Princes Ears.
You in your long Retreat perhaps might find
Some Foreign Courts made by this Story kind;
This great Example of false Ægypt's fate,
Instructed Kings to set a higher Rate
Upon their Faith, and hold their Fame too dear,
To treat him Ill, for whom we Languish'd here.
They that Translated this, but practice now
To improve their Muse, and make her worthy you,
That she hereafter may Adorn the Stage
With your own Story, make the coming Age
Admire the Firmness of a Mind so Young,
Tost in those Tempests you indur'd so long.
Confusion first and Horrour shall appear,
Such as Involv'd us, while you Absent were,
Then with a Change of Sceke they shall behold
Your Throne Establish'd, and an Age of Gold;
Faith, Peace, and Piety, that banish'd Train,
Let down from Heav'n to make a Glorious Reign.
This they design (Great Sir) if you allow
A Gracious Smile to their Endeavours now.



EPILOGUE

To the Dutchess at Saint James's.

Pompey at length, like Ships by Tempests Tost,
Though blown a while upon some other Coast,
Has overcome the Malice of the Wind,
And reach'd the Haven which he first design'd,
This Royal Audience, and such Virtue brought,
As Madam only in your Court is taught.

Cornelia does not tear her tender Cheeks,
Nor your more gentle Ears with borrow'd Shrieks:
But does lament with Passion, such as you
(which Heaven avert) in the like Case would do.

Fair Cleopatra does no Favour show,
But what severest Virtue might allow:
And mighty Cæsar does her Slave become,
With as much Honour as he Conquer'd Rome,
When first unsheathing his Victorious Sword,
He seem'd the pattern of your Valiant Lord,
whose matchless Conduct might our Lions lead,
As far as e're the Roman Eagle spread.

And, Royal Pair, though much he apprehends
Your Doom, yet more he on your Grace depends;
He knows your Gen'rous temper cannot frown
On minds so Great, so High, so like your own;
He knows your Nature is inclin'd to spare,
And no Photinus can infect your Ear.

FINIS.

EPHRAIM

A Short History of the State of New York

The first settlement in the State of New York was made by the Dutch in 1614, when they discovered the river which bears their name. The Dutch were the first to establish a permanent settlement in the State, and they were the first to introduce the art of agriculture into the country. The Dutch were also the first to introduce the art of navigation into the country, and they were the first to establish a regular trade with the West Indies. The Dutch were the first to introduce the art of printing into the country, and they were the first to establish a regular trade with the West Indies. The Dutch were the first to introduce the art of navigation into the country, and they were the first to establish a regular trade with the West Indies. The Dutch were the first to introduce the art of printing into the country, and they were the first to establish a regular trade with the West Indies.

H. M. W.

