CLEOPATRA: O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this, 
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, 
Doing the honour of thy lordliness 
To one so meek, that mine own servant should 
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by 
Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar, 
That I some lady trifles have reserved, 
Immortal toys, things of such dignity 
As we greet modern friends withal; and say, 
Some nobler token I have kept apart 
For Livia and Octavia, to induce 
Their mediation; must I be unfolded 
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me 
Beneath the fall I have.

[To SELEUCUS]

Prithee, go hence; 
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits 
Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man, 
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.