LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA (2ND c. CE), GREEK WRITER. For a brief biography of Lucian, selections from some of his other works (as well as Thomas Heywood’s 1637 translation of the following dialogue), and a few comments on his reception, reputation, and translation in the early modern period, see the print anthology, p. 145 and pp. 256-66.

EDITIONS AND CONTEXTS:
For selected early modern and modern translations of Lucian’s works, as well as a fuller account of his reception, reputation, and translation in early modern England, see the essay ‘Lucian of Samosata’ in “Classical Writers, their Early Modern Reputations and Translations” (Online Companion).

CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687), POET AND TRANSLATOR. Son of a Staffordshire gentleman who cultivated the friendship of a number of famous writers (including John Fletcher, Ben Jonson, John Donne, and Sir Richard Lovelace), Charles Cotton found that his poetry did not fare well at the hands of contemporary critics. Some of his satires and burlesques, however, were commercial successes, especially his Scarronides (1664-1665), a scatological burlesque of Virgil’s Aeneid, in particular the story of the love between Dido and Aeneas (1667-1807: 13 editions). His work attracted many imitators, and created a sort of vogue for the genre of the classical burlesque. In contrast, Cotton’s burlesque ‘translation’ of Lucian’s dialogues, Burlesque upon Burlesque, or, The Scoffer Scoffed (1675), was not popular and was reprinted only once (1686) before appearing in his complete works (1715). He also published a translation of Montaigne’s Essays (3 volumes, 1685-1686) which was highly lauded and remained the standard English translation into the twentieth century. Although Cotton’s lyric poetry was very much eclipsed by his burlesques during his life, it was rediscovered by the Romantics who found his representations of the natural world congenial to their own interests.

BURLESQUE UPON BURLESQUE, OR, THE SCOFFER SCOFFED¹ (1675)

DIALOGUE.
JUPITER AND GANYMEDE.

JUPITER. Come kiss me, pretty little stranger,
Now that we are got clear from danger,
And that to please my pretty boy,
I’ve laid my beak and talons by.

¹ The title continues: “being some of Lucian’s dialogues, newly put into English fustian for the consolation of those who had rather laugh and be merry, than be merry and wise.” fustian here, writing characterized by jargon, cant (made-up language), and slang.
GANYMED. What are become of them, I trow? 2
Thou had’st them on but even now.
Did’st thou not come where I did keep,
Thinking no harm, my father’s sheep,
In eagle’s shape, and with a swoop,
Like a small chicken, truss me up?
And art thou now turned man? This change
Is very wonderfully strange!
Sure thou art one of those same folk-as
I’ve heard ’um call a hocus-pocus. 3
JUPITER. No, my sweet boy, thou tell’st a flam. 4
Nor eagle I, nor juggler am, 5
But sovereign of the gods, who have
Transformed myself (my pretty knave)
Into these man and eagle’s shapes,
To snap my little jackanapes. 6
GANYMED. Sure thou art our god Pan, and yet
Thou hast no horns nor cloven feet,
Nor yet a pipe that I do see,
The marks of that great deity. 7
JUPITER. Know’st thou no other gods but he?
GANYMED. No, but to him I know that we
Ev’ry year sacrifice a goat
Before the entry of his grot; 8
And as for thee (although with trembling),
I tell thee plain, without dissembling,
I judge thee for to be no better
Than that bad thing some call a setter, 9
Others a spirit, that doth lie
In wait to catch up infantry, 10
Who give them plums, and fine tales tell ’um,
To steal them first, and after sell ’um.
JUPITER. But, hark thee, child! did’st never hear
Of a great god called Jupiter?
Did’st never see upon a high-day 11

2 *trow* know, believe; with the sense of ‘I cannot think!’
3 *hocus-pocus* conjurer, juggler; a trickster or cheater.
4 *flam* falsehood.
5 *juggler* conjurer; also, one who tricks or deceives.
6 *snap* i.e., snatch, capture or seize quickly. *jackanapes* a playful term, meaning ‘a pert or saucy child.’
7 *Sure ... deity* These are all indeed the emblems of the country god Pan, pictured as having the upper body of a young man, but the horns, legs, and hooves of a goat; he often carries his pipes, made of water reeds.
8 *grot* i.e., grotto, a sacred natural cave or rocky enclosure.
9 *setter* a person employed by robbers or murderers to spy on the criminals’ intended victims.
10 *infantry* i.e., infants (young persons).
An altar dressed upon Mount Ida,\(^\text{12}\) Where folks come crowding far and near To offer to the Thunderer?

**GANYMED.** What, art thou he that makes the rattle I’th’ air which frights both men and cattle? Sours all the milk, and doth so clatter, Both above ground and under water, That men not dare to show their heads, Nor eels lie quiet in their beds? If thou be that same Jupiter, To thee my father every year Does sacrifice a tup, a good one.\(^\text{13}\) Then speak in truth and conscience: would one Be so ungrateful a curmudge\(^\text{14}\) To steal away his age’s cudgel?\(^\text{15}\) Besides, what have I done, I pray, Should make thee spirit me away? Who knows but now, whilst I’m in Heaven, My flock being left at six and seven,\(^\text{16}\) The wolf’s amongst them breaking’s fast;\(^\text{17}\) Nay perhaps worry’ng up the last.\(^\text{18}\) **JUPITER.** Why, let the wolf e’en play the glutton. ‘Tis but a little rotten mutton. Fie, what a whimp’ring dost thou keep For a few mangy, lousy sheep!\(^\text{19}\) Thou must forget such things, my lad! Why, thou art now immortal mad,\(^\text{20}\) Fellow t’th’ gods, and therefore now Must think no more of things below.

**GANYMED.** What, then I warrant, Jupiter, Thou dost intend to keep me here, And wilt not deign to make a stoop To set me where thou took’st me up?

**JUPITER.** I think I shall not, my small friend, For if I do I lose my end.\(^\text{21}\)

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\(^{11}\) *high-day* i.e., a holy day, a feast day in honour of a god.

\(^{12}\) *Mount Ida* in the vicinity of Ganymede’s home, from which he was snatched.

\(^{13}\) *tup* ram.

\(^{14}\) *curmudge* churlish, mean person.

\(^{15}\) *cudgel* a short, thick stick, usually used as a weapon, but here meaning ‘support or staff.’

\(^{16}\) *six and seven* ‘To be left at six[es] and seven[es]’ means ‘to be left in confusion, disorder, or chaos.’

\(^{17}\) *breaking’s fast* i.e., breaking his fast, having breakfast.

\(^{18}\) *worry’ng* i.e., worrying, eating.

\(^{19}\) *lousy* infested with parasites (louses, fleas)

\(^{20}\) *mad* i.e., made.
And all that I by that should gain
Would be my labour for my pain.  

GANYMEDE. Aye, but my sire will angry be,
So angry when he misses me,
That he will soundly firk my dock
For thus abandoning his flock.

JUPITER. For that, my pretty boy, ne’er fear,
For thou shalt always tarry here.

GANYMEDE. Nay but I wonnot, so I wonnot,
Nor you shan’t keep me, no you shannot,
Spite of your nose, and will-ye, will-ye?
I will go home again, that will I!
But if thou would’st so far befriend me
As set me down where thou did’st find me,
I’ll sacrifice (I do not mock)
To thee the fairest tup i’th’ flock.

JUPITER. Thou’rt simple and a child indeed,
To think that I such off”rings need!
Tup mutton’s t’me the worst of meat,
And thou too must such things forget;
Thou’rt now in Heav’n fit to do
Thy father good and country too:
Nor need’st thou now his anger fear,
His arm’s too short to reach thee here;
Nor shalt thou henceforth dread the rod,
Thou no more boy art but a god.
Far better fare thou shalt find here,
Than that same sour-sauced whipping cheer;
Far better here thou shalt be fed
Than with hard crusts of dry brown-bread,
Sour milk, salt butter, and hard cheese.
No, thou shalt feed, instead of these,
Or your slip-slap of curds and whey,
On nectar and ambrosia.

And if thou’lt do as thou should’st do,

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21 *lose my end* defeat my own purpose or goal.
22 *pain* effort.
23 *firk my dock* whip my buttocks.
24 *wonnot* will not.
25 *shannot* shalt not.
26 *spite of your nose* in direct defiance of you [to your face].
27 *rod* instrument of corporal punishment.
28 *slip-slap* a sloppy kind of compounded food.
29 *nectar and ambrosia* the drink and food of the classical gods. Mortals who drank nectar or ate ambrosia gained immortality.
Shalt see thy constellation too,
Shine brighter, and in higher place
Than all the rest the sky that grace.

GANYMED. Aye, but when I’ve a mind to play,
What playfellows are here I pray?
For every day (excepting Friday)
I’d playfellows ding-dong on Ida.

JUPITER. Why, Cupid shall attend thy call,
To play at cat, at trap, or ball,
Dust-point, span-counter, skittle-pins,
And thou no more shall play for pins,
But have a care, the little guts
Will be too hard for thee at butts.
Thou’st have thy bellyful of sport,
I give thee here my promise for’t,
And brave sport too, but then (I trow)
Thou must forget the things below.

GANYMED. Well, but thou hast not told me yet
What I must do to earn my meat?
Hast thou here any flocks of sheep
To send me out a-days to keep?

JUPITER. No, thou a life shalt have much fairer;
Thou to the gods shalt be cupbearer,
And purest nectar to them fill
Whilst at their merry feasts they swill.

GANYMED. Is that same nectar, which they drink,
Better than red-cows-milk dost think?

JUPITER. Thou’dst ne’er drink other whilst life lasted
Hadst thou but once that liquor tasted.

GANYMED. But then where must I lie a-nights?
For I am monstrous ’fraid of sprites;
I hope in hot and in cold weather,
Cupid and I must lie together.

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30 ding-dong as an adjective modifying play-fellows, ‘ding-dong’ suggests they play earnestly and eagerly.
31 cat ‘Cat’ or ‘tip-cat’ is a game played with a piece of tapered wood that is struck with a stick to see how far it will go; trap or ‘trap-ball’ is a game played with a ball and bat.
32 dust-point, span-counter, skittle-pins In the game ‘dust-point,’ players threw stones at points in a dust heap; in ‘span-counter,’ players would throw their counters on the ground near an opponent’s, the aim being to get one’s counters so close that the distance could be spanned with one’s hand; ‘skittle-pins’ was an early game of nine-pin bowling.
33 pins points.
34 the little guts i.e., Cupid.
35 butts referring to Cupid’s skill with the bow and arrow; ‘butts’ = the target set up for archery practice, contests, and games.
36 trow believe, think.
JUPITER. No, sirrah, thou shalt lie with me.\textsuperscript{37}
For therefore did I spirit thee.
GANYMEDE. Why, art not thou, poor little one,
Old enough yet to lie alone?
JUPITER. Yes; but there is a certain joy
In lying with a pretty boy.
GANYMEDE. A pretty boy! That’s better yet.
What’s beauty when one cannot see’t?
When one is fast asleep (iwis)\textsuperscript{38}
One little cares for prettiness.
JUPITER. That’s true, but dreams proceed from it,
Which are so tickling and so sweet.
GANYMEDE. But when I pig’d with mine own dad,\textsuperscript{39}
I used to make him hopping mad,
Who as he lay abed would grumble,
That I did nought but toss and tumble,
Talk in my sleep, and pant, and kick
His sides and paunch so hard and thick,\textsuperscript{40}
He could not sleep one wink all night;
For which, so soon as e’er ’twas light,
He packed me to my mother duly.
Seeing then in bed I’m so unruly,
If thou did’st only bring me hither
That thou and I might lie together,
Thou may’st e’en set me down again;
For I shall certain be thy bane.\textsuperscript{41}
JUPITER. Why, kick thy worst, my little brat,
I like thee ne’er the worse for that,
’Tis better far than lying still,
But I can kiss thee there my fill.
GANYMEDE. Why, each one as he likes (you know)
Quo’ th’ good man when he kissed his cow;\textsuperscript{42}
You may do what you will, but I
Shall sleep the while most certainly.
JUPITER. Well, well! for that as time shall try:
In the meantime, you Mercury,\textsuperscript{43}

\textsuperscript{37} sirrah a term used to address men or boys, here indicating the speaker’s authority and superiority.
\textsuperscript{38} iwis certainly, without doubt.
\textsuperscript{39} pig’d slept with (with connotations of crowded and dirty conditions).
\textsuperscript{40} paunch stomach,
\textsuperscript{41} bane curse.
\textsuperscript{42} Why ... cow ‘Every man as he loveth, quoth the good man when that he kissed his cow’ (i.e., Everyone has his or her own taste) See John Heywood, Proverbs, [1546], 2.1.
\textsuperscript{43} Mercury messenger of the gods.
Here take and make my pretty page
Drink the immortal beverage,
That after I may him prefer
To be my chiefest cupbearer:
But ere to wait you bring him up,
First teach him to present the cup.

THOMAS BROWN (1663-1704), POET, DRAMATIST, TRANSLATOR, AND WRITER OF NON-FICTION PROSE. For a brief biography of Brown, and another selection from his translations of Lucian’s Dialogues of the Courtesans, see the print anthology, pp. 267-68.

THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE WORKS OF LUCIAN (1711) 44

DIALOGUES OF THE COURTESANS

CHELIDONIUM and DROSE

CHELIDONIUM.
I perceive Clinias, 45 that handsome youth, no longer frequents your house, for I have not observed him there for a considerable time.

DROSE.
He comes there no more, for his tutor has forbidden him.

CHELIDONIUM.
Who? The school-master Diotimus? He is my friend, and I can command him.

DROSE.
No, it is Aristenetus, that rigid philosopher.

CHELIDONIUM.
That rough satyr with the damned swinging beard that walks with youths in the cloister?

DROSE.
I wish his arrogance may perish by the hands of the hangman.

CHELIDONIUM.
But how could he have such power over Clinias?

DROSE.
I cannot imagine, for ever since he knew the charms of a bed-fellow (for you must know I had his maidenhead), he never slept out of my arms. But now I have not seen him these three days.

44 This multi-volume work involved a number of translators (London: Printed by Samuel Briscoe for J. Woodward).
45 The first two times he is named, Clinias’ name is given incorrectly as Chirias.
After I had sufficiently vexed myself for his absence (for I knew not what mischief had befallen him), I sent my maid to hunt him all over the town. At last she found him walking with Aristenetus. She made him a sign that she would speak with him, but he blushed and fixed his eyes on the ground, and would not look upon her, and then they both went into the College, though she followed them; but he would not so much as turn his face or look upon her. At last, she returned home and could give me no further intelligence. You must imagine me much discomposed in mind, not being able to guess what had happened to my friend. I considered whether I had not some way disobliged him, or whether he was not charmed with some new face and hated me, or whether his father had enjoined him the contrary. I had many of these imaginations working in my brain, when in the evening came his man and brought me this letter. Take it, my friend, and read it, you know the hand.

CHELIDONIUM.
Let me see it. The letters are not plain, but show the haste and discomposure of him that writ it, and these are the contents:

My Dear,

I call the gods to witness how much I love thee, but now I am by compulsion forced to leave thee, for my father has delivered me to Aristenetus to study philosophy, and he is informed of all that has passed between us, and has severely reproved me, and said it was unworthy in me, a person so nobly descended, to court a common harlot, and that it was much better to prefer virtue to a short insignificant pleasure.

DROSE.
Well, I wish with all my heart this stinking fellow would be hanged for preaching such wicked doctrine to a young gentleman.

CHELIDONIUM.

Therefore, I am obliged to obey him who follows me constantly, observing if my eyes ramble elsewhere. That if I live temperately, and observe his instructions, he promises to make me happy, and eminent for virtue, by his care and pains. This I write to you, lest you should be offended, and wish you may live happily, and remember

CLINIAS

DROSE.
What judgement do you make of this epistle?

CHELIDONIUM.
That it is a cruel sentence, but that kind remembrance at last does not seem to cut off all hopes.

DROSE.

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46 man  male servant or slave.
That does encourage my hope, but in the meantime I die for love. But his man told me that Aristenetus was famous for sodomy, and devoted to the love of boys, and under the pretence of instruction introduces himself into the conversation of the handsomest youths; he promises he will make Clinias honoured and respected like the gods, and in the meantime reads some of the low discourses of the old philosophers with his pupil. In fine, he is wholly occupied about the youth, and his man says, he will hint this matter to Clinias his father.

CHELIDONIUM.
Then you must be sure to caress and engage his servant.

DROSE.
I have done that, and made him perfectly mine. Besides, he dotes on my maid.

CHELIDONIUM.
Doubt not but all things will go well, and I will privately write on the wall where Clinias’ father uses to walk, ‘Aristenetus debauches Clinias,’ and this shall strengthen his servant’s affirmation.

DROSE.
And when will you privately do it?

CHELIDONIUM.
When it is dark, I will write it on the wall with a charcoal.

DROSE.
Rightly contrived, and prithee, dear friend, assist me against this arrogant Aristenetus.

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47 In fine In conclusion.
48 Clinias his father i.e., Clinias’ father.
49 dotes on is utterly infatuated with.
50 uses is accustomed.
51 prithee ‘pray thee’ (please).