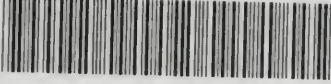
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SELECTIONS FROM PLATO, FROM THE TRANSLATION OF SYDENHAM AND TAYLOR, REVISED AND EDITED BY T. W. ROLLESTON.

INCLUDING PORTIONS OF THE "PHAEDRUS," THE "REPUBLIC," "GREATER HIPPIAS," AND THE "BANQUET," TOGETHER WITH THE "APOLOGY OF SOCRATES," THE "CRITO," THE PHAEDO," AND THE SEVENTH EPISTLE OF PLATO.

LONDON: WALTER SCOTT,
PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

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INTRODUCTION.

It has often been observed that the eminent figures of the world's intellectual history have been, in a singular degree, men of their own age; men whose sympathies were keenly attuned to the impulses of a certain special period of human development, their works rooted in its cravings, addressed to its capacities, racy of the soil in which they grew. This is doubtless true; but it is also true that the very greatest have commonly been men not of one but of two ages. They help to forward some great change and advance in the development of the human spirit: they help it, but they are also its product, and not less are they the product of the order which they displace. They look before and after; and we see those few towering figures touched with the sunset light of one epoch and the dawn of another. There is Shakespeare, for instance, so full of the feudal spirit, with all its stateliness and splendour, yet so genially alive to the exuberant democratic vitality of the new era, whose figures, grotesque, jovial, audacious, and unabashed, mingle in his pages with the stately procession of courtiers and princes, and justify their claim to be there by their own inherent human interest. There is Dante, in whom the dying spirit of unquestioning faith, reverence, and submission was so deeply blended with the new spirit of haughty

independence and individuality. There is Homer, whose action moves in a primitive world of heroic simplicity, where gods walk on earth with men, yet in whom we can clearly perceive, ever recurrent, yet ever coming, as it were, from another world of thought, a sad, meditative, questioning strain, laden with a sense of the mystery and pathos of life :—

> "Ζηνὸς μὲν παῖς ἦα Κρονίονος, αὐτὰρ ὀϊζὺν
> Εἶχον ἀπειρεσίην."[1]

Perhaps it is their position in the midst of crossing influences which has so liberated the souls of these men from the narrowness and stiffness of formula, and permitted them so deep and intense a vision of reality.

In no great author is this position at one of the turning points of time more distinctly marked than in the case of Plato, and never was human thought at a crisis more momentous. He appears in the history of philosophy as the last of the dogmatists or seers, and the first to feel and to inspire the thirst for scientific knowledge. Up to his time—or to that of Socrates, whose teaching is inextricably blended with Plato's—all inquiry into the constitution of the universe and its ethical and physical laws had been speculation pure and simple—guess work, often inspired by fine insight, but never checked by systematic analysis, or justified by ratiocination. In Plato, however, the rarest gifts of poetic vision are united with the dawning spirit of sceptical inquiry, and from that union Philosophy was born. It is true indeed that from the point when Plato took his stand the human spirit has long ago departed. Yet that point of departure is also the goal which philosophy hopes to reach when it has completed the circle of investigation on which it was then compelled to

[1] I was the child of Saturnian Zeus, yet had I infinite pain.

enter; the point at which the lights of inspiration and of science meet; at which the one ceases to delude and the other to disenchant.

That which was novel in Plato, his introduction of the analytic method, his unsparing cross-examination of the current beliefs of the day, has often been represented as the source of his real value and significance. Important it doubtless was, but if any one is tempted to think that it alone is important, let him contemplate this tendency as developed in the Pyrrhonic Scepticism, where it not only subverted the orthodoxies of the day, but proved incontestably that all conviction whatever upon any subject is impossible to the logical intellect as such. Pyrrhonism was the apotheosis and also the suicide of the analytic method. This method does undoubtedly play a great part in the Platonic philosophy, but it is not the main part of that philosophy; nor is Plato at war with himself, or floundering between marsh and dry land, where he now preaches, poetises, or mythologises, now analyses and subverts. It is certain at any rate, whether we can follow him or not, that Plato held analysis by itself to be a very poor instrument for arriving at the highest truths, and also that he gave it an appropriate place in a coherent system of thought which included much else, and much that he rated far higher.

The true philosopher, in Plato's system, was required above all to have a clear and vivid apprehension of the ultimate existences of Nature, and especially of moral facts; but this apprehension does not come in as the conclusion of any dialectical process whatever. It is an intuition, the gift of a certain "divine reason" in the soul, and is not properly subject to argument at all. Righteousness, Beauty, Temperance, Courage, and so forth—these things

are not to be investigated through phenomena, but phenomena through them. We do not arrive at them but set out from them, when we begin to truly philosophise.

But before we can arrive at them a certain process of initiation is necessary. Let us consider for a moment what these ultimate realities, or, as Plato called them, ideas, are. They are that which veritably Is, as opposed to that which Seems. They are that which is eternal and immutable, as opposed to that which comes into being, grows, passes, and vanishes. They are that which is One as opposed to that which is Many. They are the object of true knowledge, for true knowledge can concern itself only with what is fixed and stable; phenomena are the object of opinion only, conveyed through sensuous perception. They are related to phenomena as substance to shadow. Nothing that our sense makes us aware of in the material world has any real existence, save in so far as it partakes of the nature of an Idea. The Idea is the only reality, and the use of sensible objects is to awaken the mind to perceive the Idea. Paradoxical as it may seem, this insistance upon the empty and unreal character of the sensible world is intended to give true worth and meaning to that world, and is indeed the only way in which this can be done. The sensible universe must "die to live." Only by realising its absolute unreality, as an object, can we come to understand its true value as the symbol and image of an object.

How to pass from the perception of the image to the contemplation of the reality is the great preliminary question, and this was rendered a difficult one for Plato by the manner in which he conceived his doctrine of Ideas. Of the difficulties which attend that doctrine, stated as he stated it, he was very well aware, and they are set forth with great fulness and force in the *Parmenides*. In this

work Socrates, then a young man, is represented as cross-questioned by the ancient sage Parmenides, on his doctrine of archetypal existences or Ideas. "Is there," asks Parmenides, "an absolute Justice, Beauty, Goodness, apart from deeds of justice, beautiful objects, and so forth?" Socrates affirms that there is. "What, then, about objects and creatures composed of physical elements, as man, fire, water, and the like?" Socrates declares that he cannot quite satisfy himself whether there are also archetypal forms of these things. "And do you doubt also about the Ideas of mean and ridiculous things—hair, and filth, for example?" Socrates admits that the consideration of these things was nearly upsetting his doctrine of Ideas in general. Parmenides replies that when Socrates is a true philosopher he will not regard anything as mean and despicable merely because current opinion holds it so, and then proceeds to expose the real difficulty of the Socratic view, the difficulty of providing for any intelligible relation between the Idea and its image in the sensible world, regarded as separate things. This difficulty is found to be insuperable, at least it is not overcome by Socrates, who is nevertheless represented in the *Phaedo* as clinging to his doctrine of Ideas up to the last hour of his life.

But here, as often elsewhere, it is necessary to remember that in Plato's day, in the very infancy of ratiocinative thought, language was not so precise as in our own. "If this is not true, something of the kind is"—this remark of Socrates upon a certain occasion in the *Phaedo* suggests to us the danger of always taking the words of Plato as a full and exact reflection of his thought. What is great and memorable about his doctrine of Ideas is that in it he furnished a basis for all subsequent attempts to give meaning and worth to the visible universe and to our life in connection

with it—to show us the abiding and stable through the veil of change and decay—to do what Goethe spoke of as the supreme prerogative of the human intellect:—

> "Er kann dem Augenblick
> Dauer verleihn."

That is what all philosophy worthy of the name—all philosophy which is not ultimately self-destructive—must endeavour to do. Plato's attempt to do this was a most fruitful and inspiring one. It needs rather to be corrected and harmonised with itself than displaced in favour of something else: let us see how this correction may take place.

To begin with: it may be observed that we ought not to be able to speak of the "Platonic Ideas," but only of the Platonic Idea. Multiplicity is a character of the individual, the phenomenal, the seeming, not of Reality. Properly speaking—and here we take the ground from part of the argument of Parmenides—there are no ideas of this, that, and the other, but only the Idea perceived in a variety of different ways, which, when examined, fall into a series of progressive grades of development.

Again, Plato was greatly embarrassed by not having anticipated the great discovery of Kant, to the door of which his thought was constantly leading him—the greatest and most illuminating conception that ever appeared in the field of philosophy—namely, that much of what had formerly been regarded as object of knowledge, is in reality only a form or mode of knowledge. Space, Time, and Causality are such modes—they are not qualities of the Thing in Itself, but mental forms through which we perceive it, and are in this sense prior to all experience. Through them only are the phenomena of multiplicity and

of all change and transition possible—we now understand not only that these are not affections of the Thing in Itself, but also why they cannot be. The gulf between the Reality and the image is now also filled up. The reality is not something different from the object of sense, for the object of sense *is* the reality, seen under certain modes of perception.

It is true, however, that if we only see it under these modes we do not really see it at all; and here a last and most important step remains to make. Kant was of opinion that the Thing in Itself could never be known, since our modes of cognition inevitably intrude and secure that whatever is known by the human mind shall not be the thing as it is but a conditioned representation of the thing. Plato, on the other hand, held that the Idea (which is identical, as Schopenhauer has shown, with the Kantian Thing in Itself) can be known through the abstractive power of the intellect. The senses tell us of beautiful objects, which come into being, fade, and perish, and are in all ways subject to physical laws. But the intellect can abstract from these an absolute Beauty, the Idea of Beauty, which appears wholly unconditioned by space, time, and causality. It may be, and has been, objected that we cannot conceive a wholly abstract Beauty, a Beauty which has no relation to any object of sense, imagined or perceived. This is quite true, if by "conceive" we mean, to form a kind of mental picture of how the thing might be perceived if it were present to observation. Neither can we in this sense "conceive" the existence of any perfect mathematical figure—a line which is length without breadth, a point which is locality without magnitude, a circle whose curve nowhere includes a right line. But this objection really begs the question. Why should we be

required to show the Idea of Beauty in a place where, *ex-hypothesi*, it is not to be found? It is not to be found in sense, and is therefore not to be pictured to the imagination; but it does not follow that it exists nowhere else, nor that there is no other faculty by which it may be apprehended.

But all is not done, and this Plato certainly felt, when the work of the abstracting intellect is done. The intellect may get rid of the modes of time, space, and causality, but there is one remaining mode, more intimately and necessarily connected with all cognition than any other, which still interposes to prevent full and perfect knowledge of reality. This was not included by Kant among his forms of cognition, and it is strange that it was not, for nothing is more obviously one of these forms: in fact, it was hidden because it was so conspicuous. It is the mode of perceiving things under the relation of an individual subject and an individual object. A subject, a Me, which perceives, and an external object, not Me, which is perceived, these two complementary elements appear to enter into all perception and cognition, and just because they do this so intimately, we might suspect that here, again, we are in presence of a mere form of cognition and not of a reality. Now in Plato's intellectual cognition of abstract ideas we certainly have not got rid of this form—there is still an individual subject and an individual object here, and true Being still escapes us.

Must it then escape us for ever? Perhaps not, if we can accept the conclusions of Schopenhauer, who in dealing with this question has taken up what seemed a daring metaphor of poetry and given it a literal interpretation and a place in a reasoned system. Coleridge, in his majestic poem on Mont Blanc, wrote—

"Oh dread and silent Mount! I gazed on thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Did'st vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my Life, and Life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural shape, swelled vast to Heaven."

In a far less exalted strain, but to the same purpose, wrote Byron—

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling;"

and again—

"Are not the mountains, waves and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?"

Here, freely translated, is Schopenhauer's rendering of the same idea in plain prose—

"When, uplifted by the power of the spirit, we relinquish the ordinary methods of observing things, and think no more of the Where, the When, the Why, and the Wherefore in things, but only of the What; when we dismiss even abstract Thought, the conception of the reason, and in place of all these things give up the whole power of the spirit to contemplation, occupy ourselves entirely with this, and let it fill our whole consciousness; whatever the object is, be it a landscape, a tree, a rock, a building, when, to use a pregnant German phrase, we *lose* ourselves entirely in this object, forgetting our individuality, our Will, and becoming a pure mirror of the object, so that it is as though the object alone were there, without any one who perceives it, and the contemplator can no longer be distinguished from the contemplation; when in this way the object has passed out of all relation to anything outside itself, and the subject out of all relation to the Will: then indeed is the thing perceived no more the individual thing as such; it is the Idea, the eternal form; and in the same way does he who is

rapt in this contemplation cease to be an individual any longer, for in such a contemplation the Individual is lost: he is the pure subject of cognition. . . . This was the thought that hovered before the mind of Spinoza when he wrote—Mens æterna est, quatenus res sub aeternitatis specie concipit."[1]

Again that profoundest of paradoxes comes true—the individual must "die to live."

This view of things will, as Schopenhauer admitted, be startling to many readers. It must be especially so in England, where philosophy is somewhat timid and myopic, and does not like to leave the solid earth and the things that it can feel and grasp. Here we are certainly asked to leave the solid earth, and to step into a rarer element. But if we are absolutely resolved never to do this, then let us leave Plato alone; for with him, and with all thinkers who have philosophised in his spirit, the great business of philosophy is to bring us to the point whence we can make that step without falling into the abysses of unreason. That Plato expressed or conceived the matter precisely in the same terms as Schopenhauer, cannot, of course, be asserted; but there is a passage in his Seventh Epistle, a wonderful passage, and one which should never be far from the mind of the reader of Plato, which shows that his perception of the difficulties of true cognition, and his solution of them, were substantially the same as Schopenhauer's. Speaking of loquacious and shallow people who professed to have learned the deepest subjects of the Platonic instruction, he declares that they must necessarily be ignorant of them:—

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[1] "The mind is eternal, in so far as it conceives things under the form of eternity." The original of the passage quoted from Schopenhauer will be found in "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung," Drittes Buch, Die Platonische Idee: das Objekt der Kunst.

"For concerning these things there has never been any treatise by me, nor ever will be. They are not to be delivered in so many words, like other branches of learning, but from much intercourse and discussion about the subject, and by, as it were, living in familiarity with it, then of a sudden a light is kindled in the soul, as it were of a flame leaping forth, and thenceforth itself nourishes itself there."

Discourse with one in whose soul that light had been kindled was, for Plato, the best means of enkindling it in one's own: and now we begin to see a certain use and meaning in the Platonic dialectic quite apart from any conclusions which that dialectic may establish or subvert. We see the meaning of dialogues which lead to no end, like the *Theaetetus*, of dialogues which run counter to the main tenets of Plato, like the *Parmenides;* of the poetry, the mythology, the eloquence, the dramatic vividness, the unrivalled literary art; of all that bewilders, fascinates and arouses, in this wonderful legacy of ancient wisdom. With Plato we philosophise in a place haunted by divine influences, such as that shady resting-place by the Ilissus to which Phaedrus drew Socrates to talk of love and beauty. And it is these divine influences, not any definable doctrines or reasonings, which shall really crown the teacher's work.

Let us try to put the philosophic conclusions of Schopenhauer into language less technical, and to connect them with universally recognised realities. When Kant spoke of two things which filled him with unfailing awe and reverence, the majestic order of the starry heavens, and the moral law in man's soul; when Wordsworth spoke of Duty as the "stern daughter of the voice of God," whose smile was the fairest thing that man could know, these men clearly apprehended the thing they spoke of in a quite different way from that, *e.g.*, of John Stuart Mill, who accounts for the sense of Duty by the association of fear

with forbidden actions produced by punishments inflicted in early infancy, or from that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who simply removes the punishment and fear to a period many generations distant, connecting them with the present by evolution through heredity—that convenient process of moral alchemy by which it is supposed possible to take as gold out of the crucible of the years what has been put in as dross. Now, every reader of Newman's *Grammar of Assent* will remember the masterly and illuminating manner in which he there draws out and makes clear the difference between what he terms *real* and *formal* assent—things indistinguishable, as a rule, unless we look to their effect in action, but there revealing themselves as very different things indeed. Newman illustrates his point by referring to a time when England's coast defences were considered to be in a very defective state. For many years every one knew it, said it, and believed it; yet nothing was done until a certain trifling incident brought the truth home, as the saying is, to the mind of the nation. The danger apprehended soon passed away, but not the passion of activity which it had provoked—the formal assent to the proposition that England was insecure had become a real one.

Now it seems justifiable to apply this distinction to objects as well as to propositions. There may be a real and a formal perception of an object (an object either of thought or of sense), just as there may be a real and a formal assent to a proposition. Wordsworth and Kant had a vital and real perception of Duty—Mill and his school a formal and superficial one. Peter Bell had only a formal perception of that "primrose by the river's brim"—the poet had a real one. How, now, are our formal perceptions to be transmuted or vitalised into real perceptions? This may take place in many ways and in some which are not

capable of being defined or explained—we are not in the region of science here. But in general terms it may be said that Art, in all its forms, is the grand means of bringing about this mysterious transmutation, and making us conscious of the Ideal (which is the Real) world under the phantom world which passes for real to the ordinary sense. And Art does this largely by abandoning the attempt to represent the individual—which the sense can do a thousand times better—and by regarding everything that it deals with in an ideal and universal light, "sub specie aeternitatis," as Spinoza wrote, which the senses cannot do at all. Now this function of Art in vitalising our formal perception of things, is it not in truth the same as the function assigned to it by Schopenhauer, in overcoming the last obstacle which intervenes between the soul and the true vision for which it longs? For to Schopenhauer the "Platonic Idea" is the "object of Art."

"Art renders the eternal Ideas which have been apprehended in pure contemplation, that which is substantial and abiding in all the phenomena of the world; and becomes, according to the material in which it renders them, plastic art, poetry or music. And the essential character of genius consists precisely in the exceptional capacity for this contemplation." "That the idea is apprehended more easily in a work of art than in the actual world arises from the fact that the artist, who has passed from the knowledge of the actual world to that of the idea, renders the latter for us and not the former: he has disengaged it from actuality, he omits all disturbing accidents, and lets us see the world through his eyes."[1]

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[1] It may be noted here that Schopenhauer ranks music highest among the arts, and regards it as holding a place entirely distinct and apart. For these give us the Idea through representations of objects of sense, whereas music employs no such media, but shows us the reality directly. Music speaks to us of true Being, the other arts only of its shadows. Though there were no sensible world at all, there might still be Music, and all that music evokes.

The last truth about things cannot be conveyed in any precise form of words. To communicate it is the province of poetry. But through familiarity a poetic thought often loses its original vitalising power, it stiffens into formula, and the formula takes the place of that which it was intended to reveal. Such formulas often come to exercise a malignant and tyrannous power upon the spirit, and here we come upon another great function of the Platonic dialectic. It is to break up these formulas, to expose their insufficiency, their contradictions, and to bring us back again and again to the inward vision. In this sense there is a strong subversive element in Plato, but he is never subversive for the sake of subversion alone. The true characteristic of the Platonic dialectic is that it is, as Socrates calls it, *maieutic.* His mother Phaenerete was a midwife, and he himself, he tells us, is of the same profession too—by skilful interrogation he delivers souls of the truths with which they are pregnant, and which they cannot bring into clear consciousness. Sometimes no truth appears at all, as in the *Theaetetus* or the *Greater Hippias*—but what of that? We have been concerning ourselves about it, and who knows when or how the moment of illumination may appear?

The ancient critics classified Plato's dialogues elaborately as maieutic, subversive, expository, and so forth, but in point of fact hardly one of them is of one class alone. No author is more difficult to classify and systematise. A philosopher who has become one of the greatest influences in European thought, he is also among the Greek writers who have done most to make the world in which they lived near and real to us. Two thousand years have passed away since Agatho won the prize for tragedy, and feasted his friends in Athens, yet the laughter and the talk at that immortal

Banquet ring as fresh and natural as if we heard them yesterday in Paris. In Paris—for it is of Paris that we inevitably think in the view of Athenian society given us by Plato, with its wit, its grace, its sensitiveness to every kind of intellectual interest, its fascinating mixture of the earnest and the gay. How Parisian, for instance, is that *mot* which Simmias in the *Phaedo* says will surely be current among the Athenians when they hear that Socrates, then under capital sentence, taught his disciples that a philosopher should welcome death: "Quite right; he knows what is proper for him, and we do everything to facilitate his objects!" Less Parisian, certainly, is the note of magnanimity which comes out in the admiration so often expressed for Sparta. Brasidas is represented in the *Banquet* as the grand modern type of heroism—Brasidas, whose glory was associated with a cruel war in which Athens had been crushed and humiliated by Sparta. Such an allusion to Moltke would hardly have been tolerated in Paris, nor is Paris alone in the lack of one grand antique virtue. Two thousand years, with many endowments and refinements, have not brought us more magnanimity.

The *Banquet* is perhaps the most varied in its interest and the most striking in artistic power of all the Platonic dialogues, and (with a few omissions) it is here chosen to accompany the *Apologia*, *Crito*, and *Phaedo*, partly for the above reason, and partly because it gives so vivid and complete a picture of Socrates in his daily life and converse; as the other dialogues do of his behaviour in the face of persecution, temptation, and death. The dramatic power of the *Banquet* is particularly noteworthy. Every personage stands out distinctly, and every circumstance and episode is devised with the finest artistic invention, the attention of the reader to the higher aspects of the question

being now aroused or intensified, now diverted or relaxed, till it is led fresh and vigorous to the climax in the wonderful speech of Diotima. A modern work would probably have ended there, but it was a fixed rule in Greek art never to conclude with a climax. The heightened feeling must sink gradually to the normal level, and it is this law which Plato obeys in the introduction of Alcibiades and the narration of the close of the feast.

The *Phaedo* is also in its way a work of consummate artistic power. Its grave and mystic beauty affects us like a strain of solemn music—a funeral dirge whose long-resounding chords speak to us of sorrow, tenderness, exaltation, and heroic faith. The pause in the middle of the dialogue, when Cebes and Simmias have apparently shattered the thesis of Socrates, who, after a minute's suspense, takes up the lost cause of immortality and bears it to victory, in a resistless onset of intellectual power, is a triumph of artistic genius, and forms in itself a most touching and beautiful episode. The arguments of the *Phaedo*, it must be admitted, are not likely to convince any one against his will. They mostly proceed upon assumptions which any one who seriously questions the immortality of the soul will not be disposed to grant. The best argument is the attitude of Socrates himself as revealed in this and the two previous dialogues—his calmness, his confidence, his disdain of life when offered to him at the sacrifice of the ends for which a good man lives. Unless the soul is in some sense immortal, Socrates and all martyrs who have preceded and followed him were the victims of a miserable delusion. Man has been cheated by the deepest instincts of his heart, and it is a fundamental belief with Plato that the universe does

not cheat. Time is the reflection, albeit the "troubled reflection of Eternity"—the world is "a sensible Divinity, the image of the Intelligible."[1] Plato does not argue this—it is open to any one to reject it. In the last resort one may reject anything: this is simply a condition of the subjective consciousness. But without assumptions somewhere it is possible neither to think nor to act, and this assumption is the necessary basis of all moral action.

It may be noticed that in this dialogue Plato has accurately described and effectively combated the modern materialistic view of the nature of the soul. The argument of Simmias that the conscious life is a "harmony"—*i.e.*, a result of certain varying combinations and affections of matter, as music results from certain combinations of vibrating strings—is simply a poetic statement of the modern view that consciousness is a mere product of molecular action in certain forms of protoplasm. And the argument by which Socrates met the suggestion of Simmias is precisely that by which the great German thinker, Hermann Lotze, has met the same view, re-stated with added force by the materialistic school of to-day. Plato and Lotze both point to the *hegemonic* quality, the commanding and controlling power in the human soul as a proof that it is not a mere chain of sensations dependent upon the matter in which it inheres. And here at least Plato stands upon solid rock. This sense of command and control, the sense of will, is present beyond all possibility of dispute in the developed human consciousness. We may reject it as a delusion if we like—but surely there is nothing else of which we have a better right to feel convinced.

Another of the selections here given raises a question of peculiar interest, and one to which the key is not at once

[1] Plato: the *Timæus*.

obvious. This is the passage from the *Republic* which I have entitled "The Obligations of Morality." In it Glauco puts the case for the utilitarian view of morality in a very extreme form. He paints for us the righteous man reputed as a malefactor, scourged, bound, and crucified, and contrasts with him an unrighteous man successful and respected, affirming that if under these circumstances we prefer the righteous to the unrighteous life—which, it is implied, no one would think of doing—then and then only have we a right to say that righteousness is at bottom anything better than mere expediency. This looks at first sight like a clear and justifiable issue—in reality it involves a deep confusion of thought. The ideal unrighteous and righteous man are objects of the intellect, and as such their respective claims upon our approbation are intuitively given through the moral sense. But if we take them out of the ideal and bring them into the actual world, as we do in attaching to them experiences such as prosperity, reputation, and so forth, then we must subject them to its laws. They cannot be both in it and out of it at the same time. The moral order of the world in which we find ourselves is not an accident which might be so or might be otherwise. Set the man to act and it will soon be clear whether he is nourishing the wild and warring appetites in himself, or the divine element which can control and harmonise them. If we choose to make experience our criterion we must abide by experience as it is, and not as it may be invented. Lives like those which Glauco has invented were never lived on earth. His account of the righteous man maligned and put to death as a malefactor has indeed been taken as a prophetic vision of the life of Christ, yet He was surely not more a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief than a man of gladness and acquainted with joys.

Had he not up to the last scene of his life "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends"?

Napoleon I. afforded a signal instance of profound and thorough unscrupulousness, attended, for a time, by great prosperity. But the vice in him was a devouring and corrupting force: it corrupted even his intellect. He committed the enormous folly of outraging the moral sense of mankind, and thus arrayed against himself powers which proved stronger even than his own dæmonic might of genius.

The selfish and passionate parts of our nature will, if uncontrolled, destroy the man and defeat themselves. The impulse towards pleasure will, if gratified at the expense of right, destroy the sense of right, and ultimately its own self. The sense of right in controlling the sense of pleasure does not however destroy even the latter; it purifies and intensifies it. Thus the righteous man, in the long run, is the complete and harmonious man, the unrighteous is maimed, stunted, and at war with himself. All this is matter of experience; yet, after all, the force of it is as nothing when confronted with a passionate personal desire. Here something which transcends experience must come in—that something which forms the diapason of the whole Platonic philosophy. The natural order of things and the slow processes by which it justifies itself, what are these to me, unless the natural order is a reflection of some divine order which, as such, has a claim on my every thought and action? And so it was for Plato: the sensible world is an image of Divinity, and thus its laws have higher and stricter sanctions than any which their own action can confer.

I have closed the present selection with a work of very remarkable interest, both biographical and philosophical, the Seventh Epistle of Plato. It gives, in Plato's own

words, an account of his attempt to play a leading part in the world of action at a critical moment in the history of Hellenic civilisation. Dionysius the Elder, Tyrant of Syracuse, was dead. His dominion was by far the greatest of the Greek settlements in Sicily, and he had successfully combated the encroachments of the Carthaginian power in the island. He was the greatest representative of Hellenism outside Hellas itself, but he had gained this position partly by enslaving and depopulating the other Hellenic communities of Sicily, and his rule was despotic and cruel. He left his dominions secured, as he said, with "chains of adamant," to his son Dionysius the younger. Besides the mother of the young Dionysius, Doris, he had married a second wife, Aristomache, by whom he had two sons, Hipparinus and Nysæus. The brother of this Aristomache was Dion, the friend and pupil of Plato, of whose doings the Seventh Epistle treats. The younger Dionysius appears to have been a man capable of generous impulses and enthusiasms, but with an underlying vein of deceit and selfishness which soon became the dominant feature in his character; and he was deeply immersed in the life of luxury and profligacy for which Syracuse was proverbial. Dion, on the other hand, was a man of lofty and severe character, ambitious no doubt, but sincerely and deeply devoted to worthy aims, and in particular, to the regeneration and liberation of his country. A free community, governed not by the will of a despot, but by recognised laws in whose framing every citizen might have a part—this was what Dion desired to make of Syracuse, and he entreated the help of Plato, whose extraordinary influence over the young he well knew, in winning the new ruler of Syracuse to the cause of reform and freedom. For a time all went well—it seemed, men said, as though Plato were the Tyrant of

Syracuse, so docile to his teachings was the young *roi philosophe.* But the mind of Dionysius grew weary of the discipline and study which Plato seems to have imposed upon him with injudicious severity. In addition to this, his jealousy of Dion, to whom he must continually have felt himself inferior in character, attainments, and influence, soon involved every friend of Dion's in suspicion. Dion was decoyed to the sea-shore, hurried into a small boat, and sent into banishment; while Plato in the end was glad to escape in safety from the scene of his failure. The cause for which he had hoped to win a bloodless victory was then tried out by arms. Dion, returning with a body of friends and a small force of mercenary troops, achieved a most unexpected measure of success. The adamantine tyranny seemed to crumble at a touch. But with all his capacities and virtues, Dion, partly it was said owing to his haughty and reserved manners, could not win the trust and affection of his countrymen. The first use they made of the liberty he gave them was to banish him and his troops from Syracuse. He retired, magnanimously obedient to the will of the city; and with still greater magnanimity returned to liberate it once more when the power of Dionysius revived, and the Syracusans appealed in their extremity to the man they had insulted and exiled. His ascendency was now secure, but before he could complete his plans for the settlement of the government in Syracuse, he fell by the hand of an assassin who rose to power through his crime.

The document in which Plato describes his own part in these events is surely one of no ordinary interest, if we can be convinced, as all antiquity was apparently convinced, that the Seventh Epistle is a genuine work of the author in whose name it is written. In spite of the sceptical attitude

usually taken by continental scholars, Mr. Grote, the greatest English authority on Plato, accepted the Epistles as genuine. Dr. Jowett, on the other hand, in the Preface to the second edition of his translation of the Dialogues, combats the view of Grote, and insists that all the Epistles are spurious. But on this point Dr. Jowett's authority cannot be held to balance that of Grote. Grote had obviously read and deeply studied the writings in question. Dr. Jowett was content to adopt the objections of a foreign scholar, Karsten, without even taking the precaution of verifying his references to the text. This confidence was unfortunately quite misplaced, for Karsten's text appears to have a purely subjective existence. Thus he attributes to the Seventh Epistle—which has admittedly a better claim to be considered genuine than the others—statements which not only are not found in that document, but which are flatly contradicted there. His gravest objection is that the Seventh Epistle represents Socrates as having been put to death under the rule of the Thirty Tyrants. Doubtless Plato could not have made such a blunder; but how, one may ask, does Dr. Jowett suppose that Grote could have failed to detect it? The plain fact is that no such statement occurs in the Seventh Epistle at all, or could possibly be supposed to occur there by any one who had read the original text with ordinary attention. The account given of the death of Socrates is that which is usually accepted as historically true, and we are distinctly told that this event occurred after the downfall of the Tyrants.

The chief reason against regarding the Epistles as genuine is the fact that, so far as we know, authors of the classical period of Greek literature were not in the habit of writing, or at least of preserving, epistles. But it would be rash

to draw any positive deduction from uniformity of custom when we really know so little of what was customary. And until better arguments than Karsten's are forthcoming, I venture to treat the Seventh Epistle as a genuine work of Plato. Regarded as such, it is of particular interest from the light it throws on Plato's own character; and the character it reveals is one so consistent, natural, and well-defined that this in itself affords a strong presumption of the genuineness of the Epistle. Plato had once paid a visit to Syracuse in the time of the elder Dionysius, which had ended in his being seized and sold as a slave by order of that despot, whose literary tastes did not prevent him from regarding philosophy, however charming a thing at Athens, as a most objectionable influence in Syracuse, and one quite incompatible with the kind of power he wielded there. And now the successor of the tyrant invites him to take the leading part in the reform of a government hateful and discreditable to all Hellendom. It was a great opportunity; but it is clear that Plato was by no means fitted to use it to good purpose. He wished, he writes, to show that philosophy was something better than fine words; yet the words of Plato are deeds in themselves, and there was no more reason why he should aspire to do the work of Timoleon than why Timoleon should hold himself only half a man because he could not have written the *Phaedo.* What Plato could give to the work of reform in Sicily was courage, stainless integrity, and the sacrifice of his safe and honoured position, his cherished pursuits, in Athens. And all these he did give. Tried by his own loftiest teachings, his conduct was blameless and even heroic. But of practical judgment and the art of managing men he had no gifts at all—the very defects which certain features of his ideal Republic would lead us to suspect. What, for

instance, could have been more ill-judged than his behaviour in the matter of the arrest of Heracleides, where, as he tells us, he endeavoured, in the presence of at least two and probably many more witnesses, to shame Dionysius into the observance of a compact, while as yet there was no real evidence that he had any intention of breaking it? What wonder that Dionysius resented this treatment exactly as Plato tells us he did? And we may be sure that this was not the only occasion on which he was chafed and humiliated under Plato's tutorship. The result was simply an illustration of Plato's own saying, that the philosopher is the last man who will be able to see his way clearly through the dimness and confusion of practical life.

It remains to add a word or two as to the version of Plato which has been made use of for the present volume. The great work of Taylor and Sydenham was published in 1804, and was the first complete English translation of Plato. The leading part in the enterprise was taken by Thomas Taylor, "the Platonist," as he was called, whose fifty works in exposition or translation of Greek philosophy bear noble witness to a zeal for learning as pure and ardent as that of one of the Renaissance scholars to whom Greek literature came like the discovery of a new world. Taylor's oddities—among other things he professed as a religion the sublimated polytheism of the Neo-Platonists—gained him much ridicule in his own day. He lived, not exactly obscure, but certainly poor and unappreciated, devoting himself with an energy as untiring as it was unrewarded to his great task of making Greek philosophy known to his countrymen. He was not a trained scholar—he learned Greek to read Plato, instead of, in the orthodox fashion, reading Plato to learn Greek. His translation is far from

faultless, but it is an honest and even an able one. It has not a few errors and obscurities—here rectified to the best of his present editor's ability—but he never attempts to make sense of what he does not understand; he loved the work he was doing, and spared no pains to make it as perfect as he could, and his English, though not elegant, is always strong and dignified.

Of the Platonic translations here given, all but the *Banquet* and the *Hippias Major* are the work of Taylor. Sydenham was a scholar of a very different stamp, though like Taylor he lived for learning, and lived neglected and poor. The circumstances of his death in a debtor's prison gave rise to the Literary Fund which is so successful an institution at the present day. He was an M.A. of Oxford, and a much better scholar than Taylor, as well as master of a more lucid and graceful style, but by no means so close and deep a thinker. His great fault is prolixity—the meaning of Plato is often swathed in clouds of verbiage, and in some of the more important passages, such as the speech of Diotima, I have had to condense his tumidity of expression to no small extent in order to make visible the fine Hellenic outlines of Platonic thought.

The style of Plato, uniting, as it does, consummate perfection of structural finish with an equally consummate ease and freedom of movement, is unapproachable in English. It is the ideal Greek prose, moving in the wreathed measures of a stately choric dance, just as the typical Latin prose moves with the simpler and weightier rhythm of the march. The present volume can make no pretensions to the reproduction of this matchless style—even Dr. Jowett's fluent and graceful English is far from reproducing it. But if I am not mistaken the many readers of the "Camelot Series"

have here the opportunity of making themselves acquainted with an extensive and very interesting tract of the Platonic philosophy in a form which permits some true approach to the mind and the art of a supreme thinker and a supreme artist.

T. W. ROLLESTON.

SELECTIONS FROM PLATO.

THE OPENING OF THE "PHAEDRUS."

Socrates. Whither are you going, my dear Phaedrus, and from whence came you?

Phaedrus. From Lysias, the son of Cephalus, Socrates; but I am going, for the sake of walking, beyond the walls of the city. For I have been sitting with him a long time, indeed from very early in the morning until now. But being persuaded by Acumenus,[1] who is your associate as well as mine, to take some exercise, I determined to go for a walk on the road. For he said this was more refreshing than the racing-ground.

Soc. He speaks well, my friend, on this subject: and so Lysias then, as it seems, was in the city?

Phaedr. He was. For he dwells with Epicrates in the house of Morychus, which is next to that of Olympius.

Soc. But what was his employment there? Or did not Lysias treat you with a banquet of orations?

Phaedr. You shall hear, if you have but leisure to walk along with me and attend.

Soc. But what, do you not think that I, according to Pindar, would consider as a thing superior to business the relation of your conversation with Lysias?

[1] A physician,—father of the physician, Eryximachus, who appears in the *Banquet*. At the racing-ground there were covered ways for onlookers to stroll about in.

Phaedr. Come on, then.

Soc. Begin the relation, then.

Phaedr. And indeed, Socrates, the hearing of this is proper for you. For I do not know how it happened so, but our discourse was amatory. For Lysias had composed an oration on love, and this in a very elegant manner; in the course of which he asserts that one who does not love ought to be favoured rather than a lover.

Soc. Generous man! I wish he had likewise asserted that this should be the case with the poor rather than the rich, the old than the young, and so in all the rest, that thus I myself and many more of us might be favoured; for then his discourse would have been both polite and publicly useful. I am therefore so desirous of hearing his oration, that if you should even walk as far as Megara, and, like Herodicus, when you had reached the walls immediately turn back again, I should not leave you.

Phaedr. What do you say, most excellent Socrates? Do you think me, who have never studied such things, capable of relating, in such a manner as it deserves, a discourse which Lysias, the most skilful writer of the present age, was a long time composing at his leisure? I am certainly far from entertaining such a supposition: though I would rather be able to do this than be the possessor of a great quantity of gold.

Soc. O Phaedrus, if I do not know Phaedrus, I am likewise forgetful of myself; but neither of them happens to be the case. For I well know that he has not only heard the discourse of Lysias once, but that he has desired him to repeat it often; and that Lysias willingly complied with his request. But neither was this sufficient for Phaedrus; but having at length obtained the book, he considered that which he mostly desired to see. And sitting down to peruse it very early in the morning, he continued his employment, till being fatigued, he went out for a walk; and, by the Dog, as it appears to me, committed it to memory, unless perhaps it was too long for this purpose. But he directed his course beyond the walls, that he

might meditate on this oration. Meeting, however, with one who was madly fond of discourse, he rejoiced on beholding him, because he should have a partner in his corybantic fury; and desired him to walk on. But when that lover of discourse requested him to repeat the oration, he feigned as if he was unwilling to comply; but though he was unwilling that any one should hear him voluntarily, he was at length compelled to the relation. I therefore entreat, Phaedrus, that you will quickly accomplish all I desire.

Phaedr. Well then, I will endeavour to satisfy you in the best manner I am able; for I see you will not dismiss me till I have exerted my utmost abilities to please you.

Soc. You perfectly apprehend the truth respecting me.

Phaedr. I will therefore gratify you; but in reality, Socrates, I have not learned by heart the words of this oration, though I nearly retain the sense of all the arguments by which he shows the difference between a lover and one who does not love; and these I will summarily relate to you in order, beginning from the first.

Soc. But show me first, my friend, what you have got there in your left hand, under your cloak; for I suspect that you have got the oration itself. And if this be the case, think thus with yourself respecting me, that I perfectly esteem you, but that, when Lysias is present, it is by no means my intention to listen to you. And therefore show it me.

Phaedr. You ought to desist; for you have destroyed those hopes, Socrates, which I entertained respecting you; the hopes, I mean, of contesting with you. But where are you willing we should sit while we read?

Soc. Let us, turning thither, direct our steps towards the river Ilissus: and afterwards, when you shall think proper to rest, we will sit down.

Phaedr. And this will be very seasonable, as it appears, for I am at present without shoes; but this is always the case with you. It will be easy, therefore, for us to walk by the side of the brook, moistening our feet; nor will it be unpleasant, especially at this season of the year, and at this time of the day.

Soc. Go on then, and at the same time look out for a place where we may sit down.

Phaedr. Do you see that most lofty plane tree?

Soc. Why, what then?

Phaedr. For there, there is a cool shade, moderate breezes of wind, and soft grass, upon which we may either sit, or, if you are so disposed, lie down.

Soc. Let us go, then.

Phaedr. But inform me, Socrates, whether this is not the place in which Boreas is reported to have ravished Orithya from Ilissus?

Soc. It is reported so indeed.

Phaedr. Was it not just here, then? for the brooks hereabouts appear to be grateful to the view, pure and transparent, and very well adapted to the sports of virgins.

Soc. It was not; but two or three stadia lower down, where we meet with the temple of Artemis, and in that very place there is a certain altar sacred to Boreas.

Phaedr. I did not perfectly know this. But tell me, by Zeus, Socrates, are you persuaded that this fabulous narration is true?

Soc. If, like our wise men, I should disbelieve it, it would not be absurd of me; and then I should sophisticate the transaction, and say that the wind Boreas hurled from the neighbouring rocks Orithya, sporting with Pharmacia; and that she, dying in consequence of this, was said to have been ravished away by Boreas, or from the hill of Ares. There is also another report that she was not ravished from this place, but from that. But for my own part, Phaedrus, I consider interpretations of this kind as pleasant enough, but at the same time, as the province of a man vehemently curious and laborious, and not entirely happy; and this for no other reason than because after such an explanation it will be necessary for him to rectify the form of the Centaurs and the Chimæra; and besides these a crowd of Gorgons and Pegasuses will pour upon him for an exposition of this kind, and other prodigious natures, immense both in multitude and novelty. All which, if any

one, not believing in their literal meaning, should draw to a probable sense, employing for this purpose a kind of narrow and clownish wisdom, he will stand in need of most abundant leisure. With respect to myself indeed, I have not leisure for such an undertaking; and this because I am not yet able, according to the Delphic precept, to know myself. But it appears to me to be ridiculous, while I am yet ignorant of this, to speculate things foreign from the knowledge of myself. Hence, bidding farewell to these, and crediting that which is held to be the truth about them, I do not, according to what I said just now, contemplate these, but myself, considering whether I am not a wild beast possessing more coils than any Typhon, and far more raging and fierce; or whether I am a more mild and simple animal naturally participating of a certain divine and modest condition.—But are we not, my friend, in the midst of our discourse, arrived at our destined seat? and is not yonder the tree to which you were to lead us?

Phaedr. That indeed is it.

Soc. By Hera, a beautiful retreat. For the plane tree very widely spreads its shady branches, and is remarkably tall; and the willow too is high and shady, and is in its fairest bloom, filling all the place with the most agreeable odour. Add, too, that a most pleasant fountain of extreme cool water flows under the plane tree, as our feet could testify, and which appears to be sacred to certain nymphs, and to Achelous, from the statues and ornaments with which it is adorned. Then again, if you are so disposed, take notice how lovely and very agreeable the air of the place is, and what a summer-like and sonorous singing resounds from the choir of grasshoppers. But the most charming thing of all is the grass, which in a manner so admirable naturally adapts itself to receive on the gradual steep the reclining head. So that, my dear Phaedrus, you have done most excellently well to lead me in here.

Phaedr. But you, O wonderful man, appear to act most absurdly; for by your discourse one might judge you to be some stranger and not a native of the place.

And indeed one might conclude that you had never passed beyond the bounds of the city, nor ever deserted its walls.

Soc. Pardon me, most excellent Phaedrus, for I am a lover of learning, and hence I consider that fields and trees are not willing to teach me anything, but men in the city.[1] You indeed appear to have discovered an enchantment capable of causing my departure from thence. For as they lead famished animals whither they please by extending to them leaves or certain fruits; so you, by extending to me the discourses contained in books, may lead me about through all Attica, and indeed wherever you please. But now, for the present, since we are arrived hither, I for my part am disposed to lie down; but do you, assuming whatever position you think most convenient, begin to read.

[1] Compare Lessing's remark to the poet of nature, Kleist,—"You go into the fields, I to the coffee-house."

TRUTH AND ITS SHADOWS.

From the "Republic," Book vii.

SOCRATES AND GLAUCO. SOCRATES *loquitur.*

AFTER these things, said I, assimilate, with reference to education and the want of education, our nature to such a condition as follows. Consider men as in a subterraneous habitation, resembling a cave, with its entrance expanding to the light, and answering to the whole extent of the cave. Suppose them to have been in this cave from their childhood, with chains both on their legs and necks, so as to remain there, and only be able to look before them, but by the chain incapable to turn their heads round. Suppose them likewise to have the light of a fire burning far above and behind them; and that between the fire and the fettered men there is a road above. Along this road, observe a low wall built, like that which hedges in the stage of mountebanks on which they exhibit their wonderful tricks.

I observe it, said he.

Behold now, along this wall, men bearing all sorts of utensils, raised above the wall, and human statues, and other animals in wood and stone, and furniture of every kind. And, as is likely, some of those who are carrying these are speaking, and some are silent.

You mention, said he, a strange comparison, and strange fettered men.

But such, however, as resemble us, said I; for, in the

first place, do you think that such as these see anything of themselves, or of one another, but the shadows formed by the fire falling on the opposite part of the cave?

How can they, said he, if through the whole of life they be under a necessity of having their heads unmoved?

But what do they see of what is carrying along? Is it not the very same?

No doubt.

If, then, they were able to converse with one another, do not you think they would deem it proper to give names to those very things which they saw before them?

Of necessity they must.

And what if the opposite part of this prison had an echo, when any of those who passed along spake, do you imagine they would reckon that what spake was anything else than the passing shadow?

Not I, by Zeus, said he.

Such as these, then, said I, will entirely judge that there is nothing true but the shadows of those things.

By an abundant necessity, replied he.

With reference, then, both to their freedom from these chains and their cure of this ignorance, consider the nature of it, if such a thing should happen to them. When any one should be loosed, and obliged on a sudden to rise up, turn round his neck, and walk and look up towards the light; and in doing all these things should be pained, and unable, from the splendours, to behold the things of which he formerly saw the shadows, what do you think he would say, if one should tell him that formerly he had seen trifles, but now, being somewhat nearer to reality, and turned towards what was more real, he saw with more rectitude; and so, pointing out to him each of the things passing along, should question him and oblige him to tell what it were; do you think he would be in doubt and would deem what he had formerly seen to be more true than what was now pointed out to him?

By far, said he.

And if one should oblige him to look to the light itself,

would not he find pain in his eyes and shun it; and, turning to such things as he is able to behold, reckon that these are really more clear than those pointed out?

Just so, replied he.

But if one, said I, should drag him from thence violently through a rough and steep ascent, and never stop till he drew him up to the light of the sun, would he not, whilst he was thus drawn, both be in torment and be filled with indignation? And after he had even come to the light, having his eyes filled with splendour, he would be able to see none of these things now called true.

He would not, said he, suddenly at least.

But he would require, I think, to be accustomed to it some time, if he were to perceive things above. And first of all he would most easily perceive shadows, afterwards the images of men and of other things in water, and after that the things themselves. And with reference to these, he would more easily see the things in the heavens, and the heavens themselves, by looking in the night to the light of the stars, and the moon, than by day looking on the sun, and the light of the sun.

How can it be otherwise?

And last of all, he may be able, I think, to perceive and contemplate the sun himself, not in water, nor resemblances of him, in a foreign seat, but himself by himself, in his own proper region.

Of necessity, said he.

And after this he would now reason with himself concerning the sun; that it is he who gives the seasons, and years, and governs all things in the visible place, and that of all those things which he formerly saw, he is in a certain manner the cause.

It is evident, said he, that after these things he may now arrive at such reasonings as these.

But what? when he remembers his first habitation and the wisdom which was there, and those who were then his companions in bonds, do you not think he will esteem himself happy by the change, and pity them?

And that greatly.

And if there were any honours and encomiums and rewards among themselves, for him who most acutely perceived what passed along, and best remembered which of them were wont to pass foremost, which latest, and which of them went together; and from these observations were most able to presage what was to happen; does it appear to you that he will be desirous of such honours, or envy those who among these are honoured, and in power? Or will he not rather wish to suffer that of Homer, and vehemently desire

> "A labourer to some ignoble man
> To work for hire, . . ."[1]

and rather suffer anything than to possess such opinions, and live after such a manner?

I think so, replied he, that he would suffer and embrace anything rather than to live in that manner.

But consider this further, said I: If such a one should descend, and sit down again in the same seat, would not his eyes be filled with darkness, in consequence of coming suddenly from the sun?

Very much so, replied he.

And should he now again be obliged to give his opinion of those shadows, and to dispute about them with those who are there eternally chained, whilst yet his eyes were dazzled, and before they recovered their former state (which would not be effected in a short time) would he not afford them laughter? and would it not be said of him, that, having ascended, he was returned with vitiated eyes, and that it was not proper even to attempt to go above, and that whoever should attempt to liberate them, and lead them up, if ever they were able to get him into their hands, should be put to death?

They would by all means, said he, put him to death.

The whole of this image now, said I, friend Glauco, is to

[1] "In the light of day," Achilles adds (*Odyss.* xi.), contrasting servitude in the upper world with dominion in Hades.

be applied to our previous discourse; for if you compare this region, which is seen by the sight, to the habitation of the prison; and the light of the fire in it to the power of the sun; and the ascent above, and the vision of things above, to the soul's ascent into the intelligible place; you will apprehend my meaning, since you want to hear it. But God knows whether it be true. This is the way in which things appear to me. In the intelligible place the Idea of the Good is the last object of vision and is scarcely to be seen; but if it be seen we must collect by reasoning that it is the cause to all of everything right and beautiful, generating in the visible place, light, and its lord the sun; and in the intelligible place, it is itself the lord, producing truth and intellect; and this must be beheld by him who is to act wisely either in his own or in public affairs.

I agree with you, said he, as far as I am able.

Come now, said I, and agree with me likewise in this. And do not wonder that such as arrive hither are unwilling to act in human affairs, but their souls always hasten to converse with things above; for it is somehow reasonable it should be so, if these things take place according to our above-mentioned image.

It is indeed reasonable, replied he.

But what? do you think that this is anything wonderful, that when a man comes from divine contemplations to human evils, he should behave awkwardly and appear extremely ridiculous, whilst he is yet dazzled, and is obliged, before he is sufficiently accustomed to the present darkness, to contend in courts of justice, or elsewhere, about the shadows of justice, or those images which occasion the shadows, and to dispute how these things are apprehended by those who have never at any time beheld Justice itself?

This is not at all wonderful, said he.

But if a man possesses intellect, said I, he must remember that there is a twofold disturbance of the sight, and arising from two causes: when we betake ourselves

from light to darkness, and from darkness to light. And when a man considers that these very things happen with reference also to the soul, whenever he sees any one disturbed and unable to perceive anything, he will not laugh in an unseasonable manner, but will consider whether the soul, coming from a more splendid life, be darkened by ignorance, or going from abundant ignorance to one more luminous, be filled with the dazzling splendour, and so will congratulate the one on its fate and its life, and compassionate the life and fate of the other. And if he wishes to laugh at the soul that goes from darkness to light, his laughter would be less improper, than if he were to laugh at the soul which descends from the light to darkness.

You say very reasonably, replied he.

It is proper, then, said I, that we judge of them after such a manner as this, if those things be true : That education is not such a thing as some announce it to be; for they somehow say, that whilst there is no science in the soul, they will insert it, as if they were inserting sight in blind eyes.

They say so, replied he.

But our present reasoning, said I, now shows, that this power being in the soul of every one, and the organ by which every one learns, and being in the same condition as the eye would be if it were unable otherwise than with the whole body to turn from darkness to light, must, in like manner, with the whole soul be turned from the mutable world till it be able to endure the contemplation of Being itself, and the most splendid form of Being. And this we call the Good—do we not?

We do.

This then, said I, would appear to be the art of his conversion, in what manner he shall, with the greatest ease and advantage, be turned. Not to implant in him the power of seeing; but considering him as possessed of it, only improperly situated, and not looking at what he ought, to contrive some method by which this may be accomplished.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF MORALITY.

From the "Republic," Book ii.

Socrates and Glauco.

When I had said these things I imagined that the debate was at an end; but this it seems was only the introduction: for Glauco, as he is on all occasions most courageous, so truly at that time did not approve of Thrasymachus giving up the debate; but said, Socrates, do you wish to seem to have persuaded us, or to have persuaded us in reality, that in every respect it is better to be righteous than unrighteous?

I would choose, said I, to do it in reality, if it depended on me.

You do not then, said he, do what you desire. For, tell me, does there appear to you any good of this kind: such as we would choose to have, not regarding the consequences, but embracing it for its own sake? as joy, and such pleasures as are harmless; though nothing else arises afterwards from these pleasures than that the possession gives us delight.

There seems to me, said I, to be something of this kind.

But what? is there something too which we both love for its own sake, and also for what arises from it? as wisdom, sight, and health; for we somehow embrace these things on both accounts.

Yes, said I.

But do you perceive, said he, a third species of good, among which is bodily labour, or being treated for sickness,

or practising physic, or other lucrative employment? for we say, those things are troublesome, but that they profit us, and we should not choose these things for their own sake, but on account of the rewards and those other advantages which arise from them.

There is then, indeed, said I, likewise this third kind.

But what now? in which of these, said he, do you place righteousness?

I imagine, said I, in the best of them—in that which both on its own account, and for the sake of what arises from it, is desired by the man who is in pursuit of happiness.

It does not, however, said he, seem so to the many, but to be of the troublesome kind, which is pursued for the sake of glory, and on account of rewards and honours; but on its own account it is to be shunned, as being difficult.

I know, said I, that it seems so, and it was in this view that Thrasymachus some time since despised it, and commended unrighteousness; but it seems I am one of those who are dull in learning.

Come then, said he, hear me likewise, if this be agreeable to you; for Thrasymachus seems to me to have been charmed by you, like an adder, sooner than was proper: but with respect to myself, the proof has not yet been made to my satisfaction, in reference to either of the two; for I desire to hear what each is, and what power it has by itself, when in the soul—bidding farewell to the rewards and the consequences arising from them. I will proceed therefore in this manner, if it seem proper to you: I will renew the speech of Thrasymachus; and first of all I will tell you what they say righteousness is, and whence it arises; and secondly, that all those who pursue it pursue it unwillingly, as necessary, but not as good; thirdly, that they do this reasonably; for, as they say, the life of the unrighteous man is much better than that of the righteous. Although, for my own part, to me, Socrates, it does not appear so, yet I am in doubt, having my ears stunned in hearing Thrasymachus and innumerable others. But I have never, hitherto,

heard from any one such a discourse as I wish to hear concerning righteousness, as being better than unrighteousness: I wish, then, to hear it commended, as it is in itself; and I most especially imagine I shall hear this from you: wherefore, pulling oppositely, I shall speak in commendation of an unrighteous life; and in speaking shall show you in what manner I want to hear you condemn unrighteousness and commend righteousness. But see if what I say be agreeable to you.

Extremely so, said I; for what would any man of intellect delight more to speak and to hear of frequently?

You speak most handsomely, said he. And hear what I said I was first to speak of; what righteousness is, and whence it arises; for they say that, according to nature, to do wrong is good; but to suffer wrong is bad; but that the evil which arises from suffering wrong is greater than the good which arises from doing it: so that, after men had done one another wrong and likewise suffered it, and had experienced both, it seemed proper to those who were not able to shun the one and choose the other, to agree among themselves, neither to do wrong nor to be wronged: and that hence laws began to be established, and their compacts; and that which was enjoined by law they denominated lawful and righteous; and that this is the origin and essence of righteousness: being in the middle between what is best when he who does wrong is not punished, and what is worst, when the person wronged is unable to punish; and that righteousness, being thus in the middle of both these, is desired, not as good, but is held in honour from a feebleness in doing wrong, for the man who had ability to do wrong would never, if really a man, consent to this agreement neither to wrong nor be wronged; for otherwise he were mad. This, then, Socrates, and of such a kind as this, is the nature of righteousness; and this, as they say, is its origin. And we shall best perceive that those who pursue it pursue it unwillingly, and from an impotence to injure, if we imagine in our mind such a case as this: Let us give

liberty to each of them, both to the righteous and the unrighteous, to do whatever they incline; and then let us follow them, observing how their inclination will lead each of them. We should then find the righteous man, with full inclination, going the same way with the unrighteous, through a desire of having more than others. This every nature is made to pursue as good, but by law is forcibly led to an equality. And the liberty I speak of may be chiefly of this kind; if they happened to have such a power as they say happened once to Gyges, the progenitor of Lydus: for they say that he was the hired shepherd of the then governor of Lydia; and that, a prodigious rain and earthquake happening, part of the earth was rent, and an opening made in the place where he pastured his flocks; that when he beheld and wondered, he descended, and saw many other wonders which are transmitted to us in myths, and a brazen house likewise, hollow and with doors; and on looking in, he saw within a dead body larger in appearance than that of a man, which had nothing else upon it but a gold ring on its hand; which ring he took off, and came up again. That when there was a convention of the shepherds, as usual, for reporting to the king what related to their flocks, he also came, having the ring: and whilst he sat with the others he happened to turn the stone of the ring to the inner part of his hand; and when this was done he became invisible to those who sat by, and they talked of him as absent; that he wondered, and, again handling his ring, turned the stone outward, and on this became visible; and that, having observed this, he made trial of the ring, whether it had this power; and that it happened, that on turning the stone inward he became invisible, and on turning it outward, he became visible. That, perceiving this, he instantly managed so as to be made one of the embassy to the king, and that on his arrival he debauched his wife; and with her, assaulting the king, killed him, and possessed the kingdom. If now, there were two such rings, and the righteous man had the one, and the unrighteous the other, none, it seems, would be so adamantine as to persevere in

righteousness, and endure to refrain from the things of others, and not to touch them, whilst it was in his power to take, even from the Forum, without fear, whatever he pleased; to enter into houses and embrace any one he pleased; to kill, and to loose from chains, whom he pleased; and to do all other things with the same power as a god among men,—acting in this manner, he is in no respect different from the other, but both of them go the same road. This now, one may say, is a strong proof that no one is righteous from choice, but by constraint; as it is not a good merely in itself, since every one does wrong wherever he imagines he is able to do it; for every man thinks that unrighteousness is, in itself, more profitable than righteousness; and he thinks justly, according to this way of reasoning: since, if any one with such a liberty would never do any wrong, nor touch the things of others, he would be deemed by men of sense to be most wretched, and most void of understanding; yet would they commend him before one another, imposing on each other, from a fear of being injured. Thus much, then, concerning these things. But, with reference to the difference of their lives whom we speak of, we shall be able to discern aright, if we set apart by themselves the most righteous man and the most unrighteous, and not otherwise; and now, what is this, this separation? Let us take from the unrighteous man nothing of unrighteousness, nor of righteousness from the righteous man, but let us make each of them perfect in his own profession. And first, as to the unrighteous man, let him act as the able artists; as a complete pilot, or physician, he comprehends the possible and the impossible in the art; the one he attempts, and the other he relinquishes; and, if he fail in anything, he is able to rectify it: so, in like manner, the unrighteous man attempting pieces of unrighteousness in a dexterous manner, let him be concealed, if he is to be deemed exceedingly unrighteous; but if he be caught, let him be deemed to have failed: for the most complete unrighteousness is, to seem righteous, not being so. We must give then to the completely unrighteous the most complete unrighteousness; and

not take from him, but allow him, whilst doing the greatest wrong, to procure for himself the highest reputation for righteousness; and if in anything he fail, let him be able to rectify it: and let him be able to speak so as to persuade, if anything of his unrighteousness be spread abroad: let him be able to do by force what requires force, through his courage and strength, and by means of his friends and his wealth: and having supposed him to be such a one as this, let us place the righteous man beside him, in our reasoning, a simple and ingenuous man, desiring, according to Æschylus, not the appearance but the reality of goodness: let us take from him the appearance of goodness; for, if he shall appear to be righteous, he shall have honours and rewards; and thus it may be uncertain whether he be such for the sake of righteousness, or on account of the rewards and honours: let him be stripped of everything but righteousness, and be made completely contrary to the other; whilst he does no wrong, let him have the reputation of doing the greatest; that he may be tortured for righteousness, not yielding to reproach, and such things as arise from it, but may be immovable till death; appearing indeed to be unrighteous through life, yet being really righteous; that so both of them arriving at the utmost pitch, the one of righteousness, and the other of unrighteousness, we may judge which of them is the happier.

Strange! said I, friend Glauco, how strenuously you purify each of the men, as a statue which is to be judged of!

As much, said he, as I am able: whilst then they continue to be such, there will not, as I imagine, be any further difficulty to observe what kind of life remains to each of them. It must therefore be told. And if possibly it should be told in a somewhat raw manner, imagine not, Socrates, that it is I who tell it, but those who commend unrighteousness preferably to righteousness; and they will say these things: That the righteous man, being of this disposition, will be scourged, tormented, fettered, have his eyes burnt, and lastly, having suffered all manner of evils, will be crucified; and he shall know that he should not desire the

reality but the appearance of righteousness: and that it is much more proper to pronounce that saying of Æschylus, concerning the unrighteous man; for they will in reality say that the unrighteous man, as being in pursuit of what is real, and living not according to the opinion of men, wants not to have the appearance but the reality of unrighteousness—

> "Reaping the hollow furrows of his mind,
> Whence all his glorious counsels blossom forth."

In the first place, he holds the magistracy in the state, being thought to be just; next, he marries wherever he inclines, and matches his children with whom he pleases; he joins in partnership and company with whom he inclines; and besides all this, he will succeed in all his projects for gain; as he does not scruple to do wrong: when then he engages in competitions he will both in private and in public surpass and exceed his adversaries; and by this means he will be rich, and serve his friends, and hurt his enemies: and he will amply and magnificently render sacrifices and offerings to the gods, and will honour the gods, and such men as he chooses, much better than the righteous man. From whence they reckon, that it is likely he will be more beloved of the gods than the righteous man. Thus they say, Socrates, that both with gods and men there is a better life prepared for the unjust man than for the just.

When Glauco had said these things, I had a design to say something in reply. . . .

From the "Republic," Book ix.

. . . Since we are now come to this part of our argument, said I, let us recapitulate what we first said, on account of which we have come hither: and it was somewhere said, that it was advantageous to do wrong, if one were completely unrighteous, but were reputed righteous. Was it not so said?

It was indeed.

Now then, said I, let us settle this point. . . . Let us in

our reasoning fashion an image of the soul, that the man who said those things may know what he said.

What kind of image? said he.

One of those creatures, said I, which are fabled to have been of old, as that of Chimaera, of Scylla, of Cerberus; and many others are spoken of, where many particular natures existed together in one.

They are spoken of indeed, said he.

Form now one figure of a creature, various and many-headed, having all around heads of tame creatures, and of wild, and having power in itself of changing all these heads, and of breeding them out of itself.

This is the work, said he, of a skilful former: however, as the formation is easier in thought than in wax and such like, let it be formed.

Let there be now one other figure of a lion, and one of a man; but let the first be by far the greatest, and the second be the second in bulk.

These are easy, said he, and they are formed.

Conjoin now these three in one, so as to exist somehow with one another.

They are conjoined, said he.

Form now around them the external appearance of one of them, that of the man; so that to one who is not able to see what is within, but who perceives only the external covering, the man may appear one creature.[1]

This is formed around, said he.

Let us now tell him who asserts that it is profitable to this man to do wrong, but to do righteousness is unprofitable, that he asserts nothing else than that it is profitable for him to feast the multiform creature, and to make it strong; and likewise the lion, and what respects the lion, whilst the man he kills with famine, and renders weak, so as to be dragged whichever way either of those drag him; and that he will also find it advantageous never to accustom the

[1] The three natures conjoined in man represent respectively, as a previous passage informs us, the Appetitive, the Irascible, and the Rational elements.

one to live in harmony with the other, nor to make them friends, but suffer them to be biting one another, and to fight and devour each other.

He, said he, who commendeth the doing unrighteousness, undoubtedly asserts these things.

And does not he again who says it is profitable to do righteousness, say that he ought to do and say such things by which the inner man shall come to have the most entire command of the man, and, as a tiller of the ground, shall take care of the many-headed creature, cherishing the mild ones, and nourishing them, and hindering the wild ones from growing up, taking the nature of the lion as his ally, and, having a common care for all, make them friendly to one another, and to himself, and so nourish them?

He who commends righteousness undoubtedly says such things as these.

In all respects, then, he who commends righteousness would seem to speak the truth, but he who commends unrighteousness to speak what is false; for, with regard to pleasure, and applause, and profit, he who commends righteousness speaks the truth, and he who discommends it speaks nothing genuine. Nor does he discommend with understanding what he discommends.

Not at all, said he, as appears to me at least.

Let us then in a mild manner persuade him (for it is not willingly he errs), asking him, O blessed man! do not we say that the maxims of things beautiful and base become so upon such accounts as these: Those are good which subject the brutal part of our nature most to the man, or rather perhaps to that which is divine: but those are evil which enslave the mild part of our nature to the brutal. Will he agree with us? or how?

He will, if he be advised by me, said he.

Is there then any one, said I, whom it profits, from this reasoning, to take gold unrighteously, if something of this kind happens—if, whilst he takes the money, he at the same time subjects the best part of his nature to the worst? Or if, taking gold for it, he should enslave a son or a

daughter, and that to savage and wicked men, shall we say this would not profit him, not though he should receive for it a prodigious sum? But if he enslaves the most divine part of himself to the most impious and polluted part, without any pity, is he not wretched? and does he not take a gift of gold to his far more dreadful ruin than Eriphyle did when she received the necklace for her husband's life?

By far, said Glauco; for I will answer you for the man.

And do you not think that to be intemperate has of old been discommended on such accounts as these, because that in such a one that terrible, great, and multiform beast was indulged more than was meet?

It is plain, said he.

And are not arrogance and moroseness blamed, when the lion and the serpentine nature increases and stretches beyond measure?

Entirely so.

And are not luxury and effeminacy blamed because of the remissness and looseness of this disposition, when it engenders in the man cowardice?

What else?

Are not flattery and illiberality blamed, when any one makes this irascible part itself subject to the brutal crew, and for the sake of wealth and its insatiable lust, accustoms the irascible to be affronted from its youth, and instead of a lion to become an ape?

Entirely so, said he.

But why is it, do you think, that mechanical arts and handicrafts are despised? Shall we say it is on any other account than this, that when a man has the form of that which is best in his soul, naturally weak, so as not to be able to govern the creatures within himself, but to minister to them, he is able only to learn what flatters them?[1]

[1] That is to say, a handicraft is merely a means of making money. It is singular that Plato should have attempted to justify rather than condemn the prevalent Athenian view upon the unworthy nature of the mechanical arts. There is probably not one of them into which ideal aims may not and do not enter.

It is likely, said he.

In order, then, that such a one may be governed in the same manner as the best man is, do we not say that he must be the servant of one who is the best, and who has within him the divine governor? not at all conceiving that he should be governed to the hurt of the subject (as Thrasymachus imagined), but, as it is best for every one to be governed, by one divine and wise, most especially if he possess it as his own within him, but if not, then subjecting himself to it externally; that as far as possible we may all resemble one other and be friends, governed by one and the same?

Rightly indeed, said he.

And law at least, said I, plainly shows it intends such a thing, being an ally to all in the city; as does likewise the government of children, in not allowing them to be free until we establish in them a proper government, as in a city; and having cultivated that in them which is best, by that which is best in ourselves, we establish a similar guardian and governor for youth, and then truly set it free.

It shows so indeed, said he.

In what way then shall we say, Glauco, and according to what reasoning, that it is profitable to do unrighteousness, to be intemperate, or to do anything base, by which a man shall indeed become more wicked, but yet shall acquire more wealth or any kind of power?

In no way, said he.

But how shall we say it is profitable for the unrighteous to be concealed, and not to suffer punishment? or does he not indeed, who is concealed, become still more wicked? but he who is not concealed, and is punished, has the brutal part quieted, and made mild, and the mild part set at liberty. And the whole soul being settled in the best temper, in possessing temperance and righteousness, with wisdom, acquires a more valuable habit than the body does in acquiring vigour and beauty, with a sound constitution; in as far as the soul is more valuable than the body.

A SOPHIST IN SPARTA.

From the "Greater Hippias."

SOCRATES AND HIPPIAS.

Soc. Hippias, the fine and the wise! what a long time it is since last you touched at Athens!

Hip. It is because I have not had leisure, Socrates. For the Eleans, you are to know, whenever they have any public affairs to negotiate with any of the neighbouring cities, constantly apply to me, and appoint me their ambassador for that purpose, in preference to all others: because they consider me as a person the ablest to form a right judgment of what is argued and alleged by every one of the cities, and to make a proper report of it to them. My embassies, therefore, have been frequent to many of those powers; but oftenest, and upon points the most in number, as well as of the highest importance, to the Lacedæmonians. This is the reason then, in answer to your question, why so seldom I visit these parts.

Soc. This it is, Hippias, to be a man truly wise and perfectly accomplished. For, being thus qualified, you have, in your private capacity, great presents made you by the young men of the age; and are able to make them ample amends by the greater advantages which they derive from you: then, in your public character, you are able to do service to your country, as a man ought, who would raise himself above contempt, and acquire reputation

among the multitude. But, Hippias, what sort of reason can be given, why those in former days, who are so highly famed for wisdom, Pittacus and Bias, and Thales the Milesian, with his disciples, successors, and followers, down to Anaxagoras, if not all, yet most of them, are found to have lived the lives of private men, declining to engage in public affairs?

Hip. What other reason, Socrates, can you imagine beside this, that they had not a sufficient reach of wisdom for the conduct of their own private affairs and those of the public at the same time?

Soc. Tell me then, in the name of Zeus, whether, as all other arts are improved, and the workmen of former times are contemptible and mean in comparison with ours, shall we say that your art, that of the Sophists, hath in like manner received improvement; and that such of the ancients as applied themselves to the study of wisdom were nothing, compared to you of the present age?

Hip. Perfectly right: that is the very case.

Soc. So that, were Bias to be restored to life again in our days, he would be liable to ridicule, appearing in competition with you Sophists: your case being parallel to that of our modern statuaries, who tell us that Dædalus, were he alive, and to execute such works as those to which he owed his great name, would but expose himself and become ridiculous.

Hip. The truth of the matter, Socrates, exactly is as you say. I, myself, however, make it my custom to bestow my commendations rather upon the ancients, and upon all such as flourished in times precedent to our own; giving them the pre-eminence and precedence above ourselves; in order to escape the envy of the living, and for fear of incurring the resentment of the dead.

Soc. In my opinion, Hippias, you see the matter in a just light, and consider it thoroughly well. I myself can witness the truth of what you say. It is indeed certain that your art is in this respect really improved, in that you are able to manage the concerns of the public, and at the

same time to give attention to your own private interests. For Gorgias, that great Sophist of Leontium, came hither on a public embassy from his country, as the ablest man among the Leontines, to negotiate their affairs of state: and here he acquired glory by his fine harangues in the assembly of the people; at the same time that by his exhibitions before private companies, and his teaching our young men, he collected and raised very considerable sums of money from this city. Or, if you would have another instance, there is my own friend the famous Prodicus; who has frequently been sent hither on public embassies: but the last time, not long since, when he came as an ambassador from Ceos, his speeches before the Council gained him great honour; and his private exhibitions in the meantime, together with the tuition of our young men, procured him an immense heap of money. But not one of those ancient sages ever thought proper to exact money by way of fee or reward for his teaching: or ever took it into his head to display his wisdom before a mixed multitude. So simple were they, and so much of a secret was it to them how valuable a thing was money! Whereas each of the others, whom I mentioned, has made more money of his wisdom than any artificer could ever earn from any art whatever: and prior to these Protagoras did the same.

Hip. You know nothing, Socrates, of what high advantages belong to our profession. To give you only one instance. Going upon a certain time to Sicily, where Protagoras then resided, high in reputation and reverend in years, I, though at that time in age greatly his inferior, gained, in a very short time, more than 150 minas: nay, from one place only, and that a very little one, Inycum, I took above twenty. This, when I brought home with me, and presented it to my father, it struck him and my other friends in the city with wonder and astonishment. To say the truth, I am inclined to think that not any two of the Sophists, name which you please, taken together, have acquired so much money as myself.

Soc. A fair and notable evidence have you produced, Hippias, proving not only your own wisdom, but how wise the world, too, is become nowadays; and what difference there is between the modern wisdom and the ancient in point of excellence. For of these predecessors of yours there is reported great folly, according to your account of things. To Anaxagoras, for instance, it is said, happened the contrary of that lucky fate which befell you. For, when great wealth had been left him, he, through negligence, they say, lost it all: so silly was he with his wisdom. And of other ancient sages they relate stories of the same kind. A clear proof, I think, therefore, this which you exhibit, in what a wise age we live; and what disproportion the wisdom of it bears to that of former times. Many too, I know, are agreed in this opinion, that a wise man ought, in the first place, to be wise to himself. Now the standard of this kind of wisdom is, it seems, who can get the most money. But so much for this. And now tell me, as to your own gains, from which of the cities whither you have travelled did you collect the largest sums? Undoubtedly it must have been from Sparta, whither you have gone the oftenest.

Hip. Not from thence, Socrates, by Zeus!

Soc. How say you? What, the least sum from thence?

Hip. Never anything at all.

Soc. It is a prodigy what you relate: and I am amazed at it, Hippias. But tell me, as to that wisdom of yours, has it not the power to improve in virtuous excellence all your followers who are conversant with it, and will learn?

Hip. In the highest degree, Socrates.

Soc. Were you able, then, to improve the sons of the Inycians, yet wanted such ability with regard to the sons of Sparta?

Hip. Far from it.

Soc. The Sicilians, then, I warrant, have a desire of virtuous improvement, but the Spartans not so?

Hip. Strongly so, Socrates, have the Spartans.

Soc. Was their want of money, then, the reason why they followed you not?

Hip. By no means; for of money they have plenty.

Soc. What account, then, can be given in such a case as this, when they were desirous of improvement, and in no want of money to purchase it; and you were able to furnish them with the highest degrees of it; why did they not send you away loaded with riches? What; certainly the reason of it cannot be this, that the Spartans can educate their sons in a better manner than you could educate them? Or shall we say they can? and do you admit this to be true?

Hip. By no means in the world.

Soc. Were you not, then, able to persuade the young men at Sparta that, by the help of your conversation, they might make greater advances in virtue than ever they could hope to do from the company and converse of their fathers? Or could you not persuade those fathers that they would do better to commit the instruction of their sons to your management than to undertake that care themselves, if they had any affectionate regard for their offspring? For it could not be that they envied their children the attainment of the highest excellence in virtue.

Hip. I have no suspicion of their envying them such an attainment.

Soc. Well now; and Sparta is really governed by good laws.

Hip. Who makes a doubt of it?

Soc. Very well; and in cities governed by good laws the highest value is set on them?

Hip. Certainly.

Soc. And how to teach virtue to others you know best of all men?

Hip. By much, Socrates.

Soc. Now, the man who knows best how to teach and impart to others the art of horsemanship, of all countries in Greece would not such a man meet with most honour, and acquire most wealth, in Thessaly, and wherever else this art was cultivated most?

Hip. It is probable he would.

Soc. And will not the man who is capable of delivering

the most valuable instructions with regard to virtue, meet with most honour, and pick up most money too, if he be that way inclined, in Sparta, and every other Grecian city governed by good laws? But in Sicily, my friend, rather, do you suppose, or at Inycum? Ought we, Hippias, to give credit to this? for, if you say it, we must believe.

Hip. The truth is, Socrates, that the Spartans hold it sacred to make no innovation in their laws; and to educate their youth in no other way than what is agreeable to their ancient usages.

Soc. How say you? Do the Spartans hold it sacred not to do what is right, but to do the contrary?

Hip. I would not say any such thing, not I, Socrates.

Soc. Would not they do right, then, to educate their sons in the better way, and not in the worse?

Hip. It is true they would; but the laws do not permit them to have their youth educated by foreigners, or after a foreign mode. For be assured, if any foreigner ever acquired wealth at Sparta by teaching or instructing their youth, much more so should I; since they take great pleasure in hearing my dissertations, and give me high encomiums; but in the affair of education, the law, as I said, does not permit them the benefit of my instructions.

Soc. The law, Hippias, do you suppose mischievous to the public or beneficial?

Hip. It is instituted, I presume, for the benefit of the public; but sometimes, where the frame of the law is bad, it proves a public mischief.

Soc. Well, but do not legislators always frame a law with a view of procuring for the public the greatest good, and because without law it were impossible to live in a state of order and good government?

Hip. Without doubt, they do.

Soc. When those, therefore, who undertake the making of laws fail of procuring good, they have missed their end, and erred from good government and law. Or how say you otherwise?

Hip. Accurately speaking, Socrates, I must own the

thing is so; but men are not used to describe it in these terms.

Soc. Do you speak of men who know what law means, or of men who want that knowledge?

Hip. I speak of the bulk of mankind, the multitude.

Soc. Are these such as know the truth of things, this multitude?

Hip. Certainly not.

Soc. But those who have that knowledge, the wise, hold that which is more beneficial, to be in reality, and according to the truth of things, more a law to all men than what is less beneficial. Do not you agree with them in this?

Hip. I agree that in reality so it is.

Soc. Is not the nature and the condition of everything such as those hold it to be who are really knowing in the thing?

Hip. Undoubtedly.

Soc. Now to the Spartans, you say, an education under you, a foreigner, and after a foreign manner, would be more beneficial than to be educated after the manner of their own country.

Hip. And I say what is true.

Soc. And that which is more beneficial is more a law. This you say likewise, Hippias.

Hip. I have admitted it so to be.

Soc. According, therefore, to your account, to have the sons of the Spartans educated under Hippias, is more agreeable to law; and their education under their fathers is more repugnant to law; supposing that from you they would receive advantages really greater.

Hip. And so indeed would they, Socrates.

Soc. Now from hence it follows that the Spartans violate the law in not making you presents of money, and committing their sons to your care.

Hip. Be it so: for you seem to argue thus in my favour, and it is not my business to controvert your argument.

Soc. Violators of the law then, my friend, we find these

Spartans, and that in the most important article too; these, who are thought to be the greatest observers of it. But, in the name of the gods, Hippias, of what kind are those dissertations for which they give you those high encomiums? and upon what topics do they take that great pleasure in hearing you harangue? No doubt they must be the same in which you have so much excellent knowledge; those which relate to the stars and the phenomena of the sky?

Hip. They by no means endure to hear a word upon these subjects.

Soc. But they take pleasure in hearing a lecture upon the subject of geometry?

Hip. Not at all: for many of the Spartans know not even the common rules of arithmetic; nay, scarcely, I may say, how to reckon.

Soc. They are far from enduring, then, to hear you discourse on the nature of logic and argument?

Hip. Very far from that, by Zeus.

Soc. The subjects then, I warrant you, are those upon which you are able to dissert, divide, and distinguish, with the greatest accuracy of all men; concerning the power of letters and syllables, of harmonies and rhythms.

Hip. What harmonies, or what letters, my good man, do they concern themselves about?

Soc. Well; what are the subjects, then, upon which they attend to you with so much pleasure to themselves, and so much commendation of you? Tell me yourself, since I cannot find it out.

Hip. Concerning the genealogies, O Socrates, of the heroes and of men; concerning the migrations of tribes and settling of colonies; the antiquity and first foundation of cities; in a word, concerning everything in ancient story they hearken to me with the utmost pleasure. So that I have been obliged to study those things myself for their sakes, and to perfect myself in that sort of knowledge.

Soc. By Zeus, Hippias, it was fortunate for you that

the Spartans take no pleasure in hearing a man reckon up our archons from the time of Solon. For, if they did, the perfecting yourself in such a catalogue would put you to no little trouble.

Hip. Why so, Socrates? Upon hearing fifty names repeated only once, I will undertake to remember them.

THE BANQUET.

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE.

Apollodorus.
Friend of Apollodorus.
Glauco.
Aristodemus.
Socrates.
Agatho.
Pausanias.
Aristophanes.
Eryximachus.
Phaedrus.
Diotima.
Alcibiades.

Scene—Principally within the city of Athens.

Apollodorus. The affair concerning which ye enquire I think myself now not quite unprepared to relate to you. For it happened a few days since as I was walking up to the city from my house at Phalerus, that an acquaintance of mine, who was going the same way, seeing me at a considerable distance before him, called out to me; and by way of joke at the same time said, Apollodorus, you Phalerean, will you not stop a while till I come up to you?[1] Upon which I stopped, and stayed for him. As soon as he had joined me, Apollodorus, said he, I was just now inquiring after you; from a desire I have to be thoroughly acquainted with what passed in the conversation between Agatho, and Socrates, and Alcibiades, and the rest who were of the party, at an entertainment where the subject of their discourse was Love. I should be glad to be informed by you what was said on the occasion. For the person who gave me some account of it, such as he received from Phœnix, the son of Philippus, told me that you knew every particular; but that, as to himself, he did not pretend to be at all perfect or exact in his relation.

[1] Phalerus was a favourite starting-point of processions.

Do you then give me an account of it yourself; for you have the best right to relate a conversation in which an intimate friend of your own had the most distinguished share. But first, said he, tell me, were you yourself one of the company?

It appears plainly, said I, indeed, that your author by no means gave you an exact account of the circumstances of that conversation, if you suppose it passed so lately as to admit a possibility of my being of the company.

Really, I imagined so, replied he.

How could it be, said I, Glauco? Do you not know that Agatho has not been at Athens for these many years? whereas it is not yet three since I first became a follower of Socrates, and began, as I have continued ever since, daily to observe and study all his sayings and actions. Before that time, running about here and there, wherever chance led me, and fancying myself all the while well employed, no mortal was in so wretched a condition as I: it is such as you are in at present, who give every study and every pursuit the preference to that of philosophy.

Leave off railing, said he, and tell me when that conversation happened.

Before we wrote ourselves men, replied I. It was at the time when Agatho brought his first tragedy upon the stage, and won the prize with it. It was the very next day after that himself and his chorus-singers had offered the usual thanksgiving-sacrifice for his victory.

It is then, said he, a long while since, it seems. But who was it, continued he, that related the conversation to you? Was it Socrates himself?

Not Socrates, by Zeus, replied I; but the same person who related it to Phœnix. It was one Aristodemus, a Cydathenian, a man of remarkably low stature, who always went barefoot. He was of the party, being one of those who at that time were the most attached to the person and company of Socrates. Not but that I asked Socrates himself concerning some of the particulars reported by Aristodemus; and he allowed they were reported justly.

Why then, said Glauco, should you not favour me with that relation? The way to the city is perfectly convenient for people to converse together as they go along. Upon which we resumed our walk and entered into the relation which my friend desired. So that I am now, as I said, not quite unprepared upon the subject. If then I am to relate the affair over again to you, so it must be. Besides, I must own that when I am discoursing myself, or hearing the discourse of others, upon philosophical subjects, I am (to say nothing of the improvement) beyond measure delighted. But when I hear conversation of any other kind, especially the usual discourse between you rich people, who are still contriving to heap up money, I feel a tediousness in myself, and a concern for you, my friend, who imagine you are employing your time to good purpose, while you are only trifling. On the other hand, it is possible you may think that I lead an unhappy life; and I believe those thoughts of yours are just: but as to you I do not say I believe, for I know, the state which you are in to be unhappy.

Friend. You are always the same man, Apollodorus, always railing at yourself and the whole world. You seem to me as if you absolutely thought all men wretched, and yourself in the first place; excepting none but Socrates. Whence you acquired your surname, "the madman," for my part I know not: but in your discourse you are always the same as you are now, chafing against yourself and all other people,—Socrates alone excepted.

Apol. My dearest friend, it is evident enough now, that the entertaining such notions of myself, and of all of you, proves me beyond question out of my senses and a madman.

Friend. It is not worth the while, Apollodorus, to dispute about this at present. Only do what I desired of you, and give me an account of the speeches made at that banquet.

Apol. The speeches then were as follows:—But I had better, I think, give you the whole history of that affair from the beginning, just as Aristodemus gave it me. For he told

me that he met Socrates fresh out of the bath, and with sandals on his feet, and as all this was unusual with him he asked him whither he was going, that he had made himself so spruce and fine. And Socrates told him he was going to Agatho's house to sup with him. For yesterday at the sacrifice, said he, I quitted his company for fear of the crowd, but promised to be with him to-day. Now thus fine have I made myself that I may visit so fine a person in a manner not unbecoming. But what think you, said he, Aristodemus, of going to supper there yourself, without invitation?

And I replied, said Aristodemus, that I was entirely at his disposal.

Follow me then, said Socrates; to corrupt the old proverb, by altering it,—and proving that

> "When made by worthy men are feasts,
> The worthy go, unbidden guests."[1]

Homer, before us, seems not merely to have corrupted, but to have offered violence to the proverb by reversing it. For, notwithstanding that he describes Agamemnon as a man excellent in all military virtues, and Menelaus as a man weak in arms, who

> "failed of manly force
> To fling the well-aimed javelin" (*Iliad* xvii. 588);

yet on occasion of a sacrifice and feast made by Agamemnon, he has brought Menelaus to the banquet uninvited, a meaner man to the banquet of his betters.

Perhaps, replied Aristodemus on hearing this, I too shall incur the imputation of a conduct, not, Socrates, such a one as you have supposed, but like that in Homer, if I go to the banquet of a man of great abilities, without being entitled to it either by merit or invitation. Will you, therefore, if you

[1] The proverb ran—

> "When made by meaner men are feasts,
> Their betters go, unbidden guests."

That is, because the meaner would not presume to invite the better.

lead me thither, make an apology for so doing? for as to myself I shall not confess my coming without invitation, but shall plead that I was invited by you.

Well, says Socrates,

> "With social steps, companions of the way" (*Iliad* x. 224),

as we walk along we will consult together what speech to make. But come, let us be going.

After this little talk together, he said, on they went. But in the way, Socrates musing, and attentive to something in his own mind, was outwalked by Aristodemus; and observing him to stop, bid him walk on. When he was come to Agatho's house, the door of which was open, an accident, he said, happened, which put him into some confusion. For a servant who was coming out, meeting him then upon the spot, led him directly to the banquet-room, where he found the company just going to supper. Immediately Agatho, on seeing him enter the room, said: Aristodemus, you are come very opportunely to sup with us. But if any other purpose brings you hither, defer it to another time. I was looking about for you in the temple yesterday, with intention to desire your company, and could not see you. But how came you not to bring Socrates with you?

Upon which I looked back, but could nowhere see Socrates following me as I had imagined. However, I declared I had come along with Socrates, upon his invitation hither to supper.

You did well, said Agatho; but where is he then himself?

He was following me in but just now, said Aristodemus, and I know as little as you do what has become of him.

Boy, said Agatho, to one of his servants, will you go and see if you can find Socrates, and conduct him in? Then, turning to me, Do you, Aristodemus, said he, take your place next to Eryximachus. And immediately he ordered a servant to wash my feet clean, that I might take my place upon the couch.

Just then the boy who had been sent out returned, and

told us that Socrates had withdrawn himself into the porch of some neighbouring house, and was there standing; and when I called to him, said the boy, he would not come.

Absurd, said Agatho: go and call him again; and do not leave him in that manner.

But Aristodemus said that he himself opposed it, and desired that Socrates might be let alone, for that it was usual with him so to do. As he goes along he will sometimes stop, said he, without regarding where, and stand still a while. I make no doubt but he will be here presently. Let me entreat you, therefore, not to disturb him, but leave him at quiet.

Be it so then, if you think best, said Agatho, but let the rest of us proceed to supper. Then turning to his servants, Boys, said he, serve us up something or other; it is left to you what, for there is nobody to give you any particular directions: you know it is not my way on these occasions. You are now to suppose me and these gentlemen, my friends here, invited by you to supper: entertain us handsomely, therefore, that you may have our commendations. Immediately upon this, he said, they went to supper; but Socrates was still missing. Agatho, therefore, would every now and then be giving orders to his people to call Socrates in, but I, said he, constantly opposed it. At length Socrates, having stayed away, as usual, not very long, entered; about the time, at furthest, when supper was half over. Agatho, then, who lay on the couch at the lower end of the table, alone, said, Come hither, Socrates, and lay yourself down by me; that by being close to you I may have the benefit of that piece of wisdom of which you made a new acquisition in the porch. For it is plain that you found it, and are in possession; otherwise you would never have desisted from the pursuit.

Socrates then, sitting down on the couch, said, It would be well, Agatho, if wisdom were a thing of such a nature, as to pass from those who abound with it into such as want it, when they sit close to one another, and are in contact;

like water running through the wool[1] out of the fuller vessel into the emptier. If this quality attend wisdom, I shall set a high value upon partaking of your couch : for I shall expect to have wisdom flow into me from you in great quantity, and of a kind which appears the fairest. As for the little which I have it must be mean and trivial, doubtful and questionable, seeming but a dream. But the wisdom you are master of is splendid, and promises a future great increase of brightness, having already in the morning of your age shone out with so much glory; as more than thirty thousand Grecians, before whom it appeared the other day, can witness.

You are a joker, Socrates, said Agatho. But this controversy between us about our wisdoms shall be tried by-and-by, and Bacchus shall decide the cause. At present turn your thoughts to the table.

Upon this, he told me, Socrates reclined himself and made his supper. After he and the rest of them had done, performed their libations, sung the praises of the God, and gone through the other usual ceremonies, they were beginning to sit in to drinking when Pausanias, he said, opened the conversation thus :—

Well, gentlemen, said he, what method shall we take to find most pleasure in our bottles to-night? For my own part, I confess to you that last night's revel sits very heavy on me, and I want a little respite. I imagine too that many more of us are in the same condition, such as were here at the entertainment yesterday. Consider therefore what way is the best to make drinking agreeable and easy to us.

Aristophanes then said, It is a good proposal of yours, Pausanias, in my opinion, this, that we should by all means procure ourselves an easy drinking-bout. For I am one of those who were well soaked yesterday.

Upon hearing this Eryximachus, the son of Acumenus,

[1] Sydenham remarks that in Wiltshire water is filtered by being conducted from a full vessel into an empty one along strands of twisted wool.

said, Both of you say well. But I should be glad to be informed about one other person, and that is Agatho; in what condition of strength he finds himself with regard to drinking.

I am by no means very strong at present myself neither, said Agatho.

It is lucky for us, said Eryximachus, for me, and Aristodemus, and Phaedrus and the rest of us, if you fail and are disabled, you stout men at the bottle. For we are at all times weak in that respect. Socrates, indeed, I except; for he is equally well qualified to drink or to let it alone. So that he will be satisfied, and ready to comply, whichever course we take. Since none of the company, therefore, seem inclined to drink hard, I may be the less displeasing, perhaps, if I speak the truth about this matter in plain terms. For I have been convinced myself, from the experience acquired in our profession, that hard drinking is usually attended with ill consequences. For which reason I should neither choose to venture far in drinking myself, nor advise it to any other person, especially when oppressed with the load of the last night's excess.

As for me, said Phaedrus, addressing himself to Eryximachus, I am accustomed to hearken to your advice in everything, especially in what relates to your own profession: but now I find all the rest of the company are in the same complying disposition.

This they all assented to, and agreed not to make the present meeting a drinking bout; but to drink, every man, just as much as might be agreeable to him.

This point thus being determined, said Eryximachus, that we are to drink at our own pleasure and that no compulsion is to be used; the next thing I have to offer is this, that the flute girl, who has just entered the room, may be dismissed, to play to herself, or if she pleases, to the women in the inner rooms; and that we may enjoy one another this evening in the way of conversation. The manner and the subject I am ready, if you permit me, to propose. To this they all unanimously gave assent, and

desired him to propose accordingly. Eryximachus then said—

I shall begin my proposal after the manner of Euripides in his prologue to the Melanippe, for

> "The tale I have to tell is not my own;"

I have it from Phaedrus here. For Phaedrus is continually saying to me, with an air of indignation, Is it not astonishing, says he, Eryximachus, that the poets have made hymns and odes in honour of others of the Deities; and yet not one poet, among so many in every age, has ever composed a panegyric upon Love; but the praises of a god so powerful, and of so excellent a nature, to this day remain unsung? The same complaint I have to make against the Sophists: the best of whom, as you will find, have, in their prosaic compositions, made encomiums on Herakles, and other great and illustrious persons; as the celebrated Prodicus has done for instance. This however is not greatly to be wondered at. But I have lately met with a treatise written by one of those wise men, containing a high panegyric upon salt, on account of its utility. And many other things of as little worth you may see set off with great encomiums. That so much pains should be bestowed upon subjects so mean, and yet that no man should ever, to this day, have undertaken to give Love his due praises, but that so great a god has been neglected to such a degree, is it not astonishing? Now Phaedrus, in all this, which I have repeated from his mouth, seems to me to plead well. I should be glad therefore to have him gratified and to contribute my share to his gratification. Besides that, I think it highly becoming this assembly to decorate with all possible honours the Deity of Love. If all of you then are of the same opinion with me, we may spend our time agreeably enough to-night in discoursing. For my proposal is, that every man of us should deliver an oration in praise of Love, as proper and handsome a one as he is able, the right hand way down, and that Phaedrus

should take the lead, as he is at the upper end and is, besides, the father and founder of the argument.

You may be assured, Eryximachus, said Socrates, that none of us will put a negative on your proposal. By no means should I do so, who pretend not to the knowledge of any other matters than those which belong to Love: neither would Agatho, nor Pausanias: no more will Aristophanes, without dispute; for his whole time is taken up about Bacchus and Aphrodite: nor indeed will any other person whom I see present. We, indeed, who sit lowest and are to speak last, shall have the disadvantage. However, if the prior speakers speak well and full to the point, we shall desire nothing more. Let Phaedrus, then, with our best wishes to attend him, begin, and make his panegyric upon Love.

To this all the rest of the company consented, and joined with Socrates in the encouraging Phaedrus to begin. Now, what was said by each of the several speakers Aristodemus did not perfectly remember; neither can I, indeed, all that he told me: but the speeches of those whom I looked on as the most considerable persons, and everything which I thought most worth remembering, I will endeavour to relate to you distinctly. He told me, then, that Phaedrus, in compliance with the request made him, spoke first; and began somewhat in this way, with saying—

The Speech of Phaedrus.

That Love was powerful and wonderfully great, both on earth and among the gods; that superior dignity belonged to him on many accounts, but especially with regard to his generation. For to be one of the eldest of the gods, said he, is a circumstance redounding highly to his honour. And that he enjoys this advantage appears in that he had no parents; and that never any writer, whether uninspired or poet, pretended that he had. But Hesiod says—

> "Chaos was first produced; Earth rose the next,
> Wide-bosom'd, a fix'd seat secure to all
> For ever yielding; and with her rose Love."

Here the poet tells us that next after Chaos were born these two, Earth and Love. Parmenides relates the generation thus:—

> "First from th' eternal council forth came Love,
> First of the gods."

And Acusilaus says the same thing with Hesiod. On so many different hands is it agreed that Love is among the most ancient of the gods. And as he is thus of highest antiquity in the nature of things, so is he the cause of the greatest good to human kind. For to young persons, at their first setting out in life, I know no greater good than love; to the person beloved, if he has a worthy lover, or to the lover if his friend be worthy: because that which should be our leading principle in order to right conduct in every circumstance of life consanguinity has not the power to excite in us, neither have honours, nor riches, nor aught else, so effectually as love. The principle I mean is the sense of shame attending a base conduct, together with a sense of honour in the doing what is honourable. For without such a principle no State and no person can execute anything great or noble. In confirmation of this I take upon me to assert that if a lover be found committing a base action, or suffering base usage from any, through cowardice, or without taking his revenge, he is not in so much pain at being seen by his father, by his companions, or by any other person, as at being seen by the person he loves. The same effect we see it has upon the latter, to be more ashamed of the lover's sight than of the eyes of the whole world, if discovered in doing aught unworthy. If, therefore, there could be any contrivance to have a city or an army composed of men who love each other and are loved, the interest of the whole could not be promoted by any better way than this; in which every individual would have a care not to behave basely, and a zeal to behave nobly, excited by a desire to gain the good opinion of some other. Such a people fighting side by side in battle, a handful of them would conquer, I could almost say the world. For a man deserting his rank or throwing down his

arms would less endure to be seen by one he loves than by all mankind. Rather than bear this, he would choose to die a thousand deaths: so would he, rather than forsake the defence of one he loved, or rather than forbear flying to his aid, if he had fallen into any danger. There is not any man such a dastard, whom Love himself would not inspire, and make an enthusiast in virtue: so that he should become equal to a man born with a disposition the most excellent. For what Homer says of certain of his heroes, that some god inspired them with a force resistless, this in reality Love does to lovers; such an effect being produced in them by Love alone. And then to die for another only lovers are ready; not only men, but women too. A signal instance of this appears in the daughter of Pelias, Alcestis; who, as the story goes among the Grecians, undertook to reprieve her husband's life by her own death, when no mortal could be found willing to die for him, though he had both a father and a mother then living. But Love wrought in her heart an affection for him so far surpassing theirs, that she proved them to be, in comparison with herself, strangers to his blood, and in name only his relations. When, therefore, she had executed her undertaking, the gods themselves, as well as men, deemed the achievement so singularly noble, that out of many persons, eminent for many virtues, she was added to the number of those select few distinguished by being restored to life again after death as a reward for their distinguished excellence; for to her also was her departed soul sent back again by the gods, admiring at the heroic greatness of her resolution. So much do they encourage us to make love our care, by bestowing superior honours on all such as exercise upon that subject in particular superior virtue. But Orpheus, the son of Œager, the gods dismissed from the invisible regions, without granting him to succeed in the purpose of his journey thither; showing him only the phantom of his wife, but not restoring to him the reality: for that he appeared effeminate and cowardly, suitable to his profession, that of a mere

fiddler; not daring to die for the sake of love, like Alcestis; but contriving actually to go alive to the other world. For this did the gods assign him an adequate punishment, ordaining his death to be by women. In a very different way disposed they of Achilles, the son of Thetis, in sending him to the islands of the blest: because, though he had heard from the goddess, his mother, that he must soon die himself after he had slain Hector—but that, if he slew not Hector he should return home and live to a good old age—he dared to make death his choice; not only hazarding his life in aid of his friend Patroclus, as ready to die that he might save him, but afterwards avenging his death at the expense of his own life, as resolute not to survive him. This exalted virtue of his the gods paid a singular regard to; and rewarded with their choicest favours the regard which he had shown to friendship. . . . Thus have I performed my part, in asserting Love to be the eldest in age, and of highest dignity among the gods; and to be in a peculiar manner the author of virtue and happiness to all of human kind, both in life and death.

Such, Aristodemus told me, was the discourse of Phaedrus. After Phaedrus spoke some others, whose speeches, he said, he did not well remember: omitting these, therefore, he repeated next that of Pausanias, who began thus:—

The Speech of Pausanias.

In my opinion, Phaedrus, the subject was not fairly and distinctly set before us, when it was proposed in general terms that we should make encomiums upon Love. This indeed would have been right, were there but one Love, or if Love were but of one kind. But since the truth is otherwise, the better way is to declare first which Love it is our present business to praise. To put this matter, therefore, on a right footing, I shall, in the first place, distinguish that Love whose praises we ought to celebrate, and then do my best to celebrate them myself in a manner worthy of his Deity. We all know that it is the office of

Love to attend always upon Aphrodite. If then there were only one Aphrodite, there had been no occasion for more than one Love. But since there are two Aphrodites, there must of necessity be two Loves. For it is undeniable that two different goddesses there are, each of whom is an Aphrodite, one of them elder, who had no mother, and was born only from Uranus, or Heaven, her father; she is called the celestial Aphrodite: the other, younger, daughter of Zeus and Dione; and to her we give the name of the vulgar Aphrodite. Agreeably to this account, it is proper to call that Love who attends on the latter Aphrodite by the name of the vulgar Love, and the other by the name of the celestial. All the gods, indeed, it is our duty to honour with our praises: but we ought to distinguish, as well as we are able, each by his peculiar attributes; that we may give to each his due praise. For every action or operation is attended with this condition: the doing it, considered simply in itself, is neither base nor honourable: as, for instance, every one of the things we are now doing, drinking, singing, or discoursing, is in itself a matter of indifference; but the manner of doing it determines the nature of the thing. Rightly performed it is right and honourable; wrongly, it is wrong and dishonourable. So, likewise, not every Love is generous or noble, or merits high encomium; but that Love only who prompts and impels men to love generously and nobly. The attendant of the vulgar Aphrodite is a Love truly vulgar, suffering himself to be employed in any the meanest actions: and this Love it is who inspires the mean and worthless. Those who are the most addicted to this love are, in the first place, the least disposed to friendship; in the next place, they are more enamoured of the bodies than of the minds of their paramours; and besides, they choose for the objects of their passion the silliest creatures they can light on: for, confining their views to the gratification of their passion by the act of enjoyment, they are regardless in what manner they gratify it, whether basely or honourably. Hence it comes that in the pursuit of their loves, and afterwards in

the enjoyment, they are equally ready for any action which offers itself, whether good or bad indifferently. For the Love who inspires them is born of that younger Aphrodite, in whose generation there is a mixture of the male and the female; whence it is that she partakes of both. But the other Love is sprung from the celestial Aphrodite; from her whose properties are these:—In the first place she partakes not of the female, but of the male only; whence she is the parent of male friendship: then, she is in age the elder, and a stranger to brutal lust; and hence it happens, that as many as are inspired by this love addict themselves to friendship, conceiving an affection for that which by nature is of greater strength and understanding. Now, whether the man who is under the influence of love feels the genuine impulse of this generous affection, is easy to discern. For, if so, he fixes not his love on any person who is not arrived at maturity of understanding. But commencing their loves from this date, one may presume them duly qualified, both of them, to live together through life, partners in all things. Nor is the lover likely in this case to act like those who, after deceiving the inexperience of those they love, desert them for others with contempt and derision. And there ought to be a law against the love of very young people, lest much passion and zeal be spent in uncertainty; because what so young a person may hereafter prove, whether good or bad, either in mind or body, there is no knowing. Men of virtue, indeed, themselves to themselves, do make this a law; but upon those vulgar lovers we should put a public restraint of this kind. . . .

On the whole, the case, I believe, stands thus: the affair of love, as I said at first, considered simply and generally, is neither right nor wrong; but carried on and accomplished with honour, is fair and honourable; transacted in a dishonourable manner, is base and dishonourable. Now it is dishonour to gratify a vicious or bad lover, or to yield to him from base and unworthy motives: but to grant favours to a good and virtuous lover, and comply with his love from generous and noble views, is to do oneself an

honour. The vicious lover is he of the vulgar sort, who is in love with the body rather than the mind. For he is not a lasting lover, being in love with a thing which is not lasting; since, with the flower of youth when that is gone which he admired, the lover himself too takes wing and flies away, shaming all his fine speeches and fair promises. But he who is in love with a noble character loves all his life long, for he is united with that which is durable and abiding. Our custom wills accordingly that all lovers should be well and fairly proved; and that, after such probation, one kind of lover should be rewarded, and the other avoided. It encourages therefore the lovers to pursue, but bids the beloved one fly: by all ways of trial, and in every kind of combat, making it appear of which sort the lover is, and of which sort his mistress. For this reason it is deemed dishonourable, in the first place, to be won soon or easily; in order that time may be gained; for of the truth of many things time seems to be the fairest test: in the next place, it is held dishonourable to be won by considerations of profit or power; or to yield to ill-usage or terror, through want of noble endurance; or to be flattered with riches or rank instead of despising such kind of obligations. For none of these things appear fixed or durable; much less can they give rise to any generous affection. There remains then only one way, in which, according to our custom, the beloved may honourably yield and consent to the lover's passion. For as any kind of servitude which the lover undergoes of his own free choice is not by our custom deemed adulation, nor accounted a matter of disgrace; so, on the other part, there is left only one other servitude or compliance not disgraceful in the beloved, and this is that which is for the sake of virtue. For it is a settled rule with us, that whoever pays any court or attendance, whoever yields any service or compliance to another in expectation of receiving by his means improvement in wisdom, or any other branch of virtue, is not by such voluntary subjection guilty of servility or base adulation. Now these two customs, that relating to servitude for love and that relating to

servitude for virtue and wisdom, must concur in one in order to make it honourable for the beloved one to comply with the lover's passion. For when the lover and the beloved meet together, bringing with them their respective rules, each of them : the lover that it is right to minister any way to the service of the beloved ; and the beloved, that it is right to yield any service of compliance for the sake of improvement in wisdom and virtue ; the one also with abilities to teach and make better ; the other with a desire of instruction and the being bettered ;—then, both those rules thus corresponding and conspiring, it falls out that the lover may honourably be gratified. Besides, in this case it is no dishonour even to be deceived, but in every other case there is dishonour whether one is deceived or not. For it is none the less disgraceful to have yielded for the sake of wealth to a lover supposed to be wealthy, if he should turn out to be poor—it shows that one will do anything for any one for the sake of money. And this is base. But in the same way, to have yielded to a lover supposed to be good, and for the sake of improvement to come by his affection, is yet to have been nobly deceived if he should turn out evil and an improvement is not gained. For that shows that one will do anything for anybody for the sake of virtue and bettering, and nothing can be more honourable than this. This is that Love, the offspring of the celestial Aphrodite, himself celestial ; of high worth both to states and to individuals, compelling as well the lover as the beloved, with the utmost care to cultivate virtue. All the other Loves hold of the other Aphrodite, of her the vulgar. Thus much, Phaedrus, have I to contribute on this sudden call to the subject you have proposed to us, the praise of Love.

Pausanias here pausing,—for I learn from the wise to use parities in speaking, and words of similar sound ;[1] Aristodemus told me it came next in turn to Aristophanes to speak ; but whether from repletion, or whatever else was the

[1] The speech of Pausanias is an imitation of the pedantic and affected style of the Sophists. There are some fine things in it, caught from current discussions, but no real thought.

cause, he happened to be seized with a fit of the hiccups, and consequently became unfit for speech-making. Upon which, as he sat next to Eryximachus the physician, he addressed him thus: Eryximachus, says he, it is only fair that you should either cure my hiccups or speak in my turn till they have left me. To which Eryximachus replied, Well, I will do both. I will speak in your turn, and you, when your hiccups are gone, shall speak in mine; and while I am speaking, if you will hold your breath for a considerable time, your hiccups, perhaps, will have an end. Should they continue, notwithstanding, then gargle your throat with water. But if they are very obstinate, take some such thing as this feather, and tickle your nose till you provoke a sneezing. When you have sneezed once or twice, your hiccups will cease, be they ever so violent. As soon as you begin your speech, says Aristophanes, I shall set about doing what you bid me. Eryximachus then began in this manner:—

The Speech of Eryximachus.

Since Pausanias, after setting out so excellently well, ended his discourse imperfectly, it seems a task incumbent on me to finish the argument which he began. For in distinguishing two different kinds of Love he made, I think, a very proper and just distinction. But that Love gives an attraction, not only to beautiful persons but to many other things besides, and that he dwells not only in human hearts but also in other beings, in the bodies of all animals, and in plants, and, in fine, that he lives throughout all nature; my own art, that of medicine, has given me occasion to observe, and to remark how great and wonderful a god is Love, stretching everywhere his attractive power, and reaching at all things, whether human or divine. I shall instance first in medicine, that I may pay my first regards to my own profession. I say, then, that our bodies partake of this twofold Love. For bodily health and disease are confessedly different and unlike, and love and long for unlike things. The love in a healthy body is of one kind; the love in a diseased body is of another kind, quite different. Now, as

Pausanias says, it is honourable to comply with a good lover, but dishonourable to yield to one who is vicious: so is it with respect to the body: whatever is in a sound and healthy state it is commendable and right to please; it is the physician's duty so to do, and the effectual doing of it denotes him truly a physician. But to gratify that which is diseased and bad is blamable; and the physician who would practise agreeably to the rules of art must deny it the gratification which it demands. For medical science, in a word, is the knowledge of those amorous passions of the body, which tend to filling and emptying. Accordingly, the man who in these passions or appetites can distinguish the right love from the wrong, he has most of all men the science belonging to a physician. And the man who is able to effect a change, so as in place of one of those loves to introduce the other; and knows how to infuse love into those bodies which have it not, yet ought to have it; and how to expel a love with which they are, but ought not to be possessed; he is a skilful practiser of his art. For those things in the body which are most at variance must he be able to reconcile to each other, and to conciliate amity between them and mutual love. The things most at variance are such as are the most contrary one to the other; as the cold to the hot, the bitter to the sweet, the dry to the moist, and all others of that sort. Into these things, thus at variance, our ancestor Asclepius had power to inspire a spirit of love and concord; and, as our friends here, the poets, tell us, and as I believe, framing into a system the rules for so doing, was properly the author of our art. So that medicine, in the manner I have described, is all under the direction and management of Love. So is the gymnastic art in like manner, and so is the art of agriculture. And that music is so, too, is evident to every man who considers the nature of this art with the least attention; and is perhaps the very thing which Heracleitus meant to say—for his way of expressing himself is inaccurate and obscure. "The One," says he, "disagreeing with itself, yet proceeds in amicable concord; like the harmony

made by the bow and lyre." Now it is very absurd to say that in harmony any disagreement can find place; or that from disagreeing things harmony can come. But his meaning perhaps was this: that things in their own nature disagreeing, that is, sounds, some shrill and others deep, at length brought to an agreement by the musical art, compose harmony. For harmony cannot consist of shrill and deep sounds whilst they remain in disagreement: because harmony is consonance, or a conspiration of sounds; and consonance is one kind of agreement: but it is impossible that any agreement should be between disagreeing things, so long as they disagree: and no less impossible is it, that things between which there is no agreement should at the same time harmonise together, so as to produce harmony. And so it is with rhythm, which is composed of quick and slow syllables, things once disagreeing, but now brought into accord.[1] In both these cases, where things differ and are opposite to one another, it is the art of music which brings about the reconcilement and agreement; just as the art of medicine does in the former case, inspiring them in the same manner with the spirit of love and concord. And thus musical science is the knowledge of those amorous conjunctions whose offspring are harmony and rhythm. Now in the systems in themselves, whether of harmony or of rhythm, there is no difficulty at all in knowing the amorous conjunctions: for here Love is not twofold. But when the intention is to apply rhythm and harmony to the ears of some audience, then comes the difficulty; then is there need of a skilful artist, whether in composing the odes, and setting them to music, or in rightly performing those already composed and set; which is called education. For here that distinction takes place; here we must recur again to that rule of Pausanias, that the decent, the well-ordered, and the virtuous we must gratify, for the sake of preserving their love, and such as are yet deficient in virtue

[1] Thus a long and short syllable disagree, but taken together they agree with and balance another long and short—a very pregnant observation.

that we may improve them. The Love by whom these are inspired is the noble, the celestial; that Love who attends the celestial muse. But the attendant of Polyhymnia, and the follower of every muse at random, is the other Love, he of the vulgar kind: whom we ought cautiously to indulge, whenever we indulge him; that he may enjoy his own pleasures without introducing disorder and debauchery. And this is an affair of no less difficulty than in our art it is to manage prudently the appetites which regard the table; so as to permit them the enjoyment of their proper pleasures, without danger of diseases. Thus in the practice of music, and of medicine, and in every other matter, whether human or divine, we are to take note, as far as may be, of both Loves, for both are to be found in all things.

Full of both too is the constitution of the annual seasons. And when those contraries in nature before mentioned, the hot and the cold, the dry and the moist, under the influence of the modest Love, admit a sober correspondence together, and temperate commixture, they bring along with them, when they come, fair seasons, fine weather, and health to men, brute animals, and plants, doing injury to none. But when that love who inspires lawless and ungoverned passion prevails in the constitution of the season, he corrupts, injures, and ruins many of the fair forms of nature. For the usual fruit of this Love are plagues, and other preternatural diseases, which come upon animals, and vegetables too; mildews, hailstorms, and blights being generated from the irregular state of the amorous affections in those elementary beings, and the want of temperance in their conjunctions: the knowledge of which their amorous affections, and consequent conjunctions, considered as owing to the aspects of the heavenly bodies, and as respecting the seasons of the year, is called astronomy. Further, all kinds of sacrifice, and all the subjects of the diviner's art, those agents employed in carrying on a reciprocal intercourse between the gods and mortals, are employed with no other view than to preserve the right love and cure that which is wrong. For every species of impiety is the usual consequence

of not yielding to and gratifying the better Love, the orderly; and of not paying to him but to the other Love our principal regards in everything we do relating to our parents, whether living or deceased, or to the gods. In such cases, to superintend the Loves, to cherish the right and cure the wrong, is the business of divination. And thus divination is an artist, skilled in procuring and promoting friendliness and good correspondence between the gods and men, through her knowledge of what amorous affections in men tend to piety and justice, and what are opposite to these, and lead the contrary way. So widely extensive, so highly predominant, or rather so all-prevailing, is the power of Love. Of all love in general this is true; but especially, and the most true is it, of that Love who attains his ends in the attainment of good things, and enjoys them without ever exceeding the bounds of temperance, or violating the laws of justice. For it is this Love who bears the chief sway both in the human nature and the divine; it is this Love who procures for us every kind of happiness; enabling us to live in social converse one with another, and in friendship with beings so much superior to ourselves, the gods. It is possible now, after all, that, in the panegyric I have made on Love, I may have omitted, as well as Pausanias, many topics of his due praise: it has not, however, been done designedly; and if I have left aught unsaid, it is your business, Aristophanes, to supply that deficiency: or if your intentions are to celebrate the God in a different way, now that your hiccups are over, you may begin.

To this Aristophanes replied, I am now indeed no longer troubled with my hiccups: but they would not be easy before I brought the sneezings to them. I wonder that a modest and decent part of the body should be in love with and long for these ticklings, or be pleased with boisterous roaring noises, such as sneezing is: for as soon as I had procured it a good sneezing, immediately it was quiet.

Eryximachus upon this said, Friend Aristophanes, consider what you are about: you are raising up a spirit of

ridicule here, just as you are going to begin your speech; and put me upon the watch, to lay hold upon something or other in it for the company to laugh at, when you might, if you pleased, have spoken in quiet.

To which Aristophanes in a good-humoured way replied, You are in the right, Eryximachus: what I said just now let it be looked upon as unsaid. But, pray, do not watch me. For I am in pain for the speech I am going to make; not for fear there should be anything in it to laugh at; for a laugh would be an advantage gained to me, and the natural product of my muse; but for fear it should be really in itself ridiculous.

You shoot your bolt, Aristophanes, said Eryximachus, and then think to march off! But take care what you say, and expect to be called to a strict account for it. Perhaps, however, I shall be gracious enough to spare you.—Aristophanes then began:—

The Speech of Aristophanes.

My intentions, Eryximachus, are to speak in a way very different, I assure you, from the way taken by you and Pausanias in your speeches. To me men seem utterly insensible what the power of Love is. For, were they sensible of it, they would build temples and erect altars to him the most magnificent, and would offer to him the noblest sacrifices. He would not be neglected, as he is now, when none of these honours are paid him, though, of all the gods, Love ought the most to be thus honoured. For of all the gods Love is the most friendly to man, his relief and remedy in those evils the perfect cure of which would be productive of the highest happiness to the whole human race. I will do my best, therefore, to make his power known to you, and you shall teach it to others. But you must first be informed what the human nature is, and what changes it has undergone. For our nature of old was different from what it is at present. In the first place there were three sorts or species of the human kind; not, as at

present, only two, male and female; there being a third species beside, which partook of both the others: the name only of which species now remains, the species itself being extinct and lost. For there existed actually and flourished hermaphrodites, one being, who partook of both the other sexes, the male and the female. But they are now become merely a name, a name of abuse and reproach. In the next place, the entire form of every individual of the human kind was cylindrical; for their bodies, back and sides together, were circular. Every one had four hands, and the same number of legs. They had two faces, each, upon their round necks every way alike: but these two faces belonged but to one head; on the sides of which were placed these faces, opposite one to the other. Each had also four ears. From this description it is easy to conceive how all the other parts of the human body were doubled. They walked upon whichever legs they pleased, on any side, and, as they walk now, upright. But when any one wanted to go with expedition, then, as tumblers, after pitching on their hands, throw their legs upward, and bring them over, and thus tumble themselves round; in the same manner did the people of those days, supported by their eight limbs alternately, and wheeled along with great despatch. Now you are to know that these three species of the human race were precisely so many in number, and their bodies made in such a form, for this reason, —because the male kind was produced originally by the sun, the female by the earth, and the third, which partook of the other two, by the moon; for the moon, you know, partakes of both the others, the sun and the earth. The bodies, therefore, of each kind were round, and the manner of their running was circular, in resemblance of their first parents. Their force and strength were prodigious; their minds elevated and haughty; so they undertook to invade heaven. And of one of them is related the same fact which Homer relates of Ephialtes and Otys, that they set about raising an ascent up to the skies, with intention to attack the gods. Upon which Zeus and the other Deities

consulted together what they should do to these rebels; but could come to no determination about the punishment proper to be inflicted on them. They could not resolve upon destroying them by thunder, as they did the giants; for thus the whole human race would be extinct; and then the honours paid to them by that race would be extinct together with it, and their temples come to ruin. Nor yet could they suffer those mortals to continue in their insolence. At length Zeus, after much consideration of so difficult a case, said: I have a device, by which the race of men may be preserved, and yet an end put to their insolence; as my device will much diminish the greatness of their strength. For I intend, you must know, to divide every one of them into two: by which means their strength will be much abated, and at the same time their number much increased, to our advantage and the increase of their honours. They shall walk upright upon two legs; and if any remains of insolence shall ever appear in them, and they resolve not to be quiet, I will again divide them, each into two; and they shall go upon one leg, hopping. As he said, so did he; he cut all the human race in twain, as people cut eggs to salt them for keeping. The face, together with the half-neck of every half-body, he ordered Apollo to turn half round, and fix it on that side where the other half of the body was cut off; with intention that all people, viewing themselves on that side where they had suffered the loss of half themselves, might be brought to a sober way of thinking, and learn to behave with more modesty. For what remained necessary to be done, he bid him exercise his own healing art.—Accordingly, Apollo turned the face of every one about to the reverse of its former situation: and drawing the skin together, like a purse, from all parts of the body, over that which is now called the belly, up to one orifice or opening, he tied up at the middle of the belly this orifice, now called the navel. He then smoothed most part of the wrinkles of the skin, after having framed the bones of the breast under it; in the same manner as shoemakers smooth the wrinkles of the

leather, when they have stretched it upon the last. But a few wrinkles, those on the belly and navel, he let remain, for a memorial of their old crime and punishment. Now, when all the human race were thus bisected, every section longed for its fellow half. And when these happened to meet together, they mutually embraced, folded in each other's arms, and wishing they could grow together and be united. The consequence was that they both died through famine, and so forth, doing nothing at all for themselves because they would do nothing apart. And if one of these halves died, and left the other behind, the surviving half was immediately employed in looking about for another partner; and whether it happened to meet with the half of a whole woman (which half we now call a woman), or with the half of a whole man, they were continually embracing. After all, Zeus, seeing them thus in danger of destruction, took pity on them, and contrived another device; which had these ends in view: that if a man should meet with a woman they might, in the embrace, reproduce and continue the human kind; but if he met with another man, that they might be satisfied and cease, and apply themselves to business and affairs of life. From all this it appears how deeply mutual love is implanted by nature in all of the human race; bringing them again to their pristine form; coupling them together; endeavouring out of two to make one, and thus to remedy the evils introduced into the human nature. So that every one of us at present is but the tally of a human creature; which has been cut like a polypus, and out of one made two. Hence it comes that we are all in continual search of our several counterparts, to tally with us. As many men, accordingly, as are sections of that double form called the hermaphrodite are lovers of women, and of this species are the generality of profligates. So, on the other hand, as many women as are addicted to the love of men are sprung from the same amphibious race. But such women as are sections of the female form are not much inclined to men; their affections tend rather to their own sex. Men, in like manner, such as are sections of the

male form, follow the male; and whilst they are children, being originally fragments of men, it is men they love, and in whose company they are most delighted. Those children and youths who are of this sort are the best, as being the most manly in their temper and disposition. Some people, I know, say they are shameless and impudent: but in this they wrong them; for it is not impudence and want of modesty, but it is manly assurance, with a manly temper and turn of mind, by which they are led to associate with those whom they resemble. A shrewd conjecture may hence be formed, from what race they originally spring; a conjecture justified by their conduct afterwards. For only boys of the manly kind, when they arrive at the age of maturity, apply themselves to political affairs: and as they advance further in the age of manhood, they delight to encourage and forward the youth of their own sex in manly studies and employments; but have naturally no inclination to marry and beget children: they do it only in conformity to the laws, and would choose to live unmarried, in a state of friendship. Such persons as these are indeed by nature formed for friendship solely, and to embrace only what is congenial with themselves. Now, whenever it fortunes that a man meets with that very counterpart of himself, his other half, they are both smitten with love in a wondrous manner; they recognise their ancient intimacy; they are strongly attracted together by a consciousness that they belong to each other; and are unwilling to be parted, or become separate again, though for ever so short a time. Those pairs who of free choice live together throughout life, are such as have met with this good fortune. Yet are none of them able to tell what it is they would have one from the other. For it does not seem to be the sexual congress. In all appearance, it is not for the sake of this that they feel such extreme delight in the company of each other, and seek it when they have it not, with so eager a desire. It is evident that their souls long for some other thing, which neither can explain; something which they can only give obscure hints of, in the way of ænigmas; and each party can only guess

at in the other, as it were, by divination. But when they are together and embracing, were Hephæstus to stand by with his tools in his hand, and say, "Mortals! what is it ye want, and would have, one from the other?" and finding them at a loss what to answer, were he to demand of them again, and say, "Is this what ye long for; to be united together with the most entire union, so as never, either day or night, to be separate from each other? If ye long for this, I will melt you down, both of you together, and together form you both again; that instead of two ye may become one; whilst ye live, living a joint life, as one person; and when ye come to die, dying at once one death, and afterwards, in the state of souls departed, continuing still undivided. Consider now within yourselves, whether ye like the proposal, and whether ye would be glad to have it carried into execution."—I am certain that not a single mortal to whom Hephæstus should make this offer would reject it. It would appear that none had any other wish; and every man would be conscious to himself that the secret desire which he had of old conceived in his heart, was at length brought to light and expressed in clear language, that is, to be mingled and melted in his beloved, and out of two to be made one. The cause of which desire in us all is this, that our pristine nature was such as I have described it; we were once whole. The desire and pursuit of this wholeness of our nature, our becoming whole again, is called Love. For, as I said, we were anciently one: but now as a punishment for our breach of the laws of justice, the gods have compelled us to live asunder in separate bodies: just as the people of Arcady are treated by the Spartans.[1] If, therefore, we behave not to the gods with reverence and decency, there is reason to fear we shall be again cleft in

[1] The Spartans compelled the Arcadians to break up their large city of Mantineia and live in scattered villages. This took place B.C. 385, which gives a superior limit for the date of the composition of the Dialogue. The victory of Agathon, however, took place more than thirty years previously, so that the introduction of the allusion here is an anachronism.

sunder, and go about with our guilt delineated in our person, like figures carved in bas-relief on columns, split down by the nose, as friends divide a token between them. The consideration of this should engage every man to promote the universal practice of piety towards the gods; that we may escape this misfortune and attain to that better state, as it shall please Love to guide and lead us. Above all, let none of us act in opposition to this benign Deity; whom none oppose but such as are at enmity with the gods. For, if we are reconciled to Love and gain his favour, we shall find out and meet with our true beloved, the other half of ourselves; which at present is the good fortune but of a few. Eryximachus now must not carp at what I say, on a suspicion that I mean Pausanias and Agatho: though perhaps they may be of the fortunate few: but I say it of all in general, whether men or women, through the whole human race, that every one of us might be happy, had we the perfection of Love, and were to meet with our own proper paramours, recovering thus the similitude of our own pristine nature. If this fortune be the best absolutely, it follows, that the best in our present circumstances must be that which approach to it the nearest; and that is, to meet with partners in love, whose temper and disposition are the most agreeable and similar to our own. In giving glory to the divine cause of this similarity and mutual fitness, we celebrate in a proper manner the praise of Love; a deity who gives us in our present condition so much relief and consolation, by leading us to our own again; and further, gives us the fairest hopes that, if we pay due regard and reverence to the gods, he will hereafter, in recovering to us our ancient nature, and curing the evils we now endure, make us blest and happy.

Thus, Eryximachus, you have my speech concerning Love, a speech of a different kind from yours, and in no way interfering with what you have said. Therefore, as I desired of you before, do not, I pray you, make a jest of it; that we may hear, peaceably and quietly, all the speeches which remain to be spoken; or rather, both the

speeches; for I think only those of Agatho and Socrates are yet behind.

Well, I shall not disobey you, said Eryximachus: for I must acknowledge that I have been highly entertained and pleased with your speech. If I was not perfectly well assured that Socrates and Agatho were deeply versed in the science of Love, I should much fear they would be at a loss for something to say, so copiously and so variously has the subject been already handled. But now, notwithstanding this, I am under no concern about the success of those great masters.

I do not wonder, said Socrates, that you are free from all concern about the matter, since you have come off so honourably yourself, and are out of all danger. But if you were in the circumstances I am in, much more in those which I shall be in when Agatho shall have made his speech, your fears would be not a few, and your distresses, like mine at present, no trifles.

I see, said Agatho, you have a mind, Socrates, by such suggestions, to do as enchanters do with their drugs, that is, to disorder and disturb my thoughts, with imagining this company here to be big with expectations of hearing some fine speech from me.

I must have forgotten then, Agatho, said Socrates, the courage and greatness of mind which you discovered lately, and of which I was a spectator, when you came upon the stage, together with the actors just going to exhibit your compositions; when you looked so large an audience in the face without being in the least daunted; I must have forgotten this, if I thought you could be now disturbed on account of us, who are comparatively so few in number.

I hope, Socrates, said Agatho, you do not imagine me so full of a theatre, as not to know that a few men of sense make an assembly more respectable and awful to a man who thinks justly, than a multitude of fools.

I should be greatly mistaken indeed, said Socrates, if I imagined in you, Agatho, anything which savoured of rustic dulness. I am satisfied enough, that if you met

with any whom you supposed wise, you would regard them more than you would the multitude. But I doubt we have no pretensions to any such particular regard, because we were at the theatre and made part of that multitude. The case, I suppose, is in truth this: Were you in the presence of other sort of men, that is, the wise, in reverence to them, perhaps, you would be ashamed if you were then employed in any action you thought unbecoming or dishonourable. Is it not so? or how say you?

It is true, said Agatho.

And would you not, said Socrates to him again, revere the multitude too, and be ashamed even in their presence, if you were seen by them doing anything you thought base or wrong?

Phaedrus here interposed; and said, My friend Agatho, if you go on giving answers to all the questions put to you by Socrates, he will be under no manner of concern what becomes of our affair of the speeches, or what the rest of us here are doing in the meantime. It is sufficient for him, if he has but somebody to talk with in his own way, especially if it be a person who is handsome. I must confess I take much pleasure myself in hearing Socrates dispute: but it is necessary for me to look to the affair I set on foot myself, that of the panegyrics on Love, and to take care that I have a speech from every person in this assembly. When you have, each of you, paid your tribute to the God, you may then dispute, with all my heart, at your own pleasure.

You say well, Phaedrus, said Agatho; and nothing hinders but that I begin my speech. For I shall not want frequent opportunities of disputing again with Socrates.

The Speech of Agatho.

I shall begin by showing what I ought to say, and then say it. For none of those who have gone before me have, in my opinion, celebrated the praise of Love; but all have made it their sole business to felicitate human kind upon the good they enjoy through the beneficence of that god.

For what he is in himself, he from whom all this happiness is derived, none of them has shown. Now, whatever the subject of our panegyric be, there is but one right way to take in the composing it: and that is, the showing how excellent is the nature, and how good are the operations or effects, of that person or thing we are to praise. In this way it is that we ought to make our panegyrics on Love; praising, first, the excellence and absolute goodness of his own nature, and then his relative goodness to us in the blessings he bestows. According to this method, I take upon me, in the first place, to say, if without offence to what is sacred and divine I may be allowed to say it, that, though all the gods enjoy a state of blessedness, yet Love is blest above all others, as he excels them all in beauty and virtue. The most beautiful he must be, for these reasons: first, in that he is the youngest of the gods, my Phaedrus! Of this he himself gives us a convincing proof, by his running away from Old Age, and outrunning him who is evidently so swift-footed. For Old Age, you know, arrives and is with us sooner than we desire. Between Love and him there is a natural antipathy: so that Love comes not within a wide distance of him; but makes his abode with youth, and is always found in company with the young. For as the old proverb says, "Like always goes to like." I must own, therefore, though I agree with Phaedrus in many other of his opinions, I cannot agree with him in this, that Love is elder than Kronos and Iapetus. Of all the gods, I affirm, he is the youngest, and enjoys perpetual youth. Accordingly I contend, that, if any such events happened among the gods as Hesiod and Parmenides report, they were occasioned by the power of Necessity, not that of Love. For, had Love been with them, there had been no mutilations, no chains, none of those many other acts of violence had been done or suffered amongst them: but friendship and peace had flourished in heaven, as they do now, and have ever done, since Love began his reign and became chief amongst the gods. Thus then it appears that Love is young. Nor is he less delicate and tender. But he wants a poet such as

Homer to express in fit terms how great his tenderness. Now Homer, where he tells us that Ate or Mischief was a goddess of a subtle and a fine frame, thus describes the tenderness and delicacy of her feet:

> "The tender-footed goddess shuns the ground;
> With airy step, upon the heads of men
> Sets her fine treading, and from head to head
> Trips it along full nimbly."

The poet here produces a fair proof, I think, of her tenderness, her going on the soft place rather than the hard. The same argument shall I make use of, to prove the tenderness of Love. For he neither walks on the ground, nor goes upon human heads (which in truth are places not altogether soft); but in the softest places possible to be found does Love make the place of his range, of his dwelling too. For in the manners and souls of gods and men he fixes his abode: not in all souls indiscriminately; for if he lights on any whose manners are rough, away he marches, and takes up his residence in tender souls, whose manners are the softest. Since, therefore, with his feet, and all over his fine frame, he endures not to touch any but the softest persons, nor in any but their softest parts, he cannot but be extremely delicate and tender. Thus have we seen that Love is full of youth, delicacy, and tenderness. He is, besides, of a soft and yielding substance. For it would be impossible for him to diffuse himself through every part of us, and penetrate into our inmost soul, or to make his first entry and his final exit unperceived by us, if his substance were hard and resisting. But a clear proof of his yielding, easy, and pliant form is that gracefulness of person which it is certain belongs to him in the highest degree by the acknowledgment of all: for Ungracefulness and Love never agree, but are always visibly at variance. That he excels in beauty of colour is evident from his way of life, in that he continually dwells among flowers. For Love resides not in a body, or in a soul, or any other place where flowers never sprung;

or if they did, when they are all fallen and the place quite deflowered But wherever a spot is to be found flowery and fragrant, he there seats himself and settles his abode.

Concerning the beauty of this deity, thus much is sufficient; though much still remains unsaid. I am to speak next of his virtue. And here the highest praise which can be attributed to any being is justly due to Love; that he does no injury to god or man; nor by god or man can he be injured. He never acts through compulsion or force himself; for compulsion or force cannot reach Love: nor ever forces he or compels others; for every being obeys freely and willingly every dictate and command of Love: where both parties then are willing and each is freely consenting to the other, those in the city who are kings, the Laws, say there is no injustice done. But not only the perfection of Righteousness belongs to Love; he is equally endowed with consummate Temperance. For to be superior to pleasure, and to govern the desires of it, is everywhere called temperance. Now it is universally agreed that no pleasure is superior to Love; but, on the contrary, that all pleasures are his inferiors. If so, they must be subjects and servants, all of them, to Love; and he must rule, and be the master. Having dominion thus over all pleasures and all desires, in the highest degree must he be temperate. Then, in point of valour, not Ares himself can pretend to vie with Love. For it is not, Ares has Love, but Love has Ares, the love, as fame says, of Aphrodite. Now the person who has another in his possession must have the mastery over that person whom he possesses. The subduer and master then of him who in valour excels all others, must himself in that virtue excel without exception all. Thus we have already shown the Righteousness, Temperance, and Fortitude of this god. To show his Wisdom is yet wanting, and I must do my best to be in no way wanting to my subject. In the first place then, that I may honour my own art, like Eryximachus, with my first regard—in the wisdom of poetry Love is so great a master that he is able to make any one a poet. For though a man be ever so

much a stranger to the Muses, yet, as soon as his soul is touched by Love, he becomes a poet. It concerns me to lay a particular stress on this argument, to prove Love an excellent poet, in all that kind of creative power which is the proper province of the Muses. For no being can impart to another that which itself has not, or teach another that which itself knows not. In the other kind of the creative power, the making of animals, it is undeniably to the wisdom of this deity that all living things owe their generation and production. Then, for the works of the mechanic arts, know we not that every artist who hath Love for his teacher becomes eminent and illustrious; but that the artist whom Love inspires not and animates never rises from obscurity? The bowman's art, the art of healing, and that of divination were inventions of Apollo, under the guidance of Love and the influence of his power; so that even he was the disciple of the God of Love. Prompted by Love the Muses invented the art of music, Hephæstus the art of working metals, Athene the art of weaving, and Zeus the art of well governing the gods and mortals. From the beginning of that æra were the affairs of the gods well settled; from the time when Love arose and interposed among them,—the Love certainly of beauty; for disorder and deformity are by no means the objects of Love. Antecedent to that time it was, as I observed before, that those many sad and strange accidents, they tell us, befell the gods: it was when Necessity reigned and ruled in all things. But as soon as the God we celebrate was born, the love of the Beautiful gave rise to every good which blesses either gods or mortals. Thus, Phaedrus, in the first place Love, as he appears to me, is most excellent himself in beauty and in virtue; in the next place he is the cause of the like excellences in other beings. I feel within me an inclination to make a verse or two on this subject, on the effects which Love produces:—

> The rugged main he smooths, the rage of men
> He softens; through the troubled air he spreads
> A calm, and lulls the unquiet soul to rest.

It is he who frees us from reserve and strangeness; and who procures us openness and intimacy: it is he who establishes social meetings and assemblies, such as this of ours: in festivals, in dances, in sacrifices, he is the leader and lord; introducing courtesy and sweetness, banishing rusticity and savageness; lavishing benevolence and kindness, curbing malignity and ill-will: gracious to good men, the admiration of wise men, the glory of the gods: the envy of those to whose lot he falls not, the treasure of the fortunate: the parent of delicacy, grace, luxury, kindness, passion, and longing: watchful of the good, careless of the evil: in difficulties, in fears, in longings and in entreaties the best guide, encourager, friend, and saviour: the beauty and the ornament of gods and men: a guide the best and fairest, whom it is the duty of every one to follow; joining in the chorus to his praise, or bearing part in that sweet song sung by Love himself with which he enchants the soul of every god and mortal.—This is my speech, Phaedrus, which I consecrate to Love; a speech partly jocose and partly serious, such as the best of my poor abilities in wit and eloquence are able to furnish out.

When Agatho had done speaking, Aristodemus told me, the room rang with the applauses of the company; all of them loudly declaring that Agatho's speech on Love was worthy of himself and worthy of the God. Upon which Socrates, directing his eyes to Eryximachus, said, Well, what think you now, you son of Acumenus? Think you not that I had good grounds for those fears I told you I was under? and that I spake prophetically when I said that Agatho would make an admirable speech, and that I should be driven to distress?

The first thing, replied Eryximachus, I think you foretold truly, "that Agatho's speech would be excellent;" but the other, that "yourself would be driven to distress," I do not believe was a true prophecy.

How, my good friend, said Socrates, should I avoid being at a loss, and distressed for something to say? or how, indeed, could any other person, who was to speak,

after a speech on the same subject so full of beauty and variety? It was not, I must acknowledge, in all respects and in all the parts of it equally admirable: but who, that heard the conclusion, could help being astonished at the elegant choice of words and beauty of the diction? For my part, when I consider how little I shall be able to say anything that will not fall far short of it, I should be tempted to run away for very shame, had I any possibility of making my escape. For, whilst he was speaking, he put me in mind of Gorgias, and to say the truth that which Homer relates struck me at the time very sensibly.[1] Now, thought I, what if Agatho should at the last send forth the head of that formidable speaker, Gorgias, to assault my imagination, and thus should, by the conclusion of his speech, stop my speech, and turn into stone my speaking faculties! I considered, how ridiculous it was in me, to profess myself a great master in love matters, and consent to bear a part with you in making panegyrics on Love, when at the same time I was entirely ignorant of the affair we undertook, and knew not the right way to celebrate the praise of anything. For I was so silly as to imagine that we ought never to say anything but what was true in our encomiums on any subject whatever; that the real properties of it were the materials which lay before us, as it were, to work on; and that the business of a panegyrist was nothing more than out of these materials to select the handsomest and best, and frame them together in the handsomest and best manner. Prepossessed with this imagination, I had entertained a strong opinion that I should speak well on the subject proposed, because I well knew what praises were with truth to be ascribed to Love. Whereas I now find that this is not the right way of making a panegyric; but that, when we praise, we are to attribute to our subject all qualities which are great and good,

[1] *Odyssey*, xi. Socrates imitates the Homeric phraseology, puns on Gorgon and Gorgias, and ironically ridicules the affected style of Agathon by comparing it to that of the famous rhetorician and sophist.

whether they truly belong to it or not. Should our encomiums happen to be false, the falsehood of them, to be sure, is not material. For the proposal, it seems, was this, that each of us should make a panegyric, which, by common consent, was to pass and be taken for a panegyric made on Love; and not to make a panegyric properly belonging to Love, or such a one as he truly merited. Hence it is, I presume, that you gather from all quarters every topic of praise, and attribute to Love all kinds of perfection; representing him and his operations to be of such a nature, that he cannot fail of appearing in the highest degree beautiful and good—to all those, I mean, who are unacquainted with him—for he certainly can never be deemed so by those who know him: and thus the panegyric is made fine and pompous. But for my part, I was an utter stranger to the composing of panegyrics after this manner; and in my ignorance it was that I agreed to be one of the composers. Only with my tongue therefore did I engage myself: my mind was no party to the agreement. And so farewell to it; for I shall never make panegyrics in this way: I should not, indeed, know how. Not but that I am ready to speak the truth on the subject proposed, if you have any inclination to hear it, and if I may be allowed to speak after my own manner; for I mean not to set my speech in competition with any of yours, and so run the risk of being deservedly laughed at. Consider, therefore, Phaedrus, for it is your affair, whether such a kind of speech as you have to expect from me would be agreeable to you; and whether you would like to hear the truth spoken concerning Love in terms no higher than are adequate and fitting, and with such a disposition of the several particulars as shall happen to arise from the nature of the subject.

Phaedrus, then, and the rest of the company, made it their joint request to him, that he would speak in the manner which he himself judged to be the most proper.

But stay, said Socrates; give me leave first to propose to Agatho a few questions; that, after we have agreed together

on some necessary premises, I may the better proceed to what I have to say.

You have my consent, said Phaedrus; so propose your questions.

Socrates then, as Aristodemus told me, began in this manner:—

Introduction to the Speech of Socrates.

In my opinion, my friend Agatho, you began your speech well, in saying that we ought in the first place to set forth the nature of Love, what he is in himself, and afterwards to show his effects, and what he operates in others. This introduction of yours I much approve of. Now, then, tell me further concerning Love: and since you have so fairly and amply displayed the other parts of his nature, answer me also to this question, whether Love is the love of something, or of nothing? I ask you not whether it is of mother or father, or such like; for the question whether Love is the love of mother or father would be ridiculous; but I mean it as if I were asking about this very thing, a father; and as if the question itself was, whether a father was the father of something or not:[1] in this case you would certainly answer, if you answered rightly, that a father was the father of a son or a daughter: —would you not?

Certainly I should, said Agatho.

And an answer of the same kind you would give me, said Socrates, if I asked you concerning a mother?

Agatho again assented.

Answer me now, said Socrates, to a question or two more, that you may the better apprehend my meaning. Suppose I were to ask you concerning a brother, with regard to that very circumstance, his being a brother, is he brother to some person or not?

Agatho answered in the affirmative.

[1] That is, whether his nature is absolute, not of necessity inferring the co-existence of any other being; or whether it is relative, in which the being of some correlative is implied.—Sydenham.

And is not this person, said Socrates, either a brother or a sister? To which, when Agatho had assented,

Try then, said Socrates, to tell me concerning Love; is it the love of something or of nothing?

Of something, by all means, replied Agatho.

Whatever you think that something to be, said Socrates, for the present keep your thought to yourself; only remember it. And let me ask you this question further, relating to Love: Does Love desire that something of which it is the love, does it or not?

Desires it, answered Agatho, without doubt.

Whether, when possessed of that which it desires and loves, does it then desire and love it, or only when not possessed of it?

Only when not possessed of it, it is probable, replied Agatho.

Instead of being probable, said Socrates, consider if it be not necessary that every being which feels any desire should desire only that which it is in want of; and that as far as any being is free from want, so far it must be free also from desire. Now to me, Agatho, this appears in the highest degree necessary. But how does it appear to you?

To me in the same manner, replied Agatho.

You say well, said Socrates. I ask you then, Can a man whose size is large wish to be a man of large size? or a man who is strong, can he wish to be strong?

The impossibility of this, replied Agatho, follows from what we have just now agreed in. For the man who is what he would wish to be, must in that respect, and so far, be free from want.

True, said Socrates: for if it were possible that the strong could wish to be strong, the swift to be swift, the healthy to be healthy, one might then perhaps imagine it equally possible in all cases of the like kind, that such as are possessed of anything good or advantageous could desire that which they already have. I mention this in general, to prevent our being imposed upon. For the person who enjoys any of these advantages, if you consider, Agatho,

must appear to you to have of necessity at present that which he has, whether he wills it or not: and how can this ever be the object of his desire? Should any man, therefore, say thus: I, who am now in health, desire to be healthy; or, I, who have now riches, desire to be rich, and long for those very things which I have; we should make him this reply:—You mean, friend, you that are at present possessed of riches, or health, or strength, would be glad to continue in possession of them always: for at this present you possess them, whether you will or not. When you say, therefore, that you desire what is present with you, consider, whether you mean any other thing than this; you would be glad that what is present with you now might be present with you for the time to come? Would he not acknowledge, think you, that this was his only meaning?

Agatho agreed that he would.

This, then, said Socrates, is to love and desire that from which he is now at some distance, neither as yet has he; and that is, the preserving of what he possesses at the present, and his continuing in possession of it for the future.

It certainly is so, replied Agatho.

This man, therefore, said Socrates, and every one who feels desire, desires that which lies not ready for his enjoyment, that which is not present with him, that which he has not, that which he himself is not, and that which he is in want of; such things only being the objects of love and of desire.

Agatho to this entirely assented.

Come then, said Socrates, let us agree upon these conclusions: Is not Love, in the first place, love of something? in the next place, is it not love of that which is wanting?

Clearly so, replied Agatho.

Now then, said Socrates, recollect what it was you told us in your speech was the proper object of Love. But I, if you please, will remind you of it. I think you said something like this, "That the affairs of the gods were put in good order and well-established through love of things beautiful: for that things of opposite kind to these could

never be the objects of love." Did you not tell us some such thing?

I own it, answered Agatho.

You own the truth, my good friend, replied Socrates. Now if this be as you say, must not Love be love of beauty, and not of deformity?

I agree, said Agatho.

And have you not agreed too, said Socrates, that Love is love of something which is wanting, and not of anything possessed already?

True, replied Agatho.

It follows then, said Socrates, that Love is not in possession, but in want, of beauty.

It follows of necessity, said Agatho.

Well then, said Socrates, that to which beauty is absolutely wanting, that which is totally unpossessed of beauty, do you call that beautiful?

Certainly not, replied Agatho.

Are you still then, said Socrates, of the same opinion, that Love is beautiful—if we have reasoned rightly?

Agatho then made answer: I am in danger, Socrates, of being found ignorant in the subject I undertook to praise.

You have honestly and fairly spoken, said Socrates. And now answer me to this little question more: Think you not that everything good is also fair and beautiful?

I do, said Agatho.

If then, said Socrates, Love be in want of beauty, and if everything good be fair and beautiful, Love must be in want of good too.

I am not able, replied Agatho, to argue against you, Socrates, and therefore I admit it to be true what you say.

You are not able, my beloved Agatho said Socrates, to argue against the truth: for to argue against Socrates is nothing difficult. And here shall I dismiss you from being further questioned. But the discourse concerning Love, which I heard formerly from Diotima the prophetess, a woman wise and knowing in these and many other subjects; so profoundly knowing, that when the plague seemed to be

approaching Athens, and when the people offered sacrifice to avert it, she caused the coming of that distemper to be delayed for the space of ten years (she it was who instructed me in the knowledge of all things that appertain to Love): a discourse, I say, on this subject, which I once heard from her, I will try if I can relate again to you. It began with the points agreed on just now between me and Agatho; and I will relate it to you by myself as well as I am able.

The Speech of Socrates.

Right and proper is it, Agatho, to follow the method marked out by you; in the first place to declare what kind of a being Love is, and afterwards to show what are the effects produced by him. Now I think the easiest way that I can take, in executing this plan, will be to lay before you the whole of this doctrine in the very same manner and order in which I myself was examined and lectured on the subject by Diotima. She began with me, on my saying to her much the same things that were asserted just now by Agatho; that Love was a deity excellent in goodness, and was also one of those who were fair and beautiful. And she refuted me with the same arguments I have made use of to refute Agatho; proving to me that Love, according to my own account of him, was neither beautiful nor good.

How say you, Diotima? then said I. Is Love an ugly and an evil being?

Soft, replied she; no abusive language: do you imagine that every being who is not beautiful must of course be ugly?

Without doubt, answered I.

And every being who is not wise, said she, do you conclude it must be ignorant? Do you not see there is something between wisdom and ignorance?

I asked her what that could be.

To think of things rightly, as being what they really are, without being able to assign a reason why they are such.

Do you not perceive, said she, that this is not to have the science or true knowledge of them? For, when the cause or reason of a thing remains unknown, how can there be science? Nor yet is it ignorance: for that which errs not from the truth, how should that be ignorance? Such then is Right Opinion, something between wisdom and ignorance.

You are certainly in the right, said I.

Deem it not necessary then, said she, that what is not beautiful should be ugly; or that what is not good must of consequence be evil. To apply this to the case of Love; though you have agreed he is neither good nor beautiful, yet imagine not he must ever the more on that account be ugly and evil; but something between those opposites.

Well, said I, but he is acknowledged by all to be a powerful god, however.

By all who know him, do you mean, said she, or by all who know him not?

By all universally, replied I.

Upon which she smiled, and said, How, Socrates, should he be acknowledged a powerful god by those who absolutely deny his divinity?

Who are they? said I.

You yourself, replied she, are one of them, and I am another.

Explain your meaning, said I.

My meaning, said she, is easy to be explained. For answer me to this question: Say you not that the gods are, all of them, blest and happy? or would you offer to say of any one of the gods, that he was not a blest and happy being?

Not I, for my part, by Zeus.

By a happy being, said she, do you not mean a being possessed of things fair, beautiful, and good?

It is granted, answered I.

And you granted before, said she, that Love, from his indigence and want of things good and beautiful, desired those things of which he was destitute.

I allowed it.

How then, said she, can he be a god, he who is destitute of things fair, beautiful, and good?

It appears, said I, that he by no means can.

You see then, said she, that, even in your own judgment, Love is no god.

What! said I, must Love, then, be a mortal?

Far from that, replied she.

Of what nature was he, then? I asked her.

Of like kind, answered she, with those natures we have just now been speaking of, an intermediate one, between the mortal and the immortal.

But what in particular, O Diotima?

A great dæmon, replied she. For the dæmon-kind is of an intermediate nature between the divine and the human.

What is the power and virtue, said I, of this intermediate kind of being?

To transmit and interpret to the gods, said she, what comes from men; and to men, in like manner, what comes from the gods; from men their petitions and their sacrifices; from the gods, in return, the revelation of their will. Thus these beings, standing in the middle rank between divine and human, fill up the vacant space, and link together all intelligent nature. Through their intervention proceeds every kind of divination, and the priestly art relating to sacrifices, and the mysteries and incantations, with the whole of divination and magic. For divinity is not mingled with man; but by means of that middle nature is carried on all converse and communication between the gods and mortals, whether in sleep or waking. Whoever has wisdom and skill in things of this kind is a dæmoniacal man: the knowing and skilful in any other thing, whether in the arts, or certain manual operations, are illiberal and sordid. These dæmons are many and various. One of them is Love.

But, said I, from what parents was he born?

The history of the parentage, replied she, is somewhat long to relate: however, I will give you the relation. At the birth of Aphrodite, the gods, to celebrate that event,

made a feast; at which was present, among the rest, Plenty, the son of Counsel. After they had supped, Poverty came a-begging, an abundance of dainties being there, and loitered about the door. Just then Plenty, intoxicated with nectar (for as yet wine was not), went out into the gardens of Zeus, and oppressed with the load of liquor he had drunk, fell asleep. Poverty, therefore, desiring through her indigence to have a child from Plenty, artfully lay down by him, and became with child of Love.[1] Hence it is that Love is the constant follower and attendant of Aphrodite, as having been begotten on the birthday of that goddess: being also, by his natural disposition, fond of all beauty, he is the more attached to Venus herself on account of her being beautiful. Now, as Love is the son of Plenty and of Poverty, the condition of his life and fortune is as follows:—In the first place, he is always poor; and is far from being either fair or tender, as the multitude imagine him; for he is rough and hard and dry, without shoes to his feet, and without a house or any covering to his head; always grovelling on the earth,

[1] As a specimen of the neo-Platonic methods of interpretation I may append Taylor's note on this myth. "By *Plenty*, the son of Counsel, we must understand that divine cause of abundance which subsists in Jupiter, the demiurgus of the world. For Jupiter is called Μητις, or Counsel, by Orpheus, as we are informed by Proclus in *Tim.*, p. 102. *Poverty* is Matter, which in itself is destitute of all things, but is filled, as far as it can be filled, from *Plenty*, whose overflowing fulness terminates in its dark and rebounding seat. Plato, therefore, in calling Love the offspring of *Plenty* and *Poverty*, appears to comprehend its whole series. For Love, considered as the same with Desire, is, according to its subsistence in Jupiter, the son of Plenty; but, according to its ultimate subsistence, it is the offspring of Matter, for Matter also desires good, though her desire is most debile and evanescent. But by *Poverty* being pregnant with Love at the birth of Venus, Plato occultly intimates that the divine abundance in the demiurgus of the world proceeds into matter in conjunction with the illuminations of divine beauty." Taylor adds that "intoxication with nectar signifies that deific energy through which divine natures are enabled to provide immutably for all things." "By the gardens of Jupiter," he tells us, "we may conceive that the splendour, grace, and empyræan beauty of the demiurgic illuminations of the maker of the universe are signified." Finally, "sleep, when applied to divine natures, signifies an energy separate from sensibles."

and lying on the bare ground, at doors, and in the streets, in the open air; partaking thus of his mother's disposition, and living in perpetual want. On the other hand, he derives from his father's side qualities very different from those others: hence it is that he is courageous, sprightly, and prompt to action; a mighty sportsman, always contriving some new device to entrap his game: much addicted to thought, and fruitful in expedients; all his life philosophising; powerful in magic and enchantment, nor less so in sophistry. His nature is neither mortal nor immortal; for sometimes, in one and the same day, he lives and flourishes, when he is in plenty; and presently afterwards he dies; and soon after that revives again, as partaking of his father's nature. Whatever abundance flows in upon him is continually stealing away from him: so that Love is never absolutely in a state either of affluence or of indigence. Again, he is seated in the midst between Wisdom and Ignorance. For the case is this with regard to wisdom:—None of the gods philosophise, or desire to become wise; for they are so; and if there be any other being beside the gods who is truly wise, neither does such a being philosophise. Nor yet does philosophy, or the search of Wisdom, belong to the Ignorant. For on this very account is the condition of Ignorance so wretched, that notwithstanding she is neither fair, good, nor wise, yet she thinks she has no need of any kind of amendment or improvement. So that the ignorant, not imagining themselves in need, neither seek nor desire that which they think they want not.

Who are they then, O Diotima, said I, who philosophise, if they are neither the wise nor the ignorant?

That is evident, said she: even a child may now discover that they must be such as stand in the middle rank of being; in the number of whom is Love. For wisdom is among the things of highest beauty; and all beauty is the object of love. It follows therefore of necessity, that Love is a philosopher, or a lover of wisdom; and that, as such, he stands between the adept in wisdom and the wholly ignorant. This, as well as all the rest of his condition, is

owing to his parentage; as he derives his birth from a father wise and rich in all things, and from a mother unwise and in want of all things. Such, dear Socrates, is the nature of this dæmon. But that you had other thoughts of that being, whom you took for Love, is not at all surprising. For, if I may guess from the description you gave of him yourself, you seem to have taken for Love that which is beloved, not that which loves: and from this mistake it arose, as I imagine, that Love appeared to you in all respects so beauteous. For the object of Love, the lovable, is truly beauteous and delicate, is perfect and completely blest. But to the subject of love, the lover, belongs a different nature, such a one as I have described to you.

Be it granted such, Diotima, said I; for what you tell me bids fair to be the truth. But now, such being his nature, of what advantage is he to human kind?

This, Socrates, said she, in the next place I shall do my best to teach you. Already then it appears what kind of being Love is, and of what parents he was born: and that his object is beauty you yourself have asserted. Now what answer shall we make should we be asked this question, "O Socrates and Diotima! how or in what respect mean ye, when ye say that beauty is the object of Love?" or to speak more clearly, "What is it which the lover of beauty longs for?"

To possess it, replied I.

Your answer, said she, draws on a further question: What will be the state or condition of that man who has gained possession of beauty?

I told her, I could by no means answer readily to such a question.

Suppose then, said she, that changing the subject of the question, and putting good in the place of beauty, one were to ask you thus, and say, Answer me, Socrates, to this question, what is it which the lover of good longs for?

To possess it, I replied.

And what, she asked me again, will be the state of that man who is in possession of good?

This, said I, is a question I can answer with much less difficulty, thus: that such a man will be happy.

Right, said she; for by the possession of good things it is that the happy are in that happy state which they enjoy. Nor is there any room to question further, and ask, Why, or for the sake of what, a man wishes to be happy; but a conclusive answer appears to have been given, fully satisfactory.

True, said I, without dispute.

Now this wishing and this longing, said she, let me ask you, whether in your opinion it is common to all men; whether you think that all wish to be always in possession of things good, or how otherwise?

I think just so, replied I, that such a wish is common to all.

Well, then, Socrates, said she, must we not acknowledge that all men are in love; seeing that the affections of them all are always fixed on the same things? or shall we say that some are in love and some are not?

It is a thought, said I, which, I confess, a little surprises me.

Be not surprised, said she; for the case is nothing more than this, that the name of love, which belongs to all love in general, we appropriate to one particular kind of love, singled out from the others, which we distinguish by other names.

To make me conceive your meaning more perfectly, said I, cannot you produce some other case parallel to this?

I can, said she. The following case is parallel: Making or creating, you know, comprehends many kinds of operation. For all cause by which anything proceeds out of non-being[1] into being is creation. So that all the operations

[1] *Being* does not signify being or entity in general, but the particular form or essence of anything, the being what it is. So non-being, just before, does not signify absolute non-entity, but the non-being of some particular thing, or the want of some form, which is afterwards introduced into existence. Accordingly *creation*, immediately after, signifies not what is nowadays generally understood by that term, a making of something out of mere nothing; for Plato seems to have had no notion of the possibility of this; but here is to be understood the making some form or being, in the sense just now mentioned, newly to exist, a particular one, which existed not before.—SYDENHAM.

and all the works executed through any of the arts, are indeed so many creations: and all the artists and the workmen are real creators, makers or poets.

True, said I.

And yet you know, continued she, that they are not all of them called poets or makers, but are distinguished by different names: whilst one particular kind of creation, that which is performed in metre through the Muse's art, is singled out from the other kinds; and the name, to which they have all an equal right, is given to that alone. For that alone is called poesy or making: and the artists in this species of creation only are peculiarly distinguished by the name of poets or makers.

Perfectly right, said I.

Ju-t so is it then in the case of Love, said she. Universally all desire of things good, and all that longing after happiness, which is in every individual of human kind, is the mighty Deity of Love who by secret ways and stratagems subdues and governs the hearts of all. His votaries in many ways, such as those engaged in the pursuit of wealth, or strength of body, or wisdom, are not said to be in love; nor is the name of lover allowed to any such. But to those only who are devoted to Love in one particular way, and addict themselves to one certain species of love, we appropriate those terms of love and lovers and the being in love, which ought to be considered as general terms, applicable in common to all the different kinds.

In all appearance, said I, you are entirely in the right.

She proceeded however to confirm the truth of what she had said, in the following manner:—There is a saying, continued she, that lovers are in search of the other half of themselves. But my doctrine is, that we love neither the half nor even the whole of ourselves, if it happen not, my friend, some way or other to be good. For we are willing to have our feet and our hands cut off, though our own, if we deem them incurably and absolutely evil. It is not to what is their own that men have so strong an attachment, nor do they treat it so tenderly on that account,

unless there be a man who thinks good to be his own and properly belonging to him, but evil to be foreign to his nature. So true is it that there is no other object of love to man than good alone.—Or do you think there is?

By Zeus, said I, there appears to me no other.

Is this now sufficient for us? said she: and have we done justice to our argument if we finish it with this simple and slender conclusion, that all men love what is good?

Why not? said I.

What? said she; must we not add this, that they long to have possession of the loved good?

This, said I, must be added.

And not only now to have possession of it, said she again, but to have possession of it for ever too; must not this be added further?

This further, said I.

Love, then, in fine, said she, is the desire of having good in perpetual possession.

Most true, said I; in every tittle you are right.

Since then, said she, this general desire is found always to subsist and operate in all, can you tell me in what particular way it operates on those who are commonly said to be "in love"? What is the aim of such lovers, and what the work or effect of this kind of love?

Were I able to tell, O Diotima, replied I, I should not have been so full of admiration at your wisdom; nor should I have applied myself to you to be taught these very things, if I already knew them.

Well, said she, I will teach you, then. The aim of these lovers and the work of this love is to generate upon the beautiful as well in a mental way as in that which is corporeal.

Your words, said I, have need of some diviner to interpret them: I confess I do not apprehend their meaning.

I will express myself then, said she, in plainer language. All of human race, O Socrates, are full of the seeds of generation both in their bodies and in their minds: and

when they arrive at maturity of age, they naturally long to generate. But generate they cannot upon the ugly or vile, but only upon the beautiful: for this is a work above human art, it is divine. For to conceive and to impregnate is to immortalise the kind: it is producing immortality out of an animal which is mortal. This cannot take place in what is inharmonious; and all that is inharmonious is ugly and vile to the divine, but the beautiful is harmonious. For Beauty is that celestial influence which favours, and that goddess who patronises the work of generation. Hence, whenever that which teems with generative power approaches that which is beautiful, it smiles benignly; and through the delight it feels, opening and diffusing itself abroad, it breeds or generates. But whenever it meets with that which is ugly and vile, it grows morose, saddens, and contracts itself; it turns away, retires back, and generates not; but, restraining the swollen power within it bears the burthen with uneasiness. Hence it is that they who are full of this, and long to generate, employ much of their creative power[1] upon the beautiful: it is because the beautiful frees them from those generative throes with which they labour. But, Socrates, this is not, as you imagined, the love of beauty.

What is it then? said I.

It is the love, replied she, of generating and begetting issue, there where we find beauty.

Be it so, said I.

It certainly is so, she replied.

But, said I, what has Love to do with generating?

Because generating, answered she, perpetuates and in some manner immortalises that which is mortal. Now, that the desire of immortality must always accompany the

[1] Sydenham takes the old reading ποίησις instead of the emendation, now universally adopted, of πτοίησις. The latter would make the passage mean: "Are in such a flutter and excitement about the beautiful." The old reading does not seem by any means "inept," as Stallbaum describes it; though it reads a little awkwardly in the original, and is very likely wrong.

love of good follows from what we before agreed in, that love was the desire of having good in perpetual possession. For the necessary consequence of that position is this, that Love desires immortality.

All these things learned I formerly in a conversation with Diotima, discoursing upon Love. At another time she thus questioned me: What do you imagine, Socrates, to be the cause of that love and that desire we lately spoke of? Do you not observe, how vehement are the passions of all brute animals when the season comes in which they couple? Birds as well as beasts, you may perceive them all sick with love: so intense is their desire, in the first place, to generate and breed; nor less afterwards in the rearing of their young. In defence of these you see them ready to engage in fight, the weakest animals with the strongest. To support these you see them willingly themselves perishing with famine; in short, doing and suffering for their sakes the utmost possible. Those indeed of human kind, continued she, one might imagine acted thus from a motive of reason in themselves: but in brute animals, can you assign the cause why the affections of love should be so deep and strong?

I told her, I was at a loss to account for it.

And do you think, said she, ever to become a thorough adept in the science of love, if you are at a loss in a case so easy?

It is for this very reason, said I, Diotima, as I lately told you, that I come to you for instruction: it is because I am sensible how much I want it. Do you, therefore, teach me what the cause is of these vehement affections and of all else that pertains to love.

Upon which she said, If you believe that love is, what you have often owned it to be, the desire of having good in perpetual possession, you will be at no loss to conceive what the cause is of those affections. For the case of brute animals and that of the human kind are in this respect exactly the same; in both the same principle prevails; the mortal nature seeks to be perpetuated, and, as far as

possible, immortalised. Now this is possible in one only way, that is, by generation; in which some new living thing is constantly produced to supply the place of the deceased old one. And in no other manner than this is life continued to any individual being, of which we say that it lives still, and pronounce it to be the same being. Thus every man, for instance, from his infancy on to old age, is called the same person; though he never has anything in him which abides with him, and is continually a new man; having lost the man he was in his hair, in his flesh, in his bones, in his blood, in fine in his whole body. Nor in his body only, but in his soul too does he undergo incessant change. His ways, his manners, his opinions, his desires and pleasures; his fears and sorrows; none of these ever continue in any man the same, but new ones are generated and spring up in him, whilst the former fade and die away. But a paradox much greater than any yet mentioned is with regard to knowledge: not only some new portions of knowledge we acquire, whilst we lose others of which we had before been masters; and never continue long the same persons as to the sum of our present knowledge; but we suffer also the like change in every particular article of that knowledge. For what we call recollection supposes some knowledge to have actually, us it were, left us; and indeed oblivion is the departure of this knowledge: recollection, then, raising up in the room of this departed knowledge a fresh remembrance in our minds, preserves in some manner and continues to as that which we had lost; so as to make the memory of it, the likeness, seem the very same thing. Indeed everything mortal is preserved in this only way, not by the absolute sameness of it for ever, like things divine, but by leaving behind it when it fades and departs another in its room, a new being, bearing its resemblance. By this contrivance in Nature, Socrates, does body and every other thing naturally mortal partake of immortality. Immortal after a different manner is that which is naturally immortal. Wonder not, therefore, that all beings are full of regard for

their offspring. For this ardour, this love follows every being for the sake of immortality.

And I marvelled at her discourse, and said, Oh Diotima, wisest of women, are these things so in very truth? And she answered, as confidently as if she were an accomplished sophist, Assuredly, Socrates, they are so. For look only at the love of fame and glory, how it operates on men, and what effect it has on their conduct. You must wonder at their folly in labouring so much and suffering so greatly in the pursuit of it, unless you consider the mighty power of that passion which possesses them, a zeal to become illustrious in after ages, and to acquire a fame that may last for ever and be immortal. For this, more than for the sake of their families or friends, are they ready to encounter dangers, to expend their treasures, to undergo the severest hardships, and to meet death itself. Do you think, continued she, that Alcestis would have died for Admetus, or Achilles to avenge Patroclus, or your Athenian Codrus to preserve the kingdom for his children, had they not imagined their virtue would live for ever in the remembrance of posterity, as it does to this day? Yea in truth, she said; for surely with a view to the immortality of virtue and the never-dying glory which attends it, have all great actions been performed. And the more so the better men are, for they are in love with immortality.

Now in men of certain constitutions, she continued, the generative power lies chiefly in their bodies. Such men turn to the other sex—this is the way in which they are enamoured,—and procure to themselves, by begetting children, the preservation of their names, a remembrance of themselves which they hope will be immortal, a happiness to endure for ever. In men of another stamp, the faculties of generation lie in the spirit. For those there are who are more prolific in their souls than in their bodies; and are full of the seeds of such an offspring as it peculiarly belongs to the human soul to conceive and to generate. And what is this but wisdom and every other virtue? Of these are the poets and all artificers such as are related to have been

inventors. But by far the most excellent and beauteous part of wisdom is that which is conversant in the founding and well-ordering of states and other settlements of men; a part of wisdom distinguished by the names of Temperance and Justice. When the soul of any man has been teeming with the seeds of this wisdom from his youth (and of divine souls it is the native property thus to teem), as soon as he arrives at maturity of age he longs to sow them in the souls of others and thus to propagate wisdom. And he too, I suppose, looks about and searches for beauty, where he may generate, for never can he generate on aught that is ugly and vile. Meeting first then with outward beauty, that of the body, he welcomes and embraces it, and turns away from where he sees deformity in the body. But if he has the good fortune to meet also with the beauty of a well-natured and generous soul, he then entirely attaches himself to this double beauty; and to this partner of his soul he is now full of eloquence about virtue, and what a good man should be, and what are his objects; and he tries to educate his friend. Indeed, while he is conversing intimately with that which is fair, or even moved by the recollection of that converse, if apart, those seeds of wisdom, which he was before big with, burst forth spontaneous, and he generates. And in company they nourish and tend that which has been generated; for nobler is the converse of such than that of the fathers and mothers of children, and firmer their affection, and more fair and immortal the offspring they have united to produce. Who would not choose to be the father of such children rather than of mortals sprung from his body? Who that considers Homer, Hesiod, and other excellent poets with the admiration they deserve, would not wish for such an issue as they left behind them, such as perpetuates their memory with the highest honour and procures them an immortality of fame? Or such a posterity, said she, as that whose foundation Lycurgus laid at Lacedæmon, a race of which himself was the first father, the preservers of their country and of all Greece? Amongst yourselves, what honours are paid to

the memory of Solon, who begat the Laws? And abroad as well as at home how illustrious are the names of many others, Barbarians as well as Grecians, who have exhibited to the world many noble actions, and have thus begotten all kinds of virtue! To men like these have temples often been erected, on account of such their progeny: but never was any man thus honoured on account of his mortal merely human offspring.[1]

In the Mysteries of Love thus far, perhaps, Socrates, you may be initiated and advanced. But to be perfected and to attain the intuition of the secret and inmost things, to which those others ought to be an introduction and preparation, I doubt whether you may be able. However, said she, not to be wanting in a readiness to give you thorough information, I will do my best to conduct you till we have reached the end. Do but you your best to follow me. Whoever then enters upon this great affair in a proper manner, and begins according to a right method, must from his earliest youth have been conversant with bodies that are beautiful. To begin with, then, if his leader[2] lead aright, he must love some one person of beautiful form, and with him generate noble and fair discourse. He must then consider that the beauty of one bodily form is sister to that of another bodily form; and if it is right for him to pursue outward beauty, he must lack understanding not to conceive that the beauty of all bodily form is one and the same. With this conception in his mind he must become a lover of all bodily forms, and he will relax that ardour of his about one form in particular, and will despise it and hold it cheap. After this, he must learn to esteem

[1] We have here a pause, or break, more solemn and awful than any to be met with elsewhere in Plato. But it has great propriety in this place, as it becomes the sublime and mysterious character of Diotima; and as it is necessary, besides, for ushering in with the greater solemnity those very sublime and mysterious speculations which follow.—SYDENHAM. The course of Diotima's whole discourse, from beginning to end, appears to observe the three gradations of initiation into the Mysteries—purgation, illumination, and intuition.

[2] That is, his dæmon.—TAYLOR.

that beauty which is inward, and of the soul, to be of greater worth than that of the body. As soon, therefore, as he meets with a person of sweet and generous nature, even though he have little of the bloom of beauty, with that person he is satisfied, and he will love and cherish him, and will bring forth for his sake such discourse as tends to the improvement of youth. And then he cannot but arrive at the perception of beauty in institutions and laws, and all subjects of discipline and practice; and he comes to discover that all this beauty is of one kin, so that he will esteem bodily beauty but a small and insignificant part of it. And after institutions and practices he must proceed to the sciences, so that he may perceive the beauty of these too. And then, regarding the great extent of beauty which he now surveys, and being no longer, like a mean and illiberal slave, in subjection to one form only, some one human being or practice; but betaking himself to that wide sea of beauty and contemplating it, he will bring forth, in the unstinting fertility of wisdom, a multitude of high and noble discourses, and thoughts, until, having grown and waxed strong there, he perceive that one Science which is vast enough for a beauty so vast. But now try, continued she, to give me all the attention you are master of.

Whoever has been thus far instructed in the things pertaining to Love, by contemplating the beautiful in a right succession and order, is now near the perfect intuition of his subject. For suddenly he will behold a marvellous thing, Beauty in its very essence,—that vision, O Socrates, for the sake of which all our former labours and pains were undertaken. This beauty, in the first place, is from everlasting, and knows neither beginning nor ending, neither growth nor decay. Then it is not beautiful when looked at in one way and ugly in another, nor beautiful at one time and not so at another, nor beautiful in certain relations and situations and ugly in others, nor beautiful to some persons and ugly to other persons. Nor does it appear to any one as if it were such a thing as a face, nor has it hands or other bodily parts, nor is it some particular doctrine or

science. It resides not in any other being, as, for instance, in some animal; or in the earth or the heavens or anything else; but it subsists alone with itself, and possesses an essence eternally uniform. All other forms which are beautiful participate of this; but in such a manner that by their generation or destruction this suffers no diminution, receives no addition, nor undergoes any kind of alteration. When from those beginnings through the right love of beautiful youth a man goes on and begins to gain a sight of this supreme beauty, he must have almost attained somewhat of his end. Now to go on, or to be led by another, along the right way of Love, is this: beginning from those lower manifestations of the beautiful to go on in a continual ascent, all the way proposing this highest Beauty as an end, and, using the rest but as so many steps in the ascent, to proceed from one to two and from two to all beautiful forms, and from the beauty of form to the beauty of disciplines and practices, and from the beauty of disciplines and practices to the beauty of sciences; until at length from these sciences he attains that science which is the science of no other thing than that supreme Beauty; and thus finally learns to know what the very essence of beauty is. Here is to be found, dear Socrates, said the stranger-prophetess, here if anywhere, the happy life, the ultimate object of desire to man: it is to live in beholding this consummate beauty; the sight of which if you ever attain, it will appear not to be in gold nor in magnificent attire, nor in the fairness of fair youth whom now it dazzles you to behold, and you are ready, you and others, if it were possible, to spend your whole lives with them and neither to eat nor drink, but only to gaze upon their beauty. What then, she continued, might we expect if you should see Beauty uncorrupted, pure and unmixed, not that of the corruptible bodily nature of men and colours, and all the rest of that perishing and fading trash, but the divine and unchangeable Beauty itself? Think you, said she, that the life of that man would be contemptible and mean who should ever fix his

eyes on that beauty, and behold that which he ought to behold, and be conversant with it? Perceive you not, said she, that in beholding the beautiful with that eye with which alone it is possible to behold it, thus and thus only could a man ever attain to generate or bring forth not mere images or semblances of virtue—for not with an image or semblance does he converse—but the true and very things which come of conversance with the True. Thus begetting and nourishing true virtue would he not become dear to the gods, and himself one of the immortals if ever man was?

The doctrines which I have now delivered to you, Phaedrus, and to the rest of my friends here, I was taught by Diotima, and am persuaded they are true. Full of this persuasion myself I endeavour to persuade others, and to show them that towards this great attainment human nature will not easily find a better associate and helper than Love. And therefore I insist that every man ought to pay honour to Love, and I myself honour him and diligently serve him, and exhort others to do the same. And not only now but at all times, so far as in me lies, do I celebrate the power and virtue of Love.—This speech, Phaedrus, you may accept, if you choose, for an encomium on Love; or if not, call it anything else you please.

Socrates having thus spoken, the rest praised his oration, but Aristophanes endeavoured to say something because Socrates in his speech had mentioned him. On a sudden, however, a loud knocking was heard at the door of the porch, together with the voices of revellers and the sound of the pipe. Upon this Agatho said to the servants, See who are there, and if there is any one among them fit for this company, call him in; if not, say that we are no longer drinking. Not long after this the voice of Alcibiades, who was very much intoxicated, was heard in the court, shouting, and asking where Agatho was, and commanding to be led to him. The flute-girl, therefore, on whom he leaned, and some of his friends, brought him to Agatho, and stood with him at the doors, he being crowned with a heavy garland

of ivy and violets, having many fillets on his head, and exclaiming, All hail, my friends! Either receive as your associate in drinking a man very much intoxicated, or let us depart, crowning Agatho alone, for whose sake we came. For I could not, says he, be with you yesterday; but now I come with fillets on my head, that from my own I may crown the head of the wisest and most beautiful person, if I may be allowed so to speak. Do you therefore laugh at me as one intoxicated? However, though you may laugh, I know well that I speak the truth. But tell me at once whether I may come in to him as I am or not? Will you drink with me or not? And then there was a great shouting and bidding him to come in and lie down, and Agatho invited him. And so he came in, led by his friends; and as he was taking off his fillets to crown Agatho he held them before his eyes so that he did not perceive Socrates; and he sat down in the middle between Socrates and Agatho, Socrates making room for him. Alcibiades then, being seated, saluted and crowned Agatho, and then Agatho said, Boys, take off the shoes of Alcibiades that he may recline as the third among us. Alcibiades said, By all means; but who is this third drinking companion of ours? and at once turning himself round saw Socrates; but seeing him he started and exclaimed, O Herakles! what is this? Are you again sitting here to ensnare me? as it is usual for you to appear suddenly where I least expected to find you. And now for what purpose are you here? And why do you lie on this couch, and not by Aristophanes, or some other person who makes it a study to be jocose? But instead you have contrived to sit with the handsomest person in the room.

And Socrates said to Agatho, See if you can assist me; for the love of this man has become no trifling thing to me; since from the time when I began to be his friend I am no longer at liberty either to behold or speak to any other beautiful person; or if I do, there is nothing he will not do from jealousy and envy, and he reviles me and will scarcely keep his hands from me. Restrain him now and conciliate

us, or if he should attempt violence assist me; for I am greatly alarmed at this mad passion of his.

Alcibiades then said, There shall be no conciliation between you and me. At some other time, however, I shall take vengeance on you for these things. But now, Agatho, says he, give me some of your fillets that I may crown the wonderful head of this man, that he may not blame me for crowning you, but not him, who vanquishes all men in discourse, not only lately, as you have done, but at all times. And at the same time receiving the fillet, he crowned Socrates, and lay down again.

And when he had lain down he cried, Come, gentlemen, drink, for you appear to be sober. This is not to be allowed; it was agreed we should drink. I therefore choose myself to be the master of the feast till you have drunk enough. Agatho! pass the cup, if you have a large one. Or rather, Bring hither, boy, said he, that cooling vessel, which seems to hold more than four pints. Having filled this vessel, he first drank himself, and afterwards ordered them to fill it up for Socrates, and at the same time said, This stratagem of mine, gentlemen, is nothing to Socrates; for let him drink as much as any one may command, he will not be in the least intoxicated. Socrates therefore, when the boy had filled the vessel, drank. But then Eryximachus said, How shall we do, Alcibiades? Shall we neither say nor sing anything over the cup, but drink away as if we were thirsty?

And Alcibiades said, Hail, Eryximachus! best of men, sprung from the best and wisest of fathers.

And hail to you, said Eryximachus. But what shall we do?

Whatever you tell us, said Alcibiades, for we must all obey you. As Homer says, "One physician is worth a host of other men." Command, therefore, whatever you please.

Hear, then, said Eryximachus. Before you came in it seemed to us to be proper that every one, beginning at the right hand, should deliver an oration in praise of Love,

to the best of his ability. All the rest of us, therefore, have delivered our orations; and it is just, since you have not spoken, but have drunk, that you should also deliver one: and when you have spoken, you may order Socrates to do whatever you please, and he may also order him on his right hand, and in a similar manner with respect to the rest.

Alcibiades then said, You speak well, Eryximachus; but it is not equitable that a man intoxicated should engage in a competition of eloquence with those that are sober. But, O blessed man, tell me if you believe all that Socrates has just now been saying? Or do you know that it is just the contrary? For if I, he being present, should praise any one, whether god or man, except himself, he would not keep his hands from me.

Hold your tongue, said Socrates.

By Poseidon, said Alcibiades, do not contradict me—there is no one else I would praise in your presence.

Do so then, said Eryximachus. Praise Socrates, if you will.

How do you say? said Alcibiades. Shall I, O Eryximachus, attack him and revenge myself before you?

So then, said Socrates, what have you in your mind? Will you praise me by ridiculing me, or what will you do?

I shall speak the truth, said Alcibiades, if you will permit me.

Indeed, said Socrates, I not only permit but command you to speak the truth.

I shall begin at once then, said Alcibiades. But observe, O Socrates, if I should assert anything that is not true, stop me when you please and say that in this I have spoken falsely; for I shall not willingly lie in anything. But if I tell things anyhow, as I happen to remember them, do not be surprised, for it is no easy matter for a man as drunk as I am to give a fair and orderly account of thy wonderful nature.

This, gentlemen, is the way I shall endeavour to praise

Socrates,—through images. He, indeed, will perhaps suspect that I am ridiculing him—but my image will be for the sake of truth, and not for the sake of the ridiculous. I say then that Socrates most resembles those Silenuses that are seated in the workshops of statuaries, which the artists have fabricated with pipes or flutes in their hands; and which, when one opens them, disclose the images of the gods which they contain inside. And again I say that he resembles the satyr Marsyas. That your outward form is similar to these, O Socrates, even you yourself will not deny; but that you also resemble them in other things, hear in the next place. You are contumelious: or are you not? For, if you do not acknowledge it, I will bring witnesses. Are you not also a flute-player? Yea, and one much more wonderful than Marsyas. For he charmed men through instruments, by a power proceeding from the mouth; and he also accomplishes this even now, when any one uses his melodies. For I call the melodies of Olympus Marsyan, because he learned them from Marsyas. Those melodies, whether produced by a good player or by some common flute-girl, alone lay hold of the hearers, and manifest, because they are divine, those that stand in need of the gods and the Mysteries. But you in this respect only differ from that harmony, that you effect this very same thing by mere words without instruments. We, too, when we hear some other person relating the discourse of another, though he that relates it should be a very good rhetorician, yet we pay, as I may say, no attention to it; but when any one hears you, or another person relating your discourses, though he that repeats them should be a very bad speaker, and whether it be a woman or a man or a lad that is the auditor, we are astonished and possessed. And I, my friends, unless I were afraid of seeming to be very much intoxicated, would tell you upon oath in what manner I have been affected by the discourses of this man, and am affected even now. For when I hear him, my heart leaps much more than that of those who celebrate the mysteries of the Corybantes; and my tears flow at his

discourses. I also see very many others affected in the same manner. When I hear Pericles or other good rhetoricians, I think, indeed, that they speak well, but I suffer nothing of this kind; nor is my soul agitated with tumult, nor is it indignant as if it felt its servile condition. But by this Marsyas I am often so affected, that it appears to me I ought not to live while I lead such a life as I do. You will not, Socrates, say that these things are not true. And even now I perceive that, if I were willing to listen to him, I could not bear it, but should be affected in the very same manner. For he would compel me to acknowledge that, being yet deficient in many things, I neglect myself and attend to the affairs of the Athenians. By violence, therefore, restraining my ears, I depart from him, flying as it were from the Sirens, lest I should sit at his feet till I became old. From him alone, likewise, of all men I have suffered that which no one would think to be in me: he has made me ashamed. But I am ashamed before him alone. For I am conscious that I am unable to refute him, that what he exhorts me not to do ought not to be done; but when I depart from him I am vanquished by the honour which I receive from the multitude. I therefore avoid and fly from him, and when I see him I am ashamed of what I have confessed to him. And often, indeed, it would be a pleasure to me no longer to see him among men; and yet again, if this should happen, I well know that I should be in a much greater degree afflicted; so that I am ignorant in what manner I should use this man.

And from the pipings of this satyr both I and many others have suffered such-like things. But hear from me how much he resembles the things I likened him to, and what a wonderful power he possesses. For be well assured of this, that no one of you knows him; but I will manifest him, since I have begun to speak. You see that he is impassioned about beautiful persons, and he is always with them and struck with them. And again he is "ignorant of all things" and "knows nothing," as he pretends. Is

not this Silenical? Yea in truth, for it is his external vesture, like a carved Silenus; but when he is opened inwardly, would you think, O my fellow-guests, how replete he is with virtue! Know also that neither if any one is beautiful does he care anything about that, but despises it more profoundly than any one could conceive; and the same with riches or any other distinction prized by the multitude. But he thinks all these possessions are of no worth, and that we are nothing, and he passes the whole of his life among us in irony and jest. But when he is serious, and is opened, I know not whether any one of you has seen the images which are within. But I have seen them, and they appeared to me so divine, golden, all-beautiful, and wonderful, that I was ready to do in an instant whatever Socrates might command. . . .

So I wandered about dubious, and more enslaved by this man than any one by any other. And after this we made the campaign against Potidaea together, where he and I were messmates. And here, in the first place, he not only surpassed me, but all others, in labours. And when we were compelled through a deficiency in provisions to fast, as is sometimes the case in a campaign, the rest were nothing to him in respect to endurance. Again, in feasts at the military table, he alone was the only person that appeared to enjoy them; and though he was unwilling to drink, yet when compelled he vanquished all the rest. And what is most wonderful of all, no one ever saw Socrates intoxicated. This, I think, you will presently see tested. But with respect to endurance in the severity of the winter (for the winter there is very severe), he performed wonders; and once, the cold being so dreadful that no one could venture out, or, if he did venture he was very abundantly clothed, and had his feet bound and wrapt in wool and sheep-skins, Socrates then went out with just the same clothing as before this he was accustomed to wear. He likewise marched through the ice without shoes more easily than others with shoes. And the soldiers looked angrily at him, as if he despised them.

And thus much for these particulars, but in Homer's words,

> "All the heroic heart endured and did"

in that campaign it is worth while to hear. For thinking deeply about something one morning, he stood still considering it, and when he could not come to a conclusion about it he would not desist, but stood exploring. It was now mid-day, and the soldiers perceived him, and wondered, and said one to the other that Socrates had stood from the morning cogitating. At length when it was evening some of the Ionian soldiers having supped laid themselves down (for it was then summer) on the bare ground, that they might observe whether he continued in the same posture through the night. But he stood till it was morning and the sun rose; after which, having worshipped the sun, he departed. If you are also willing, hear how he conducted himself in battle; for it is but just to relate this. For in that engagement on the occasion of which the commanders of the army conferred on me those rewards which are usually given to such as have conducted themselves best in battle, no other man saved me than Socrates; for, as I was wounded, he was not willing to leave me, but saved both my arms and me. And I indeed, O Socrates, at that time urged the commanders to give you the rewards which are bestowed on the most valiant; and for saying this you neither blame me nor accuse me of speaking falsely. The commanders, however, looking to my rank, wished me to receive those rewards; and you also were more desirous that I should receive them than yourself.

Further still, O fellow-guests, it was well worth while to behold Socrates when our army fled from Delium; for I happened to be in that battle among the cavalry, but Socrates was among the foot. The ranks, then, being broken he and Laches retreated; and I meeting with and seeing the troops, immediately exhorted them to take courage, and said that I would not abandon them. Here I could see Socrates better than at Potidaea; for I was in

less fear, because I was on horseback. In the first place, then, he greatly surpassed Laches in prudent caution; and in the next place, he appeared to me, O Aristophanes, if I may quote that verse of yours, to bear himself just the same there as here;[1] striding along and rolling his eyes around he calmly surveyed both friends and enemies; so that it was manifest to every one, even at a considerable distance, that he who touched this man would be very strenuously resisted. Hence both he and his companion retreated with security; for scarcely is any one attacked who thus conducts himself in battle, but they pursue those that fly rapidly and in disorder.

There are many other things, indeed, in which Socrates is admirable and for which he might be praised. And in some one or other of his ways others perhaps may merit the same praise, but to resemble no other man neither of the ancients nor the moderns, this is a circumstance worthy of all wonder. For such as Achilles was, such also, it may be conjectured, was Brasidas, and others; and again, such as Pericles was, such also it may be said were Antenor and Nestor. And there are likewise others that after the same manner may be compared with others. But such a prodigy is this man, both as to himself and his discourses, that no one by searching will find any man that nearly resembles him, neither among those of the present age nor among the ancients. He can, therefore, only be said to resemble, both in himself and his discourses, those things to which I have compared him, viz., no one among men, but the Silenuses and Satyrs. For I omitted to mention this before, that his discourses are most similar to the Silenuses when opened. For the discourses of Socrates, to him who is willing to hear them, will at first appear to be perfectly ridiculous; since he clothes himself in words and language like the skin of a reviling Satyr. For he speaks of pack-asses, of coppersmiths, shoemakers and tanners, and he is

[1] Said, in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes, of Sophocles in the under-world. The description of Socrates striding and rolling his eyes is quoted from the *Clouds* of Aristophanes.

always saying the same things in the same words, so that every inexperienced and ignorant man will ridicule his discourses. But he who beholds these discourses when opened, who penetrates into their depth, will, in the first place, find that they alone of all other discourses contain intellect within them; and in the next place that they are most divine, and are full of images of virtue, and have a very ample extent, or rather extend themselves to everything which it is fit he should consider who intends to become a truly worthy man.

These then are the things, my fellow-guests, for which I praise and also for which I blame Socrates. I have likewise inserted in them the injuries which he has done me. Nor has he acted in this manner towards me alone, but also towards Charmides the son of Glauco, Euthydemus the son of Diocles, and very many others; for he has deceived these, pretending to admire them, when at the same time he made them admire and adore him. Hence I caution you, O Agatho, not to be deceived by this man, but knowing what I have suffered, take care, and do not, as the proverb says of fools, become wise by experience.

Aristodemus related, that when Alcibiades had thus spoken, his outburst excited a general laugh, because he appeared to be still an adorer of Socrates. Socrates therefore said, You seem to me, O Alcibiades, to be sober; for, otherwise, you would not have attempted in so eloquent and circuitous a manner to conceal that for the sake of which you have said all these things; and which you have brought in at the end as if it had nothing to do with the main purpose. Your object is to separate me and Agatho: for you think that I ought to care for nobody but you, and that nobody but you ought to care for Agatho. But you have not escaped detection, and this Satyric and Silenic drama is perfectly clear to us. But, dear Agatho, may none of these contrivances succeed! and let us endeavour that nothing may come between you and me.

To this Agatho replied, Indeed, Socrates, you appear to speak the truth; and I infer that he sits between you and

me in order to separate us. He will however derive no advantage from this; for I will come and sit next to you.

By all means, said Socrates, come hither and sit below me.

O Zeus! Alcibiades exclaimed, how much do I suffer from this man! He thinks it necessary to thwart me in everything; but O wonderful man, suffer Agatho, at least, to sit between us.

It is impossible, said Socrates: for you have praised me, and I must now praise him who sits on my right hand. If therefore Agatho sit below you he certainly will not praise me again, when he ought rather to be praised by me. But cease, my friend, and do not envy my praise of the lad, for I very much desire to make an encomium on him.

Excellent! excellent! cried Agatho to Alcibiades: I will not stay here a moment when I have such reason to change my place, that I may be praised by Socrates.

After this Agatho rose, that he might sit by Socrates: but on a sudden many revellers came to the gates, and finding them open in consequence of some one having gone out, they entered and seated themselves. Hence all things were full of tumult; and as there was no longer any order observed, every one was compelled to drink a great quantity of wine. Aristodemus therefore said that Eryximachus, Phaedrus, and some others, went home, and that he fell asleep, and slept there very abundantly, the nights being long; and awoke about daybreak, the cocks then crowing. When he had awakened he saw that some of the guests were asleep, and that others had departed; but that Agatho, Aristophanes, and Socrates were the only persons awake and were drinking to the right hand out of a great bowl. He also added that Socrates was arguing with them, and that he did not recollect much of what it was about, as he was not at the beginning of the discussion, and was only half awake. However, the sum of it, he said, was this, that Socrates was compelling them to acknowledge that it was the province of the same person to compose comedy and tragedy; and that he who was a tragic artist

was a comic artist too. To these things they assented by compulsion, not attending much to the argument, for they were sleepy. And then Aristophanes fell asleep first, and afterwards, it being now day, Agatho ; but Socrates, having laid them to sleep, rose and went away, Aristodemus following him as usual. And Socrates went to the Lyceum, and, having bathed there, spent the rest of the day as usual ; and in the evening went home to rest.

THE APOLOGY OF SOCRATES.

Spoken on his Trial before the Court of the Heliæa.

I KNOW not, O Athenians, how you may have been affected by my accusers: I indeed have through them almost forgotten myself, so persuasively have they spoken; though, as I may say, they have not asserted anything which is true. But among the multitude of their false assertions I am most surprised at this, in which they say that you ought to beware of being deceived by me, as if I were an eloquent speaker. For that they should not be ashamed of asserting that which facts will immediately confute, since in the present instance I shall appear to you to be by no means eloquent,—this seems to me to be the consummation of impudence; unless they call him eloquent who speaks the truth. For, if they assert this, I shall indeed acknowledge myself to be a rhetorician, though not according to their conceptions. They have not then, as I said, asserted anything which is true; but from me you will hear all the truth. Not, by Zeus, O Athenians, that you will hear from me a discourse splendidly decorated with words and phrases, and adorned in other respects, like the harangues of these men; but you will hear me speaking in such language as may casually present itself. For I am confident that what I say will be just, nor let any one of you expect it will be otherwise: for it does not become one of my age to come before you like a lad with a studied discourse. And, indeed, I very much request and beseech you, O Athenians, that if you should hear me apologising in the same terms and modes of expression which I am accustomed to use in the Forum, on the Exchange and Public Banks, and in

other places, where many of you have heard me,—that you will neither wonder nor be disturbed on this account; for the case is as follows:—I now for the first time come before this tribunal, though I am more than seventy years old; and consequently I am a stranger to the mode of speaking which is here adopted. As, therefore, if I were in reality a foreigner, you would pardon me for using the language and the manner in which I had been educated, so now I request you, and this justly, as it appears to me, to suffer the mode of my diction, whether it be better or worse; and to attend to this, whether I speak what is just or not: for this is the virtue of a judge, as that of an orator is to speak the truth.

In the first place, therefore, O Athenians, it is just that I should answer the first false accusations of me, and my first accusers, and afterwards the latter accusations, and the latter accusers. For many have been accusers of me to you for many years, and who have asserted nothing true, of whom I am more afraid than of Anytus and his accomplices, though these indeed are powerful in persuading; but those are still more so, who, having been conversant with many of you from infancy, have persuaded you, and accused me falsely. For they have said, that there is one Socrates, a wise man, studious of things on high, and exploring everything under the earth, and who also can make the worse appear the better argument. These men, O Athenians, who spread this report are my dire accusers. For those who hear it think that such as investigate these things do not believe that there are gods. In the next place, these accusers are numerous, and have accused me for a long time. They also said these things to you in that age in which you would most readily believe them, some of you being boys and lads; and they accused me unchallenged, there being no one to speak in my defence. But that which is most irrational of all is this, that neither is it possible to know and tell their names, except some one of them should be a comic poet. Such however as have persuaded you by employing envy and calumny, together with those who, being persuaded themselves, have persuaded

others,—with respect to all these, the method to be adopted is most dubious. For it is not possible to call them to account here before you, nor to confute any one of them; but it is necessary, as if fighting with shadows, to make my defence and refutation without any to answer me. Consider, therefore, as I have said that my accusers are twofold, some having accused me lately, and others formerly; and think that it is necessary I should answer the latter of these first; for you also have heard these my accusers, and much more than you have those by whom I have been recently accused. Be it so. I must defend myself then, O Athenians, and endeavour in this so short a space of time to remove from you the calumny which you have so long entertained. I wish, therefore, that this my defence may effect something better both for you and me, and that it may contribute to some more important end. I think however that it will be attended with difficulty, and I am not entirely ignorant what the difficulty is. At the same time let this terminate as Divinity pleases. It is my business to obey the law, and to make my apology.

Let us repeat, therefore, from the beginning what the accusation was, the source of that calumny in which Melitus confiding brought this charge against me. Be it so. What then do my accusers say? For their accusation must be formally recited as if given upon oath. It is this: SOCRATES ACTS WICKEDLY, AND WITH CRIMINAL CURIOSITY INVESTIGATES THINGS UNDER THE EARTH, AND IN THE HEAVENS. HE ALSO MAKES THE WORSE TO APPEAR THE BETTER ARGUMENT; AND HE TEACHES THESE THINGS TO OTHERS. Such is the accusation: for things of this kind you also have yourselves seen in the comedy of Aristophanes;[1] for there one Socrates is exhibited, who affirms that he walks upon the air, and idly asserts many other trifles of this nature; of which things however I neither know much nor little. Nor do I say this as despising such a science, if there be any one wise about things of this

[1] See the *Clouds* of that poet, *ver.* 112 *et seq. et ver.* 188.

kind, lest Melitus should charge me with this as a new crime, but because, O Athenians, I have no such knowledge. I adduce many of you as witnesses of this, and I call upon such of you as have at any time heard me discoursing, and there are many such among you, to teach and declare to each other if you have ever heard me speak much or little about things of this kind. And from this you may know that other things also, which the multitude assert of me, are all of them of a similar nature: for no one of them is true. For neither if you have heard any one assert that I attempt to teach men, and that I make money by so doing,—neither is this true. This indeed appears to me to be a beautiful thing, if some one is able to instruct men, like Gorgias the Leontine, Prodicus the Cean, and Hippias the Elean. For each of these, in the several cities which he visits, has the power of persuading the young men, who are permitted to apply themselves to such of their own countrymen as they please without any charge, to adhere to them only, and to give them money and thanks besides for their instruction. There is also another wise man, a Parian, who I hear has arrived hither. For it happened that I once met with a man who spends more money on the sophists than all others,—I mean Callias the son of Hipponicus. I therefore asked him, for he has two sons, O Callias, said I, if your two sons were two colts or calves, should we not have some one to take care of them, who would be paid for so doing, and who would make them beautiful, and the possessors of such good qualities as belong to their nature? But now, since your sons are men, what master do you intend to have for them? Who is there that is scientifically knowing in human and political virtue of this kind? For I think that you have considered this, since you have sons. Is there such a one, said I, or not? There certainly is, he replied. Who is he? said I. And whence is he? And for how much money does he teach? It is Evenus the Parian, said he, Socrates, and he teaches for five minæ (£15). And I indeed considered Evenus to be a happy and fortunate man, if he in reality possesses this art, and so

elegantly teaches. I therefore should also glory and think highly of myself, if I had a scientific knowledge of these things; but this, O Athenians, is certainly not the case.

Perhaps, however, some one may reply: But, Socrates, what have you done then? Whence have these calumnies against you arisen? For unless you had more curiously employed yourself than others, and had done something different from the multitude, so great a rumour would never have been raised against you. Tell us, therefore, what it is, that we may not pass an unadvised sentence against you. He who says these things appears to me to speak justly, and I will endeavour to show you what that is which has occasioned me this appellation and calumny. Hear, therefore; and though perhaps I shall appear to some of you to jest, yet be well assured that I shall tell you all the truth. For I, O Athenians, have acquired this name through nothing else than a certain wisdom. But of what kind is this wisdom? Perhaps it is human wisdom. For this in reality I appear to possess. Those indeed whom I just now mentioned possessed perhaps more than human wisdom, which I know not how to denominate: for I have no knowledge of it. And whoever says that I have, speaks falsely, and asserts this to calumniate me. But, O Athenians, be not disturbed if I appear to speak somewhat magnificently of myself. For this which I say is not my own assertion, but I shall refer it to one who is considered by you as worthy of belief. For I shall adduce to you the Delphic Deity himself as a testimony of my wisdom, if I have any, and of the quality it possesses. You certainly then know Chærepho: he was my associate from a youth, was familiar with most of you, and accompanied you in and returned with you from your exile. You know, therefore, what kind of a man Chærepho was, and how eager in all his undertakings. He then, coming to Delphi, had the boldness to consult the oracle about this particular. Be not, as I said, O Athenians, disturbed: for he asked if there was any one more wise than I am. And the Pythian priestess answered that there was not

any one more wise. His brother can testify to you the truth of these things; for Chærepho himself is dead.

Consider then on what account I assert these things: for I am going to inform you whence this calumny against me arose. When I heard this answer of the oracle, I thus considered with myself, What does the God say? and what does he obscurely signify? For I am not conscious to myself that I am wise, either in a great or in a small degree. What then does he mean in saying that I am most wise? For he does not lie, since that is not possible to him. And for a long time, indeed, I was dubious what he could mean. Afterwards with considerable difficulty I betook myself to the following mode of investigating his meaning. I went to one of those who appear to be wise men, that here if anywhere I might confute the prediction, and evince to the oracle that this man was more wise than I. Surveying, therefore, this man (for there is no occasion to mention his name, but he was a politician); while I beheld him and discoursed with him, it so happened, O Athenians, that this man appeared to me to be wise in the opinion of many other men, and especially in his own, but that he was not so. And afterwards I endeavoured to show him that he fancied himself to be wise, but was not. Hence I became odious to him, and also to many others that were present. Departing, therefore, I reasoned with myself that I was wiser than this man. For it appears that neither of us knows anything beautiful or good: but he indeed not knowing, thinks that he knows something; but I, as I do not know anything, neither do I think that I know. Hence in this trifling particular I appear to be wiser than he, because I do not think that I know things which I do not know. After this I went to another of those who appeared to be wiser than he was; and of him also I formed the same opinion. Hence also I became odious to him and many others.

Afterwards, however, I went to others, suspecting and grieving and fearing that I should make enemies. At the same time, however, it appeared to me to be necessary

to pay the greatest attention to the oracle of the God, and that, considering what could be its meaning, I should go to all that appeared to possess any knowledge. And by the Dog, O Athenians (for it is necessary to tell you the truth), that which happened to me was as follows:—Those that were most celebrated for their wisdom appeared to me to be most remote from it; but others who were considered as far inferior to them possessed more of intellect. But it is necessary to relate to you my wandering, and the labours as it were which I endured, that the oracle might become to me unconfuted. For after the politicians I went to the poets both tragic and dithyrambic, and also others, expecting that I should here immediately find myself to be less wise than these. Taking up, therefore, some of their poems which appeared to me to be the most elaborately written, I asked them what was their meaning, that at the same time I might learn something from them. I am ashamed indeed, O Athenians, to tell you the truth; but at the same time it must be told. For, as I may say, all that were present would have spoken better about the things which they had composed. I discovered this, therefore, in a short time concerning the poets, that they did not effect by wisdom that which they did, but by a certain genius and from enthusiastic energy, like prophets and those that utter oracles. For these also say many and beautiful things, but they understand nothing of what they say. Poets, therefore, appeared to me to be affected in a similar manner. And at the same time I perceived that they considered themselves, on account of their poetry, to be the wisest of men in other things, in which they were not so. I departed, therefore, also from them, thinking that I surpassed them by the very same thing in which I surpassed the politicians.

In the last place, therefore, I went to the artificers. For I was conscious to myself that I knew nothing, as I may say, but that these men possessed knowledge, because I had found them acquainted with many and beautiful things. And in this indeed I was not deceived; for they knew

things which I did not, and in this they were wiser than I. But, O Athenians, good artificers also appeared to me to have the same fault as the poets. For each, in consequence of performing well in his art, thought that he was also most wise in other things, and those the greatest. And this their error obscured that very wisdom which they did possess. I therefore asked myself in behalf of the oracle, whether I would choose to be as I am, possessing no part either of their wisdom or ignorance, or to have both which they possess. I answered, therefore, for myself and for the oracle, that it was better for me to be as I am.

From this my investigation, O Athenians, many enmities were excited against me, and such as were most grievous and weighty, so that many calumnies were produced from them; and hence I obtained the appellation of *the wise man.* For those that hear me think that I am wise in these things, the ignorance of which I expose in others. It appears, however, O Athenians, that Divinity is wise in reality, and that in this oracle he says this, that human wisdom[1] is but of little, or indeed of no worth; and it seems that he used my name, making me an example, as if he had said, He, O men, is the wisest among you, who, like Socrates, *knows* that he is in reality of no worth with respect to wisdom. These things, therefore, going about, I even now inquire and explore in obedience to the God, both among citizens and strangers, if any one of them appears to me to be wise; and when I find he is not, giving assistance to the God, I demonstrate that he is not wise. And in consequence of this employment I have no leisure worth mentioning either for public or private transactions; but I am in great poverty through my religious cultivation of the God.

Besides, the youth that spontaneously follow me, who especially abound in leisure, as being the sons of the most

[1] This is the key to the profound meaning of Socrates when he said that he *knew* that he knew nothing. For, as I have elsewhere observed, he only intended by this to signify the nothingness of human when compared with divine knowledge.—TAYLOR.

wealthy, rejoice on hearing men confuted by me; and often imitating me, they afterwards endeavour to make trial of others. In which attempt I think they find a numerous multitude of men who fancy that they know something, but who know little or nothing. Hence, therefore, those who are tried by them are angry with me, and not with them, and say that there is one Socrates a most wicked person, and who corrupts the youth. And when some one asks them what he does, and what he teaches, they have nothing to say, but are ignorant. That they may not, however, appear to be dubious, they assert things which may be readily adduced against all that philosophise, as, that he explores things on high and under the earth, that he does not think there are gods, and that he makes the worse to appear the better reason. For I think they are not willing to speak the truth, that they clearly pretend to be knowing, but know nothing. Hence, as it appears to me, being ambitious and vehement and numerous, and speaking in a united and plausible manner about me, they fill your ears, calumniating me violently from old time even till now. Among these, Melitus, Anytus, and Lycon, have attacked me; Melitus indeed being my enemy on account of the poets; but Anytus on account of the artificers and politicians; and Lycon on account of the orators. So that, as I said in the beginning, I should wonder if I could remove such an abundant calumny from your minds in so short a time. These things, O Athenians, are true; and I thus speak, neither concealing nor subtracting any thing from you, either great or small; though I know well enough that I shall make enemies by what I have said. This, however, is an argument that I speak the truth, that this is the calumny which is raised against me, and that the causes of it are these. And whether now or hereafter you investigate these things, you will find them to be as I have said. Concerning the particulars, therefore, which my first accusers urged against me, let this be a sufficient apology to you.

In the next place, I shall endeavour to reply to Melitus,

that good man and lover of his country, as he says, and also to my latter accusers. For again, as being different from the former accusers, let us take their oath also. The accusation then is as follows: SOCRATES, it says, IS AN EVIL-DOER, CORRUPTING THE YOUTH; AND, NOT BELIEVING IN THOSE GODS IN WHICH THE CITY BELIEVES, HE INTRODUCES OTHER NOVEL DÆMONIACAL NATURES. Such then is the accusation; of which let us examine every part. It says, then, that I do evil by corrupting the youth. But I, O Athenians, say that Melitus does evil because he intentionally trifles, rashly bringing men into danger, and pretending to be studious and solicitous about things which were never the objects of his care. But that this is the case I will endeavour to show you.

Tell me then, O Melitus, whether you consider it as a thing of the greatest consequence, for the youth to become the best of men?

I do.

Come, then, do you therefore tell them what will make them better? For it is evident that you know, since it is the object of your care. For, having found me to be a corrupter of youth, as you say, you have brought me hither, and are my accuser; but come, inform me who it is that makes them better, and signify it to this assembly. Do you see, O Melitus, that you are silent, and have not anything to say? Though, does it not appear to you to be shameful, and a sufficient argument of what I say, that this is not the object of your attention? But tell me, O good man, who it is that makes them better?

The laws.

I do not, however, ask this, O best of men, but what man it is that first knows this very thing, the laws.

These men, Socrates, are the judges.

How do you say, Melitus? Do they know how to instruct the youth, and to make them better?

Especially so.

But whether do all of them know how? or do some of them know, and others not?

8

All of them.

You speak well, by Hera, and adduce a great abundance of those that benefit. But what? Can these auditors also make the youth better, or not?

These also.

And what of the senators?

The senators also can effect this.

But, O Melitus, do some of those that harangue the people in an assembly corrupt the more juvenile; or do all these make them better?

All these.

All the Athenians therefore, as it seems, make them to be worthy and good, except me, but I alone corrupt them. Do you say so?

These very things I strenuously assert.

You charge me with a very great infelicity. But answer me: Does this also appear to you to be the case respecting horses, viz., that all men can make them better, but that there is only one person that spoils them? or does the perfect contrary of this take place, so that it is one person who can make them better, or, at least, that those possessed of equestrian skill are very few; but the multitude, if they meddle with and make use of horses, spoil them? Is not this the case, O Melitus, both with respect to horses and all other animals? It certainly is so, whether you and Anytus say so, or not. For a great felicity would take place concerning youth if only one person corrupted, and the rest benefited them. However, you have sufficiently shown, O Melitus, that you never bestowed any care upon youth; and you clearly evince your negligence, and that you pay no attention to the particulars for which you accuse me.

Further still, tell me, by Zeus, O Melitus, whether it is better to dwell in good or in bad polities? Answer, my friend: for I ask you nothing difficult. Do not the depraved always procure some evil to those that continually reside near them; and do not the good procure some good?

Entirely so.

Is there then any one who wishes to be injured by his associates, rather than to be benefited? Answer, O good man: for the law orders you to answer. Is there any one who wishes to be injured?

There is not.

Come then, whether do you bring me hither, as one that corrupts the youth, and makes them depraved willingly, or as one who does this unwillingly?

I say that you do it willingly.

But what, O Melitus, is it possible that you, who are so much younger than I am, should well know that the depraved always procure some evil to those that are most near to them, and the good some good; but that I should have arrived at such ignorance as not to know that, if I make any one of my associates depraved, I shall be in danger of receiving some evil from him; and that I, therefore, do this so great an evil willingly, as you say? I cannot be persuaded by you, O Melitus, as to these things, nor do I think that any other man would: but either I do not corrupt the youth, or I corrupt them unwillingly. So that you speak falsely in both assertions. But if I unwillingly corrupt them, the law does not order me to be brought hither for such-like involuntary offences, but that I should be taken and privately taught and admonished. For it is evident that, if I am taught better, I shall cease doing that which I unwillingly do. But you, indeed, have avoided me, and have not been willing to associate with and instruct me; but you have brought me hither, where the law orders those who require punishment, and not discipline, to be brought. Wherefore, O Athenians, this now is manifest which I have said, that Melitus never paid the smallest attention to this affair.

At the same time, however, tell us, O Melitus, how you say I corrupt the youth. Or is it not evident, from your written accusation, that I teach them not to believe in the gods in which the city believes, but in other new divine powers? Do you not say that, teaching these things, I corrupt the youth?

Perfectly so: I strenuously assert these things.

By those very gods, therefore, Melitus, of whom we are now speaking, I charge you speak in a still clearer manner both to me and to these men. For I cannot learn whether you say that I teach them to think that there are not certain gods, though I myself believe that there are gods, not being by any means an atheist, nor in this respect an evil-doer—not, indeed, such as the city believes in, but others, and that this it is for which you accuse me, that I introduce other gods; or whether you altogether say that I do not believe there are any gods, and that I teach this doctrine also to others.

I say this, that you do not believe that there are any gods.

O wonderful Melitus, why do you thus speak? Do I then think, unlike the rest of mankind, that the sun and moon are not gods?

He does not, by Zeus, O judges: for he says that the sun is a stone, and that the moon is earth.

O friend Melitus, you think that you accuse Anaxagoras; and you so despise these judges, and think them to be so illiterate, as not to know that the books of Anaxagoras the Clazomenian are full of these assertions. Besides, would the youth learn those things from me, which they might buy for a drachma at most in the theatre,[1] and thus might deride Socrates if he pretended they were his own, especially since they are likewise so absurd? But, by Zeus, do I then appear to you to think that there is no God?

None whatever, by Zeus.

What you say, O Melitus, is incredible, and, as it appears to me, is so even to yourself. Indeed, O Athenians, this man appears to me to be perfectly insolent and intemperate in his speech, and to have in reality written this accusation, impelled by a certain insolence, wantonness, and youthfulness. For he seems, as it were, to have composed an ænigma in order to try me, and to have said to himself,

[1] Euripides, and probably others, made the physical doctrines of Anaxagoras current through the drama.

Will the wise Socrates know that I am jesting, and speaking contrary to myself? Or shall I deceive him, together with the other hearers? For he appears to me to contradict himself in his accusation, as if he had said, Socrates is impious in not believing that there are gods, but believing that there are gods. And this, indeed, must be the assertion of one in jest.

But let us jointly consider, O Athenians, how he appears to me to have asserted these things. And do you, O Melitus, answer us, and, as I requested you at first, be mindful not to disturb me if I discourse after my usual manner. Is there then any man, O Melitus, who thinks that there are human affairs, but does not think that there are men? Pray answer me, and do not make these clamorous digressions. And is there any one who does not think that there are horses, but yet thinks that there are equestrian affairs? or who does not think that there are pipers, but yet that there are things pertaining to pipers? There is not, O best of men. For I will speak for you, since you are not willing to answer yourself. But answer also to this: Is there any one who thinks that there are dæmoniacal affairs, but yet does not think that there are dæmons?

There is not.

How averse you are to speak! so that you scarcely answer, compelled by the judges. Do you not, therefore, say that I believe in and teach things dæmoniacal, whether they are new or old? But indeed you acknowledge that I believe in things dæmoniacal, and to this you have sworn in your accusation. If then I believe in dæmoniacal affairs, there is an abundant necessity that I should also believe in the existence of dæmons. Is it not so? It is. For I suppose you to assent, since you do not answer. But with respect to dæmons, do we not think either that they are gods, or the sons of gods? Will you acknowledge this or not?

Entirely so.

If, therefore, I believe that there are dæmons as you say,

if dæmons are certain gods, will it not be as I say, that you speak ænigmatically and in jest, since you assert that I do not think there are gods, and yet again think that there are, since I believe in dæmons? But if dæmons are certain spurious sons of the gods, either from nymphs, or from certain others, of whom they are said to be the offspring, what man can believe that there are sons of the gods, and yet that there are no gods? For this would be just as absurd as if some one should think that there are colts and mules, but should not think that there are horses and asses. However, O Melitus, it cannot be otherwise but that you have written this accusation, either to try me, or because there was not any crime of which you could truly accuse me. For it is impossible that you should persuade any man who has the smallest degree of intellect, that one and the same person can believe that there are dæmoniacal and divine affairs, and yet that there are neither dæmons, nor gods, nor heroes. That I am not, therefore, impious, O Athenians, according to the accusation of Melitus, does not appear to me to require a long apology; but what I have said is sufficient.

As to what I before observed, that there is a great enmity towards me among the vulgar, you may be well assured that it is true. And this it is which will condemn me, if I should happen to be condemned, viz., the hatred and envy of the multitude, and not Melitus, nor Anytus; which indeed has also happened to many others, and those good men, and will, I think, again happen in futurity. For there is no reason to expect that it will terminate in me. Perhaps, however, some one will say, Are you not ashamed, Socrates, to have applied yourself to a study through which you are now in danger of being put to death? To this person I shall justly reply, That you do not speak well, O man, if you think that life or death ought to be regarded by the man who is capable of being useful though but in a small degree; and that he ought not to consider this alone when he acts, whether he acts justly, or unjustly, and like a good or a bad man. For those demi-gods that died at Troy

would, according to your reasoning, be vile characters, as well others as the son of Thetis, who so much despised the danger of death when compared with disgraceful conduct, that when his mother, who was a goddess, on his desiring to kill Hector, thus I think addressed him—My son, if you revenge the slaughter of your friend Patroclus, and kill Hector, you will yourself die, for, said she, death awaits you as soon as Hector expires :—Notwithstanding this, he considered the danger of death as a trifle, and much more dreaded living basely, and not revenging his friends. For he says, May I immediately die, when I have inflicted just punishment on him who has acted unjustly, and not stay here by the curved ships an object of ridicule, and a burden to the ground? Do you think that he was solicitous about death and danger? For this, O Athenians, is in reality the case : wherever any one ranks himself, thinking it to be the best for him, or wherever he is ranked by the ruler, there, as it appears to me, he ought to abide, and encounter danger, neither regarding death nor anything else before that which is base.

I therefore, O Athenians, should have acted in a vile manner, if, when those rulers which you had placed over me had assigned me a rank at Potidaea, at Amphipolis, and at Delium, I should then have remained where they stationed me, like any other man, and should have encountered the danger of death ; but that, when Divinity has ordered, as I think and apprehend, that I ought to live philosophising, and exploring myself and others, I should here, through fear of death, or any other thing, desert my rank. For this would be vile : and then in reality any one might justly bring me to a court of judicature, and accuse me of not believing in the gods, in consequence of not obeying the oracle, fearing death, and thinking myself to be wise when I am not. For to dread death, O Athenians, is nothing else than to appear to be wise, without being so : since it is for a man to appear to know that which he does not know. For no one knows but that death may be to man the greatest of goods ; but

they dread it, as if they well knew that it is the greatest of evils. And how is it possible that this should not be the most disgraceful ignorance, I mean for a man to imagine that he has a knowledge of that of which he is ignorant? But I, O Athenians, differ perhaps in this from the multitude of men; and if I should say that I am wiser than some one in anything, it would be in this, that not having a sufficient knowledge of the things in Hades, I also think that I have not this knowledge. But I know that to act unjustly, and to be disobedient to one more excellent, whether god or man, is evil and base. I shall never, therefore, fear and avoid things which for aught I know may be good, before those evils which I know to be evils. So that neither if you should now dismiss me (being unpersuaded by Anytus, who said that either I ought not to have been brought hither at first, or that, when brought hither, it was impossible not to put me to death, telling you that if I escaped, all your sons studying what Socrates had taught them would be corrupted), if besides these things you should say to me, O Socrates, we now indeed shall not be persuaded by Anytus, but we shall dismiss you, though on this condition, that afterwards you no longer busy yourself with this investigation, nor philosophise, and if hereafter you are detected in so doing, you shall die,—if, as I said, you should dismiss me on these terms, I should thus address you: O Athenians, I honour and love you: but I obey Divinity rather than you; and as long as I breathe and am able, I shall not cease to philosophise, and to exhort and indicate to any one of you I may happen to meet, such things as the following, after my usual manner: O best of men, since you are an Athenian, of a city the greatest and the most celebrated for wisdom and strength, are you not ashamed of being attentive to the means of acquiring riches, glory, and honour, in great abundance, but to bestow no care nor any consideration upon prudence[1] and

[1] Meaning *intellectual prudence*, which is the contemplation of the forms contained in intellect.—TAYLOR.

truth, nor how your soul may subsist in the most excellent condition? And if any one of you should contend with me, and say that these things are the objects of his care, I should not immediately dismiss him, nor depart, but I should interrogate, explore, and reason with him. And if he should not appear to me to possess virtue, and yet pretend to the possession of it, I should reprove him as one who but little esteems things of the greatest worth, but considers things of a vile and abject nature as of great importance. In this manner I should act by any one I might happen to meet, whether younger or older, a stranger or a citizen; but rather to citizens, because ye are more allied to me. For be well assured that Divinity commands me thus to act. And I think that a greater good never happened to you in the city, than this my obedience to the will of Divinity. For I go about doing nothing else than persuading both the younger and older among you, neither to pay attention to the body, nor to riches, nor anything else prior to the soul; nor to be so much concerned for anything, as how the soul may subsist in the most excellent condition. I also say that virtue is not produced from riches, but riches from virtue, as likewise all other human goods, both privately and publicly. If, therefore, asserting these things, I corrupt the youth, these things will be noxious; but if any one says that I assert other things than these, he says what is untrue. In addition to this I shall say, O Athenians, that whether you are persuaded by Anytus or not, and whether you dismiss me or not, I shall not act otherwise, even though I should die for it many times.

Be not disturbed, O Athenians, but patiently hear what I shall request of you; for I think it will be advantageous for you to hear. For I am about to mention certain other things to you, at which perhaps you will be clamorous; though let this on no account take place. Be well assured then, if you put me to death, being such a man as I say I am, you will not injure me more than yourselves. For neither Melitus nor Anytus injures me; for neither can

they. Indeed, I think it is not possible for a better to be injured by a worse man. He may indeed perhaps condemn me to death, or exile, or disgrace; and he or some other may consider these as mighty evils. I however do not think so; but, in my opinion, it is much more an evil to act as he now acts, who endeavours to put a man to death unjustly. Now, therefore, O Athenians, it is far from my intention to defend myself (as some one may think), but I thus speak for your sake, lest in condemning me you should sin against the gift of Divinity. For, if you should put me to death, you will not easily find such another (though the comparison is ridiculous) whom Divinity has united to this city as to a great and generous horse, but sluggish through his magnitude, and requiring to be excited by some gadfly. In like manner Divinity appears to have united such a one as I am to the city, that I might not cease exciting, persuading, and reproving each of you, and everywhere lighting upon you through the whole day. Such another man will not easily arise among you. And if you will be persuaded by me, you will spare me. Perhaps, however, you, being indignant, like those who are awakened from sleep, will repulse me, and, being persuaded by Anytus, will inconsiderately put me to death. Should this be the case, you will pass the rest of your time in sleep, unless Divinity should send some other person to take care of you. But that I am such a one as I have said, one imparted to this city by Divinity, you may understand from hence. For my conduct does not appear to be human, in neglecting everything pertaining to myself and my private affairs for so many years, and always attending to your concerns, addressing each of you separately, like a father, or an elder brother, and persuading you to the study of virtue. And if indeed I had obtained any emolument from this conduct, and receiving a recompense had exhorted you to these things, there might be some reason for asserting that I acted like other men; but now behold, even my accusers themselves, who have so shamelessly calumniated me in everything else, have not been so impudent as to charge

me with this, or to bring witnesses to prove that I ever either demanded or solicited a reward. And that I speak the truth, my poverty I think affords a sufficient testimony.

Perhaps, therefore, it may appear absurd, that, going about and involving myself in a multiplicity of affairs, I should privately advise these things, but that I should never dare to come to your public assembly, and consult for the city. The cause of this is that which you have often heard me everywhere asserting—viz., because a certain divine and dæmoniacal voice is present with me, which also Melitus in his accusation derided. This voice attended me from a child; and, when it is present, always *dissuades* me from what I intended to do, but never *incites* me. This it is which opposed my engaging in political affairs; and to me its opposition appears to be most right and proper. For be well assured, O Athenians, if I had formerly attempted to transact political affairs, I should have perished long before this, and should neither have benefited you in any respect, nor myself. And be not indignant with me for speaking the truth. For it is not possible that any man can be safe, who sincerely opposes either you, or any other multitude, and who prevents many unjust and illegal actions from taking place in the city; but it is necessary that he who will really contend for the right, if he wishes even but for a little time to be safe, should live privately, and not engage in public affairs.

I will present you with mighty proofs of these things, not words, but that which you honour more, namely, deeds. Hear then the circumstances which have happened to me, that you may know that I shall not yield to any one contrary to what is becoming, through dread of death; though at the same time by not yielding I should perish. For I, O Athenians, never bore the office of magistrate[1] in the city, but I have been a senator: and it happened that our Antiochean tribe governed, when you thought proper to

[1] The people of Athens were divided into tribes, and fifty men were chosen by turns out of each, who governed thirty-five days, and were called Prytani or Senators.

condemn the ten generals collectively, for not taking up the bodies of those that perished in the naval battle;[1] and in so doing acted illegally, as afterwards appeared to all of you. At that time I alone of the Prytaneans opposed you, that you might not act contrary to the laws, and my suffrage was contrary to yours. When the orators also were ready to point me out and condemn me, and you likewise were exhorting and vociferating to the same end, I thought that I ought rather to encounter danger with law and justice, than adhere to you in your injustice, through fear of bonds or death. And these things indeed happened while the city was yet a democracy; but when it became an oligarchy, the Thirty sent for me and four others to the Tholus,[2] and ordered us to bring Leon the Salaminian from Salamis, in order to be put to death; for by these orders they meant to involve many others in guilt. Then indeed I, not in words but in deeds, showed them, if I may use so vulgar an expression, that I cared not a snap of my fingers for death; but that all my attention was directed to this, that I might do nothing unjust or unholy. For that dominion of the Thirty, though so strong, did not terrify me into the perpetration of any unjust action. But when we departed from the Tholus, the four indeed went to Salamis, and brought with them Leon; but I returned home. And perhaps for this I should have been put to death, if that government had not been rapidly dissolved. These things many of you can testify.

Do you think, therefore, that I could have lived for so many years, if I had engaged in public affairs, and had acted in a manner becoming a good man, giving assistance to justice, and doing this in the most eminent degree? Far otherwise, O Athenians: for neither could any other man. But I, through the whole of my life, if I do anything publicly, shall appear to be such a man; and being

[1] This battle was fought by Callicratidas, the Lacedæmonian general, against the ten Athenian generals, who obtained the victory.

[2] The Tholus was a kind of clerks' office, where the Prytani dined, and the clerks sat.

the same privately, I shall never grant anything to any one contrary to justice, neither to any other, nor to any one of these whom my calumniators say are my disciples. I however was never the preceptor of any one; but I never repulsed either the young or the old that were desirous of hearing me speak after my usual manner. Nor do I discourse when I receive money, and refrain from speaking when I do not receive any; but I similarly offer myself to be interrogated by the rich and the poor: and if any one is willing to answer, he hears what I have to say. Of these too, whether any one becomes good or not, I cannot justly be said to be the cause, because I never either promised or taught them any discipline. But if any one says that he has ever learnt or heard anything from me privately which all others have not, be well assured that he does not speak the truth.

Why therefore some have delighted to associate with me for a long time ye have heard, O Athenians. I have told you all the truth, that men are delighted on hearing those interrogated who think themselves to be wise, but who are not: for this is not unpleasant. But, as I say, I am ordered to do this by Divinity, by oracles, by dreams, and by every mode by which any other divine destiny ever commanded anything to be done by man. These things, O Athenians, are true, and might easily be confuted if they were not. For if, with respect to the youth, I corrupt some, and have corrupted others, it is fit, if any of them have become old, that, knowing I gave them bad advice when they were young, they should now rise up, accuse and take vengeance on me; but if they themselves are unwilling to do this, that their fathers, or brothers, or others of their kindred, should now call to mind and avenge the evil which their relatives suffered from me. But in short many of them are here present, whom I see:— In the first place, Crito, who is of the same age and city that I am, and who is the father of this Critobulus: in the next place, Lysanias the Sphecian, the father of this Æschines; and further still, Antipho the Cephisian, the

father of Epigenes. There are also others whose brothers are in this assembly—viz., Nicostratus, the son of Zotidas, and the brother of Theodotus. And Theodotus indeed is dead, and so will not hinder him. Paralus also is here, the son of Demodochus, of whom Theages was the brother; likewise Adimantus, the son of Aristo, the brother of whom is this Plato; and Æantidorus, of whom Apollodorus is the brother. I could also mention many others, some one of whom Melitus, especially in his oration, ought to have adduced as a witness. If however he then forgot to do so, let him now produce him, for he has my consent; and if he has anything of this kind to disclose, let him declare it. However, you will find the very contrary of this to be the case, and that all these are ready to assist me who have corrupted and injured their kindred, as Melitus and Anytus say. It might indeed perhaps be reasonable to suppose that those whom I have corrupted would assist me; but what other reason can the relatives of these have, who are not corrupted, and who are now advanced in age, for giving me assistance, except that which is right and just? For they know that Melitus lies, and that I speak the truth. Be it so then, O Athenians: and these indeed, and perhaps other such-like particulars, are what I have to urge in my defence.

Perhaps, however, some one among you will be indignant on recollecting that he, when engaged in a much less contest than this, suppliantly implored the judges with many tears; that he also brought his children hither, that by these he might especially excite compassion, together with many others of his relatives and friends: but I do none of these things, though, as it may appear, I am brought to extreme danger. Perhaps, therefore, some one thus thinking may become more hostile towards me, and, being enraged with these very particulars, may give his vote with anger. If then any one of you is thus affected,—I do not think there is any one, but if there should be, I shall appear to myself to speak equitably to such a one by saying that I also, O best of men, have certain relatives. For, as Homer

says, I am not sprung from an oak, nor from a rock, but from men. So that I also, O Athenians, have relations, and three sons; one now a lad; but the other two, boys: I have not however brought any one of them hither, that I might supplicate you on that account to acquit me. Why is it then that I do none of these things? It is not, O Athenians, because I am contumacious, nor is it in contempt of you. And as to my fearing or not fearing death, that is another question. But it does not appear to me to be consistent either with my own credit or yours, or that of the whole city, that I should do anything of this kind at my age, and with the reputation I have acquired, whether true or false. For it is admitted that Socrates surpasses in something the multitude of mankind. If, therefore, those among you who appear to excel either in wisdom, in fortitude, or any other virtue, should act in such a manner as I have seen some when they have been judged, it would be shameful: for these, appearing indeed to be something, have conducted themselves very strangely, thinking they should suffer something dreadful by dying, as if they would be immortal if you did not put them to death. These men, as it appears to me, would so disgrace the city, that any stranger might apprehend that such of the Athenians as excel in virtue, and who are promoted to the magistracy and other honours in preference to the rest, are no better than women. For these things, O Athenians, ought not to be done by us who have gained some degree of reputation, nor should you suffer us to do them, if we were willing; but you should show that you will much sooner condemn him who introduces these lamentable dramas, and who thus makes the city ridiculous, than him who quietly expects your decision.

But exclusive of our credit, O Athenians, neither does it appear to me to be just for the accused to entreat his judge nor to supplicate for an acquittal; but in my opinion he ought to teach and persuade him. For a judge does not sit for the purpose of showing favour, but that he may judge what is just: and he takes an oath that he will not show

favour to any, but that he will judge according to the laws. Hence it is neither fit that we should accustom you, nor that you should be accustomed to forswear yourselves: for in so doing neither of us will act piously. Do not, therefore, think, O Athenians, that I ought to act in such a manner towards you as I should neither conceive to be honourable, nor just, nor holy; and especially, by Zeus, since I am accused of impiety by this Melitus. For it clearly follows, that if I should persuade you, and, though you have taken an oath, force you to be favourable, I might then indeed teach that you do not think there are gods; and in reality, while making my defence, I should accuse myself as not believing in the gods. This however is far from being the case: for I believe that there are gods more than any one of my accusers; and I refer it to you and to Divinity to judge concerning me such things as will be best both for me and you.

After Socrates had thus spoken, votes were taken by the judges, and he was condemned by a majority of five or six voices. His speech after his condemnation commences in the paragraph immediately following.

That I should not, therefore, O Athenians, be indignant with you because you have condemned me, there are many reasons, and among others this, that it has not happened to me contrary to my expectation; but I much rather wonder that there should have been so great a number of votes on both sides. For I did not think that I should have wanted such a few additional votes for my acquittal. But now, as it seems, if only three votes had changed sides, I should have escaped condemnation. Indeed, as it appears to me, I now have escaped Melitus; and I have not only escaped him, but it is perfectly evident that unless Anytus and Lyco had risen to accuse me, he had lost his thousand[1] drachmas, since he had not had the fifth part of the votes on his side.

Melitus then thinks that I deserve death. Be it so.

[1] An accuser was obliged to have a fifth part of the votes, or else he was fined in a thousand drachmas.

But what punishment,[1] O Athenians, shall I assign to myself? Is it not evident that it will be such a one as I deserve? What then do I deserve to suffer or to pay, for not having during my life concealed what I have learned, but neglected all that the multitude esteem, riches, domestic concerns, military command, authority in public assemblies, and other magistracies? for having avoided the conspiracies and seditions which have happened in the city, thinking that I was in reality a more worthy character than to depend on these things for my safety? I have not, therefore, applied myself to those pursuits, by which I could neither benefit you nor myself; but my whole endeavour has been to benefit every individual in the greatest degree; striving to persuade each of you, that he should pay no attention to any of his concerns, prior to that care of himself by which he may become a most worthy and wise man; that he should not attend to the affairs of the city prior to the city itself; and that attention should be paid to other things in a similar manner. What then, being such a man, do I deserve to suffer? Some kind of good, O Athenians, if in reality you honour me according to my desert; and this such a good as it is proper for me to receive. What then is the good which is adapted to a poor man who is a benefactor, and who requires leisure that he may exhort you to virtue? There is not anything more adapted, O Athenians, than that such a man should be supported at the public expense in the Prytaneum; and this much more than if some one of you had been victorious in the Olympic games with horses, or in the two or four-yoked car. For such a one makes you *appear* to be happy, but I cause you *to be* so: and he is not in want of support, but I am. If,

[1] When the criminal was found guilty, and the accuser demanded a sentence of death, the law allowed the prisoner to condemn himself to one of these three punishments—viz., perpetual imprisonment, a fine, or banishment. This privilege was first enacted on the behalf of the judges, that they might not hesitate to pass sentence on those who, by condemning themselves, owned their guilt. Socrates, therefore, in obedience to the laws, and in order to proclaim his innocence, instead of a punishment demanded a reward worthy of himself.—TAYLOR.

therefore, it is necessary that I should be honoured according to what is justly my desert, I should be honoured with this support in the Prytaneum.

Perhaps, therefore, in saying these things, I shall appear to you to speak in the same manner as when I reprobated lamentations and supplications. A thing of this kind, however, O Athenians, is not the case, but rather the following. I am determined not to injure any man willingly; though I shall not persuade you of this, because the time in which we can discourse with each other is but short. For if there was the same law with you as with others, that in cases of death the judicial process should not continue for one day only but for many, I think I should be able to persuade you. But now it is not easy in a short time to dissolve great calumnies. Being, however, determined to injure no one, I shall be very far from injuring myself, and of pronouncing against myself that I am worthy of evil and punishment. What then? Fearing lest I should suffer that which Melitus thinks I deserve, which I say I know not whether it is good or evil; that I may avoid this, shall I choose that which I well know to be evil, and think that I deserve this? Whether then shall I choose bonds? But why is it necessary that I should live in prison, in perpetual subjection to the eleven magistrates? Shall I pay a fine then, and remain in bonds till it is discharged? But this is what I just now said: for I have not money to pay it. Shall I then choose exile? For perhaps I shall be thought worthy of this. I should, however, O Athenians, be a great lover of life, if I were so absurd as not to be able to infer that if you, being my fellow-citizens, could not endure my habits and discourses, which have become to you so burthensome and odious, that you now seek to be liberated from them, it is not likely that others would easily bear them. It is far otherwise, O Athenians. My life would be beautiful indeed were I at this advanced age to live in exile, changing and being driven from one city to another. For I well know that, wherever I may go, the youth will hear me when I discourse, in the same

manner as they do here. And if I should repel them, they also would expel me, persuading the more elderly to this effect. But if I should not repel them, the fathers and kindred of these would banish me on account of these very young men themselves.

Perhaps, however, some one will say, Can you not, Socrates, live in exile silently and quietly? But it is the most difficult of all things to persuade some among you that this cannot take place. For if I say that in so doing I should disobey Divinity, and that on this account it is impossible for me to live a life of leisure and quiet, you would not believe me, in consequence of supposing that I spoke ironically. And if, again, I should say that this is the greatest good to man, to discourse every day concerning virtue, and other things which you have heard me discussing, exploring both myself and others; and if I should also assert that a life without investigation is not worthy for a man to live, much less, were I thus to speak, would you believe me. These things, however, O Athenians, are as I say; but it is not easy to persuade you that they are so. And at the same time I am not accustomed to think myself deserving of any ill. Indeed, if I were rich, I would amerce myself in such a sum as I might be able to pay; but now I am not in a condition to do this, unless you would allow the fine to be proportioned to what I am able to pay. For thus perhaps I might be able to pay a mina of silver (£3). But Plato here, O Athenians, Crito, Critobulus, and Apollodorus, exhort me to pay thirty minæ (£90), for which they will be answerable. I amerce myself, therefore, in thirty minæ; and these will be my securities for the payment.

Socrates having amerced himself in obedience to the laws, the judges took the affair into consideration, and, without any regard to the fine, condemned him to die. After the sentence was pronounced, Socrates addressed them as in the next paragraph.

Now, O Athenians, your impatience and precipitancy will draw upon you a great reproach, and give occasion to those

who are so disposed, to revile the city for having put that wise man Socrates to death. For those who are willing to reproach you will call me a wise man, though I am not. If, therefore, you had waited but for a short time, this very thing, my death, would have happened to you spontaneously. For behold my age, that it is far advanced in life, and is near to death. But I do not say this to all of you, but to those only who have condemned me to die. This also I say to them: Perhaps you think, O Athenians, that I was condemned through the want of such language, by which I might have persuaded you, if I had thought it requisite to say and do anything, so that I might escape punishment. Far otherwise: for I am condemned through want indeed, yet not of words, but of audacity and impudence, and because I was unwilling to say such things to you as you would have been much gratified in hearing, I at the same time weeping and lamenting, and doing and saying many other things unworthy of me, as I say, but such as you are accustomed to hear and see in others. But neither then did I think it was necessary, for the sake of avoiding danger, to do anything so slavish, nor do I now repent that I have thus defended myself; but I should much rather choose to die, after having made this apology, than to live after that manner. For neither in a judicial process, nor in battle, is it proper that I or any other should devise how he may by any means avoid death; since in battle it is frequently evident that a man might easily avoid death by throwing away his arms, and suppliantly converting himself to his pursuers. There are also many other devices in other dangers, by which he who is ready to do and say anything may escape death. To fly from death, however, O Athenians, is not difficult, but it is much more difficult to fly from depravity; for it runs swifter than death. And now I indeed, as being slow and old, am caught by the slower; but my accusers, as being skilful and swift, are caught by the swifter of these two, improbity. Now, too, I indeed depart, condemned by you to death; but they being condemned by truth, depart to depravity and injustice.

And I acquiesce in this decision, and they also. Perhaps it is necessary that these things should be so, and I think they are right.

In the next place, I desire to predict to you who have condemned me, what will be your fate. For I am now in that situation in which men especially prophesy—viz., when they are about to die. For I say, that you, my murderers, will immediately after my death be punished,[1] in a manner, by Zeus, much more severe than I shall. For now you have done this, thinking you should be liberated from the necessity of giving an account of your life. The very contrary, however, as I say, will happen to you: for many will be your accusers, whom I have restrained, though you did not perceive it. These too will be more troublesome, because they are younger, and will be more indignant against you. For, if you think that by putting men to death you will restrain others from upbraiding you that you do not live well, you are much mistaken; since this mode of liberation is neither sufficiently efficacious nor becoming. But this is the most beautiful and the most easy mode, not to disturb others, but to act in such a manner that you may be most excellent characters. And thus much I prophesy to those of you who condemned me.

But to you who have acquitted me by your decision, I would willingly speak concerning this affair during the time that the magistrates are at leisure, and before I am brought to the place where I am to die. Attend to me, therefore, O Athenians, during that time. For nothing hinders our conversing with each other, as long as we are permitted so to do; since I wish to demonstrate to you, as friends, the meaning of that which has just now happened to me. To me, then, O my judges (and in calling you judges I rightly

[1] This prediction was fulfilled almost immediately after the death of Socrates. The Athenians repented of their cruelty; and his accusers were universally despised and shunned. One of them, Melitus, was torn in pieces; another, Anytus, was expelled the Heraclea, to which he fled for shelter; and others destroyed themselves. And, in addition to this, a raging plague soon after desolated Athens.—TAYLOR.

denominate you), a certain wonderful circumstance has happened. For the prophetic voice of the dæmon, which opposed me in the most trifling affairs, if I was about to act in anything improperly, prior to this, I was continually accustomed to hear; but now, though these things have happened to me which you see, and which some one would think to be the extremity of evils, yet neither when I departed from home in the morning was the signal of the God adverse to me, nor when I ascended hither to the place of judgment, nor when I was about to speak,—though at other times it frequently restrained me in the midst of speaking. But now, in this affair, it has never been adverse to me, either in word or deed. I will now, therefore, tell you what I apprehend to be the cause of this. For this thing which has happened appears to me to be good; nor do those of us apprehend rightly who think death to be an evil; of which this appears to me to be a great argument, that the accustomed signal would have opposed me, unless I had been about to do something good.

After this manner too we may conceive that there is abundant hope that death is good. For to die is one of two things. For it is either to be as it were nothing, and to be deprived of all sensation; or, as it is said, it is a certain mutation and migration of the soul from this to another place. And whether no sensation remains, but death is like sleep when unattended with any dreams, in this case death will be a gain. For, if any one compares such a night as this, in which he so profoundly sleeps as not even to see a dream, with the other nights and days of his life, and should declare how many he had passed better and more pleasantly than this night, I think that not only a private man, but even the Great King himself, would find so small a number that they might be easily counted. If, therefore, death is a thing of this kind, I say it is a gain: for thus the whole of future time appears to be nothing more than one night. But if again death is a migration from hence to another place, and the assertion is true that all the dead are there, what greater good, O my judges, can there be than this? For if some

one arriving at Hades, being liberated from these who pretend to be judges, should find those who are true judges, and who are said to judge there—viz., Minos and Rhadamanthus, Æacus and Triptolemus, and such others of the demi-gods as lived justly, would this be a journey to despise? At what rate would you not purchase a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, with Hesiod and Homer? I indeed should be willing to die often, if these things are true. For to me the association will be admirable, when I shall meet with Palamedes, and Ajax, the son of Telamon, and any other of the ancients who died through an unjust decision. The comparing my case with theirs will, I think, be no unpleasing employment to me. But the greatest pleasure will consist in passing my time there, as I have done here, in interrogating and exploring who among them is wise, and who fancies himself to be but is not so. What, O my judges, would not any one give for a conference with him who led that mighty army against Troy, or with Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or ten thousand others, both men and women, that might be mentioned? For to converse and associate with these, and interrogate them, would be an inestimable felicity. There, assuredly, it is no capital crime to do so; since they are in other respects more happy than those that live here, and are for the rest of time immortal, if the assertions respecting these things are true.

You, therefore, O my judges, ought to entertain good hopes with respect to death, and to be firmly persuaded of this one thing, that to a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead, and that his concerns are never neglected by the gods. Nor is my present condition the effect of chance; but this is evident to me, that now to die, and be liberated from the affairs of life, is better for me. On this account the accustomed signal did not in this affair oppose me. Nor am I very indignant with those that accused and condemned me, though their intention in so doing was to injure me; and for this they deserve to be blamed. Thus much, however, I request of them: That you will punish my sons when they grow up, afflicting them

as I have afflicted you, if they shall appear to you to pay more attention to riches or anything else than to virtue; and if they shall think themselves to be something when they are nothing, that you will reprobate them as I do you, for neglecting the care of things to which they ought to attend, and conceiving themselves to be of some consequence when they are of no worth. If ye do these things, your conduct both towards me and my sons will be just. But it is now time for us to depart hence,—for me to die, but for you to live. Which of us, however, will arrive at a better thing is manifest to none but Divinity.

THE CRITO.

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE.

SOCRATES AND CRITO.

Scene—The Prison of Socrates.

Soc. Why came you at this early hour, Crito? Or is it not yet morning?

Cri. It is.

Soc. But what time of the morning is it?

Cri. It is now the break of day.

Soc. I wonder how the keeper of the prison came to admit you.

Cri. He is accustomed to me, Socrates, in consequence of my frequently coming hither; and he is also in a certain respect under obligations to me.

Soc. Did you come just now, or some time ago?

Cri. It is a considerable time since I came.

Soc. But why did you not immediately call me, and not sit down in silence?

Cri. Not so, by Zeus, Socrates; nor should I myself be willing to be for so long a time awake and in sorrow. But I have for some time admired you, on perceiving how sweetly you slept. And I designedly did not call you, that you might continue in that pleasant condition. Indeed I have often and formerly through the whole of your life considered you as happy on account of your manners, but far more so in the present calamity, because you bear it so easily and mildly.

Soc. But it would be absurd, Crito, if a man of my age were to be indignant when it is necessary for him to die.

Cri. And yet others, Socrates, equally old, when they have been involved in such-like calamities, have notwithstanding their age been indignant with their present fortune.

Soc. It is so. But why did you come to me so early?

Cri. I come, Socrates, bearing a message not unpleasant to you, as it appears to me, but bitter and weighty to me and to all your associates; and which I indeed shall bear most heavily.

Soc. What is it? Is the ship come from Delos, on the arrival of which I am to die?

Cri. Not yet; but it appears to me, from what certain persons coming from Sunium have announced, and who left it there, that it will arrive to-day. From these messengers, therefore, it is evident that it will be here to-day; and consequently it will be necessary for you, Socrates, to die to-morrow.

Soc. But with good fortune, Crito: and if it please the gods, be it so. Yet I do not think that it will arrive here to-day.

Cri. Whence do you infer this?

Soc. I will tell you. For on the day after, or on the very day in which the ship arrives, it is necessary that I should die.

Cri. Those that have power over these things say so.

Soc. I do not, therefore, think that it will come this, but the next day. But I infer this from a certain dream which I saw this night a little before you came; and you appear very opportunely not to have disturbed me.

Cri. But what was this dream?

Soc. A certain woman, beautiful, of a pleasing aspect and in white raiment, seemed to approach, and calling me, to say, "The third day hence, O Socrates, you will arrive at the fertile Phthia."[1]

Cri. What a strange dream, Socrates!

Soc. Manifest, however, as it appears to me, O Crito.

[1] This is a line of the *Iliad*, ix. 363.

Cri. Very much so, as it seems. But, O blessed Socrates, be now persuaded by me, and save yourself. For, if you die, not one calamity only will befall me; but, exclusively of being deprived of you, an associate so necessary as I never have found any other to be, those who do not well know me and you, will think that I might have saved you if I had been willing to spend my money, but that I neglected to do so. Though what can be more base than such an opinion, by which I should appear to value riches more than my friends? For the multitude will not be persuaded that you were unwilling to depart hence, though we endeavoured to effect your escape.

Soc. But why, O blessed Crito, should we so much respect the opinion of the multitude? For the most worthy men, whose opinion ought rather to be regarded, will think these things to have been so transacted as they were.

Cri. Nevertheless, you see, Socrates, that it is necessary to pay attention to the opinion of the multitude. For the present circumstances now evince that the multitude can effect not the smallest of evils, but nearly the greatest, if any one is calumniated by them.

Soc. I wish, O Crito, the multitude could effect the greatest evils, that they might also accomplish the greatest good: for then it would be well. But now they can do neither of these. For they can neither make a man wise, nor destitute of wisdom; but they do whatever they do by chance alone.

Cri. Let these things be so. But answer me, Socrates, whether your concern for me and the rest of your associates prevents you from escaping hence, lest we should be molested by informers, as having fraudulently taken you from hence, and be forced either to lose all our property, or a great sum of money, or to suffer something else besides this? For, if you fear any such thing, bid farewell to it. For we shall be just in running this risk to save you, or, if it were requisite, one even greater than this. But be persuaded by me, and do not act otherwise.

Soc. I pay attention to these things, Crito, and also to many others.

Cri. Do not then dread these things. For those who have agreed to save you, and to take you from hence, demand no great sum for this purpose. And, in the next place, do you not see how poor the informers are, and that on this account your liberty may be purchased at a small expense? My property too, which I think is sufficient, is at your service. And if, out of regard to me, you do not think fit to accept my offer, there are friends here who are readily disposed to pay what may be necessary. One also among them, Simmias the Theban, has brought with him a sum of money sufficient for this purpose. Cebes, too, and very many others are ready to do the same: so that, as I said, neither fearing these things, should you hesitate to save yourself, nor should you be troubled on leaving the city (as in court you said you should) from not knowing how to conduct yourself. For in many other places, wherever you may go, you will be beloved. And if you are disposed to go to Thessaly, you will there find my friends, who will pay you every attention, and will render your abode there so secure, that no one in Thessaly will molest you. Besides this, Socrates, neither do you appear to me to attempt a just thing, in betraying when you might save yourself; and in endeavouring to promote the earnest wishes of your enemies, who strive to destroy you. To this I may also add, that you appear to me to betray your own children, whom it is incumbent on you to maintain and educate; and, as far as pertains to you, leave them to the guidance of chance; though it is likely that such things will happen to them as orphans are wont to experience. However, either it is not proper to beget children, or it is requisite to labour in rearing and instructing them when begotten. But you appear to me to have chosen the most indolent mode of conduct; though it is proper that you should choose such things as a good and brave man would adopt, especially as you profess to have made virtue the object of your attention through the whole of life. I am, therefore, ashamed both for you and those familiars who are our associates as well as yours, lest the whole affair concerning

you should appear to have been accomplished through a certain cowardice on our part. And in the first place, your standing a trial which might have been prevented; in the next place, your defence; and, in the last place, the extremity to which you are now brought, will be placed to the account of our viciousness and cowardice, and will be considered as so many ridiculous circumstances which might have been avoided, if we had exerted ourselves even in a trifling degree. See, therefore, O Socrates, whether these things, besides being evil, will not also be disgraceful both to you and us. Advise then with yourself quickly, though indeed there is no time for consultation; for on the following night all this must be done. But, if we delay, it will be impossible to effect your escape. By all means, therefore, be persuaded by me, Socrates, and do not in any respect otherwise.

Soc. My dear Crito, your alacrity is very commendable, if it is attended with a certain rectitude; but if not, by how much the greater it is, by so much is it the more blamable. It is necessary, therefore, to consider whether these things ought to be done or not. For I am a man of that kind, not only now but always, who acts in obedience to that reason which appears to me on mature deliberation to be the best. And the reasons which I have formerly adopted, I am not able now to reject in my present fortune, but they nearly appear to me to be similar: and I venerate and honour the same principles as formerly; so that, unless we have anything better to adduce at present than these, be well assured that I shall not comply with your request, not though the power of the multitude should endeavour to terrify us like children, by threatening more bonds and deaths, and ablations of property.

Cri. How may we consider these things in the best manner?

Soc. If, in the first place, we resume that which you said concerning opinions, considering whether it was well said by us or not, that to some opinions we ought to pay attention, and to others not; or rather indeed, before it was necessary

that I should die, it was well said, but now it becomes evident that it was asserted for the sake of discussion, though in reality it was merely a jest and a trifle. I desire, however, O Crito, to consider, in common with you, whether that assertion appears to me in my present condition to be different, or the same, and whether we shall bid farewell to or be persuaded by it. But thus I think it is everywhere said by those who appear to say anything pertinently, that, as I just now asserted of the opinions which men opine, some ought to be very much attended to, and others not. By the gods, Crito, does not this appear to you to be well said? For you, so far as relates to human power, are out of danger of dying to-morrow, and such a calamity as the present will not seduce you into a false decision. Consider then: does it not appear to you to have been asserted with sufficient rectitude, that it is not fit to reverence all the opinions of men, but that some should be honoured and others not? Nor yet the opinions of all men, but those of some and not those of others? What do you say? Are not these things well said?

Cri. Well.

Soc. Are not worthy opinions, therefore, to be honoured, but base opinions not?

Cri. They are.

Soc. And are not worthy opinions those of wise men; but base opinions those of the unwise?

Cri. Undoubtedly.

Soc. Come then, let us again consider how things of this kind were asserted. Whether does he who is conversant in gymnastic exercises pay attention to the praise and blame and opinion of every man, or of that one man alone who is a physician, or the preceptor of boys in their bodily exercises?

Cri. Of that one alone.

Soc. Is it not, therefore, proper that he should fear the blame and embrace the praise of that one, but not the praise and blame of the multitude?

Cri. Evidently.

Soc. In this manner, therefore, he ought to act and

exercise himself, and also to eat and drink, which appears fit to the one who presides and knows, rather than in that which may appear to be proper to all others.

Cri. Certainly.

Soc. Be it so. But if he is disobedient to that one, and disregards his opinion and his praise, but honours the opinion and praise of the multitude, who know nothing, will he not suffer some evil?

Cri. How is it possible he should not?

Soc. But what is this evil, whither does it tend, and to which of the things pertaining to him who is disobedient?

Cri. Evidently to his body, for this it corrupts.

Soc. You speak well. We must form the same conclusion, therefore, Crito, in other things, that we may not run through all of them. With respect, therefore, to things just and unjust, foul and fair, good and evil, and which are now the subjects of our consultation, whether ought we to follow the opinion of the multitude, and to dread it, or that of one man if there is any one knowing in these things, whom we ought to reverence and fear rather than all others; to whom if we are not obedient, we shall corrupt and injure that which becomes better by the just, but is destroyed by the unjust? Or is this nothing?

Cri. I think, Socrates, we ought to follow the opinion of that one.

Soc. Come then, if, not being persuaded by the opinion of those that are judges, we destroy that which becomes better by health, but is corrupted by disease, can we live after this destruction? But is not this of which we are speaking the body?

Cri. Yes.

Soc. Can we, therefore, live after the body is depraved and corrupted?

Cri. By no means.

Soc. But can we live when that is corrupted which is injured by the unjust, but benefited by the just? Or shall we think that to be viler than the body, whatever it may be, pertaining to us, about which justice and injustice subsist?

Cri. By no means.

Soc. It is, therefore, more honourable.

Cri. By far.

Soc. We should not, therefore, O best of men, be so very much concerned about what the multitude say of us, but what that one man who knows what is just and unjust, and what truth itself is, asserts respecting us. So that you did not act rightly at first, in introducing the opinion of the multitude concerning things just, beautiful, and good, and the contraries of these, as that to which we ought to pay attention. Though some one may say that the multitude are able to put us to death.

Cri. Some one, Socrates, may indeed say so.

Soc. True. But the assertion which we have discussed appears to me to be still where it was before: and again, consider whether this is still granted by us, that we are not to admit the merely living, but living well, to be a thing of the greatest consequence.

Cri. It is granted.

Soc. And is this also granted, or not, that it is the same thing to live well, beautifully, and justly?

Cri. It is.

Soc. From what has been assented to, therefore, this must be considered, whether it is just for me to endeavour to depart hence, the Athenians not dismissing me, or whether it is not just. And if it should appear to be just indeed, we should endeavour to accomplish it; but if not, we must bid farewell to the attempt. For as to the considerations which you adduce concerning money, opinion, and the education of children, see, Crito, whether these are not in reality the reflections of the vulgar, who rashly put men to death, and if it were in their power would recall them to life, and this without being at all guided by intellect. But by us, since reason requires it, nothing else is to be considered than as we just now said, whether we shall act justly in giving money and thanks to those who may lead me hence; or whether in reality, both we that are led from hence, and those that lead us, shall not in all these things act unjustly. And if it

should appear that we in so doing shall act unjustly, we must by no means pay attention to these things, rather than to the consideration whether we shall do anything unjustly; not even if it should be necessary for us to stay here and die quietly, or to suffer anything else whatever.

Cri. You appear to me, Socrates, to speak well; but see what is to be done.

Soc. Let us consider, O good man, in common; and if you can in any respect contradict what I say, contradict me, and I will assent to you; but if you cannot, cease, O blessed man, to repeat often to me the same thing, that I ought to depart hence, though the Athenians forbid. For I shall think it a great thing if you can persuade me thus to act, but not if you attempt this contrary to my will. See then, whether the beginning of this consideration satisfies you, and endeavour to answer the interrogation in such a way as you think it is proper.

Cri. I will endeavour.

Soc. Shall we say then, that we should by no means willingly act unjustly? Or may we in a certain respect act unjustly, and in a certain respect not? Or is to act unjustly by no means neither good nor beautiful, as we have often confessed before, and as we just now said? Or are all those things which we formerly assented to dissipated in these few days; and has it for some time been concealed from us, that though we are so old, yet in seriously discoursing with each other, we have in no respect differed from children? Or is it not much rather, as we then said, the truth that, whether the multitude admit it or not, or whether we should suffer things more grievous or more mild than these, to act unjustly is evil and base to him who thus acts?

Cri. We shall say so.

Soc. By no means, therefore, ought we to act unjustly.

Cri. We ought not.

Soc. Neither, therefore, ought he who is injured to return the injury, as the multitude think, since it is by no means proper to act unjustly.

Cri. So it appears.

Soc. But what then? Is it proper to do evil to any one, O Crito, or not?

Cri. It is not proper, Socrates.

Soc. But what? Is it just to repay evil with evil, as the multitude say, or is it not just?

Cri. By no means.

Soc. For doing evil to men differs in no respect from acting unjustly [doing wrong].

Cri. Your assertion is true.

Soc. Neither, therefore, is it proper to return an injury, nor to do evil to any man, however you may be injured by him. But see, Crito, while you acknowledge these things, that you do not assent to them contrary to your opinion. For I know that these things appear to and are opined by very few. But those to whom these things appear, and those to whom they do not, can have no common ground of argument, and they must necessarily despise each other when they see each other's decisions Do you therefore consider, and very diligently, whether it thus appears to you in common with me, and whether deliberating we should begin from hence, that it is never right either to do a wrong, or to return a wrong, or when suffering evil to revenge it by doing evil in return; or, whether you will depart and not agree with us in this principle. For it thus appears to me both formerly and now; but if it in any respect appears otherwise to you, speak and inform me. And if you acquiesce in what has been said above, hear what follows.

Cri. But I do acquiesce and accord with you. Speak, therefore.

Soc. I will say then that which is consequent to this, or rather I will ask you, whether, when a man has promised to do things that are just, he ought to do them, or to break his promise?

Cri. He ought to do them.

Soc. From these things then thus consider. If we should depart hence without the consent of the city,

shall we do evil to certain persons, and those such as we ought not in the smallest degree to injure, or shall we not? And shall we acquiesce in those things which we assented to as being just, or shall we not?

Cri. I cannot reply to your question, Socrates: for I do not understand it.

Soc. But thus consider. If to us, intending to make off from hence, or in whatever manner it may be requisite to denominate it, the Laws and the Republic should present themselves in a body, and thus address us,—Tell us, O Socrates, what is it you intend to do? Do you conceive that by this thing which you attempt, you will destroy anything else than, as far as you are able, us the Laws, and the whole city? Or does it appear to you to be possible for that city to subsist and not be subverted, in which Justice is not only without strength, but is likewise divested of its authority and corrupted by private persons?—What should we say, Crito, to these things, and to others of a similar kind? For much might be said, and particularly by rhetoricians, on the subversion of that law which provides that sentences once passed shall not be infringed. Shall we say to them that the city has not passed an equitable sentence upon us? Shall we say this, or something else?

Cri. This, by Zeus, Socrates.

Soc. Will not the Laws then thus address us? O Socrates, has it not been admitted by us and you, that one should acquiesce in the sentences which the city may pass? If then we should wonder at the Laws thus speaking, perhaps they would say, Be not surprised, O Socrates, at what we have asserted, but answer, since you are accustomed both to interrogate and reply. For what is the charge against us and the city, for which you endeavour to destroy us? Did we not first beget you? And was it not through us that your father married your mother, and planted you? Tell us, therefore, whether you blame these laws of ours concerning marriage as improper? I should say I do not blame them. But do

you blame those laws concerning the nurture and education of children in which you were yourself instructed? Or did not the laws framed for this purpose order in a becoming manner when they commanded your father to instruct you in music and gymnastic? I should say they ordered well. Since then we begot and nourished and educated you, can you deny that both you and your progenitors are our offspring and servants? And if this be the case, do you think that there is an equality[1] of justice between us and you, and that it is just for you to attempt to do those things to us which we endeavour to do to you? Or will you admit that there is no equality of justice between you and your father, or master, if you happen to have either of them, so that you are not to return to these any evil you may suffer from them, nor, when they reproach you, contradict them, nor, when they strike you, strike them again, nor do many other things of a similar nature; but that against your country and the Laws it is lawful for you to act in this manner, so that if we endeavour to destroy you, thinking it to be just, you also should endeavour, as far as you are able, to destroy in return, us the Laws and your country, and should say that in so doing you act justly,—you who in reality make virtue the object of your care? Or, are you so wise as to be ignorant that your country is more honourable, venerable, and holy than your mother and father, and all the rest of your progenitors, and ranks higher both among the gods and among men endued with intellect? That it is also more necessary for a man to venerate, obey, and assent to his country, when conducting itself with severity, than to his father? Likewise that he should be persuaded by it, and do what it orders? That he should quietly suffer, if it orders him to suffer? And that, if it commands him to be beaten, or confined in bonds, or sends him to battle to be wounded or slain, he should do these things, and that it is just to comply? And

[1] Wholes in the order of nature are more excellent than parts; and in consequence of this, as being more honourable, there is no reciprocity of obligation between the two.—TAYLOR.

that he should neither decline nor recede from nor desert his rank; but in war, in a court of justice, and everywhere, the commands of the city and his country should be obeyed; or he should persuade his country to that which is naturally just; but that it is not holy to offer violence either to a mother or a father, and much less to one's country?—What shall we say to these things, Crito? Shall we acknowledge that the Laws speak the truth or not?

Cri. To me it appears that they do.

Soc. Consider, therefore, O Socrates, perhaps the Laws will say, whether our assertion is true, that your present attempt against us is unjust. For we are the authors of your birth, we nourished, we educated you, imparting both to you and all the other citizens all the good in our power, at the same time proclaiming that every Athenian who is willing has the liberty of departing wherever he pleases, with all his property, if after having explored and seen the affairs of the city, and us the Laws, we should not be constituted according to his wishes. Nor does any one of us the Laws impede or forbid any one of you from migrating into some colony, or any other place, with all his property, if we and the city do not please him. But, on the other hand, if any one of you continues to live here after he has seen the manner in which we administer justice, and govern the city in other particulars, we now say, that he in reality acknowledges to us, that he will do such things as we may command. We also say, that he who is not obedient is triply unjust, because he is disobedient to his begetters, and to those by whom he was educated; and because, having promised to be persuaded by us, he is neither persuaded, nor does he persuade us, if we do anything improperly; though at the same time we only propose, and do not fiercely command him to do what we order, but leave to his choice one of two things, either to persuade us, or to obey our mandates; and yet he does neither of these.

And we say that you also, O Socrates, will be obnoxious to these crimes if you execute what you intend to do; nor

will you be the least, but the most obnoxious of all the Athenians. If, therefore, I should ask them the reason of this, they would perhaps justly reproach me by saying, that I promised to submit to all these conditions beyond the rest of the Athenians. For they would say, This, O Socrates, is a great argument with us, that both we and the city were pleasing to you; that you especially of all the Athenians would never have dwelt in it, if it had not been particularly agreeable to you. For you never left the city for any of the public spectacles except once, when you went to the Isthmian games, nor did you ever go elsewhere, except in your military expeditions. You never went any other journey like other men; nor had you ever any desire of seeing any other city, or becoming acquainted with any other laws; but we and our city were sufficient for you, so exceedingly were you attached to us, and so much did you consent to be governed by our mandates. Besides, you have begotten children in this city, in consequence of being pleased with it. Further still, in this very judicial process, you might have been condemned to exile, if you had been willing, and might then have executed with the consent of the city what you now attempt without it. Then however you carried yourself loftily, as one who would not be indignant, if it were requisite that you should die; but you preferred, as you said, death to exile. But now you are neither ashamed of those assertions, nor do you revere us the Laws, since you endeavour to destroy us. You also do that which the most vile slave would do, by endeavouring to make your escape contrary to the compacts and agreements according to which you consented to become a member of this community. In the first place, therefore, answer us this very thing, whether we speak the truth in asserting that you consented to be governed by us in reality, and not merely in words? Do we in asserting this speak the truth? What shall we say to these things, Crito? Can we say anything else than that we assent to them?

Cri. It is necessary so to do, Socrates.

Soc. Do you not then, they will say, violate these com-

pacts and agreements between us; which you consented to neither from necessity nor through deception, nor in consequence of being compelled to deliberate in a short time; but during the space of seventy years, in which you might have departed if you had been dissatisfied with us, and the compacts had appeared to you to be unjust? You however neither preferred Lacedæmon nor Crete, which you are perpetually saying are governed by good laws, nor any other city of the Greeks or Barbarians; but you have been less out of Athens than the lame and the blind, and other mutilated persons. So much did the city and we the Laws please you beyond the rest of the Athenians. For who can be pleased with a city without the laws? But now you do not abide by the compacts. You will however abide by them if you are persuaded by us, Socrates, and do not become ridiculous by escaping from the city.

For consider what advantage can be derived either to yourself or your friends by violating those compacts. For in consequence of your escaping from hence, it is nearly evident that your friends will be exposed to the danger either of banishment, or of the loss of their property. And as for yourself, if you retire to any neighbouring city, whether Thebes or Megara (for both are governed by good laws), you will be considered, Socrates, as an enemy to their polity. And such as have any regard for their country will look upon you as a corrupter of the laws. You will also confirm them in their good opinion of your judges, who will appear to have very properly condemned you. For he who is a corrupter of the laws will very much appear to be a corrupter of youth and of stupid men. Will you then avoid these well-governed cities, and men of the highest character? Supposing you should, will it then be worth while for you to live? Or, should you go to these cities, will you not blush, Socrates, to discourse about the same things as you did here—viz., that virtue and justice, institutes, and the laws, should be objects of the greatest attention to men? And do you not think that this conduct of Socrates would be very indecorous? You must

necessarily think so. But perhaps, avoiding these cities, you will go to Thessaly, to the guests of Crito. For there there is the greatest disorder and intemperance. And perhaps they will willingly hear you relating how ridiculously you ran away from prison, providing yourself with some device, such as a peasant's leathern dress, or something else which those that make their escape are accustomed to provide, and thus altering your usual appearance.

Do you think no one will say, that you, though an old man, and likely to live but a very little longer, have dared to desire life with such sordid avidity, and to transgress the greatest laws? Perhaps not, if you take care to offend no man. But if you should, you will hear, Socrates, many things unworthy of you. You will live, and in subjection to all men. But what will you do in Thessaly besides feasting? having come to Thessaly as to a supper. And where shall we find those discourses concerning justice, and the other virtues?—But do you wish to live for the sake of your children, that you may nurture and instruct them? What then? Bringing them to Thessaly, will you there educate them, making them foreigners to Athens, that they may also derive this advantage from you? Or, if you should not do this, but should leave them here, will they be better nurtured and educated because you are alive? Your friends will take care of them; but do you suppose that your children will be taken care of by your friends if you go to Thessaly, and that they will be neglected by them if you depart to Hades? If indeed any advantage is to be derived from those that call themselves your friends, it is proper to think that they will not.

But, O Socrates, being persuaded by us your nurses, neither pay more attention to your children, nor to life, nor to anything else than to justice, that, when you arrive at Hades, you may be able to defend all these particulars to the rulers there. For if, transgressing the laws, you should thus act, it will neither be better, nor more just, nor more holy to yourself, nor to any one of your friends; nor will it be more advantageous to you when you arrive at Hades.

But you will depart, if you do depart, suffering, not doing wrong, and that not from us the Laws, but from men. If, however, you should so disgracefully escape, returning injury for injury, and evil for evil, transgressing your agreements and compacts with us, and injuring those whom you ought not to injure in the smallest degree—viz., yourself, your friends, your country, and us;—in this case, we shall be wroth with you as long as you live; and in another life, our brothers the Laws who reside in Hades will not receive you graciously; knowing that you attempted, as far as you were able, to destroy us. Let not Crito, therefore, rather than us, persuade you to do what he says.

Be well assured, my dear friend Crito, that I seem to hear this voice of the Laws, just as those who are agitated with corybantic fury think they hear the melody of pipes. And the sound of these words, like a humming in my ears, renders me incapable of hearing anything else. You see then what appears to me at present; and if you should say anything contrary to these things, you will speak in vain. At the same time, if you think it right to do anything more, then speak.

Cri. But, Socrates, I have nothing further to say.

Soc. Desist, therefore, Crito, and let us do thus since thus Divinity will have us act.

THE PHAEDO.

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE.

ECHECRATES.	SIMMIAS.	CRITO.
PHAEDO.	CEBES.	THE GAOLER.

Echecrates. Were you present, Phaedo, with Socrates that day when he drank the poison in prison? or did you hear an account of it from any other?

Phaedo. I myself, Echecrates, was present.

Echec. What then was his discourse previous to his death? and how did he die? for I should be very glad to hear the account: for scarcely does any one of the Phliasian[1] citizens now visit Athens; and it is some time since any stranger has arrived from thence who might afford us some clear information about these particulars. All indeed that we heard was, that he died through drinking the poison; but he who acquainted us with this had nothing further to say about other particulars of his death.

Phaed. What! did you not hear the manner in which he was tried?

Echec. Yes: a certain person related this to us; and we wondered, as his sentence was passed so long ago, that he should not die till a considerable time after. What, then, Phaedo, was the reason of this?

Phaed. A certain fortune happened to him, Echecrates: for, the day before his trial, the stern of that ship was crowned which the Athenians send every year to Delos.

[1] Phlius was a city of Peloponnesus situated not far from the Isthmus. *Vide* Strab , lib. viii., *Pausan. in Corinth. et Steph. de Urb. et Pop.*

Echec. But what is the meaning of this?

Phaed. This is the ship, as the Athenians say, in which Theseus formerly carried the twice seven young children[1] to Crete, and saved both them and himself. The Athenians, therefore, as it is reported, then vowed to Apollo, that if the children were preserved, they would send every year a sacred embassy to Delos; which, from that time, they regularly send every year to the God. As soon, therefore, as the preparations for the sacred spectacle commence, the law orders that the city shall be purified, and that no one shall be put to death by a public decree till the ship has arrived at Delos, and again returned to Athens. But this sometimes takes a long time in accomplishing, when the winds impede their passage; but the festival itself commences when the priest of Apollo has crowned the stern of the ship. Now this, as I told you, took place on the day preceding the trial; and on this account that length of time happened to Socrates in prison between his sentence and his death.

Echec. And what, Phaedo, were the circumstances respecting his death? what were his sayings and actions? and who of his familiars were present with him? or would not the magistrates suffer that any should be admitted to him, so that he died deprived of the presence of his friends?

Phaed. By no means; but some, and indeed many, were present with him.

Echec. Endeavour to relate all these particulars to us in the clearest manner, unless you have some business which may prevent you.

Phaed. But I am at leisure, and will endeavour to gratify your request: for indeed to call to mind Socrates, whether I myself speak or hear others, is to me always the most pleasant of all things.

Echec. Truly, Phaedo, others who hear you will be affected in the same manner: but endeavour, as much as

[1] The tribute of victims for the Minotaur, which Theseus slew.

you are able, to narrate every circumstance in the most accurate manner.

Phaed. And indeed I myself, who was present, was wonderfully affected; for I was not influenced with pity, like one present at the death of a familiar: for this man, O Echecrates, appeared to me to be blessed, when I considered his manner and discourses, and his intrepid and generous death. Hence it appeared to me, that he did not descend to Hades without a divine destiny, but that there also he would be in a happy condition, if ever man was. On this account I was entirely uninfluenced with pity, though apparently I ought not to have been, on so mournful an occasion; nor yet again was I influenced by pleasure through philosophical converse, as I used to be; for our discourses were of this kind. But, to speak ingenuously, a certain wonderful passion, and an unusual mixture of pleasure and grief, were present with me, produced by considering that he must in a very short time die. And, indeed, all of us who were present were nearly affected in the same manner, at one time laughing, and at another weeping: but this was eminently the case with one of us, Apollodorus; for you know the man, and his manner of behaviour.

Echec. How is it possible that I should not?

Phaed. He was remarkably affected in this manner; and I myself, and others, experienced great trouble and confusion.

Echec. Who then, Phaedo, happened to be present?

Phaed. Of native Athenians, Apollodorus, Critobulus, and his father Crito were present; likewise Hermogenes, Epigenes, Æschines, and Antisthenes.[1] And besides these, Ctesippus the Pæanian, Menexenus, and some other Athenians were present: but Plato I think was sick.

Echec. Were there no strangers?

Phaed. Yes: Simmias the Theban, Cebes,[2] and

[1] This Antisthenes, as principally imitating Socrates in his endurance and contempt of pleasure, was the author of the Cynic sect, and the preceptor of Diogenes.

[2] This Cebes is the author of the allegorical table now extant.

Phædondes; and among the Megarensians, Euclid and Terpsion.

Echec. But what! were not Aristippus[1] and Cleombrotus there?

Phaed. By no means: for they were said to be at Ægina.

Echec. Was any other person present?

Phaed. I think those I have mentioned were nearly all.

Echec. Will you now then relate what were his discourses?

Phaed. I will endeavour to relate the whole to you from the beginning. For we were always accustomed to visit Socrates, myself and others meeting in the morning at the place where he was tried, for it was very near to the prison. Here we waited every day till the prison was opened, discoursing among ourselves, for it was not opened very early in the morning; but, as soon as we could be admitted, we went to Socrates, and generally spent the whole day with him. And then, indeed, we met together sooner than usual; for the day before, when we left the prison, we heard that the ship from Delos was returned. We determined, therefore, among ourselves, to come very early in the morning to the usual place; and we met together accordingly: but when we arrived, the gaoler who used to attend upon us, told us to wait, and not enter till he called us. For, says he, the eleven magistrates are now freeing Socrates from his bonds, and announcing to him that he must die to-day. But not long after this he returned, and ordered us to enter. When we entered, we found Socrates just freed from his fetters, but Xantippe (you know her) holding one of his children, and sitting by him. As soon, therefore, as Xantippe saw us, she began to lament in a most

[1] A philosopher of Cyrene, and founder of the Cyrenaic sect. What is here said concerning the absence of Aristippus and Cleombrotus is well explained by Demetrius in his book *περὶ Ερμηνείας.* "Plato, he observes, says this in order to reprove Aristippus and Cleombrotus, who were feasting in Ægina at the time that Socrates was in prison, and did not sail to see their friend and master, though they were then at the entrance of the Athenian harbour. Plato, however, does not clearly relate these particulars, because his narration would have been an open defamation."—TAYLOR.

violent manner, and said such things as are usual with women in affliction; and among the rest, Socrates, says she, this is the last time your friends will speak to you, or you to them. But Socrates looking upon Crito, Crito, says he, let some one take her home. Upon which some of Crito's domestics led her away, beating herself, and weeping bitterly. But Socrates, sitting upright on the bed, drew up his leg, and rubbing it with his hand, said at the same time, What a wonderful thing is this, my friends, which men call *the pleasant and agreeable!* and how admirably is it affected by nature towards that which appears to be its contrary, *the painful!* for they are unwilling to be present with us both together; and yet, if any person pursues and receives the one, he is almost under a necessity of receiving the other, as if they were two bodies with a single head. And it seems to me, says he, that if Æsop had perceived this he would have composed a fable from it, and would have informed us, that Divinity, being willing to reconcile contending natures, but not being able to accomplish this design, conjoined their summits in a nature one and the same; and that hence it comes to pass, that whoever partakes of the one is soon after connected with the other. And this, as it appears, is the case with myself at present; for the pain which was before in my leg, through the bond, is now succeeded by a pleasant sensation.

But here Cebes replying, said, By Zeus, Socrates, you have very opportunely caused me to recollect: for certain persons have asked me concerning those poems which you composed—viz., the Fables of Æsop which you versified, and your exordium to Apollo, and other pieces of composition; and, among the rest, Evenus lately inquired with what design you did this after coming here, when before you have never attempted anything of the kind. If, therefore, you have any desire that I may have an answer ready for Evenus, when he again interrogates me on this occasion (and I am certain that he will do so), tell me what I must say to him. You may truly inform him, says he, Cebes, that I did not compose these verses with any design of

rivalling him, or his poems (for I knew that this would be no easy matter); but that I might try to explore the meaning of certain dreams, and that I might fulfil my religious obligation, if this should happen to be the music which they have often ordered me to exercise. For in the past part of my life the same dream has often occurred to me, exhibiting at different times a different appearance, yet always advising me the same thing; for it said, Socrates, make and exercise music. And indeed, in the former part of my life, I considered that this dream persuaded and exhorted me respecting the very thing I was doing, in the same manner as runners in the races are exhorted; for, by persuading me to exercise music, it signified that I should labour in philosophy, which is the greatest music. But now since my sentence has taken place, and the festival of the God has retarded my death, it appeared to me to be necessary that, if the music which the dream has so often exhorted me to undertake should happen to be of the ordinary sort, I should by no means resist its persuasions, but comply with the exhortation: for I considered that it would be more safe for me not to depart from hence before I had cleared myself by composing verses, and obeying the dream. Thus, in the first place, I composed some verses in honour of the God to whom the present festival belongs; but after the God, considering it necessary that he who designs to be a poet should make fables and not discourses, and knowing that I myself was not a mythologist, on these accounts I versified the fables of Æsop, which were at hand, and were known to me; and began with those first that first presented themselves to my view. Give this answer, Cebes, to Evenus: at the same time bid him farewell for me; and tell him, if he is wise he will follow me. But I shall depart, as it seems, to-day; for such are the orders of the Athenians.

Upon this Simmias replied, What is this, Socrates, which you command me to tell Evenus? for I often meet with him; and from what I know of him, I am certain that he will never willingly comply with your request.

What, then, says Socrates, is not Evenus a philosopher?

To me he appears to be so, says Simmias.

Both Evenus, therefore, will be willing to follow me, and every one who is worthy to partake of philosophy; not perhaps indeed by violently depriving himself of life, for this they say is unlawful. And at the same time, as he thus spoke, he withdrew his leg from the bed, and placed it on the ground; and afterwards continued to discourse with us, in a sitting posture, the remaining part of the time. Cebes,[1] therefore, inquired of him, How is this to be understood, Socrates, that it is not lawful to commit suicide, and yet that a philosopher should be willing to follow one who is about to die?

What, says he, Cebes, have not you and Simmias heard your familiar Philolaus discourse concerning things of this kind?

We have not, Socrates, heard anything clearly on this subject.

But I, says Socrates, speak in consequence of having heard; and what I have heard I will not enviously conceal from you. And perhaps it is becoming in the most eminent degree, that he who is about to depart thither should consider and mythologise about this departure: I mean, what kind of a thing we should think it to be. For what else can such a one be more properly employed about, till the setting[2] of the sun?

On what account then, Socrates, says Cebes, do they say that it is unlawful for a man to kill himself? for I myself have some time since heard from Philolaus, when he resided with us, and from some others, that it was not proper to commit such an action; but I never heard anything clear upon the subject from any one.

Prepare yourself, then, says Socrates, for perhaps you

[1] Socrates and Cebes are here speaking about two different kinds of death; the latter about a physical, and the former about a pre-elective or free-will death.—TAYLOR.

[2] It was a law, says Olympiodorus, with the Athenians, to put no one to death in the day, just as it was an injunction with the Pythagoreans not to sleep in mid-day, when the sun exhibits his most strenuous energy.—T.

may be satisfied in this particular: and perhaps it may appear to you wonderful, if this alone should be the absolute truth, that it is better, not for some men only but for all, to die than to live; and yet that these men must not, on pain of impiety, do good to themselves, but await some other benefactor.

Then Cebes, gently laughing, Zeus knows that, says he, speaking in his own Bœotian tongue.

For this indeed, says Socrates, appears to be irrational; and yet, perhaps, it is not so, but has a certain reason on its side. For the discourse which is delivered about these particulars, in the arcana of the mysteries,[1] *that we are placed as in a certain prison secured by a guard, and that it is not proper for any one to free himself from this confinement, and make his escape*, appears to me to be an assertion of great moment, and not easy to be understood. But this appears to me, O Cebes, to be well said, that the gods take care of us, and that we who are men are one of the possessions belonging to the gods. Or does not this appear to you to be the case?

It does to me, says Cebes.

Would not you, therefore, if any one of your servants should destroy himself, when at the same time you did not signify that you were willing he should die, would you not be angry with him? and if you had any punishment, would you not chastise him?

Entirely so, says he.

Perhaps, therefore, it is not irrational to assert, that a man ought not to kill himself before Divinity lays him under a certain necessity of doing so, such as I am subject to at present.

[1] Taylor, following Olympiodorus and Proclus, refers this passage to the Mysteries, and gives, from the former, the substance of an argument against suicide founded on a mystical doctrine of the divine origin of the body. For this argument the passage in the text would be simply a veil, penetrable only to the initiated. The Greek, however, does not necessarily imply an allusion to the Mysteries, commonly so called; and may perhaps refer to the obscure doctrines of the Pythagoreans, to which sect Philolaus belonged.

This, indeed, says Cebes, appears to be reasonable. But that which you said just now, Socrates, that philosophers would very readily be willing to die, appears to be absurd, if what we have asserted is agreeable to reason, that Divinity takes care of us, and that we are one of his possessions; for it is irrational to suppose that the wisest men should not be grieved, when departing from that servitude in which they are taken care of by the gods, who are the best of governors. For such a one will by no means think that he shall be better taken care of when he becomes free: but some one who is deprived of intellect may perhaps think that he should fly from his master, and will not consider that he ought not to fly from a good master, but that he should by all means abide in his service. Hence he will depart from him in a most irrational manner: but he who is endowed with intellect will desire to live perpetually with one who is better than himself. And thus, Socrates, it is reasonable that the contrary of what you just now said should take place: for it is proper that the wise, when about to die, should be sorrowful, but that the foolish should rejoice.

Socrates upon hearing this, seemed to me to be pleased with the reasoning of Cebes; and looking upon us, Cebes, says he, never suffers anything to pass without investigation, and is by no means willing to admit immediately the truth of an assertion.

But indeed, says Simmias, Cebes, O Socrates, appears to me to say something now to the purpose. For with what design can men, truly wise, fly from masters who are better than themselves, and, without any reluctance, free themselves from their servitude? And Cebes appears to me to direct his discourse to you, because you so easily endure to leave us, and those beneficent rulers the gods, as you yourself confess.

You speak justly, says Socrates; for I think you mean that I ought to make my defence, as if I was upon my trial.

By all means, says Simmias.

Be it so then, says Socrates: and I shall endeavour that this my apology may appear more reasonable to you than the other did to my judges. For, with respect to myself, says he, O Simmias and Cebes, unless I thought that I should depart, in the first place, to other[1] gods who are wise and good, and, in the next place, to men who have migrated from the present life, and are better than any among us, it would be wrong not to be troubled at death: but now believe for certain, that I hope to dwell with good men; though this, indeed, I will not confidently assert: but that I shall go to gods who are perfectly good rulers, you may consider as an assertion which, if anything of the kind is so, will be strenuously affirmed by me. So that, on this account, I shall not be afflicted at dying, but shall entertain a good hope that something remains for the dead; and, as it was formerly said, that it will be much better hereafter for the good than the evil.

What, then, Socrates, says Simmias, would you have departed with such a conception in your intellect, without communicating it to us? Or will you not render us also partakers of it? For it appears to me, that this will be a common good; and at the same time it will be an apology for you, if you can persuade us to believe what you say.

I will endeavour to do so, says he. But let us first attend to Crito: what is it that he has for some time seemed anxious to say to me?

What else, says Crito, should it be, Socrates, except what he who is to give you the poison has long ago told me, that you ought to speak as little as possible? For he says that those who dispute become too much heated, and that nothing of this kind ought to be introduced with the poison, since those who do not observe this caution are sometimes obliged to drink the poison twice or thrice.

Let him, says Socrates, only mind his business, and

[1] By *other gods*, Socrates means such as are supermundane, or of an order superior to the ruling divinities of the world. In short, those gods are here signified that are unconnected with body.—TAYLOR.

administer the poison twice; and even, if occasion requires, thrice.

I was almost certain, says Crito, that this would be your answer; but he has been plaguing me to do this, as I said, some time since.

Let him be, says Socrates; but I am desirous of rendering to you, as my judges, the reason, as it appears to me, why a man who has truly passed his life in the exercise of philosophy should with great propriety be confident when about to die, and should possess good hopes of obtaining the greatest advantages after death; and in what manner this takes place I will endeavour, Simmias and Cebes, to explain:

Those who are conversant with philosophy in a proper manner, seem to have concealed from others that the whole of their study is nothing else than how to die and be dead.[1] If this then is true, it would certainly be absurd that those who have made this alone their study through the whole of life, should, when it arrives, be afflicted at a circumstance upon which they have before bestowed all their attention and labour.

But here Simmias laughing, By Zeus, says he, Socrates, you cause me to laugh, though I am very far from desiring to do so at present: for I think that the multitude, if they heard this, would consider it as well said against philosophers; and that men of the present day would perfectly agree with you, that philosophers should in reality desire death, and that our fellow-citizens are by no means ignorant that they deserve it.

And indeed, Simmias, they would speak the truth, except in asserting that they are not ignorant of it: for both the manner in which true philosophers desire to die, and how they are worthy of death, is concealed from them. But let us bid farewell to such as these, says he, and discourse

[1] It is well observed by Olympiodorus, that *to die* (αποθνήσκειν) differs from *to be dead* (τεθνάναι). For the cathartic philosopher *dies* in consequence of meditating death; but the theoretic philosopher is *dead*, in consequence of being separated from the passions.—TAYLOR.

among ourselves: and to begin, Do you think that death is anything?

Simmias replied, Entirely so.

Is it anything else than a liberation of soul from body? and is not this to die,[1] for the body to be liberated from the soul, and to subsist apart by itself? and likewise for the soul to be liberated from the body, and to be essentially separate. Is death anything else but this?

It is no other, says Simmias.

Consider then, excellent man, whether the same things appear to you as to me; for from hence I think we shall understand better the subjects of our investigation. Does it appear to you that the philosopher is a man who is anxiously concerned about things which are called pleasures, such as meats and drinks?

Not at all, Socrates, says Simmias.

But what about amorous pleasures—does he care for them?

By no means.

Or does such a man appear to you to esteem other particulars which regard the observance of the body, such as the acquisition of excellent garments and sandals, and other ornaments of the body? whether does he appear to you to esteem or despise such particulars, employing them only so far as an abundant necessity requires?

A true philosopher, says Simmias, appears to me to be one who will despise everything of this kind.

Does it, therefore, appear to you, says Socrates, that the whole employment of such a one will not consist in things which regard the body, but in separating himself from the body as much as possible, and in converting himself to his soul?

It does appear so to me.

[1] Plato beautifully defines death to be a separation of the body from the soul, and of the soul from the body. For, with respect to souls that are enamoured with body, the body is indeed separated from the soul, but not the soul from the body, because it is yet conjoined with it through habitude or alliance, from which those shadowy phantoms are produced that wander about sepulchres.—TAYLOR.

Is it not, therefore, first of all evident, in things of this kind, that a philosopher, in a manner far surpassing other men, separates his soul in the highest degree from communion with the body?

It appears so.

And to *the many*, O Simmias, it appears that for him who accounts nothing of this kind pleasant, and who does not partake of them, it is not worth while to live; but that he nearly approaches to death who is not concerned about the pleasures of the body.

You entirely speak the truth.

But what with respect to the acquisition[1] of wisdom? Is the body an impediment or not, if any one associates it in the investigation of wisdom? What I mean is this: Have sight and hearing in men any truth?[2] or is the case such as the poets perpetually sing, that

"We nothing accurate or see or hear?"

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[1] Socrates having shown from *life* that the philosopher is willing to die, now proves this from *knowledge* as follows:—The philosopher despises the senses: he who does this despises also the body, in which the senses reside: he who despises the body is averse to it: he who is averse to it separates himself from the body: and he who separates himself from the body is willing to die; for death is nothing else than a separation of the soul from the body.

But it is here necessary to observe, that there are three energies of the soul: for it either converts itself to things subordinate, and acquires a knowledge of sensibles; or it converts itself to itself, and sees all things in itself, because it is an omniform image containing the reasons of all things; or it extends itself to the intelligible, and beholds ideas. As there are, therefore, three energies of the soul, we must not suppose that the politic, cathartic, and theoretic characters differ from each other in this, that the political character knows sensibles; the cathartic, the reasons in the soul; and the theoretic, ideas—since no one is in reality a philosopher who has not a knowledge of all things: but they differ in this, that the political philosopher is conversant with pleasures and pains; for he attends to the body as an instrument, and his end is not a privation, but a moderation of the passions. But the cathartic and theoretic philosophers attend to the body as a neighbouring trifle, that it may not become an impediment to their energies; and the end with them is liberation from the passions.—TAYLOR.

[2] Plato says that there is no truth in the senses, because they do

Though if these senses are neither accurate nor clear, by no means can the rest be so: for all the others are in a certain respect more depraved than these. Or does it not appear so to you?

Entirely so, says he.

When then does the soul touch upon the truth? for, when it endeavours to consider anything in conjunction with the body, it is evidently then deceived by the body.

You speak the truth.

Must not, therefore, something of reality become manifest to the soul in the energy of reasoning, if this is ever the case?

It must.

But the soul then reasons best when it is disturbed by nothing belonging to the body, neither by hearing, nor sight, nor pain, nor any pleasure, but subsists in the most eminent degree, itself by itself, bidding farewell to the body, and, as much as possible, neither communicating nor being in contact with it, extends itself towards real being?

These things are so.

Does not the soul of a philosopher, therefore, in these employments, despise the body in the most eminent degree, and, flying from it, seek to become essentially subsisting by itself?

It appears so.

not properly know: for passion is mingled with their knowledge, in consequence of being obtained through media. For intellect is said to know accurately, because that which understands is the same with the intelligible, or the object of intellection. Besides, sense cannot sustain the accuracy of sensibles. Thus, for instance, the eye cannot bear to look at that which is white in the extreme. For sensible objects, when they are transcendent, destroy the senses. Sense, however, may be said to be always true and accurate when it is compared with assimilative knowledge, such as that of images in mirrors. When, therefore, sense is said, as it is by Aristotle, to be the principle of science, it must not be considered as the producing principle, but as agitating the soul to a recollection of universals, and as performing the office of a messenger and herald, by exciting our soul to the evolution of the sciences. The poets who assert that the senses know nothing accurately are Parmenides, Empedocles, and Epicharmus.—TAYLOR.

But what shall we say, Simmias, about such things as the following? Do we say that the *just itself*[1] is something or nothing?

By Zeus, we say it is something.

And do we not also say, that the *beautiful* and the *good* are each of them something?

How is it possible we should not?

But did you ever at any time behold any one of these with your eyes?

By no means, says he.

But did you ever touch upon these with any other corporeal sense (but I speak concerning all of them; as for instance, about magnitude, health, strength, and, in one word, about the essence of all the rest, and which each truly possesses)? Is then the most true nature of these

[1] The energy of our soul, as we have before observed, is triple: for it either converts itself to things subordinate, obtaining a knowledge of and adorning them, or it converts itself to itself, and acquires a knowledge of itself, or it converts itself to natures more excellent than its own. Socrates, therefore, having shown that the philosopher is willing to die, from a conversion to things subordinate, because he flies from the body, despising it; and having also shown this from a conversion to himself, because he attends to the body no further than extreme necessity obliges him; he now also shows that he is willing to die, from a conversion to things more excellent. For he wishes to know ideas; but it is impossible for the soul to know these while energising with the body, or having this communicating with it in the investigation of them. For, if sense possesses something impartible, as is evident from the collected nature of its perception: for it knows, for instance, at once, that this particular thing is white, and not black; since, if it knew this divisibly, it would be just as if I should perceive one part of a thing, and you another;*—much more therefore does the rational soul perceive impartibly. It differs, however, from sense in this, that sense knows, but does not know that it knows; for it is not converted to itself, since neither body, nor things which possess their being in body, are converted to themselves; but the rational soul knows both sensibles and itself: for it knows that it knows. If this then be the case, the soul will not receive, as its associate in investigation, either the body or the senses, or the instruments of sense, if it wishes to know things accurately. —TAYLOR.

* For these partible perceptions would never produce a perception of that which is white, as one thing.—TAYLOR.

perceived through the ministry of the body? or rather shall we not say, that whoever among us prepares himself to think dianoëtically [intellectually] in the most eminent and accurate manner about each particular object of his speculation, such a one will come nearest to the knowledge of each?

Entirely so.

Will not he, therefore, accomplish this in the most pure manner, who in the highest degree betakes himself to each through his dianoëtic power, neither employing sight in conjunction with the dianoëtic energy, nor bringing in any other sense, together with his reasoning; but who, exercising a pure dianoëtic energy as it subsists, at the same time endeavours to hunt after everything which has true being by itself separate and pure; and who in the most eminent degree is liberated from the eyes and ears, and in short from the whole body, as disturbing the soul, and not suffering it to acquire truth and wisdom by its conjunction? Will not such a man, Simmias, procure for himself real being, if this can ever be asserted of any one?

You speak the truth, Socrates, says Simmias, in a transcendent manner.

Is it not necessary, therefore, says Socrates, from hence, that an opinion of this kind should be present with genuine philosophers in such a manner, that they will speak among themselves as follows: In the consideration of things, this opinion, like a kind of path, leads us in conjunction with reason from the vulgar track, that, as long as we are connected with a body, and our soul is contaminated with such an evil, we can never sufficiently obtain the object of our desire; and this object we have asserted to be truth? For the body subjects us to innumerable occupations through necessary aliment, and fills us with love, desire, fear, all various images, and a multitude of trifling concerns; not to mention that, if we are invaded by certain diseases, we are hindered by them in our hunting after real being; so that, as it is said, *we can never truly, and in reality, acquire wisdom through the body.* For nothing else but the body and its desires cause wars,

seditions, and contests of every kind: for all wars arise through the possession of wealth; and we are compelled to acquire riches through the body, becoming subservient to its cultivation; so that on all these accounts we have no leisure for the exercise of philosophy. But this is the extremity of all evils, that if at any time we are at leisure from its attendance, and betake ourselves to the speculation of anything, then invading us on all sides in our investigations, it causes agitations and tumults, and so vehemently impels us, that we are not able through its presence to perceive the truth; but it is in reality demonstrated to us, that, if we are designed to know anything purely, we must be liberated from the body, and behold things with the soul itself. And then, as it appears, we shall obtain the object of our desire, and of which we profess ourselves lovers—viz., wisdom, when we are dead, as our discourse evinces; but by no means while we are alive: for, if we can know nothing purely in conjunction with the body, one of these two consequences must ensue, either that we can never possess knowledge, or that we must obtain it after death; for then the soul will subsist apart by itself, separate from the body, but never before this takes place; and while we live in the body, as it appears, we shall approach in the nearest manner possible to knowledge, if in the most eminent degree we have no association with the body, nor any communication with it (except what the greatest necessity requires), nor are filled with its nature, but purify ourselves from its defiling connection, till Divinity itself dissolves our bonds. And thus being pure, and liberated from the madness of body, it is proper to believe that we shall then associate with others who are similarly pure, and shall through ourselves know everything genuine and sincere: and this perhaps is the truth itself; for it is by no means lawful that the pure should be touched by that which is impure. And such, O Simmias, in my opinion, ought to be the discourse and sentiments of all such as are lovers of learning in a proper manner. Or does it not seem so to you?

It does, Socrates, more so than anything.

If all this then, says Socrates, is true, my friend, much hope remains for him who arrives at that place to which I am now departing, that he shall there, if ever anywhere, sufficiently obtain that for the sake of which we take so much pains in the present life: so that the journey which is now assigned me will be accompanied with good hope; as will likewise be the case with any other man who thinks that he ought to prepare his dianoëtic part in such a manner that it may become as it were pure.

Entirely so, says Simmias.

But does not purification consist in this, as we formerly asserted in our discourse: I mean, in separating the soul from the body in the most eminent degree, and in accustoming it to call together and collect itself essentially on all sides from the body, and to dwell as much as possible, both now and hereafter, alone by itself, becoming by this means liberated from the body as from detaining bonds?

Entirely so, says he.

Is not death called a solution and separation of the soul from body?

Perfectly so, says he.

But those alone who philosophise rightly, as we have said, always and especially long for solution of the soul: and this is the meditation of philosophers, a solution and separation of the soul from the body; or do you not think so?

I do.

Would it not, therefore, as I said at first, be ridiculous for a man who has so prepared himself in the present life as to approach very near to death, to live indeed in the manner we have described, and yet, when death arrives, be afflicted? would not this be ridiculous?

How indeed should it not?

In reality, therefore, says he, O Simmias, those who philosophise rightly will meditate how to *die;* and *to be dead* will be to them of all men a thing the least terrible. But from hence consider as follows: for, if they are on all sides enemies to the body, but desire to possess the soul subsisting by itself, would it not be very irrational for them

to be terrified and troubled when death approaches, and to be unwilling to depart to that place, where when they have arrived they may hope to enjoy that which they were lovers of in the present life (but they were lovers of wisdom), and to be liberated from the association of that nature to which they were always inimical? Or do you think it possible, that many should be willing, of their own accord, to descend into Hades, allured by the hope of seeing and conversing with departed beautiful youths, wives, and children whom they have loved; and that the true lover of wisdom, who has exceedingly nourished this hope, that he shall never possess wisdom as he ought anywhere but in Hades, should be afflicted when dying, and should not depart thither with readiness and delight? For it is necessary, my friend, to think in this manner of one who is a true philosopher; since such a one is very much of opinion that he shall never anywhere, but in that place, acquire the possession of wisdom with purity; and if this be the case, would it not be very irrational, as we just now said, for a man of this kind to be terrified at death?

Very much so, by Zeus, says he.

This then will be an argument sufficient to convince you, that he whom you behold afflicted, when about to die, is not a philosopher, but a lover of body; and this same person is a lover of riches and honours, either desiring the possession of one of these, or of both.

The case is entirely so, says he, as you represent it.

Does not then, O Simmias, that which is called fortitude eminently belong to philosophers?

Entirely so, says he.

Does not temperance also, which even the multitude thus denominate as a virtue, through which we are not agitated by desires, but regard them with moderation and contempt; does it not, I say, belong to those only who despise the body in the most eminent degree, and live in the exercise of philosophy?

It is necessary, says he.

For, if you are willing, says Socrates, to consider the

fortitude and temperance of others, they will appear to you to be absurdities.

But how, Socrates?

You know, says he, that all others look upon death as a very great evil.

In the highest degree so, says he.

And those who are bold among these, sustain death when they do sustain it, through the dread of greater evils.

They do so.

All men, therefore, except philosophers, are bold through fearing and dread, though it is absurd that any one should be bold through fear or cowardice.

Entirely so.

But what, are not the moderate among these affected in the same manner? and are they not temperate by a certain intemperance? Though this is in a certain respect impossible, yet a passion similar to this happens to them with respect to this foolish temperance: for, fearing to be deprived of other pleasures which at the same time they desire, they abstain from the one being vanquished by others. And though they call intemperance a subjection to pleasures; yet at the same time it happens to them, that, being vanquished by certain pleasures, they control others; and this is similar to what I just now said, that after a certain manner they become temperate through intemperance.

It seems so, indeed.

But, O blessed Simmias, this is by no means the right road to virtue, to change pleasures for pleasures, pains for pains, fear for fear, and the greater for the lesser, like pieces of money: but that alone is the proper coin, I mean wisdom, for which all these ought to be changed. And indeed, for the sake of this, and with this everything must in reality be bought and sold, both fortitude and temperance, justice, and, in one word, true virtue, which subsists with wisdom, whether pleasures and pains, and everything else of this kind, are present or absent: but

if these are separated from wisdom, and changed one with another, such virtue does not merit to be called even a shadowy description, but is in reality servile, and possesses nothing salutary and true. But that which is in reality true virtue is a purification from everything of this kind; and temperance and justice, fortitude, and thought itself, are each of them a certain purification. And those who instituted the Mysteries for us appear to have had a true and deep meaning when they signified formerly, in an obscure manner, *that whoever descended into Hades uninitiated, and without being a partaker of the Mysteries, should be plunged into mire; but that whoever arrived there, purified and initiated, should dwell with the gods.*[1] For, as it is said by those who write about the Mysteries,

> "The thyrsus-bearers numerous are seen,
> But few the Bacchuses have always been."

These few are, in my opinion, no other than those who philosophise rightly; and that I may be ranked in the number of these, I shall leave nothing unattempted, but exert myself in all possible ways. But whether or not my exertions have been properly directed, and whether I have accomplished anything, I think, if Divinity pleases, I shall clearly know very shortly when I arrive thither. And this, says he, Simmias and Cebes, is my apology, why upon leaving you, and the rulers of the present life, I ought not to be afflicted and indignant, since I am persuaded that I shall there meet with masters and companions not less good than such as are here. This indeed is incredible to many; but I am well content if my apology shall have more influence with you than with the judges of the Athenians.

When Socrates had thus spoken, Cebes, renewing the discourse, said, Other things, Socrates, appear to me to be well spoken; but what you have asserted about the soul will produce in men much incredulity, who think, when it is

[1] "Purification" was the first grade of initiation into the Mysteries; "dwelling with the gods" was the last.

liberated from the body, that it is no longer anywhere, but that, on that very day in which a man dies, it is destroyed and perishes, and this immediately as it is freed from the body; and, besides this, that on its departure it becomes dissipated like wind or smoke, makes its escape, and flies away, and is no longer anywhere: for if it remained anywhere essentially collected in itself, and liberated from those evils which you have now enumerated, there would be an abundant and fair hope, Socrates, that what you have asserted is true. But it will perhaps require no small persuasion and faith, in order to be persuaded that the soul remains, though the man dies, and that it possesses a certain power and thought.

You speak the truth, Cebes, says Socrates; but what shall we do? Are you willing that we should discourse about these particulars, whether it is likely that this should be the case with the soul, or not?

Indeed, says Cebes, I shall hear with great pleasure your opinion on this subject?

For I do not think, answered Socrates, that any one who should hear this discussion, even though he should be a comic poet, could say that I trifled, and discoursed about things not accommodated to my condition. If it is agreeable to you, therefore, and it is requisite to investigate these particulars, let us consider whether the souls of dead men survive in Hades, or not.

The assertion indeed, which we now call to mind, is an ancient one, I mean that souls departing from hence exist in Hades, and that they again return hither, and are generated from the dead. And if the case is such, that living natures are again generated from the dead, can there be any other consequence than that our souls are there? for they could not be again generated if they had no subsistence; and this will be a sufficient argument that these things are so, if it is really evident that the living cannot be generated from anything else than the dead. But, if this is not the case, it will be necessary to adduce some other reason.

Entirely so, says Cebes.

You should not, therefore, says he, consider this assertion with respect to men alone, if you wish to learn with facility; but we should survey it as connected with all animals and plants, and, in one word, with everything which is endued with generation. Are not all things, therefore, so generated, that they are produced no otherwise than contraries from contraries, I mean those which have any contrary? as the beautiful is contrary to the base, and the just to the unjust; and a thousand other particulars subsist in the same manner. We should consider, therefore, whether it is necessary, respecting everything which has a contrary, that this contrary should be generated from nothing else than that which is its contrary. As for instance, is it not necessary that, when anything becomes greater, it should become so from being before smaller?

It is so, says he.

And is not the weaker generated from the stronger, and the swifter from the slower?

Entirely so.

But what if anything becomes worse, must it not become so from the better? and if more just, must it not be generated from the more unjust?

How should it not?

We have then, says he, sufficiently determined this, that everything is thus generated—viz., contraries from contraries.

Entirely so.

But what, is there anything among these which has a middle subsistence between both (since all contraries are two), so as to cause two generations from this to that, and from that again to this? for between the greater thing and the lesser thing there is an increasing and a diminution; and hence we say that the one is increased, but the other diminished.

It is so, says he.

And must not to be separated and mingled, to be cooled and heated, and everything in the same manner, though sometimes we do not distinguish the several particulars by names, must they not in reality be everywhere thus

circumstanced, be generated from each other, and pass by generation into one another?

Entirely so, says he.

What then, says Socrates, is there anything contrary to the being alive, as sleeping is contrary to waking?

Entirely so, says he.

But what is this contrary?

To be dead.

Are not these, therefore, generated from each other, since they are contraries? and since they are two, are there not two processes of generation between them?

How should there not?

I will, therefore, says Socrates, tell you what one of these conjunctions is which I have just now spoken of, and what its generations are; do you tell me what the other is. But I say, that the one of these is to *sleep*, but the other *to awake;* and from sleeping awaking is generated, and from awaking sleeping; and the generations of these are on the one hand to be laid asleep, and on the other to be roused. Have I sufficiently explained this to you or not?

Perfectly so.

Do you, therefore, says he, inform me, in a similar manner, concerning life and death. Do you not say that *living* is the contrary of *to be dead?*

I do.

And that they are generated from each other?

Certainly.

What then is generated from that which is alive?

That which is dead, says he.

But what, says Socrates, is generated from *the dead?*

It is necessary to confess, says he, that this must be *the living.*

From the dead, therefore, says he, O Cebes, living things, and men who are alive, are generated.

It appears so, says he.

Our souls, therefore, says Socrates, subsist in Hades.

So it seems.

Is not, therefore, one of the processes of generation

subsisting about these manifest? for *to die* is, I think, sufficiently clear; is it not?

Entirely so, says he.

What then shall we do? shall we not render back a contrary generation in its turn, but say that nature is defective and lame in this particular? Or is it necessary to assign a certain contrary process *to the being dead?*

Entirely so, says he.

But what is this?

To be restored back again to life.

But, says Socrates, if there is such a thing as to revive again, will not this reviving be a generation from the dead to the living?

Perfectly so.

This then is agreed upon by us, that the living are generated from the dead no less than the dead from the living: but, this being the case, it is a sufficient argument to prove that the souls of the dead must necessarily exist somewhere, from whence they may again be generated.

It appears to me, says he, Socrates, that this must necessarily follow from what has been admitted.

Take notice, then, says he, O Cebes! that we have not unjustly made these concessions, as it appears to me: for if other things, when generated, were not always restored in the place of others, revolving as it were in a circle, but generation subsisted according to a right line, proceeding from one thing alone into its opposite, without recurring again to the other, and making an inflection, you know that all things would at length possess the same form, would be affected with the same passion, and would cease to be generated.

How do you say? says he.

It is by no means difficult, replies Socrates, to understand what I assert; but just as if there should be such a thing as falling asleep without recurring again to a state of waking, generated from a sleepy condition, you know that all things would at length exhibit the delusions of Endymion, and nothing would be anything any more, because everything

would suffer the same as happened to him—viz., would be laid asleep. And if all things went on being united, without ever being separated, the doctrine of Anaxagoras would soon be verified; for all things would be one confused mass. In the same manner, my dear Simmias, if all such things as participate of life should die, and after they are dead should abide in that lifeless form, and not revive again, would there not be a great necessity that all things should at length die, and that nothing should live? for if living beings are generated from other things, and living beings die, how can it be otherwise but that all things must be extinguished through being dead?

It appears to me, Socrates, says Cebes, that it cannot be otherwise; and in my opinion you perfectly speak the truth.

For to me, Cebes, says Socrates, it seems that nothing is so certain, and that we have not assented to this through deception; but that there is such a thing in reality as reviving again; that the living are generated from the dead; that the souls of the dead have a subsistence; and that the condition of the good after this life will be better than at present; but of the evil, worse.

But, says Cebes, interrupting him, according to that doctrine, Socrates, which you are frequently accustomed to employ (if it is true), that learning, with respect to us, is nothing else than reminiscence; according to this, it is necessary that we must have learned the things which we now call to mind in some former period of time. But this is impossible, unless our soul subsisted somewhere before it took up its residence in this human form; so that from hence the soul will appear to be a certain immortal nature.

But, Cebes, says Simmias, interrupting him, recall into my memory what demonstrations there are of these particulars; for I do not very much remember them at present.

The truth of this, says Cebes, is evinced by one argument, and that a most beautiful one; that men, when

interrogated, if they are but interrogated properly, will speak about everything correctly. At the same time, they could never do this unless science and right reason resided in their natures. And, in the second place, if any one leads them to diagrams,[1] or anything of this kind, he will in these most clearly discover that this is really the case.

But if you are not persuaded from this, Simmias, says Socrates, see if, from considering the subject in this manner, you will perceive as we do. For you do not understand how that which is called learning is reminiscence.

I do not disbelieve it, says Simmias; but I desire to be informed concerning this, which is the subject of our discourse, I mean reminiscence; and indeed, from what Cebes has endeavoured to say, I almost now remember, and am persuaded: but nevertheless I would at present hear how you attempt to support this opinion.

We defend it then, says Socrates, as follows: we confess without doubt, that if any one calls anything to mind, it is necessary that at some time or other he should have previously known this.

Entirely so, says he.

Shall we not confess this also, says Socrates, that when science is produced in us, after some particular manner, it is reminiscence? But I mean by a particular manner, thus: If any one, upon seeing or hearing anything, or apprehending it through the medium of any other sense, should not only know *it*, but should also think upon something else, of which there is not the same, but a different science, should we not justly say, that he recollects or remembers the particular, of which he receives a mental conception?

How do you mean?

Thus, says Socrates: In a certain respect the science of a man is different from that of a lyre.

How should it not?

[1] Diagrams—that is, geometrical figures. Cebes seems to mean that the obvious and necessary quality of geometrical truths implies some cognition of them prior to the experience of the present life. In point of fact it does more, it implies something prior to all experience.

Do you not, therefore, know that lovers when they see a lyre, or a vestment, or anything else which the objects of their affection were accustomed to use, no sooner know the lyre, than they immediately receive in their intellectual part the form of the beloved person to whom the lyre belonged? But this is no other than reminiscence: just as any one, upon seeing Simmias, often recollects Cebes; and in a certain respect an infinite number of such particulars continually occur.

An infinite number indeed, by Zeus, says Simmias.

Is not then, says Socrates, something of this kind a certain reminiscence; and then especially so, when any one experiences this affection about things which, through time, and ceasing to consider them, he has now forgotten?

Entirely so, says Simmias.

But what, says Socrates, does it happen, that when any one sees a painted horse and a painted lyre, he calls to mind a man? and that when he beholds a picture of Simmias, he recollects Cebes?

Entirely so.

And will it not also happen, that on seeing a picture of Simmias he will recollect Simmias himself?

It certainly will happen so, says he.

Does it not therefore follow, that in all these instances reminiscence partly takes place from things similar, and partly from such as are dissimilar?

It does.

But when any one recollects anything from similars, must it not also happen to him, that he must know whether this similitude is deficient in any respect, as to likeness, from that particular of which he has the remembrance?

It is necessary, says he.

Consider then, says Socrates, if the following particulars are thus circumstanced. Do we say that there is such a thing as the Equal? I do not say one piece of wood to another, nor one stone to another, nor anything else of this kind; but do we say that the Equal itself, which is something different from all these, is something or nothing?

We say it is something, by Zeus, Socrates, says Simmias, and that most confidently.

Have we also a scientific knowledge of that which is equal itself?

Entirely so, says he.

But from whence do we receive the science of it? Is it not from the particulars we have just now spoken of—viz., on seeing wood, stones, or other things of this kind, which are equals, do we not form a conception of that Equal which is different from these? But consider the affair in this manner: Do not equal stones and pieces of wood, although they remain the same, at one time appear equal, and at another not?

Entirely so.

But what, can *equals themselves* ever appear to you unequal? or can equality seem to be inequality?

By no means, Socrates.

These equals, therefore, are not the same with the equal itself.

By no means, Socrates, as it appears to me.

But from these equals, says he, which are different from the equal itself, you at the same time understand and receive the science of the *equal itself.*

You speak most true, says he.

Is it not, therefore, either similar to these or dissimilar?

Entirely so.

But indeed, says Socrates, this is of no consequence: for while, in consequence of seeing one thing, you understand another, from the view of this, whether it is dissimilar or similar, it is necessary that this conception of another thing should be reminiscence.

Entirely so.

But what will you determine concerning this? says Socrates. Do we suffer anything of this kind respecting the equality in pieces of wood, and other such equals as we have just now spoken of? and do they appear to us to be equal in the same manner as the equal itself? and is

something or nothing wanting, through which they are less equal than the equal itself?

There is much wanting, says he.

Must we not, therefore, confess, that when any one, on beholding some particular thing, understands that he wishes this, which I now behold, to be such as something else is, but that it is deficient, and falls short of its perfection; must we not confess that he who understands this, necessarily had a previous knowledge of that to which he asserts this to be similar, but in a defective degree?

It is necessary.

What then, do we feel something of this kind or not about equals and the equal itself?

Perfectly so.

It is necessary, therefore, that we must have previously known the *equal itself* before that time, in which, from first seeing equal things, we understood that we desired all these to be such as the *equal itself*, but that they had a defective subsistence.

It is so.

But this also we must confess, that we neither understood this, nor are able to understand it, by any other means than either through the sight, or the touch, or some other of the senses.

I speak in the same manner about all these. For they are the same, Socrates, with respect to that which your discourse wishes to evince.

From the senses then we come to understand that all equals in sensible objects aspire after the *equal itself*, and are deficient from its perfection. Or how shall we say? In this manner: Before we begin to see, or hear, and to perceive other things, it necessarily follows, that we must in a certain respect have received the science of the *equal itself*, so as to know what it is, or else we could never refer the equals among sensibles to the *equal itself*, and be convinced that all these desire to become such as the *equal itself*, but fall short of its perfection.

This, Socrates, is necessary, from what has been previously said.

But do we not, as soon as we are born, see and hear, and possess the other senses?

Entirely so.

But we have said it is necessary that prior to these we should have received the science of the *equal itself*.

Certainly.

We must necessarily, therefore, as it appears, have received it before we were born.

It appears so.

If, therefore, receiving this before we were born, we were born possessing it; we both knew prior to our birth, and as soon as we were born, not only *the equal*, *the greater*, and *the lesser*, but everything of this kind: for our discourse at present is not more concerning *the equal* than *the beautiful*, *the good*, *the just*, and *the holy*, and in one word, about everything which we mark with the signature of *that which is*, both in our interrogations when we interrogate, and in our answers when we reply: so that it is necessary we should have received the science of all these before we were born.

All this is true.

And if, since we receive these sciences, we did not forget each of them, we should always be born knowing, and should always know them, through the whole course of our life: for to know is nothing else than this, to retain the science which we have received, and not to lose it. Or do we not call oblivion the loss of science?

Entirely so, says he, Socrates.

But if, receiving science before we were born, we lose it at the time of our birth, and afterwards, through exercising the senses about these particulars, receive back again those sciences which we once before possessed, will not that which we call learning be a recovery of our own proper science? and shall we not speak rightly when we call this a kind of reminiscence?

Entirely so.

For this appears to be possible, that when any one perceives anything, either by seeing or hearing, or employing any other sense, he may at the same time know something different from this, which he had forgotten, and to which this is similar, or to which it approaches, if it is dissimilar. So that, as I said, one of these two things must be the consequence: either that we were born knowing these, and possess a knowledge of all of them, through the whole of our life: or that we only remember what we are said to learn afterwards; and thus learning will be reminiscence.

The case is perfectly so, Socrates.

Which, therefore, will you choose, Simmias: that we are born knowing, or that we afterwards remember the particulars of which we formerly received the science?

At present, Socrates, I have no choice.

But what will be your choice in the following instance, and what will be your opinion about it? Can a man, who possesses science, render a reason concerning the objects of his knowledge, or not?

There is a great necessity, says he, Socrates, that he should.

And does it also appear to you, that all men can render a reason of the particulars concerning which we have just now spoken?

I wish they could, says Simmias; but I am much more afraid that to-morrow at this hour there will no longer be any one here capable of doing this.

You do not therefore think, Simmias, that all men know these particulars?

By no means.

They remember, therefore, the things which they have once learned.

It is necessary.

But when did our souls receive this science? for they did not receive them from those from whom we are born men.

Certainly not.

Before this period, therefore.

Certainly.

Our souls, therefore, Simmias, had a subsistence before they were in a human form, separate from bodies, and possessed intelligence.

Unless, Socrates, we received these sciences while we were making our entrance into the present life; for that space of time is yet left for us.

Let it be so, my friend. But in what other time did we lose these? for we were not born possessing them, as we have just now acknowledged. Did we lose them at the very time in which we received them? Or can you mention any other time?

By no means, Socrates: but I did not see that I spoke nothing to the purpose.

Will then the case remain thus for us, Simmias? For if those things have a subsistence which we perpetually proclaim—viz., a certain something beautiful and good, and every such essence; and if we refer to this all sensible objects, as finding it to have a prior subsistence, and to be ours, and assimilate these to it, as images to their exemplar; it is necessary that, as these essences have a subsistence, so likewise that our soul should have subsisted before we were born: but if these are not, this discourse will have been undertaken in vain. Is it not so? and is there not an equal necessity, both that these should have a subsistence, and that our souls should have had a being before we were born, and that the one cannot be without the other?

The same necessity, Socrates, says Simmias, appears to me to take place in a most transcendent manner; and the discourse flies to a beautiful circumstance, I mean the conjoined subsistence of our soul before we were born, and of that essence which you now speak of. For I possess nothing which is so clear to me as this, that all such things as the beautiful and the good subsist, in the most eminent degree, together with everything else which you now mention; and, with respect to myself, it is sufficiently demonstrated.

But how does it appear to Cebes? says Socrates: for it is necessary that Cebes also should be persuaded.

In my opinion he is sufficiently so, says Simmias, although he is the most resolute of all men in not assenting to what is said. Yet I think he is sufficiently persuaded that our soul had a subsistence before we were born. But whether or not the soul remains after death, does not appear to me, Socrates, says he, to be yet demonstrated; but that doubt of the multitude, which Cebes mentioned, still presses hard upon me, whether, when a man dies, the soul is not dissipated, and this is the end of its existence. For what hinders but that it may be born, and may have had a subsistence elsewhere, and this before it came into a human body; and yet, after it departs, and is liberated from this body, may then die and be corrupted?

You speak well, Simmias, says Cebes; for it appears that the half only of what was necessary has been demonstrated, I mean that our soul subsisted before we were born: but it is necessary that you should demonstrate, besides this, that it no less subsists after we are dead, than it did before we were born, in order that the demonstration may be complete.

This, Simmias and Cebes, says Socrates, is even now demonstrated, if you are only willing to connect into one and the same the present discourse, and that which we before assented to; I mean that every vital nature is generated from that which is dead. For if the soul had a prior subsistence, and it is necessary when it proceeds into the present life, and is generated man, that it should be generated from nothing else than death, and to be dead; how is it not necessary that it should also subsist after death, since it is requisite that it should be generated again? Its existence, therefore, after death, is even now, as I said, demonstrated. But you and Simmias would gladly, it appears, search into the subject still further. You are afraid, like boys, lest on the soul's departure from the body the winds should tear it in pieces, and widely disperse it, —especially if any one should die during a stormy blast, and not when the heavens are serene!

Upon this Cebes laughing, Endeavour, says he, O Socrates, to persuade us of the contrary, as if we were afraid, or rather as if not we were afraid, but, perhaps, some boy among us, by whom circumstances of this kind may be dreaded: him, therefore, we should endeavour to persuade not to be terrified at death, as if it was some dreadful spectre.

But it is necessary, says Socrates, to charm him every day till he becomes well.

But from whence, says he, O Socrates, can a man acquire skill in such enchantment, since you are about to leave us?

Greece, says he, Cebes, is very spacious, in some part of which good men may be found: and there are many barbarian nations, all which must be wandered over, inquiring after an enchanter of this kind, without sparing either riches or labour, as there is nothing for which wealth can be more seasonably bestowed. But it is necessary that you should inquire among yourselves; for perhaps you will not easily find any one who is more able to accomplish this than yourselves.

Let these things be so, says Cebes: but, if you please, let us return from whence we made this digression.

It will be agreeable to me, says Socrates: for how should it not be so?

You speak well, says Cebes.

Some such thing, therefore, says Socrates, we ought to inquire of ourselves—viz., what is naturally affected by dissolution; and respecting what we ought to fear, lest this should take place; and to whom a fear of this kind is proper: and after this, we should consider whether it is soul or not; and, as the result of these speculations, should either be confident or fearful concerning our soul.

You speak true, says he.

Is it not, therefore, natural to that which is collected together, and a composite, that it should be dissolved so far as it is a composite; and that, if there is anything without composition, to this alone, if to any other, it belongs not to suffer affections of this kind?

This, says Cebes, appears to me to be the case.

But does it not follow, that things which always subsist according to the same, and in a similar manner, are in the most eminent degree incomposites; but that such things as subsist differently at different times, and never according to the same, are composites?

To me it appears so.

Let us return, therefore, says he, to the particulars of our former discourse: Whether is *essence itself* (which both in our inquiries and answers we established as having a being) that which always subsists similarly, and according to the same, or that which subsists differently at different times? And does *the equal itself*, *the beautiful itself*, and everything which truly is, ever receive any kind of mutation? Or does not everything which always truly is, and has a uniform subsistence, essentially abide in a similar manner according to the same, and never in any respect receive any mutation?

It is necessary, Socrates, says Cebes, that it should subsist similarly, and according to the same.

But what shall we say concerning many beautiful things, such as men, horses, garments, or other things of this kind, which are either equal or beautiful; and of all such as are synonymous to these? Do these also subsist according to the same, or rather are they not entirely contrary to those, so that they neither subsist similarly according to the same, either with respect to themselves or to one another, or, in one word, in any manner whatever?

These, says Cebes, never subsist in a similar condition.

These, therefore, may be touched, may be seen and perceived by the other senses; but those natures which always subsist according to the same, cannot be apprehended by any other means than the discursive energy of the intellectual power. But things of this kind are invisible, and cannot be seen.

You speak most truly, said Cebes.

Are you willing, therefore, says he, that we should establish two species of beings, the one visible, and the other invisible.

Let us establish them, says he.

And that the invisible subsists always according to the same, but the visible never according to the same.

And this also, says he, we will establish.

Come then, says Socrates, is there anything else belonging to us, than on the one hand body, and on the other soul?

Nothing else, says he.

To which species, therefore, shall we say the body is more similar and allied?

It is manifest to every one, says he, that it is allied to the visible species.

But what shall we say of the soul? Is it visible, or invisible?

It is certainly not visible to men, Socrates, says he.

But we speak of things which are visible or not so, with respect to the nature of men. Or do you think we speak of things visible to any other nature?

Of those which regard the nature of men.

What then shall we say respecting the soul, that it is visible, or cannot be seen?

That it cannot be seen.

The soul, therefore, is more similar to the invisible species than the body, but the body is more similar to the visible.

It is perfectly necessary it should be so, Socrates.

And have we not also formerly asserted this, that the soul, when it employs the body in the speculation of anything, either through sight, or hearing, or some other sense (for to speculate through sense is to speculate through body), then, indeed, it is drawn by the body to things which never subsist according to the same, wanders and is agitated, and becomes giddy like one intoxicated, through passing into contact with things of this kind?

Entirely so.

But when it speculates anything itself by itself, then it departs to that which is pure, eternal, and immortal, and which possesses a sameness of subsistence: and, as being allied to such a nature, it perpetually becomes united with it, when it subsists alone by itself, and as often as it may: and

then, too, it rests from its wanderings, and is ever the same being concerned and united with things that are ever the same; and this passion of the soul is denominated wisdom.

You speak, says he, Socrates, in every respect beautifully and true.

To which species, therefore, of things, formerly and now spoken of, does the soul appear to you to be more similar and allied?

It appears to me, Socrates, says he, that every one, and even the most indocile, must admit, in consequence of this method of reasoning, that the soul is both totally and universally more similar to that which subsists perpetually the same, than to that which does not so.

But to which is the body most similar?

To the other species.

But consider also as follows: that, since soul and body subsist together, nature commands that the one should be subservient and obey, but that the other should rule and possess dominion. And in consequence of this, which again of these appears to you to be similar to a divine nature, and which to the mortal nature? Or does it not appear to you that the divine nature is essentially adapted to govern and rule, but the mortal to be governed and be subservient?

To me it does so.

To which, therefore, is the soul similar?

It is manifest, Socrates, that the soul is similar to the divine, but the body to the mortal nature.

But consider, says he, Cebes, whether, from all that has been said, these conclusions will result to us, that the soul is most similar to the divine, immortal, intelligible, uniform and indissoluble nature, and which always subsists similarly according to the same; but that the body is most similar to the nature which is human, mortal, void of intellect, multiform, dissoluble, and which never subsists according to the same. Can we, my dear Cebes, produce any arguments to show that this is not the case?

We cannot.

What then? in consequence of all this, must it not be

the property of the body, to be swiftly dissolved; but of the soul, on the contrary, to be entirely indissoluble, or something bordering on such a state?

How should it not?

Do you conceive, therefore, says he, that when a man dies, the visible part of him, or the body, which is situated in a visible region (and which we call a dead body subject to dissolution, ruin, and dissipation), does not immediately suffer any of these affections, but remains for a considerable space of time; and if any one dies possessing a graceful body, that it very much retains its elegant form? for, when the body is bound and buried according to the manner in which the Egyptians bury their dead, it remains almost entire for an incredible space of time; and though some parts of the body may become rotten, yet the bones and nerves, and everything of this kind, are preserved as one may say immortal. Is it not so?

Certainly.

Can the soul, therefore, which is invisible, and which departs into another place of this kind, a place noble, pure, and invisible, viz., into Hades,[1] to a beneficent and prudent God (at which place, if Divinity is willing, my soul will shortly arrive); can the soul, I say, since it is naturally of this kind, be immediately dissipated and perish on its being liberated from the body, as is asserted by the many? This is certainly, my dear Cebes and Simmias, far from being the case. But this will much more abundantly take place, if it is liberated in a pure condition, attracting to itself nothing of the body, as not having willingly communicated with it in the present life, but fled from it and collected itself into itself; an employment of this kind having been the subject of its perpetual meditation. But this is nothing else than to philosophise rightly, and to meditate with facility, how *to be dead in reality.* Or will not this be a meditation of death?

Entirely so.

Will not the soul, therefore, when in this condition,

[1] Hades, ἀ-ιδής, the invisible.

depart to that which is similar to itself, a divine nature, and which is likewise immortal and wise? and when it arrives thither, will it not become happy, being liberated from wandering and ignorance, terror and insane love, and from all other evils belonging to the human nature; and so, as it is said of the initiated, will in reality pass the rest of its time in the society of the gods? Shall we speak in this manner, Cebes, or otherwise?

In this manner, by Zeus, says Cebes.

But I think that if the soul departs polluted and impure from the body, as having always been its associate, attending upon and loving the body, and becoming enchanted by it, through its desires and pleasures, in such a manner as to think that nothing really is, except what is corporeal, which can be touched and seen, eaten and drunk, and employed for the purposes of venereal occupations, and at the same time is accustomed to hate, dread, and avoid that which is dark and invisible to the eye of sense, which is intelligible and apprehended by philosophy; do you think that a soul thus affected can be liberated from the body, so as to subsist sincerely by itself?

By no means, says he.

But I think that it will be contaminated by a corporeal nature, to which its converse and familiarity with the body, through perpetual association and abundant meditation, have rendered it similar and allied.

Entirely so.

But it is proper, my dear Cebes, to think that such a nature is ponderous and heavy, terrestrial and visible; and that a soul of this kind, through being connected with such a nature, is rendered heavy, and drawn down again into the visible region from its dread of that which is invisible and Hades, and, as it is said, wanders about monuments and tombs; about which indeed certain shadowy phantoms of souls appear, being the images produced by such souls as have not been purely liberated from the body, but which participate of the visible nature; and on this account they become visible.

It is very reasonable to suppose so, Socrates.

It is reasonable indeed, Cebes: and likewise that these are not the souls of the worthy, but of the depraved, who are compelled to wander about such places; by these means suffering the punishment of their former conduct, which was evil; and they are compelled thus to wander till, through the desire of a corporeal nature, which attends them, they are again bound to a body. They are bound, however, as it is proper they should be, to such manners as they have exercised in the present life.

But what do you say these manners are, Socrates?

As, for example, that such as are addicted to gluttony, arrogant injuries, and drinking, and have no prudence nor reverence, shall enter into the tribes of asses and brutes of this kind. Or do you not think it proper that they should?

You speak in a manner perfectly becoming.

But shall we not say, that such as held in the highest estimation injustice, tyranny, and rapine shall enter into the tribes of wolves, hawks, and kites? Or where else can we say such souls depart?

Into tribes of this kind, certainly, says Cebes.

It will, therefore, be manifest concerning the rest into what nature each departs, according to the similitudes of manners which they have exercised.

It is manifest, says he; for how should it not be so?

Are not, therefore, says he, those among these the most happy, and such as depart into the best place, who have made popular and social virtue their study, which they call indeed temperance and justice, and which is produced from custom and exercise, without philosophy and intellect?

But how are these the most happy?

Because it is fit that these should again migrate into a social and mild tribe of this kind; such as bees, wasps, or ants, or into the same human tribe again, and become temperate and orderly men.

It is fit.

But it is not lawful for any to pass into the genus of gods, except such as, through a love of learning, have

philosophised, and departed from hence perfectly pure. And for the sake of this, my dear Simmias and Cebes, those who have philosophised rightly abstain from all desires belonging to the body, and strenuously persevere in this abstinence, without giving themselves up to their dominion; nor is it because they dread the ruin of their families, and poverty, like the multitude of the lovers of wealth; nor yet because they are afraid of ignominy and the infamy of improbity, like those who are lovers of dominion and honours, that they abstain from these desires.

For it would not, Socrates, become them so to do, says Cebes.

It would not, by Zeus, says he. Hence those, O Cebes! who take care of their soul, and do not live in a state of subserviency to their bodies, bidding farewell to all such characters as we have mentioned above, do not proceed in the same path with these during the journey of life, because such characters are ignorant how they should direct their course; but considering that they ought not to act contrary to philosophy, and to its solution and purification, they give themselves up to its direction, and follow wherever it leads.

In what manner, Socrates?

I will tell you.

The lovers of learning well know, that when philosophy receives their soul into her protection (and when she does so, she finds it vehemently bound and agglutinated to the body, and compelled to speculate things through this, as through a place of confinement, instead of beholding herself through herself; and besides this, rolled in every kind of ignorance: philosophy likewise beholds the dire nature of the confinement, that it arises through desire; so that he who is bound in an eminent degree assists in binding himself); the lovers of learning therefore, I say, know that philosophy, receiving their soul in this condition, endeavours gently to exhort it, and dissolve its bonds; and this she attempts to accomplish, by showing that the inspection of things through the eyes is full of deception, and that this

is likewise the case with perception through the ears and the other senses. Philosophy too persuades the soul to depart from all these fallacious informations, and to employ them no further than necessity requires; and exhorts her to call together and collect herself into one. And besides this, to believe in no other than herself, with respect to what she understands, herself subsisting by herself, of that which has likewise a real subsistence by itself; and not to consider that as having a true being which she speculates through others, and which has its subsistence in others. And lastly, that a thing of this kind is sensible and visible; but that what she herself perceives is intelligible and invisible. The soul of a true philosopher, therefore, thinking that he ought not to oppose this deliverance, abstains as much as possible from pleasures and desires, griefs and fears, considering that when any one is vehemently delighted or terrified, afflicted or desirous, he does not suffer any such mighty evil from these as some one may perhaps conceive, I mean such as disease and a consumption of wealth, through indulging his desires; but that he suffers that which is the greatest, and the extremity of all evils, and this without apprehending that he does so.

But what is this evil, Socrates, says Cebes?

That the soul of every man is compelled at the same time to be either vehemently delighted or afflicted about some particular thing, and to consider that about which it is thus affected, as having a most evident and true subsistence, though this is by no means the case; and that these are most especially visible objects. Is it not so?

Entirely.

In this passion, therefore, is not the soul in the highest degree bound to the body?

In what manner?

Because every pleasure and pain, as if armed with a nail, fasten and rivet the soul to the body, cause it to become corporeal, and fill it with an opinion, that whatever the body asserts is true. For, in consequence of the soul forming the same opinions with the body, and being delighted with

the same objects, it appears to me that it is compelled to possess similar manners, and to be similarly nourished, and to become so affected, that it can never pass into Hades in a pure condition; but always departs full of a corporeal nature; and thus swiftly falls again into another body, and, becoming as it were sown, takes root and grows there; and lastly, that thus it comes to have no share in communion with that which is divine, pure, and unchangeable.

You speak most true, Socrates, says Cebes.

For the sake of these things, therefore, O Cebes! those who are justly lovers of learning are well-conducted and courageous, and not for the sake of such as the multitude assert. Or do you think it is?

By no means; for it cannot be.

But the soul of a philosopher reasons in this manner; and does not think that philosophy ought to free him from the body, but that when he is freed he may give himself up to pleasures and pains, by which he will again be bound to the body, and will undertake a work which it is impossible to finish, reweaving, as it were, the web of Penelope. But procuring tranquillity with respect to these, and following the guidance of the reasoning power, and being always conversant with this, contemplating at the same time that which is true, divine, and not the subject of opinion, and being likewise nourished by such an object of contemplation, he will think that he ought to live in this manner while he lives, and that when he dies he shall depart to that which is akin to him—such as we have spoken of—being liberated from the maladies of the human nature. But from a nutriment of this kind the soul has no occasion to fear (while it makes these, O Simmias and Cebes! its study), lest, in its liberation from the body, it should be rent asunder, and, being blown about and dissipated by the winds, should vanish, and no longer have anywhere a subsistence.

When Socrates had thus spoken, a long silence ensued; and Socrates seemed to revolve with himself what had been

said; as likewise did the greatest part of us: but Cebes and Simmias discoursed a little with each other. And Socrates at length looking upon them, What, says he, do our assertions appear to you to have been not sufficiently demonstrated? for many doubts and suspicions yet remain, if any one undertakes to investigate them sufficiently. If, therefore, you are considering something else among yourselves, I have nothing to say; but if you are doubting about those particulars which we have just now made the subject of our discourse, do not be remiss in speaking about and running over what has been said, if it appears to you in any respect that we might have spoken better; and receive me again as your associate, if you think that you can be any ways benefited by my assistance.

Upon this Simmias said, Indeed, Socrates, I will tell you the truth: for some time since each of us being agitated with doubts, we impelled and exhorted one another to interrogate you, through our desire of hearing them solved; but we were afraid of causing a debate, lest it should be disagreeable to you in your present circumstances. But Socrates, upon hearing this, gently laughed, and said, This is strange, indeed, Simmias; for I shall with difficulty be able to persuade other men that I do not consider the present fortune as a calamity, since I am not able to persuade even you; but you are afraid lest I should be more morose now than I was prior to the present event. And, as it seems, I appear to you to be more despicable than swans with respect to divination, who, when they perceive that it is necessary for them to die, sing not only as usual, but then more than ever; rejoicing that they are about to depart to that deity in whose service they are engaged. But men, because they themselves are afraid of death, falsely accuse the swans, and assert that, in consequence of their being afflicted at death, their song is the result of grief. Nor do they consider that no bird sings when it is hungry or cold, or is afflicted with any other malady; neither the nightingale, nor the swallow, nor the lapwing, all which they say sing lamenting through distress.

But neither do these birds, as it appears to me, sing through sorrow, nor yet the swans; but in my opinion these last are prophetic, as belonging to Apollo; and in consequence of foreseeing the good which Hades contains, they sing and rejoice at that period more remarkably than at any preceding time. But I consider myself as a fellow-servant of the swans, and sacred to the same Divinity. I possess a divining power from our common master no less than they; nor shall I be more afflicted than the swan in being liberated from the present life. Hence it is proper that you should both speak and inquire about whatever you please, as long as the eleven magistrates will permit.

You speak excellently well, says Simmias; and as you give me permission, I will both tell you what are my doubts, and how far Cebes does not admit what has been said. For, as to myself, Socrates, I am perhaps of the same opinion about these particulars as yourself; that to know them clearly in the present life is either impossible, or a thing very difficult to obtain. But not to argue about what has been said in every possible way, and to desist before by an arduous investigation on all sides weariness is produced, can only take place among indolent and effeminate men. For it is necessary, in things of this kind, either to learn or to discover the manner of their subsistence; or, if both these are impossible, then, by receiving the best of human reasonings, and that which is the most difficult of confutation, to venture upon this as on a raft, and sail in it through the ocean of life, unless some one should be able to be carried more safely, and with less danger, by means of a firmer vehicle, or a certain *divine reason*.[1] I shall not, therefore, now be ashamed to interrogate, in consequence of the confession which you have made; nor shall I blame myself hereafter,

[1] Divine reason—Θεῖος λόγος; evidently in contrast to the human reasonings, ἀνθρώπινοι λόγοι, just before alluded to, and therefore misleadingly rendered "word of God" by Dr. Jowett. Plato was not thinking of what is called "revelation," in the sense in which that word might have been applied to a Delphic oracle, but of the possibility of an intuitive sense of spiritual truths independent of the ratiocinative faculty.

that I have not spoken what appears to me at present: for, upon considering what has been said, both with myself and together with Cebes, your doctrine did not seem to be sufficiently confirmed.

And perhaps, my friend, says Socrates, you have the truth on your side; but inform me in what respect it did not seem to be sufficiently confirmed.

In this, says he; because any one may assert the same about harmony,[1] and a lyre, and its chords; that, for instance, harmony is something invisible and incorporeal, all-beautiful and divine, in a well-modulated lyre: but the lyre and its chords are bodies, and of a corporeal nature; are composites and terrestrial, and allied to that which is mortal. When any one, therefore, shall either have broken the lyre, or cut and burst the chords, some person may contend from the same reasoning as yours, that it is necessary the harmony should yet remain, and not be destroyed (for it cannot in any respect be possible that the lyre should subsist when the chords are burst, and the chords themselves are of a mortal nature; but that harmony, which is connate and allied to that which is divine and immortal, should become extinct, and perish prior to the mortal nature itself); because it is necessary that harmony should be somewhere, and that the wood and chords must suffer putrefaction, before this can be subject to any affection. For I think, Socrates, that you yourself have also perceived this, that we consider the soul as being emphatically something of this kind: the body is as it were

[1] Harmony has a triple subsistence. For it is either harmony itself, or it is that which is first harmonised, and which is such according to the whole of itself; or it is that which is secondarily harmonised, and which partially participates of harmony. The first of these must be assigned to intellect, the second to soul, and the third to body. This last too is corruptible, because it subsists in a subject; but the other two are incorruptible, because they are neither composites, nor dependent on a subject. Simmias, therefore, reasons falsely in what he here says, in consequence of looking to the third species of harmony only. Hence, the rational soul is analogous to a musician, but the animated body to harmonised chords: for the former has a subsistence separate, but the latter inseparable from the musical instrument.—TAYLOR.

strung and held together by heat and cold, dryness and moisture, and the like, and the soul is the mingling and harmony of these, when they are beautifully and moderately tempered with each other. If, therefore, the soul is a kind of harmony, it is evident that when our body suffers above measure either from intension or relaxation, through diseases and other maladies, the soul must from necessity immediately perish, though of the most divine nature (in the same manner as other harmonies perish, which either subsist in sounds or in the works of artificers); but the remaining parts of the body of each person must subsist for a long time, till they are either burnt or become rotten. Consider then what we shall say to this discourse, if any one should think, since the soul is the temperament of things subsisting in the body, that it perishes the first, in that which is called death.

Socrates then beholding us, and laughing as he was accustomed to do very often, Simmias, says he, speaks justly. If any one of you, therefore, is more prompt than I am, why does he not reply to these objections? for he seems not to have handled this affair badly. But it appears to me, that before we make our reply we should first hear Cebes, and know what it is which he objects to our discourse; that we may have some time to deliberate what we shall say; and that afterwards, upon hearing the objections, we may either assent to them, if they appear to assert anything becoming; or, if they do not, that we may defend the discourse we have already delivered. But, says he, tell me, Cebes, what it is which so disturbs you, as to cause your unbelief.

I will tell you, says Cebes: your discourse seems to me to be yet in the same state, and to be liable to the same accusation as we mentioned before. For, that our soul had a subsistence before it came into the present form, is an assertion, I will not deny, and very elegantly, and (if it is not too much to say) sufficiently demonstrated: but that it still remains when we are dead, does not appear to me to have been clearly proved; nor do I assent to the objection of Simmias, that the soul is not stronger and more lasting than the body, for it appears to me to be much more

excellent than all these. Why then, says reason, do you yet disbelieve? for, since you see that when a man dies that which is more imbecile still remains, does it not appear to you to be necessary that the more lasting nature should be preserved during this period of time? Consider, therefore, whether I shall say anything to the purpose in reply. For I, as well as Simmias, as it seems, stand in need of a certain similitude: for to me these things appear to be asserted in the same manner, as if any one should say concerning an aged dead weaver, that the man has not yet perished, but perhaps still survives somewhere; and should exhibit as an argument in proof of this assertion a vestment woven by himself, which he wore, and which is yet safe and entire. And if he should ask some one not crediting his assertion, which is the more lasting, the genus of man or of a garment, whose subsistence consists in its use and in being worn; then should it be replied, that the genus of man is much more lasting, he might think it demonstrated, that the man is more likely to be preserved, since that which is of a shorter duration has not yet perished. But I do not think, Simmias, that this is the case. For consider with yourself what I say: since every person must apprehend, that he who asserts this speaks foolishly. For this weaver, having worn and woven many such vestments, died *after* them, being many, but I think *before* the last; and yet it cannot be anything the more inferred on this account, that the man is viler or more imbecile than a vestment. And I think that the soul, with respect to the body, will receive the same similitude; and he who shall assert the same concerning these, will appear to me to speak in a very equitable manner; I mean that the soul is of a lasting nature, but the body more debile and less durable. But I should say that each soul wears many bodies, especially if it lives many years; for, if the body glides away like a stream, and is dissolved while the man yet lives, but the soul perpetually re-weaves that which is worn and consumed, it will be necessary indeed, that when the soul is destroyed it should then be clothed

with the last vestment, and should perish prior to this alone. But the soul having perished, then the body will evince the nature of its imbecility, and, becoming rapidly rotten, will be perfectly dissolved: so that, in consequence of this reasoning, it is not yet proper that we should be persuaded to believe with confidence, that our soul subsists somewhere after we are dead. For, if any one should assent to him who asserts even more than you have done, and should grant that not only our soul had an existence before we were born into the present life, but that nothing hinders us from admitting that certain souls after death may still have a subsistence, exist in some future period, and often be born, and again perish (for so naturally strong is the soul, that it will preserve itself through frequent births); but this being granted, it may still follow, that it will not only labour in those many generations, but that, finishing its course, in some one of these deaths, it will entirely perish. But no one should say that this death and dissolution of the body, which also introduces destruction to the soul, can be known: for it is impossible that it can be perceived by any one of us. If this, however, be the case, it will not follow that he who possesses the confidence of good hope concerning death is not foolishly confident, unless he can demonstrate that the soul is perfectly immortal and undecaying: for otherwise it will be necessary, that he who is about to die should always fear for his soul, lest in the death, which is at hand, he should entirely perish through the separation of his body.

When we heard them, therefore, speak in this manner, we were all of us very disagreeably affected, as we afterwards declared to each other; because, as we were in the highest degree persuaded by the former discourse, they again seemed to disturb us and to cast us into unbelief; and this in such a manner, as not only to cause us to deny our assent to the arguments which had been already adduced, but to such as might afterwards be asserted, fearing lest either we should not be proper judges of

anything, or that the things themselves should be unworthy of belief.

Echec. By the God, Phaedo, I can easily pardon you: for, while I am now hearing you, I cannot refrain from saying to myself, In what arguments can we any longer believe? For the discourse of Socrates, which a little before was exceedingly credible, is now fallen into unbelief. For the assertion, that our soul is a kind of harmony, gained my assent both now and always in a wonderful manner; and now it is mentioned, it recalls as it were into my memory a knowledge that I formerly was of the same opinion. And thus I am perfectly indigent again of some other reason, as if from the very beginning, which may persuade me that the soul of a dead man does not die together with the body. Tell me, therefore, by Zeus, how Socrates pursued the discourse; and whether he, as you confess was the case with yourself, seemed vexed at these objections; or, on the contrary, answered them with calmness; and whether he defended his doctrine sufficiently, or in a defective manner. Relate all these particulars to us as accurately as you can.

Phaed. Indeed, Echecrates, I have often admired Socrates; but never more so than at that time. That he should be able indeed to say something in reply, is perhaps not wonderful; but I especially admired, in the first place, this in him, that he received the discourse of the young men in such a pleasant, benevolent, and wonderful manner; and, in the next place, that he so acutely perceived how we were affected by their objections; and lastly, that he so well cured our disturbance, recalled us, as if flying and vanquished, and caused us, in conjunction with himself, to pursue and consider the discourse.

Echec. But how did he do this?

Phaed. I will tell you: I happened at that time to sit at his right hand, upon a low seat near his bed; but he himself sat much higher than I did. Stroking me on the head, therefore, and compressing the hair which hung on my neck (for he used sometimes to play with my hair),

To-morrow, said he, Phaedo, you will perhaps cut off these beautiful locks.[1]

It seems so, indeed, said I, Socrates.

But you will not, if you will be persuaded by me.

But why not, said I.

For both you and I, said he, ought to cut off our hair to-day, if our argument must die, and we are not able to recall it to life again. And I indeed, if I was you, and I found that argument fled from me, would take an oath after the manner of the Argives, that I would never suffer my hair to grow, till, by contesting in disputation, I had vanquished the objections of Simmias and Cebes.

But, said I, Hercules is reported not to have been sufficient against two.

Call upon me, therefore, said he, as your Iolaus[2] while the light yet lasts.

I call then, said I, not as Hercules upon Iolaus, but as Iolaus upon Hercules.

It is of no consequence, said he.

But, in the first place, we must be careful that we are not influenced by a certain passion.

What passion, said I?

That we do not become, said he, haters of reason, in the same manner as some become haters of men. For no greater evil can happen to any one than to be a hater of reasons. But a hatred of reason and a hatred of mankind are both produced in the same manner. For misanthropy is produced in us through very much believing without art in some particular person, and considering him as a man true, sincere, and faithful, whom in the course of a short acquaintance we find to be depraved and unfaithful; and that this is the case again with another. And when any one often suffers this disappointment, and especially from those whom he considered as his most intimate familiars

[1] As a sign of mourning.

[2] Iolaus was the son of Iphiclus, King of Thessaly. He assisted Hercules in conquering the Hydra, and burnt with a hot iron the place where the heads had been cut off, to prevent the growth of others.

and friends, at length, through finding himself thus frequently hurt, he hates all men, and thinks that there is nothing sincere in any one. Or have you never perceived that this is the case?

Entirely so, said I.

But is not this base, said he? and is it not evident that such a one attempts to associate of men, without possessing the art which respects human affairs? For if he dealt with them in the right manner, he would think, as the case really is, that men very good, or very bad, are but few in number; and that the greater part of mankind are those which subsist between these?

How do you mean, said I?

In the same manner, said he, as about things very small and very great. Do you think that anything is more rare than to find a very large or a very small man, or dog, or anything else; and again anything excessively swift or slow, beautiful or base, white or black? Or do you not perceive that the summits of the extremes of all these are rare and few, but that things subsisting between these are copious and many?

Entirely so, said I.

Do you not, therefore, think, says he, that if a contest of improbity should be proposed, those who hold the first rank among the bad would be found to be but few?

It is agreeable to reason to think so, said I.

It is so, indeed, said he; but in this respect arguments are not like men (I was following up your question); but in this they are like, when any one, for instance, without possessing the art belonging to discourse, believes that a certain discourse is true, and shortly after it appears to him to be false, as it is sometimes the one and sometimes the other, and the same thing happens to him about different discourses. And this is particularly the case with those who practise arguing on all sides; for these you know think that they at length become most wise, and alone perceive that there is nothing sound and stable either in things or reasons; but that everything turns now one way, now

another, like the tide in the river Euripus, and does not abide in any one condition for any portion of time whatever.

You speak perfectly true, said I.

Would it not then, said he, Phaedo, be a passion worthy of commiseration, if, when a certain reason is true and firm, and is capable of being understood, yet some one falling from this should be involved in doubt, because he has heard reasons, which, though remaining the same, yet have at one time appeared to be true, and at another false; and should not accuse himself and his own want of skill, but at length through grief should transfer all the blame from himself to the reasons; and thus should pass the remainder of his life, hating and slandering reasons, and deprived of the truth and science of things?

By Zeus, said I, such a one would be miserable indeed.

In the first place, therefore, said he, we should be very careful against admitting the opinion, that no reasoning can be sound; but we should much rather think that we ourselves are not yet sound, and that we ought vigorously and cheerfully to study how to be so. And this indeed ought to be the case with you and others, for the sake of the whole remainder of your life, but with me, for the sake of death itself; as there is danger at the present time, lest I should not behave philosophically, but, like those who are perfectly unskilled, contentiously. For such as these, when they controvert any particular, are not at all concerned how that subsists about which they dispute; but are alone anxious, that what they have established may appear to the persons present to be true. And I seem to myself at present to differ alone in this respect from such as these: for I am not solicitous that my discourse may appear true to those who are present (except just as it may happen in passing), but that it may appear to be so in the most eminent degree to me myself. For I thus reason, my dear friend (and see in how grasping and covetous a manner), that if my assertions are true, it will be a beautiful circumstance to be persuaded of their truth; but that if nothing

remains for the dead, I shall at least have the advantage of being less afflicted with my present condition than others are. But this ignorance of mine will not continue long (for it would be bad if it should), but shortly after this will be dissolved; and being thus prepared, says he, Simmias and Cebes, I shall now return to the discourse. But, that you may be persuaded by me, pay no attention to the person of Socrates, but be much more solicitous in assenting to the truth, if I should appear to you to assert anything true; but if this should not be the case, oppose me with all your might, and beware, lest through too much ardour I should deceive both myself and you, and, acting in this respect like bees, should depart from you, leaving my sting behind.

But to begin, says he: In the first place, remind me of what you have said, if it should appear that I have forgotten it. For Simmias, I think, distrusted and was afraid lest the soul, though it is at the same time more divine and beautiful than the body, should perish before it, as subsisting in the form of harmony. But Cebes appears to me to have admitted this, that the soul is more lasting than the body; but yet that it is perfectly uncertain, whether after the soul has worn out many bodies, and this often, it may not at length, leaving body behind, itself also perish; so that this will be death itself, I mean the destruction of the soul, since the body perpetually perishes without ceasing. Are not these the things, Simmias and Cebes, which we ought to consider?

They both confessed that the particulars were these.

Whether, therefore, says he, do you reject the whole of our former discourse, or do you reject some things and not others?

They replied, We admit some things, and not others.

What then, says he, do you say about that discourse, in which we asserted that learning is reminiscence; and that, this being the case, our soul must necessarily have subsisted somewhere before it was bound in the body?

I indeed, says Cebes, was both then wonderfully per-

suaded by that discourse, and now firmly abide in the same opinion.

And I also, says Simmias, am affected in the same manner; and I should very much wonder should I ever conceive otherwise about this particular.

But, says Socrates, it is necessary, my Theban guest, that it should appear otherwise to you, if you still continue of the opinion, that harmony is something composite, and that the soul is a certain harmony, composed from things extended through the body. For you will never assent to yourself asserting, that harmony was composed prior to the things from which it is to be composed; or do you think you can?

By no means, says he, Socrates.

Do you perceive, therefore, says he, that you will not be consistent in your assertions, when you say that the soul had a subsistence before it came into a human form and into body, but that at the same time it was composed from things which then had not a being? For neither is harmony such as that to which you assimilate it; but the lyre, and the chords, and the sounds yet unharmonised, have a prior existence; but harmony is composed the last of all, and is the first dissolved. How, therefore, can this discourse be consonant with that?

In no respect, says Simmias.

But it certainly is proper, says he, that a discourse about harmony should be consonant, if this can ever be asserted of any other.

It is proper, indeed, says Simmias.

But this discourse of yours is not consonant. Consider, therefore, which of these assertions you will choose, that learning is reminiscence, or that the soul is harmony.

I prefer the former, Socrates, by much; for the latter gained my assent without a demonstration, through nothing more than a certain probability and specious appearance; from whence also it appears evident to the multitude of mankind. But I well know, that the discourses which frame their demonstrations from assimilative reasons only

are nothing more than empty boastings; and unless a man defends himself against them, they will very much deceive him, both in geometry and all other speculations. But the discourse about reminiscence and learning was delivered through an hypothesis highly worthy of reception. For in this it was said that our soul had a subsistence somewhere before it came into the present body, as it is an essence possessing the appellation of that which truly is. But, as I persuade myself, I assent to this doctrine in a manner sufficient and proper; and hence it is necessary, as it appears to me, that I should neither assent to myself nor to any other asserting that the soul is harmony.

But what, says he, Simmias? Does it appear to you that it can either belong to a harmony, or to any composition, to subsist independently of the things from which it is composed?

By no means.

And indeed, as it appears to me, it can neither perform nor suffer anything else, besides what these perform and suffer.

He agreed it could not.

It does not, therefore, belong to a harmony to be the leader of the materials from which it is composed, but to follow them.

This also he granted.

It is far, therefore, from being the case, that a harmony will either be moved or found contrary, or in any other respect be adverse to its parts.

Very far, indeed, says he.

But what, does not every harmony naturally subsist in such a manner as to be a harmony, in the manner in which it is harmonised?

I do not understand you.

But, says he, if it were possible that it could be harmonised more fully and well it would be more of a harmony, but if less and worse then less of a harmony.

Entirely so.

But can it be said of the soul, that, even in the smallest circumstance, one soul is more soul than another?

By no means, says he.

Consider then, says he, by Zeus, is it truly said, that one soul possesses intellect and virtue, and is good; but that another is foolish and vicious, and is bad?

It is truly said.

Among those, therefore, who establish the soul as harmony, what can any one call virtue and vice in the soul? Will he call the one harmony, and the other discord? And that the one, that is to say the good soul, is harmonised; and, as it is harmony, possesses another harmony in itself; but that the other is discord, and does not contain in itself another harmony?

I know not what to reply, says Simmias; but it is manifest, that he who establishes this would make some such reply.

But it has been granted, says he, that one soul is not more or less soul than another; and this is no other than to confess, that one harmony is not more nor less harmony than another: is it not so?

Entirely so.

But that which is neither more nor less harmony, is neither more nor less harmonised: is it not so?

It is.

But can that which is neither more nor less harmonised participate more or less of harmony? or does it equally participate?

Equally.

The soul, therefore, since it is not more or less soul than another, is not more or less harmonised.

It is not.

But since it is thus affected, it will neither participate more of discord nor of harmony.

By no means.

And again, in consequence of this condition, can one soul participate more of vice or virtue than another, since vice is discord, but virtue harmony?

It cannot.

But rather, Simmias, according to right reason, no soul

will participate of vice, since it is harmony: for doubtless the harmony, which is perfectly such, can never participate of discord.

It certainly cannot.

Neither, therefore, can the soul, which is perfectly soul, participate of vice: for how can it, in consequence of what has been said? In consequence of this reasoning, therefore, the souls of all animals will be similarly good; since they are naturally similarly souls, with respect to the essence of soul.

To me it appears so, Socrates, says he.

If the hypothesis therefore was right, would it appear to you to be beautifully said, and that this consequence ensued, that the soul is harmony?

By no means, says he.

But what, says Socrates, among all the things which are inherent in man, would you say that anything else governed except soul, if he be a wise man?

I should not.

But whether does the soul govern, by assenting to the passions belonging to the body, or by opposing them? My meaning is this, that when heat and thirst are present, the soul, if it governs, will frequently draw the body to the contrary—*i.e.*, not to drink; and hunger being present, that it shall not eat; and in a thousand other instances we may behold the soul opposing the desires of the body: may we not?

Entirely so.

Have we not above confessed, that if the soul was harmony, it would never sound contrary to the intentions, relaxations, or vibrations, or any other passion belonging to its component parts, but that it would follow, and never rule over them?

We have granted this, says he; for how could we do otherwise?

But what, does not the soul now appear to act just the contrary to this, ruling over all those particulars, from which it may be said it subsists, opposing, we may say, all

ntrol of soul over instincts

of them through the whole of life, and exercising absolute dominion over them all manner of ways, punishing some of these indeed with greater difficulty, and accompanied with pain; some through gymnastic and medicine, and some by milder methods, and some again by threats, and others by admonishing desire, anger, and fear; addressing that which it opposes, as being itself of a different nature? just as Homer does in the *Odyssey*, where he says of Ulysses—

> "His breast he struck, and cried, My heart, sustain
> This ill! for thou hast borne far greater pain" (xix. 15).

Do you think that Homer devised this in consequence of thinking that the soul is harmony, and of such a kind as to be led by the passions of the body, and not such as is naturally adapted to lead and govern, and which is something much more divine than harmony?

By Zeus, Socrates, I do not think that he did.

By no means, therefore, most excellent man, shall we do well, in asserting that the soul is a kind of harmony: for by thus asserting, as it appears, we shall neither agree with Homer, that divine poet, nor be consistent with ourselves.

It is so, indeed, says he.

Let it then be so, says Socrates; and thus, as it appears, your Theban Harmonia, Simmias, has not treated us with much severity. But how shall we prosper with her Cadmus?[1]

You appear to me, says Cebes, to be likely to find out a way: for you have delivered this discourse against harmony in a wonderful manner, and beyond what I expected. For, while Simmias related his doubts, I thought it would be a most admirable thing, should any one be able to reply to his discourse. He therefore appears to me, in a manner perfectly extraordinary, not to have sustained the very first assault of your discourse. I should not, therefore, be surprised if the arguments of Cadmus met with the same fate.

My good friend, says Socrates, do not speak so magnifi-

[1] Harmonia was the wife of Cadmus King of Thebes. Simmias was a Theban.

cently, lest some Nemesis should subvert our future discourse. These things, indeed, will be taken care of by Divinity. But we, coming to close quarters, in Homeric manner, will try whether you say anything to the purpose. This then is the sum of what you inquire: you think it proper to demonstrate that our soul is without decay, and immortal; that a philosopher who is about to die with all the confidence of hope, and who thinks that after death he shall be far more happy than in the present life, may not indulge a stupid and foolish confidence. But you say, though it should be shown that the soul is something robust and deiform, and that it subsisted before we were born, yet nothing hinders but that all these arguments may not evince its immortality, but only that the soul is more lasting than the body, that it formerly existed somewhere for an immense period of time, and that it knew and performed a multitude of things. But that, for all this, it will be nothing the more immortal; but that, entering into the body of a man, it will be the principle of destruction to itself, as if connected with a disease: so that it will both lead a miserable life in the body, and at last will perish in that which is called death. But you say it is of no consequence whether it comes into body once or often, with respect to our occasion of fear: for it is very proper that he who neither knows, nor is able to render a reason, why the soul is immortal, should be afraid of death, unless he is deprived of intellect. This, I think, Cebes, is the sum of what you say; and I have repeated it often, that nothing may escape our observation; and that, if you are willing, you may either add or take away from our statement of the objections.

But Cebes replied, I have nothing at present either to add or take away; but these are the objections which I make.

Socrates, therefore, after he had been silent for a long time, and considering something by himself, said: You require, Cebes, a thing of no small importance: for it is necessary to treat concerning the whole cause of generation

and corruption. If you are willing, therefore, I will relate to you what happened to me in this investigation; and afterwards, if anything which I shall say shall appear to you useful, with respect to persuading you in the present inquiry, employ it for this purpose.

But I am most assuredly willing, says Cebes.

Hear then my narration: When I was a young man, Cebes, I was in a wonderful manner desirous of that wisdom which they call a history of nature: for it appeared to me to be a very superb affair to know the causes of each particular, on what account each is generated, why it perishes, and why it exists. And I often tossed myself as it were upwards and downwards; considering, in the first place, whether after that which is hot and cold has received a certain rottenness, as some say, then animals are nourished; and whether the blood is that through which we have intelligence, or air, or fire; or whether none of these, but the brain, is that which affords the senses of hearing, seeing, and smelling; so that memory and opinion are generated from these, and that from memory and opinion obtaining fixity, Science is accordingly produced? And again considering the corruptions of these, and the changes with which the heavens and the earth are affected, I at length appeared to myself so unskilful in the speculation of these, as to receive no advantage from my inquiries. But I will give you a sufficient proof of the truth of this: for I then became so very blind, with respect to things which I knew before with great clearness (as it appeared both to myself and others) through this speculation, as to want instruction both in many particulars, which I thought I had known before, and in this, too, how a man is increased. For I thought it was evident to every one that this took place through eating and drinking: for when, from the aliment, flesh accedes to flesh, bone to bone, and everywhere kindred to kindred parts, then the bulk which was small becomes afterwards great; and thus a little man becomes a large one. Such was then my opinion; does it appear to you a becoming one?

To me, indeed, it does, says Cebes.

But still further, consider as follows: for I thought that I seemed to myself sufficiently right in my opinion, when, on seeing a tall man standing by a short one, I judged that he was taller by the head; and in like manner one horse than another: and still more evident than these, ten things appeared to me to be more than eight, because two is added to them, and that a bicubital is greater than a cubital magnitude, through its surpassing it by the half.

But now, says Cebes, what appears to you respecting these?

By Zeus, says he, I am so far from thinking that I know the cause of these, that I cannot even persuade myself, when any person adds one to one, that then the one to which the addition was made becomes two; or that the added one, and that to which it is added, become two, through the addition of the one to the other. For I should wonder, since each of these, when separate from one another, was one, and not then two; if, after they have approached nearer to each other, this should be the cause of their becoming two — viz., the association through which they are placed nearer to each other. Nor yet, if any person should divide one, am I able to persuade myself that this division is the cause of its becoming two. For that former cause of two being produced is contrary to this. For then this took place, because they were collected near to each other, and the one was applied to the other; but now, because the one is removed and separated from the other. Nor do I any longer persuade myself, that I know why one is produced; nor, in one word, why anything else is either generated or destroyed, or is, according to this method of proceeding: but, in order to obtain this knowledge, I mix in, in some random fashion of my own, a new method, by no means admitting this which I have mentioned.

But having once heard a person reading from a certain book, composed, as he said, by Anaxagoras—when he came to that part, in which he says that intellect orders and is

the cause of all things, I was delighted with this cause, and thought that, in a certain respect, it was an excellent thing for intellect to be the cause of all; and I considered that, if this was the case, disposing intellect would adorn all things, and place everything in that situation in which it would subsist in the best manner. If any one, therefore, should be willing to discover the cause through which everything is generated, or destroyed, or is, he ought to discover how it may subsist in the best manner, or suffer, or perform anything else. In consequence of this, therefore, it is proper that a man should consider nothing else, either about himself or about others, except that which is the most excellent and the best: but it is necessary that he who knows this should also know that which is subordinate, since there is one and the same science of both. But thus reasoning with myself, I rejoiced, thinking that I had found a preceptor in Anaxagoras, who would instruct me in the causes of things agreeably to my own conceptions; and that he would inform me, in the first place, whether the earth is flat or round; and afterwards explain the cause and necessity of its being so, adducing for this purpose that which is better, and showing that it is better for the earth to exist in this manner. And if he should say it is situated in the middle, that he would, besides this, show that it is better for it to be in the middle; and if he should render all this apparent to me, I was so disposed as not to require any other species of cause. I had likewise prepared myself in a similar manner for an inquiry respecting the sun, and moon, and the other stars, their velocities and revolutions about each other, and all their other properties; so as to be able to know why it is better for each to operate in a certain manner, and to suffer that which it suffers. For I by no means thought, after he had said that all these were orderly disposed by intellect, he would introduce any other cause of their subsistence, except that which shows that it is best for them to exist as they do. Hence I thought that in assigning the cause common to each particular, and to all things, he would explain that which is best for each, and is the

common good of all. And indeed I would not have exchanged these hopes for a mighty gain! but having obtained his books with prodigious eagerness, I read them with great celerity, that I might with great celerity know that which is the best, and that which is bad.

From this admirable hope, however, my friend, I was forced away, when, in the course of my reading, I saw him make no use of intellect, nor employ certain causes, for the purpose of orderly disposing particulars, but assign air, æther, and water, and many other things equally absurd, as the causes of things. And he appeared to me to be affected in a manner similar to him who should assert, that all the actions of Socrates are produced by intellect; and afterwards, endeavouring to relate the causes of each particular action, should say, that, in the first place, I now sit here because my body is composed from bones and nerves, and that the bones are solid, and are separated by intervals from each other; but that the nerves, which are of a nature capable of intension and relaxation, cover the bones, together with the flesh and skin by which they are contained. The bones, therefore, being suspended from their joints, the nerves, by straining and relaxing them, enable me to bend my limbs as at present; and through this cause I here sit in an inflected position—and again, should assign other such-like causes of my conversation with you—viz., voice, and air, and hearing, and a thousand other such particulars, neglecting to adduce the true cause, that since it appeared to the Athenians better to condemn me, on this account, it also appeared to me to be better and more just to sit here, and, thus abiding, sustain the punishment which they have ordained me. For otherwise, by the Dog, as it appears to me, these nerves and bones would have been carried long ago either into Megara or Bœotia, through an opinion of that which is best, if I had not thought it more just and becoming to sustain the punishment ordered by my country, whatever it might be, than to withdraw myself and run away. But to call things of this kind causes is extremely absurd. Indeed, if any one should say that without

possessing such things as bones and nerves, and other particulars which belong to me, I could not do the things I think right, he would speak the truth: but to assert that I act as I do at present through these, and that with these things intellect is concerned and not with the choice of what is best, would be an assertion full of extreme negligence and sloth. Not to be able to distinguish between the true cause of a thing and that without which the cause would not be a cause——! And this indeed appears to me to be the case with the multitude of mankind, who, handling things as it were in darkness, call them by names foreign from the truth, and thus denominate things causes which are not so. Hence, one placing round the earth a certain vortex, produced by the celestial motion, renders by this means the earth fixed in the centre; but another places air under it, as if it was a basis to a broad trough. But they neither investigate that power through which things are now disposed in the best manner possible, nor do they think that it is endued with any divine strength: but they fancy they have found a certain Atlas, more strong and immortal than such a strength, and far more sustaining all things; and they think that the good and the becoming do not in reality connect and sustain anything. With respect to myself, indeed, I would most willingly become the disciple of any one; so that I might perceive in what manner a cause of this kind subsists. But since I am deprived of this advantage, and have neither been able to discover it myself, nor to learn it from another, are you willing, Cebes, that I should show you the manner in which, for lack of a better, I made enquiry into causes?

I am, says he, abundantly willing.

It appeared to me therefore, says Socrates, afterwards, when I had failed in my investigations of existence, that I ought to take care lest I should be affected in the same manner as those are who attentively behold the sun in an eclipse: for some would be deprived of their sight, unless they beheld its image in water, or in a similar medium. And something of this kind I perceived with respect to my-

self, and was afraid lest my soul should be perfectly blinded through beholding things with my eyes, and through endeavouring to apprehend them by means of the several senses. Hence I considered that I ought to fly to Reason, and in that survey the truth of things. Perhaps, indeed, this similitude of mine may not in a certain respect be proper: for I do not entirely admit that he who contemplates things in Reason, surveys them in images, more than he who contemplates them in external effects. This method, however, I have adopted; and always establishing that reason as an hypothesis, which I judge to be the most valid, whatever appears to me to be consonant to this, I fix upon as true, both concerning the cause of things and everything else; but such as are not consonant I consider as not true. But I wish to explain to you what I say in a clearer manner: for I think that you do not at present understand me.

Not very much, by Zeus, says Cebes.

However, says he, I now assert nothing new, but what I have always asserted at other times, and in the preceding disputation. For I shall now attempt to demonstrate to you that species of cause which I have been discoursing about, and shall return again to those particulars which are so much discussed; beginning from these, and laying down as an hypothesis, that there is a certain Beauty, itself subsisting by itself; and a certain Goodness, and Greatness, and so of all the rest; which if you permit me to do, and allow that such things have a subsistence, I hope that I shall be able from these to demonstrate this cause to you, and discover that the soul is immortal.

But, says Cebes, in consequence of having granted you this already, you cannot be hindered from drawing such a conclusion.

But consider, says he, the things consequent on these, and see whether you will then likewise agree with me. For it appears to me, that if there be anything else beautiful, besides the Beautiful itself, it cannot be beautiful on any other account than because it participates of the Beautiful

itself; and I should speak in the same manner of all things. Do you admit such a cause?

I admit it, says he.

I do not therefore, says Socrates, any longer perceive, nor am I able to understand, those other ingenious causes; but if any one tells me why a certain thing is beautiful, and assigns as a reason, either its possessing a florid colour, or figure, or something else of this kind, I bid farewell to all that, for it only confuses me; but this I retain with myself, simply, uncritically, and perhaps foolishly, that nothing else causes it to be beautiful, than either the presence, or communion, or in whatever manner the operations may take place, of the Beautiful itself. For I cannot yet affirm how this takes place; but only this, that all beautiful things become such through the Beautiful itself. For it appears to me most safe thus to answer both myself and others; and adhering to this, I think that I can never fall, but that I shall be secure in answering, that all beautiful things are beautiful through the Beautiful itself. Does it not also appear so to you?

It does.

And that great things, therefore, are great, and things greater, greater through Magnitude itself; and things lesser, lesser through Smallness itself?

Certainly.

Neither, therefore, would you assent, if it should be said that some one is larger than another by the head, and that he who is lesser is lesser by the very same thing, *i.e.*, the head: but you would testify that you said nothing else than that, with respect to everything great, one thing is greater than another by nothing else than Magnitude, and that through this it is greater, *i.e.*, through Magnitude; and that the lesser is lesser through nothing else than Smallness, and that through this it is lesser, *i.e.*, through Smallness. For you would be afraid, I think, lest, if you should say that any one is greater and lesser by the head, you should contradict yourself: first, in asserting that the greater is greater, and the lesser lesser, by the very same

thing; and afterwards that the greater is greater by the head, which is a small thing; and that it is monstrous to suppose, that anything which is great can become so through something which is small. Would you not be afraid of all this?

Indeed I should, says Cebes, laughing.

Would you not also, says he, be afraid to say that ten things are more than eight by two, and that through this cause ten transcends eight, and not by Multitude and through Magnitude? And in like manner, that a thing which is two cubits in length is greater than that which is but one cubit, by the half, and not by Magnitude? for the dread is indeed the same.

Entirely so, says he.

But what? one being added to one, will the addition be the cause of their becoming two? or if one is divided, and two produced, would you not be afraid to assign division as the cause? Indeed you would cry with a loud voice, that you know no other way by which anything subsists, than by participating the proper essence of everything which it participates; and that in these you can assign no other cause of their becoming two, than the participation of the Duad; and that it is proper all such things as are about to become two, should participate of this, and of Unity, whatever is about to become one. But you would bid farewell to these divisions and additions, and other subtilties of this kind, and would leave them to be employed in answering, by those who are wiser than yourself. And fearing, as it is said, your own shadow, and your own unskilfulness, you would adhere to this safe hypothesis, and answer in the manner I have described. But if any one should attack this hypothesis, you would refrain from answering him till you had considered the consequences resulting from thence, and whether they were consonant or dissonant to one another. But when it is necessary for you to assign a reason for your belief in this hypothesis, you will assign it in a similar manner, laying down again another hypothesis, which shall appear to be the best of higher hypotheses, and so on, till you

arrive at something sufficient. At the same time you will by no means confound things by mingling them together, after the manner of the contentious, when you discourse concerning the principle and the consequences arising from thence, if you are willing to discover anything of true being. For by such as these, perhaps, no attention is paid to this. For these, through their wisdom, are able to be quite content with the confusion they make. But you, if you rank among the philosophers, will act, I think, in the manner I have described.

Both Simmias and Cebes said, You speak most truly.

Echec. By Zeus, Phaedo, they assented with great propriety: for he appears to me to have asserted this in a manner wonderfully clear; and this even to one endued with the smallest degree of intellect.

Phaed. And so, indeed, Echecrates, it appeared in every respect to all who were present.

Echec. And well it might: for it appears so to us, now we hear it, who were not present. But what was the discourse after this?

If I remember right, after they had granted all this, and had confessed that each of the several species was something, and that others participating of these received the same denomination, he afterwards interrogated them as follows: If then you allow that these things are so, when you say that Simmias is larger than Socrates, but less than Phaedo, do you not then assert that both Magnitude and Parvitude are inherent in Simmias?

I do.

And yet, says he, you must confess, that this circumstance of Simmias surpassing Socrates does not truly subsist in the manner which the words seem to imply. For Simmias is not naturally adapted to surpass Socrates, so far as he is Simmias, but by the magnitude which he possesses: nor, again, does he surpass Socrates so far as Socrates is Socrates, but because Socrates possesses parvitude with respect to his magnitude.

True.

Nor, again, is Simmias surpassed by Phaedo, because Phaedo is Phaedo, but because Phaedo possesses magnitude with respect to the parvitude of Simmias.

It is so.

Simmias, therefore, is allotted the appellation of both small and great, being situated in the middle of both; exhibiting his smallness to be surpassed by the greatness of the one, and his greatness to the other's smallness, which it surpasses. And at the same time, gently laughing, I seem, says he, to be speaking as if I were composing a treatise; but, notwithstanding this, it is as I say.

He allowed it.

But I have mentioned these things, in order that you may be of the same opinion as myself. For to me it appears, not only that Magnitude is never willing to be at the same time both great and small, but that the magnitude which we contain never desires to receive that which is small, nor be surpassed; but that it is willing to do one of these two things, either to fly away, and gradually withdraw itself, when its contrary the small approaches to it, or to perish when it arrives; but that it is unwilling, by sustaining and receiving Parvitude, to be different from what it was. In the same manner as I myself receiving and sustaining Parvitude, and still remaining that which I am, am small. But that which is great dares not to be small. And in like manner *the small*, which resides in us, is not willing at any time *to subsist in becoming* great, or *to be* great: nor does anything else among contraries, while it remains that which it was, wish at the same time *to subsist in becoming*, and being, its contrary; but it either departs or perishes in consequence of this affection.

It appears so to me, says Cebes, in every respect.

But a certain person, who was present, upon hearing this (I do not clearly remember who it was), By the gods, says he, was not the very contrary of what you now assert admitted by you in the former part of your discourse—viz., that the greater was generated from the less, and the less

from the greater; and that generation among contraries plainly took place from contraries? But now you appear to me to say, that this can never be the case. Upon this Socrates, after he had inclined his head, and had listened to his discourse, said, You very manfully put me in mind; yet you do not understand the difference between what is now and what was then asserted. For then it was said, that a contrary thing was generated from a contrary; but now, that the contrary in itself can never become contrary to itself, neither in us, nor in nature. For then, my friend, we spoke concerning things which possess contraries, calling the contraries by the appellation of the things in which they reside; but now we speak of things which receive their denomination from the contraries residing in them. And we should never be willing to assert that these contraries receive a generation from one another. And at the same time, beholding Cebes, he said, Did anything which has been said by this interrogator disturb you also?

Indeed, says Cebes, it did not; and I cannot say that I am not easily disturbed.

We ingenuously, therefore, says he, assent to this, that the contrary can never become contrary to itself.

Entirely so, says Cebes.

But still further, says he, consider whether you agree with me in this also. Do you call *the hot* and *the cold* anything?

I do.

Are they the same with snow and fire?

They are not, by Zeus.

The hot, therefore, is something different from *fire*, and *the cold* from *snow*.

Certainly.

But this also is, I think, apparent to you, that snow, as long as it is such, can never, by receiving heat, remain what it was before—viz., snow, and at the same time become hot; but, on the accession of heat, must either withdraw itself from it, or perish.

Entirely so.

And again, that fire, when cold approaches to it, must

either depart or perish; but that it will never dare, by receiving coldness, still to remain what it was—*i.e.*, fire, and yet be at the same time cold.

You speak truly, says he.

But, says Socrates, it happens to some of these, that not only the species itself is always thought worthy of the same appellation, but likewise something else, which is not indeed that species, but which perpetually possesses the form of it as long as it exists. But in the following instances my meaning will perhaps be more apparent. The odd number ought always to possess that name by which we now call it: should it not?

Entirely so.

But is this the case with the odd number alone (for this is what I inquire)? or is there anything else which is not indeed the same with the odd, but yet which ought always to be called odd, together with its own proper name, because it naturally subsists in such a manner, that it can never desert the form of the odd? But this is no other than what happens to the number three, and many other things. For consider, does not the number three appear to you to be always called by its proper name, and at the same time by the name of the odd, though *the odd* is not the same as *the triad?* Yet the triad, and the pentad, and the entire half of number, naturally subsist in such a manner, that though they are not the same as *the odd*, yet each of them is always odd. And again, two and four, and the whole other order of number, though they are not the same as *the even*, yet each of them is always even: do you admit this or not?

How should I not? says he.

See then, says Socrates, what I wish to evince. But it is as follows: It has appeared, not only that contraries do not receive one another, but that even such things as are not contrary to each other, and yet always possess contraries, do not appear to receive that idea which is contrary to the idea which they contain; but that on its approach they either perish or depart. Shall we not, therefore, say that

three things would first perish, and endure anything whatever, sooner than sustain to be three things, and at the same time to be even?

Entirely so, says Cebes.

And yet, says Socrates, the duad is not contrary to the triad.

Certainly not.

Not only, therefore, do contrary species never sustain the approach of each other, but certain other things likewise cannot sustain the accession of contraries.

You speak most true, says he.

Are you willing, therefore, says he, that, if we are able, we should define what kind of things these are.

Entirely so.

Will they not then, Cebes, says he, be such things as compel whatever they occupy, not only to retain their idea, but likewise that of some contrary?

How do you mean?

Exactly as we just now said. For you know it is necessary, that whatever things the idea of three occupies should not only be three, but likewise odd.

Entirely so.

To a thing of this kind, therefore, we assert, that an idea contrary to that form, through which it becomes what it is, will never approach.

It cannot.

But it becomes what it is through the odd: does it not?

Certainly.

But is not the contrary to this the idea of the even?

It is.

The idea of the even, therefore, will never accede to three things.

Never.

Are not three things, therefore, destitute of the even?

Destitute.

The triad, therefore, is an odd number.

It is.

The things which I mentioned then are defined—viz.,

such things, which, though they are not contrary to some particular nature, yet do not at the same time receive it; just as the triad in the present instance, though it is not contrary to the even, yet does not anything more receive it on this account: for it always brings with it that which is contrary to the even; and in like manner the duad to the odd, and fire to cold, and an abundant multitude of other particulars. But see whether you would thus define, not only that a contrary does not receive a contrary, but likewise that the nature which brings with it a contrary to that to which it approaches, will never receive the contrariety of that which it introduces. But recollect again, for it will not be useless to hear it repeated often. Five things will not receive the form of the even; neither will ten things, which are the double of five, receive the form of the odd. This,[1] therefore, though it is itself contrary to something[2] else, yet will not receive the form of the odd; nor will the sesquialter, nor other things of this kind, such as the half and the third part, ever receive the form of the whole, if you pursue and assent to these consequences.

I most vehemently, says he, pursue and assent to them.

Again, therefore, says Socrates, speak to me from the beginning; and this not by answering to what I inquire, but, in a different manner, imitating me. For I say this, in consequence of perceiving another mode of answering, arising from what has now been said, no less secure than that which was established at first. For, if you should ask me what that is, which, when inherent in any body, causes the body to be hot, I should not give you that safe and unskilful answer, that it is heat, but one more elegant deduced from what we have just now said; I mean, that it is fire. Nor, if you should ask me what that is, which when inherent in a certain body, the body is diseased, I should not say that it is disease, but a fever. Nor, if you should ask what that is, which when inherent in a number, the number will be odd, I should not say that it is oddness, but unity,

[1] That is, the double. [2] That is, the half.

and in a similar manner in other particulars. But see whether you sufficiently understand my meaning.

Perfectly so, says he.

Answer me then, says Socrates, what that is, which, when inherent in the body, the body will be alive?

Soul, says he.

Is this then always the case?

How should it not, says he?

Will soul, therefore, always introduce life to that which it occupies?

It will truly, says he.

But is there anything contrary to life, or not?

There is.

But what?

Death.

The soul, therefore, will never receive the contrary to that which it introduces, in consequence of what has been already admitted?

Assuredly it cannot, says Cebes.

But what? how do we denominate that which does not receive the idea of the even?

Odd, says he.

And how do we call that which does not receive justice, and that which does not receive music?

We call, says he, the one unjust, and the other unmusical.

Be it so. But what do we call that which does not receive death?

Immortal, says he.

The soul does not receive death?

It does not.

The soul, therefore, is immortal.

Immortal.

Let it be so, says he. And shall we say that this is now demonstrated? Or how does it appear to you?

It appears to me, Socrates, to be most sufficiently demonstrated.

What then, says he, Cebes, if it were essential to *the odd*

that it should be free from destruction, would not three things be indestructible?

How should they not?

If, therefore, it was also essential that a thing void of heat should be indestructible, when any one should introduce heat to snow, would not the snow withdraw itself, safe and unliquefied? For it would not perish; nor yet, abiding, would it receive the heat.

You speak the truth, says he.

In like manner, I think if that which is void of cold was indestructible, that when anything cold approached to fire, the fire would neither be extinguished nor destroyed, but would depart free from damage.

It is necessary, says he.

Hence, says Socrates, it is necessary to speak in this manner concerning that which is immortal: for, if that which is immortal is indestructible, it is impossible that the soul, when death approaches to it, should perish. For it follows, from what has been said, that it does not receive death, and of course it will never be dead. Just as we said, that three things will never be even, nor will this ever be the case with that which is odd: nor will fire ever be cold, nor yet the heat which is inherent in fire. But some one may say, What hinders but that the odd may never become the even, through the accession of the even, as we have confessed; and yet, when the odd is destroyed, the even may succeed instead of it? We cannot contend with him who makes this objection, that it is not destroyed: for the odd is not free from destruction; since, if this was granted to us, we might easily oppose the objection, and obtain this concession, that the odd and three things would depart, on the approach of the even; and we might contend in the same manner about fire and heat, and other particulars: might we not?

Entirely so.

And now, therefore, since we have confessed respecting that which is immortal, that it is indestructible, it must follow that the soul is, together with being immortal, like-

wise indestructible: but if this be not admitted, other arguments will be necessary for our conviction. But there is no occasion for this, says he. For it is scarcely possible that anything else should be void of corruption, if that which is immortal and eternal is subject to dissolution.[1]

But I think, says Socrates, that Divinity, and the form itself of life, and if anything else besides this is immortal, must be confessed by all beings to be entirely free from dissolution. All men, indeed, says he, by Zeus, must acknowledge this; and much more, as it appears to me, must it be admitted by the gods. Since, therefore, that which is immortal is also incorruptible, will not the soul, since it is immortal, be indestructible?

It is perfectly necessary.

When, therefore, death invades a man, the mortal part of him, as it appears, dies; but the immortal part departs safe and uncorrupted, and withdraws itself from death.

It appears so.

The soul, therefore, says he, O Cebes, will, more than anything, be immortal and indestructible; and our souls will in reality subsist in Hades.

And therefore, says he, Socrates, I have nothing further to object to these arguments, nor any reason why I should disbelieve their reality: but if either Simmias, or any person present, has anything to say, he will do well not to be silent: for I know not what other opportunity he can have, besides the present, if he wishes either to speak or hear about things of this kind.

But indeed, says Simmias, I have nothing which can hinder my belief in what has been said. But yet on account of the magnitude of the things about which we have discoursed, and through my despising human imbecility, I am compelled to retain with myself an unbelief about what has been asserted.

Indeed, Simmias, says Socrates, you not only speak well in the present instance, but it is necessary that even those

[1] In the *Laws* (Book x.) immortality is distinguished from indestructibility, the latter attribute being claimed both for body and soul.

first hypotheses which we established, and which are believed by us, should at the same time be more clearly considered: and if you sufficiently investigate them, you will follow reason, as it appears to me, in as great a degree as is possible to man. And if this becomes manifest, you will no longer make any further inquiry.

You speak true, says he.

But it is just, my friends, says he, to think that if the soul is immortal, it requires our care and attention, not only for the present time, in which we say it lives, but likewise with a view to the whole of time: and it will now appear, that he who neglects it must subject himself to a most dreadful danger. For, if death were the liberation of the whole man, it would be an unexpected gain to the wicked to be liberated at the same time from the body, and from their vices together with their soul: but now, since the soul appears to be immortal, no other flight from evils, and no other safety remains for it, than in becoming as good and as wise as possible. For when the soul arrives at Hades, it will possess nothing but discipline and education, which are said to be of the greatest advantage or detriment to the dead, in the very beginning of their progression thither. For thus it is said: that the dæmon of each person, which was allotted to him while living, endeavours to lead each to a certain place, where it is necessary that all of them, being collected together, after they have been judged, should proceed to Hades, together with their leader, who is ordered to conduct them from hence thither. But there receiving the allotments proper to their condition, and abiding for a necessary time, another leader brings them back hither again, in many and long periods of time. The journey, therefore, is not such as Telephus asserts it to be in Eschylus. For he says that a single and simple path leads to Hades: but it appears to me that the path is neither simple nor one. For there would be no occasion of leaders, nor could any one ever wander from the right road, if there was but one way. But now it appears to have many divisions and dubious turnings: and this I con-

jecture from our holy and legal rites. The soul, therefore, which is properly adorned with virtue, and which possesses wisdom, willingly follows its leader, and is not ignorant of its present condition: but the soul which still adheres to body through desire (as I said before), being for a long space of time terrified about it, and struggling and suffering abundantly about the visible place, is with violence and great difficulty led away by its presiding dæmon. And when it arrives at that place where other souls are assembled, all the rest fly from and avoid this unpurified soul, which has been guilty either of unjust slaughter, or has perpetrated such deeds as are allied to this, and are the works of kindred souls; nor is any one willing to become either its companion or leader. But such a soul wanders about, oppressed with every kind of anxiety and trouble, till certain periods of time are accomplished: and these being completed, it is driven by necessity to an abode accommodated to its nature. But the soul which has passed through life with purity and moderation, obtaining the gods for its companions and leaders, will reside in a place adapted to its purified condition.

There are indeed many and admirable places belonging to the earth; and the earth itself is neither of such a kind, nor of such a magnitude, as those who are accustomed to speak about it imagine, as I am persuaded from a certain person's account.

How is this, Socrates, says Simmias? For I myself also have heard many things about the earth; and yet perhaps not these particulars which have obtained your belief. I should therefore be glad to hear you relate them.

Indeed, Simmias, says he, the art of Glaucus does not appear to me to be necessary,[1] in order to relate these particulars; but to evince their truth, seems to me to be an undertaking beyond what the art of Glaucus can accomplish. Besides, I myself perhaps am not able to accomplish

[1] A proverb of unknown origin, about matters requiring little trouble.

this; and even though I should know how, the time which is allotted me to live, Simmias, seems by no means sufficient for the length of such a discourse. However, nothing hinders me from informing you what I am persuaded is the truth, respecting the form of the earth, and the places which it contains.

And this information, says Simmias, will be sufficient.

I am persuaded, therefore, says he, in the first place, that if the earth is in the middle of the heavens, and is of a spherical figure, it has no occasion of air, nor of any other such like necessity, to prevent it from falling: but that the perfect similitude of the heavens to themselves, and the equilibrity of the earth, are sufficient causes of its support. For that which is equally inclined, when placed in the middle of a similar nature, cannot tend more or less to one part than another; but, subsisting on all sides similarly affected, it will remain free from all inclination. This is the first thing of which I am pursuaded.

And very properly so, says Cebes.

But yet further, says he, that the earth is prodigiously great; that we who dwell in places extending from Phasis to the pillars of Hercules, inhabit only a small portion of it, about the Mediterranean Sea, like ants or frogs about a marsh; and that there are many others elsewhere, who dwell in many such-like places. For I am persuaded, that there are everywhere about the earth many hollow places of all-various forms and magnitudes; into which there is a confluence of water, mists, and air: but that the earth itself, which is of a pure nature, is situated in the pure heavens, in which the stars are contained, and which most of those who are accustomed to speak about such particulars denominate æther. But the places which we inhabit are nothing more than the dregs of this pure earth, or cavities into which its dregs continually flow. We are ignorant, therefore, that we dwell in the cavities of this earth, and imagine that we inhabit its upper parts. Just as if some one dwelling in the middle bottom of the sea, should think that he resided on its surface, and, beholding the sun and

other stars through the water, should imagine that the sea is the heavens; but through sloth and imbecility having never ascended to the top of the sea, nor emerged from its deeps into this region, has never perceived how much purer and more beautiful it is than the place which he inhabits, nor has received this information from any other who has beheld this place of our abode. In the very same manner are we affected: for, dwelling in a certain hollow of the earth, we think that we reside on its surface; and we call the air heaven, as if the stars passed through this, as through the heavens themselves. And this likewise, in the same manner as in the above instance, happens to us through our imbecility and sloth, which render us incapable of ascending to the summit of the air. For, otherwise, if any one could arrive at its summit, or, becoming winged, could fly thither, he would be seen emerging from hence; and just as fishes, emerging hither from the sea, perceive what our region contains, in the same manner would he behold the several particulars belonging to the summit of the earth. And besides this, if his nature was sufficient for such an elevated survey, he would know that the heavens which he there beheld were the true heavens, and that he perceived the true light and the true earth. For this earth which we inhabit, the stones which it contains, and the whole region of our abode, are all corrupted and gnawed, just as things in the sea are corroded by the salt: for nothing worthy of estimation grows in the sea, nor does it contain anything perfect; but caverns and sand, and immense quantities of mud and filth, are found in it wherever there is earth. Nor are its contents to be by any means compared with the beauty of the various particulars in our place of abode. But those upper regions of the earth will appear to be yet far more excellent than these which we inhabit. For, if it is proper to tell you a beautiful fable, it is well worth hearing, Simmias, what kind of places those are on the upper earth, situated under the heavens.

And gladly should we hear it, O Socrates, said Simmias.

It is reported then, my friend, says he, in the first place, that this earth, if any one surveys it from on high, appears

like those balls which are covered with twelve pieces of leather, various, and distinguished with colours; a pattern of which are the colours found among us, and which our painters use. But there the whole earth is composed from materials of this kind, and such as are much more splendid and pure than our region contains: for they are partly indeed purple, and endued with a wonderful beauty; partly of a golden colour; and partly more white than plaster or snow; and are composed from other colours in a similar manner, and those more in number and more beautiful than any we have ever beheld. For the hollow parts of this pure earth, being filled with water and air, exhibit a certain species of colour, shining among the variety of other colours in such a manner, that from any one view the earth is always varicoloured. Hence, whatever grows in this earth grows analogous to its nature, such as its trees, and flowers, and fruits: and again, its mountains and stones possess a similar perfection and transparency, and are rendered beautiful through various colours; of which the stones so much honoured by us in this place of our abode are but small parts, such as sardin-stones, jaspers, and emeralds, and all of this kind. But there nothing subsists which is not of such a nature as I have described; and there are other things far more beautiful than even these. But the reason of this is because the stones there are pure, and not consumed and corrupted, like ours, through rottenness and salt, from a conflux of various particulars, which in our places of abode cause filthiness and disease to the stones and earth, animals and plants, which are found among us. But this pure earth is adorned with all these, and with gold and silver, and other things of a similar nature: for all these are naturally apparent, since they are both numerous and large, and are diffused everywhere throughout the earth; so that to behold it is the spectacle of blessed spectators. This earth too contains many other animals and men, some of whom inhabit its middle parts; others dwell about the air, as we do about the sea; and others reside in islands which the air flows round, and

which are situated not far from the continent. And in one word, what water and the sea are to us, with respect to utility, that air is to them: but what air is to us, that æther is to the inhabitants of this pure earth. But the seasons there are endued with such an excellent temperament, that the inhabitants are never molested with disease, and live for a much longer time than those who dwell in our regions; and they surpass us in sight, hearing, and wisdom, and everything of this kind, as much as air excels water in purity—and æther, air. And besides this, they have groves and temples of the gods, in which the gods dwell in reality; and likewise oracles and divinations, and sensible perceptions of the gods, and such-like associations with them. The sun too, and moon, and stars, are seen by them such as they really are; and in every other respect their felicity is of a correspondent nature.

And in this manner indeed the whole earth naturally subsists, and the parts which are situated about it. But it contains about the whole of its ambit many places in its concavities; some of which are more profound and extended than the region which we inhabit: but others are more profound, indeed, but yet have a less chasm than the places of our abode; and there are certain parts which are less profound, but broader than ours. But all these are in many places perforated into one another under the earth, according to narrower and broader avenues, and have passages of communication through which a great quantity of water flows into the different hollows of the earth, as into bowls; and besides this, there are immense bulks of ever-flowing rivers under the earth, and of hot and cold waters; likewise a great quantity of fire, mighty rivers of fire, and many of moist mire, some of which are purer, and others more muddy; as in Sicily there are rivers of mud, which flow before a stream of fire, which is itself a flaming torrent. And from these the several places are filled, into which each flows at particular times. But all these are moved upwards and downwards, like a swinging or oscillation in the earth. And this is the cause of it: There is

a chasm in the earth, and this the greatest, and totally perforated through the whole earth. And of this Homer thus speaks—

> "Far, very far, where under earth is found
> A gulf, of every depth, the most profound:"

which he elsewhere and many other poets denominate Tartarus. For into this chasm there is a conflux of all rivers, from which they again flow upwards. But each derives its quality from the earth through which it flows. And the reason why they all flow into, and again out of this chasm, is because this moisture cannot find either a bottom or a basis. Hence it swings and seethes upwards and downwards: and this too is the case with the air and wind which are situated about it. For they follow this moisture, both when they are impelled to more remote places of the earth, and when to the places of our abode. And as in respiration the flowing breath is perpetually expired and inspired, so there the wind, which is swayed about together with the moisture, causes certain vehement and immense winds during its ingress and departure. When the water, therefore, being impelled, flows into that place which we call downwards, then the river flows through the earth into different channels, and fill them; just as those who pour into another vessel the water which they have drawn. But when this water, departing from thence, is impelled hither, it again fills the rivers on the earth; and these, when filled, flow through channels and through the earth; and when they have severally passed through the avenues, which are open to each, they produce seas, lakes, rivers, and fountains. Flowing back again from hence under the earth, and some of them streaming round longer and more numerous places, but others round such as are shorter and less numerous, they again hurl themselves into Tartarus; and some indeed much more profoundly, but others less so, than they were drawn; but the influxions of all of them are deeper than the places from which they flow upwards. And the effluxions of some are on a side opposite to their

influxions, but in others both take place on the same side. There are some again which entirely flow round in a circle, folding themselves like snakes, once or often about the earth; and tending downwards as much as possible, they again fall into the chasm. On every side the rivers can descend to the centre, but not beyond it, for the part opposite to both directions is steep.

The other rivers, indeed, are many, great, and various: but among this abundance there are certain streams, four in number, of which the greatest, and which circularly flows round the earth the outermost of all, is called the Ocean. But that which flows opposite, and in a contrary direction to this, is Acheron; which, flowing through other solitary places, and under the earth, devolves its waters into the Acherusian marsh, into which many souls of the dead pass; and abiding there for certain destined spaces of time, some of which are more and others less extended, they are again sent into the generations of animals. The third river of these hurls itself forth in the middle, and near its source falls into a mighty place, burning with abundance of fire, and produces a lake greater than our sea, and hot with water and mud. But it proceeds from hence, turbulent and miry, and, encircling the earth, arrives both elsewhere and at the extremities of the Acherusian marsh, with the water of which it does not become mingled; but, often revolving itself under the earth, flows into the more downward parts of Tartarus. And this is the river which they still denominate Pyriphlegethon; the streams of which burst up in gushes in various parts of the earth. But the fourth river, which is opposite to this, first falls as it is said into a place dreadful and wild, and wholly tinged with a gloomy colour, which they denominate Styx: and the influxive streams of this river form the Stygian marsh. But falling into this, and receiving vehement powers in its waters, it hides itself under the earth, and, rolling round, proceeds contrary to Pyriphlegethon, and meets with it in the Acherusian marsh, in a contrary direction. Nor is the water of this river mingled with anything, but, revolving in a circle, it

hurls itself into Tartarus, in a course opposite to Pyriphlegethon. But its name, according to the poets, is Cocytus.

These being thus naturally constituted, when the dead arrive at that place into which the dæmon leads each, in the first place they are judged, as well those who have lived in a becoming manner, and piously, and justly, as those who have not. And those who appear to have passed a middle kind of life, proceeding to Acheron, and ascending the vehicles prepared for them, arrive in these at the Acherusian lake, and dwell there; till being purified, and having suffered punishment for any injuries they may have committed, they are enlarged; and each receives the reward of his beneficence, according to his deserts. But those who appear to be incurable, through the magnitude of their offences, because they have perpetrated either many and great sacrileges, or many unjust slaughters, and such as are contrary to law, or other things of this kind—these, a destiny adapted to their guilt hurls into Tartarus, from which they will never be discharged. But those who are found to have committed curable, but yet mighty crimes, such as those who have been guilty through anger of any violence against their father or mother, and have lived the remainder of their lives penitent for the offence, or who have become homicides in any other similar manner; with respect to these, it is necessary that they should fall into Tartarus: but after they have fallen, and have dwelt there for a year, the waves hurl them out of Tartarus; and the ordinary homicides indeed into Cocytus, but the slayers of fathers and mothers into Pyriphlegethon. But when, being borne along by these rivers, they arrive at the Acherusian marsh, they here bellow and invoke those whom they have slaughtered or injured. But, invoking these, they suppliantly entreat that they would suffer them to enter into the lake, and forgive them. And if they persuade them to do this, they depart, and find an end to their maladies: but if they are unable to accomplish this, they are carried back again into Tartarus, and from thence again into the rivers.

And they do not cease from suffering this, till they have persuaded those they have injured to forgiveness. For this punishment was ordained them by the judges. But those who shall appear to have lived most excellently, with respect to piety—these are they, who, being liberated and dismissed from these places in the earth, as from the abodes of a prison, shall arrive at the pure habitation on high, and dwell on the ætherial earth. And among these, those who are sufficiently purified by philosophy shall live without bodies, through the whole of the succeeding time, and shall arrive at habitations yet more beautiful than these, which it is neither easy to describe, nor is the present time sufficient for such an undertaking.

But for the sake of these particulars which we have related, we should undertake everything, Simmias, that we may participate of virtue and prudence in the present life. For the reward is beautiful, and the hope mighty. To affirm, indeed, that these things subsist exactly as I have described them, is not the province of a man endued with intellect. But to assert that either these or certain particulars of this kind take place, with respect to our souls and their habitations—since our soul appears to be immortal—this is, I think, both becoming, and deserves to be hazarded by him who believes in its reality. For the risk is a noble one, and we must allure ourselves with things of this kind, as with enchantments: and, on this account, I produced the fable which you have just now heard me relate. But, for the sake of these, it is proper that the man should be confident about his soul, who in the present life bidding farewell to those pleasures which regard the body and its ornaments, as things foreign from his nature, has earnestly applied himself to disciplines, as things of far greater consequence; and who having adorned his soul not with a foreign but its own proper ornament—viz., with temperance and justice, fortitude, liberty, and truth, expects a migration to Hades, as one who is ready to depart whenever he shall be called upon by Fate. You, therefore, says he, Simmias and Cebes, and the rest who are here assembled,

will each depart in some period of time posterior to the present; but

Me now calling, Fate demands:

(as some tragic poet would say) and it is almost time that I should betake myself to the bath. For it appears to me better to wash myself before I drink the poison, and not to trouble the women with washing my dead body.

When, therefore, he had thus spoken,—Be it so, Socrates, says Crito: but what orders do you leave to these who are present, or to myself, or respecting your children, or anything else in the execution of which we can particularly oblige you?

None such as are new, says he, Crito, but that which I have always said to you; that if you take care of yourselves, you will always perform in whatever you do that which is acceptable to myself, to my family, and to your own selves, though you should not promise me anything at present. But if you neglect yourselves, and are unwilling to live according to what has been now and formerly said, as vestiges of direction in your course, you will accomplish nothing, though you should now promise many things, and in a very vehement manner.

We shall take care, therefore, says Crito, to act as you desire. But how would you be buried?

Just as you please, says he, if you can but catch me, and I do not escape from you. And at the same time gently laughing, and addressing himself to us, I cannot persuade Crito, says he, my friends, that I am that Socrates who now disputes with you, and orders every part of the discourse; but he thinks that I am he whom he will shortly behold dead, and asks how I ought to be buried. But all that long discourse which some time since I addressed to you, in which I asserted that after I had drunk the poison I should no longer remain with you, but should depart to certain felicities of the blessed, this I seem to have declared to him in vain, though it was undertaken to console both

you and myself. Promise, therefore, says he, for me to Crito, just the contrary of what he promised to my judges. For he promised that I should not run away; but do you engage that when I die I shall not stay with you, but shall depart and entirely leave you; that Crito may more easily bear this separation, and may not be afflicted when he sees my body either burnt or buried, as if I suffered some dreadful misfortune; and that he may not say at my interment, that Socrates is laid out, or is carried out, or is buried. For be well assured of this, says he, excellent Crito, that when we do not speak in a becoming manner, we are not only culpable with respect to our speech, but likewise affect our souls with a certain evil. But it is proper to be confident, and to say that my body will be buried, and in such a manner as is pleasing to you, and which you think is most agreeable to our laws.

When he had thus spoken he rose, and went into a certain room, that he might wash himself, and Crito followed him: but he ordered us to wait for him. We waited, therefore, accordingly, discoursing over and reviewing among ourselves what had been said; and sometimes speaking about his death, how great a calamity it would be to us; and sincerely thinking that we, like those who are deprived of their father, should pass the rest of our life in the condition of orphans. But when he had washed himself, his sons were brought to him (for he had two little ones, and one considerably advanced in age), and the women belonging to his family likewise came in to him: but when he had spoken to them before Crito, and had left them such injunctions as he thought proper, he ordered the boys and women to depart; and he himself returned to us. And it was now near the setting of the sun: for he had been absent for a long time in the bathing-room. But when he came in from washing, he sat down; and did not speak much afterwards. For then the servant of the eleven magistrates came in, and standing near him, I do not perceive that in you, Socrates, says he, which I have taken notice of in others; I mean,

that they are angry with me, and curse me, when, being compelled by the magistrates, I announce to them that they must drink the poison. But, on the contrary, I have found you at the present time to be the most generous, mild, and the best of all the men that ever came into this place: and, therefore, I am well convinced that you are not angry with me, but with the authors of your present condition. You know those whom I allude to. Now, therefore (for you know what I came to tell you), farewell, and endeavour to bear this necessity as easily as possible. And at the same time bursting into tears, and turning himself away, he departed.

But Socrates looking after him, And thou too, says he, farewell; and we shall take care to act as you advise. And at the same time turning to us, How courteous, says he, is the behaviour of that man! During the whole time of my abode here, he has visited and often conversed with me, and proved himself to be the best of men; and now how generously he weeps on my account! But let us obey him, Crito, and let some one bring the poison, if it is bruised; but if not, let the man whose business it is bruise it himself.

But, Socrates, says Crito, I think that the sun still hangs over the mountains, and is not yet set. And at the same time I have known others who have drunk the poison very late, after it was announced to them; who have supped and drunk abundantly; and who have enjoyed converse with whomsoever they desire. Therefore, do not be in such haste; for there is yet time enough.

Upon this Socrates replied, Such men, Crito, act with great propriety in the manner you have described (for they think to derive some advantage by so doing), and I also with great propriety shall not act in this manner. For I do not think I shall gain anything by drinking it later, except becoming ridiculous to myself through desiring to live, and being sparing of life when nothing of it any longer remains. Go, then, says he, be persuaded, and comply with my request.

Then Crito, hearing this, gave the sign to the boy that stood near him. And the boy departing, and having stayed for some time, came, bringing with him the person that was to administer the poison, and who brought it properly prepared in a cup. But Socrates, beholding the man—It is well, my friend, says he; but what is proper to do with it? for you are knowing in these affairs.

You have nothing else to do, says he, but when you have drunk it to walk about, till a heaviness takes place in your legs; and afterwards lie down: this is the manner in which you should act. And at the same time he extended the cup to Socrates. But Socrates received it from him—and indeed, Echecrates, with great cheerfulness; neither trembling, nor suffering any alteration for the worse in his colour or countenance: but, as he was accustomed to do, beholding the man with a bull-like aspect, What say you, says he, respecting this potion? Is it lawful to make a libation of it, or not?

We only bruise, says he, Socrates, as much as we think sufficient for the purpose.

I understand you, says he: but it is certainly both lawful and proper to pray to the gods, that my departure from hence thither may be attended with prosperous fortune; which I entreat them to grant may be the case. And at the same time ending his discourse, he drank the poison with exceeding facility and alacrity. And thus far, indeed, the greater part of us were tolerably well able to refrain from weeping: but when we saw him drinking, and that he had drunk it, we could no longer restrain our tears. But from me, indeed, notwithstanding the violence which I employed in checking them, they flowed abundantly; so that, covering myself with my mantle, I deplored my misfortune. I did not indeed weep for him, but for my own fortune; considering what an associate I should be deprived of. But Crito, who was not able to restrain his tears, was compelled to rise before me. And Apollodorus, who during the whole time prior to this had not ceased from weeping, then wept aloud with great bitterness; so that he infected all who were

present, except Socrates. But Socrates, upon seeing this, exclaimed—What are you doing, excellent men? For, indeed, I principally sent away the women, lest they should produce a disturbance of this kind. For I have heard that it is proper to die joyfully and with propitious omens. Be quiet, therefore, and summon fortitude to your assistance.

When we heard this we blushed, and restrained our tears. But he, when he found during his walking that his legs felt heavy, and had told us so, laid himself down in a supine position. For the man had ordered him to do so. And at the same time he who gave him the poison, touching him at intervals, considered his feet and legs. And after he had vehemently pressed his foot, he asked him if he felt it. But Socrates answered he did not. And after this he again pressed his thighs: and thus ascending with his hand, he showed us that he was cold and stiff. And Socrates also touched himself, and said, that when the poison reached his heart he should then leave us. But now his lower belly was almost cold; when uncovering his face (for he was covered), he said (which were his last words):

Crito, we owe a cock to Asclepius.[1] Discharge this debt, therefore, for me, and do not neglect it.

It shall be done, says Crito: but consider whether you have any other commands. To this inquiry of Crito he made no reply; but shortly after moved himself, and the man uncovered him. And his eyes were fixed; which when Crito perceived, he closed his mouth and eyes. This, Echecrates, was the end of our associate; a man, as it appears to me, the best of the men of that time with whom we were acquainted, and, besides this, the most wise and just.

[1] The sacrifice paid on recovery from an illness.

THE SEVENTH EPISTLE OF PLATO.[1]

Plato to the Kindred and Associates of Dion—Prosperity.

YOU write to me that it is requisite to think that your sentiments about politics are the same as those of Dion; and that I should be exhorted to join with you as much as possible, both in word and in deed. Indeed, if you have the same opinion and desire with him, I shall certainly join with you; but if you have not, it will be requisite to deliberate frequently on the subject. But what his thoughts and desire were I can relate to you, not from conjecture, but because I know them well.

When I first came to Syracuse I was about forty years old, and the age of Dion was then the same as that of Hipparinus at present. He has likewise always persevered in the opinion which he then entertained; I mean, that the Syracusans ought to be free, and governed by the best laws. So that it is by no means wonderful if some god has caused Dion to accord with him in opinion respecting a polity. But the manner in which this came about is a thing which deserves to be heard both by young and old. I will then endeavour to relate the affair to you from the beginning, for at present it will be opportune.

When I was a young man I was affected just as many others are, for I was determined, as soon as I became my own master, to betake myself immediately to the public affairs of the State. In the meantime certain political events took place. The polity which existed at that time being reviled

[1] See Introduction, pp. xxv.-xxx.

by many, there was a change. Then one-and-fifty men being chosen as governors, eleven of them presided in the city and ten in the Piræus; and each of these settled in the assembly what was to be done in the other cities. But the remaining thirty were invested with the supreme authority. Some of these being my familiars, were well known to me, and immediately called on me to attend to politics, as a thing proper for me to study. And I felt as it was not wonderful that a youth should feel; for I thought that they would govern the city so as to bring it from iniquity to justice and goodness, and in consequence of this I diligently attended to their conduct. But I perceived that these men, in a short time, evinced that the former polity was golden in comparison with theirs; for, besides acting unjustly in other respects, they sent Socrates, who was my friend and older than I, and who, I am not ashamed to say, was the most righteous man of any one then existing; they sent him, I say, together with certain others, in order to arrest and bring back one of the citizens by force, so that he might be punished by death. They likewise endeavoured to make Socrates join with them in the management of affairs whether he was willing or not. He refused, however, to comply, and determined to expose himself to every danger rather than be a partaker of their impious deeds. All which when I perceived, together with other similar particulars of no small importance, I was indignant, and withdrew myself from the evil men of that time.

Not long after this the Thirty Tyrants were cut off, and the whole of the then existing polity was subverted. Again therefore I was inclined, though in a more moderate degree, to engage in public affairs. But many circumstances then took place, at which any one might be indignant, owing to the disordered state of affairs at that time. Nor was it wonderful that in such mutations certain enemies should be punished in a rather severe manner, although those that then returned to power were very moderate. However, through a certain fortune it happened that our friend Socrates was brought into a court of justice, and was accused of the

greatest impiety, and which pertained to Socrates the least of all men. For some indicted him for impiety and others gave sentence against him, who had just refused to partake of the unholy deed respecting the arrest of a fugitive, when those who condemned him were themselves among those fugitives. On perceiving these things, therefore, together with the men who had the management of political affairs, and their laws and manners, the more I considered them as I advanced in years, by so much the more difficult did the right administration of political concerns appear to me; for this cannot be accomplished without friends and faithful associates. But at that time it was not easy to find such: for the city was no longer governed according to our fathers' manners and institutions, and it was not easy to establish other new ones; for both the written laws and the unwritten customs had become corrupted. And now this remarkable thing took place, that I who at first was ardently desirous of engaging in political concerns, when I beheld the disordered state of things, became at length giddy with the view. However, I did not withdraw my attention from them, but determined to see whether some improvement might not take place respecting these very things, and the whole polity; and always to wait a fitting opportunity for acting. At last I perceived that all the cities existing at present were badly governed. For as to what relates to laws, they are nearly in an uncurable state, unless by the aid of some extraordinary device or other, and the favour of Fortune. I was therefore compelled to say, in praise of genuine philosophy, that through this it is that we are enabled to perceive what is just and right in public and in private transactions. Hence the human race will never see the end of its evils until that class of men who philosophise with rectitude and truth obtain the government of political affairs, or until those who govern, by some divine endowment, become true philosophers. With this conception I first came to Italy and Sicily. But on arriving there I was by no means pleased with the life which they called happy, a life full of Italian and Syracusan luxury, and which

consists in repletion twice a day, never lying alone at night, and such other particulars as follow a life of this kind: for from these manners no man under the heavens would ever become wise, however admirable his natural disposition may be: nor will such a one ever become temperate. And the same thing may be said respecting the other virtues. But no city will remain contented and quiet under its laws when the citizens are of opinion that it is proper to consume all their possessions in superfluous cost, and that they should be idle and heedless of everything except feasting and debauchery. For it is necessary that such cities as these should never cease changing into tyrannies, oligarchies, and democracies, and that those who are powerful in them should not even endure the name of a just and equitable polity. With these and the above-mentioned conceptions I came to Syracuse: perhaps through the interference of fortune. It appears, indeed, that some superior power was there laying the foundations of all that has since happened concerning Dion and the Syracusans, and, it may be feared, of more that is to happen still, if you obey not the counsels I now give a second time. However, I affirm that the beginning of all the transactions was my journey to Sicily.[1] For I associated with Dion, who was then a young man, and in my discourse explained and advised him to do such things as were best for mankind; not knowing that I was then in some sense contriving the dissolution of the tyranny. For Dion being very docile, both with respect to other things and what was then said by me, he so acutely apprehended and readily embraced my doctrines that he surpassed all the young men with whom I was ever acquainted. He was likewise determined to pass the remainder of his life in a manner superior to that of the great majority of the Italians and Sicilians—viz., in pursuing virtue rather than pleasure and luxury. Hence he was hated by those who lived conformably to tyrannic institutes, even till the death of Dionysius.

[1] This was a journey which Plato had taken in the lifetime of the elder Dionysius. See Introduction, p. xxix.

After this he perceived that the very same conception which he had framed through the assistance of right reason, did not subsist in him alone, but in certain other persons, though they were not numerous, among whom, he thought, Dionysius the younger might be brought with the speedy assistance of the gods, in which case not only his own life but that of the other Syracusans would be transcendently happier and more blessed. On this account he thought that I ought by all means to come with the utmost celerity to Syracuse, that I might assist them in their undertakings; remembering how easily, by my conversation, he had been inflamed with the desire of living the noblest and best kind of life. If he could but enkindle this desire in Dionysius, as he was attempting to do, he was in hopes that a happy and true life, without slaughter and the other existing evils, would flourish through every part of Syracuse.[1]

Dion, rightly conceiving that this would be the case, persuaded Dionysius to send for me, and himself requested that I would by all means come with the utmost celerity, before other persons, associating with Dionysius, should turn him away from the best life to another. But it is necessary to relate more fully what he said. Why, says he, should we expect a fitter opportunity than that which a divine fortune has now sent us? He likewise mentioned the empire of Italy and Sicily, the power of Dionysius in this empire, and his vehement desire after philosophy and erudition. He informed me how much inclined his own nephews and the familiars of Dionysius were to the doctrines and mode of life which I inculcated, and how able to influence Dionysius to embrace them. He added that now if at any time there was reason to hope that philosophers might become rulers of mighty cities. With these, therefore, and many other such reasons, did he urge me to comply with his request. But I was fearful of the

[1] This seems to have been the first recorded case in history in which philosophic ideas directly inspired important political actions; a fact which alone would give a peculiar interest to the narration of Dion's enterprise.

event; as the desires of young men are hasty, and often frustrate themselves.

However, I knew that the disposition of Dion was naturally grave, and that his age was sufficiently mature. Hence while I was considering and doubting whether I should go, and comply with his request, and how; it at the same time occurred to me that I ought to go; and that if ever any one thought of working out what had been already thought out respecting laws and polity, now was the time to make the attempt. For by the persuasion of one single man, all good might be achieved. With this conception and this confidence, and not from the motives which some have thought, I left my home; feeling at the same time in myself the greatest shame lest I should ever appear to myself to be nothing more than a man of words, and never voluntarily undertake the achievement of any deed. I was likewise fearful lest I should betray the hospitality and friendship of Dion, who was verily in no small dangers; who if he should fall into any calamity or be banished by Dionysius and his other enemies, would fly to us, and thus address us: "I come to you, O Plato, an exile, not because I wanted horse soldiers and foot soldiers to oppose my enemies, but because I wanted words and persuasion, by which I know you are especially able to convert young men to probity and justice, and unite them in friendship and fellowship with each other. And because you would not give me this, I have now left Syracuse, and have betaken myself hither. As to what relates to myself indeed, this will bring you less disgrace: but as to philosophy, which you always praise, and which you say is dishonoured by other men, have you not now betrayed it, as far as you could, together with me? If indeed we had been inhabitants of Megara, you would have come to my assistance when I had called you, or I should have considered you as the most depraved of men. But now, excusing yourself through the length of the journey, and the magnitude of the voyage, and the labour, you think you shall avoid discredit, though this is far from being the case.

If Dion had thus addressed me I should certainly have been at a loss for a becoming answer. I therefore came to Syracuse, with reason and justice, relinquishing my own studies, which were not unworthy ones, under a tyranny which I thought little adapted either to my studies or myself. But coming thither I discharged my obligations, doing the part of a friend and a philosopher without reproach, which would indeed have been a sorry part if, through effeminacy and fear, I had become involved in evil disgrace. On my arrival then (for there is no occasion to be prolix) I found all things about Dionysius full of sedition and calumnies respecting the tyranny of Dion.[1] I defended Dion to the utmost of my power, but I was able to effect but little. For on the fourth month nearly, after my arrival, Dionysius accused Dion of endeavouring to obtain the tyranny by stratagem, and disgracefully sent him into exile in a small ship. After this, all of us that were the friends of Dion were fearful lest Dionysius should accuse and punish any of us as co-operating with Dion in his stratagem. It was likewise reported in Syracuse that I was put to death by Dionysius, as being the cause of everything that then happened. But he, perceiving that we were all thus affected, and dreading lest something of greater consequence should arise from our fear, received all of us benevolently, consoled me, desired me to confide in him, and requested that I would by all means stay. For he would derive no advantage from my flight. He therefore pretended with great urgency to entreat me to stay; but we know that the entreaties of tyrants are mingled with a kind of necessity.

Contriving therefore to prevent my departure, he obliged me to reside in the acropolis, whence it was not possible to escape by sea, not merely because Dionysius would prevent any master of a ship from doing so, but because it could not be done then without his direct orders. Nor was there any merchant or provincial magistrate who on seeing me leave the country would not immediately have me brought

[1] Dion had practically a large share in the government of Syracuse at this time.

back again to Dionysius; especially since the report at that time was contrary to that which was circulated before; for now it was said that Dionysius again received Plato with wonderful kindness. And indeed this was the case: for it *is* necessary to speak the truth. He behaved to me with increasing kindness every day, and was delighted with my manners and habits. But he wished me to praise him more and to consider him as my friend in a far greater degree than Dion: and he made extraordinary efforts to accomplish this. However, he neglected the best means of effecting this, if it could have been effected, I mean associating and becoming familiar with me, in hearing and learning discourses concerning philosophy. But this he was fearful of doing, lest, as was suggested by my calumniators, he should be restrained and embarrassed in his designs, and Dion should have the entire management of affairs. However, I endured everything, persevering in the opinion which I entertained when I first came to Syracuse, and trying if by any possible means Dionysius would be brought to a desire of a philosophic life. But he rendered my endeavours ineffectual by his opposition.

And the first period of my sojourn in Sicily passed in this way. But after this I went away and returned again, at the earnest solicitations of Dionysius. But on what account I came thither, and what I did there, things how reasonable and just, I may relate to you, with whom I am taking counsel as to what is to be done in the present state of affairs; and for the sake of those who ask for what purpose I went there a second time. And may I avoid relating trifles and by-events as though they were of main consequence! This is what I have to say:

I think that he who gives his advice to a sick man, and one who uses bad diet, should persuade him in the first place to change his mode of living; and if the diseased person is willing to comply with him in this, that he should then persuade him to other things; but if he is unwilling to comply, then I should think that his adviser, if he abandons him,

acts like a man and a physician, but if he still continues with him, that he acts like one effeminate and destitute of art. I assert the same thing likewise of a city, whether it has one governor or many. For if the polity proceeds in a right way, it is the province of a man endued with intellect to give it useful advice; but if the very contrary of this happens to be the case, and the people do not by any means wish to tread in the steps of an upright polity, but proclaim to their adviser that he must relinquish his concern about the polity, and not disturb it, for if he does, he shall suffer death; and at the same time exhort him to be subservient to their wills and desires, and thus advise them how they may always procure pleasures with celerity and ease; when this is the case I should consider him who endures to give such advice as effeminate, but him who does not endure it, as a man.

In consequence of this view, when any one consults me about one of the greatest concerns of his life, as about the acquisition of riches, or the attention pertaining to the body or soul, if he appears to me to live daily in an orderly manner, or is willing to be persuaded when I give him my advice, then I readily join with him in consultation, nor do I desist until the affair is brought to a conclusion. But if either he does not at all consult me, or, if he does, obviously neglects to follow my advice, in this case I should not willingly give advice to such a one, nor would I be compelled to do it, even if he were my son. But I would voluntarily give advice to a slave, and, if he were unwilling, force him to follow it. I should not, however, think it holy to force my father, unless he were void of understanding through disease.

Again, if those that consult me live according to an established mode which is pleasing to themselves, but not to me, I would not hate them, because I had admonished them in vain, nor yet, flattering, be subservient to them, and afford them means of gratifying desires which, if I were to embrace, I should not wish to live. With the same conception respecting his country a wise man ought to live;

exposing its errors, if it appears to him not to be well governed, when this can be done without speaking in vain or losing his life. But he should never by violence effect a change in the government of his country, when it cannot be brought to the best condition without the expulsion and slaughter of citizens; but in this case he should lead a quiet life and pray for the good both of himself and the city.

In the very same manner I advise you to act. And I advised Dionysius to live daily in such a manner with Dion that he might both have the mastery over himself, and acquire faithful friends and associates, that the same thing might not befall him which had happened to his father. For his father having obtained the possession of and re-established many and great cities in Sicily, which had been subverted by the Barbarians, could not establish in the government of these faithful men, neither from his own associates, nor from among strangers, nor from his younger brothers whom he himself had educated. Nor yet could he find men worthy to be trusted either among the private persons whom he had made rulers nor among the poor whom he had made rich men. But among these he could not procure one faithful friend, either by persuading or teaching, or by the benefits which he conferred. He was seven times worse than Darius, who neither confiding in his brothers nor in those that were educated by him, but only in those that were associated with him in the subduing of a Median eunuch,[1] he divided seven parts of his dominions between them, each of which was larger than all Sicily, and found them to be faithful adherents who plotted neither against him nor against each other. He likewise gave an example how a good legislator and king ought to act. For he established laws by which the Persian government is preserved even at present. To which we may add that the Athenians, after they had taken possession of many Grecian cities which they had not founded themselves and which had been subverted by the. Barbarians, preserved their

[1] The usurper, Pseudo-Smerdis.

empire over them for seventy years, in consequence of procuring to themselves friends in each of the cities.

But Dionysius [the elder] having collected all Sicily into one city, and in his wisdom confiding in no one, was with difficulty saved. For he was destitute of friends and men in whom he could confide, than which there can be no greater sign of vice, as on the contrary the possession of these is the greatest proof of virtue. I therefore, and Dion, advised Dionysius—since by his father's management he had neither received proper discipline and education, nor had he fitting associates—to procure himself friends from among his equals in age, and who were in agreement to live a virtuous life. But above all things we urged him to be such a one himself, asserting that he was greatly deficient in this respect, not indeed in plain terms (for this was not safe), but in an obscure manner, contending in our discourse, that when this is the case every man will become the saviour both of himself and those whom he governs; but that when he does not incline in this direction he will cause the very contrary of this to take place. But if he entered upon the course which we advised, and made himself a prudent and temperate man, and if afterwards he restored the desolated cities of Sicily, and bound them together with such laws and polities, that they might be friendly both to him and to each other, in resisting the incursions of the Barbarians, then he would not only double but greatly multiply his paternal kingdom. For thus the Carthaginians would much more readily become subject to his power than they were to that of Gelon; nor would he, on the contrary, like his father, be compelled to pay a tribute to the Barbarians.

This was the substance of what we said, and the advice which we gave to Dionysius, at the very time when it was reported in many places that we were forming stratagems against him. Indeed the men who raised these reports prevailed on Dionysius, expelled Dion, and threw us into fear. And now, to make a short story of these great affairs which transacted themselves in so little a period of time,

Dion coming from Peloponesus and Athens, admonished Dionysius with deeds as well as words. When therefore Dion had liberated and twice restored the city to its inhabitants, the Syracusans were then affected in the same manner towards him as Dionysius had been before, when Dion endeavoured to educate him so that he might become a king worthy of his kingdom, and be his friend through the whole of life; while those that calumniated Dion reported that he was plotting to gain the tyranny, and doing everything to procure that the mind of Dionysius, allured by philosophy, might neglect the affairs of government and commit them entirely to Dion, who by fraudulent usurpation would expel Dionysius from the kingdom.

And this was what was now reported a second time among the Syracusans,[1] and it prevailed, in a victory very absurd and base to those who were the causes of it. But it is proper that the particulars of this affair should be heard by you, who now call upon me to settle the present affairs. I, being an Athenian, the friend and ally of Dion, came to the Tyrant in order that instead of war I might make peace and friendship; and I was vanquished by the calumniators. But Dionysius, by loading me with honours and riches, endeavoured to persuade me to stay with him, and to make me his friend, that I might serve as a witness that Dion had deserved his expulsion. However, he was entirely disappointed in his expectations. But when Dion afterwards returned to Syracuse he brought with him two Athenian brothers, who had not become his friends through philosophy, but from that casual association of most friends which arises from performing the rites of hospitality, and from being initiated together in the sacred Mysteries. From these causes, and from offering to attend Dion in his return to Syracuse, he had contracted a friendship with them. But these men, on their coming to Sicily, when they understood that Dion was calumniated as endeavouring by

[1] Viz., that Dion having expelled Dionysius was aiming at the tyranny for himself instead of establishing a free government.

stratagem to obtain the tyranny, and calumniated by those very men whom he had liberated, not only betrayed their companion and guest-friend, but becoming as it were perpetrators of murder with their own hands they assisted the murderers with arms. However, I shall neither pass by in silence, nor relate the particulars of this base and unholy deed: for it has been the study of many others to repeat it, and will be in the future.

But I will wipe away the infamy with which the Athenians are branded. For I say that *he* was an Athenian whom no riches or honours could induce to betray Dion.[1] For he was not made a friend through common friendship, but through the communion of liberal discipline; in which alone he who is endued with intellect ought to confide, rather than in kinship of souls and bodies. These men are not of consequence sufficient to bring disgrace on the city for killing Dion; for they were men of no repute. And this much I have said for the sake of giving advice to the friends and kindred of Dion.

I give you likewise the same advice as before, and address you in the same words the third time—viz., that you should neither subject Sicily, nor in my opinion any other state, to despotic men, but to the laws; for this is neither good for the governors nor the governed, nor for their children nor their children's children, but the experiment is perfectly pernicious. But little and illiberal souls delight to seize gain of this kind, understanding nothing of things just and good, human and divine, whether pertaining to the present time or to futurity. Of the truth of these things I endeavoured first to persuade Dion, and afterwards Dionysius, and now, in the third place, you. Be persuaded therefore by me, for the sake of Zeus, who saves the third time.

In the next place look to Dionysius and Dion, the former of whom, not following my advice, now lives disgracefully; but the latter, who followed my persuasions, died nobly. For he who aspires after the most excellent

[1] Referring to Plato himself.

things, both for himself and for his country, will endure whatever may befall him in an upright and noble manner: for we are all mortal, nor if one of us should happen to be otherwise would he on that account be happy, as the multitude think. For to inanimate things there is nothing worth mentioning either of good or ill; but this is an attribute of soul, whether conjoined with or separate from a body. But it is proper to believe in ancient and sacred teachings, which inform us that the soul is immortal, that it has Judges of its conduct, and that it suffers the greatest punishments when it is separated from the body. On this account we must hold it a lesser evil to suffer than to do the greatest injuries. This indeed the man who is a lover of wealth and who is poor in soul does not hear, and if he did hear he would deride it, in consequence of thinking that he ought impudently to seize on all sides, like a wild beast, whatever he can eat and drink, and whatever can contribute to venereal delight; which is a thing slavish and disgracious, and is not properly to be denominated pleasure. Such a one being blind does not see that he can never satisfy insatiable Desire, nor by what consequences unholy deeds are followed, and what evil is attached to each act of injustice, nor what a base and wretched journey the wrong-doer must make both while he moves upon the earth and when he returns beneath it.

When I said these and other things of the like kind to Dion I persuaded him of their truth. But I was most justly enraged with his murderers, in the same manner nearly as with Dionysius: for both of them injured me, and all the rest, as I may say, in the highest degree. For they destroyed a man who was willing to use justice; but Dionysius, who did not by any means wish to use justice, through the whole of his government obtained the greatest power. If, however, under his government, philosophy and power had been united in reality, they would have presented to all men, both Greeks and Barbarians, a true and sufficiently luminous opinion that neither any city nor any man can ever be happy unless they pass through life with wisdom

and in subjection to justice; whether they possess these in themselves, or are properly educated and instructed under the rule of pious governors.

These then are the things in which Dionysius injured me; for the other things in which I was injured are small compared with these. But he who slew Dion did not know that he was doing the same thing as Dionysius. For I clearly know, as far as it is possible for one man to speak confidently of another, that if Dion had retained his government, he would never have changed it into any other form than that which he first gave to Syracuse when he delivered it from slavery, and established it gloriously in the institutions of liberty. After this he would have brought order among the citizens, by every possible contrivance, with such laws as are adapted to them and are the most excellent. And besides these things he would have settled all Sicily, and freed it from the Barbarians, by expelling some and subjecting others, more easily than this was done by Hiero. But if these things had taken place, through a man just, brave, temperate, and who was a philosopher, the same opinion of virtue would have been produced among the multitude, as would have flourished among all men, if Dionysius had followed my advice. But now either some dæmon, or some pernicious character, replete with iniquity and impiety, and, what is of the greatest consequence, with the audacity of ignorance, in which all evils are rooted, and from which they germinate and afterwards produce the most bitter fruit—this dæmon, or this dire person, has a second time subverted and destroyed everything.

But now, for the sake of the omen, let us speak with good hope of the third time. I advise you, therefore, my friends, to imitate Dion, and to acquire that patriotic benevolence which he possessed, and that temperate mode of living which he adopted. But you have clearly heard from me, what are the auspices by which you should endeavour to accomplish his wish: and if there is any one among you who is unable to live in the Doric manner,

according to the traditions of his fathers, but follows the Sicilian mode of living, and that which was adopted by the murderers of Dion, neither call on him to join with you, nor believe that he will ever be sincere and faithful in any undertaking. But you should exhort the rest to re-establish the whole of Sicily, and introduce both in Sicily and all Peloponesus equitable laws, without dreading the Athenians: for men are to be found there who surpass all others in virtue, and who abhor the audacity of those that slaughter their friends.

But if these things should have to be postponed, and the many and all-various seditions and discords which spring up daily urge us to immediate exertion; in this case, every man who through a divine fortune partakes, though in a small degree, of right opinion, ought to know that there will be no end to the evils resulting from sedition, till those who vanquish in battle refrain from slaughtering and banishing their fellow-citizens, and from the remembrance of injuries; and, giving respite to their desire of vengeance, become reconciled to their enemies; and till, obtaining the empire over themselves, they establish common laws, which no less pertain to themselves than to those they have vanquished, at the same time compelling them to use these laws. But they should compel them by a twofold necessity—viz., of fear and shame. By the necessity of fear, evincing their power; in consequence of being superior to them: but by the necessity of shame, through their appearing to surpass them, both in vanquishing pleasures, and in subjection to the laws. For there is no other way by which a city labouring under sedition can find a period to its evils. But seditions, enmities, hatred, perfidy, will always arise in cities which are thus affected towards themselves. Those, therefore, that have the greatest power in cities, if they desire the welfare of their country, should choose among themselves, in preference to others, such men as they have heard to be the most excellent characters: and in the first place they should choose old men, who possess children, wives, and estates, and progenitors such as are most worthy

and renowned; and who possess sufficient property. But fifty such men will be sufficient for a city of ten thousand inhabitants. These should be called forth with prayers and the greatest honours, but after they are called they should be bound by an oath, and exhorted to establish laws, that they may not give more to the victors than to the vanquished, but impart that which is equal and common to the whole city. All things however consist in the establishment of laws. For when the victors are more willing to be subject to the laws than those that are vanquished, all things will be well, and full of felicity, and every evil will be banished. But if this is not the case, there is no need to call me or any other, to join with him in the administration of affairs who is not persuaded by the precepts I have now enjoined. For these are the sisters of the things which I and Dion very wisely attempted to accomplish among the Syracusans. They were, however, second attempts; for the first was that public good which we attempted to effect in conjunction with Dionysius. But some fortune superior to mankind frustrated our attempt. Do you therefore now endeavour to accomplish these things more prosperously, and may good destiny and divine fortune accompany you.

And thus much concerning my advice and precepts, and my first journey to Dionysius. But of my second journey and voyage, and how reasonable and well-considered it was, he may now hear an account who is so inclined. For the first time of my residence in Sicily passed away, as I have already said, before I could advise the kindred and associates of Dion; but after this I persuaded Dionysius, to the utmost of my power, to suffer me to depart: but we mutually agreed that when a peace took place (for there was then a war in Sicily), Dionysius should recall Dion and me, as soon as his government was more securely established. He likewise thought it proper that Dion should understand that I was not banished by him, but was to return to him at a certain time. And I agreed to these conditions.

A peace therefore taking place, Dionysius sent for me, but required that Dion should absent himself for another year: but he requested me by all means to come. Dion too exhorted and entreated me to set sail, for it was very strongly reported from Sicily that Dionysius was again wonderfully inflamed with a desire of philosophy; and on this account Dion earnestly requested me to set sail for Sicily. But I, though I knew many such things happened to young men respecting philosophy, at the same time thought it more safe not to comply with the request of Dionysius and Dion. I therefore answered both of them that I was an old man, and that nothing which was done at present was according to the agreement. But it seems that after this Archytas[1] had betaken himself to Dionysius: for, before I set sail from Sicily, I had made Archytas and certain other Tarentines the guests and friends of Dionysius. There were likewise certain others among the Syracusans of whom some had heard something of philosophy from Dion, and some who were full of things they had overheard about philosophy, and who appeared to me to be endeavouring to discourse with Dionysius about things of this kind, as if Dionysius had heard all such things as were the subject of my thoughts. But indeed he was not naturally inapt with respect to learning, and was ambitious in a wonderful degree. Perhaps, therefore, he was pleased with the discourse of these men; and he was manifestly ashamed that he had heard nothing from me when I went to see him. Hence he was at the same time inflamed with a desire of hearing me more clearly, and stimulated by ambition. But on what account he did not hear me discourse, when I first came to Sicily, I have related above.

After therefore I had returned home safe, and refused to comply with his second invitation, Dionysius appeared to be very ambitious, and through his desire of renown to be afraid, lest I should seem to certain persons to despise him, and that my dislike of his disposition, habits, and mode of

[1] A famous philosopher and geometer.

living, had induced me to refuse complying with his request. But it is just that I should speak the truth, and endure it with equanimity if any one on hearing what took place should despise my philosophy, and think that the Tyrant was a man of sense. For Dionysius sent to me the third time a three-ranked galley, for the sake of procuring me an easy passage. He sent also Archidemus, whom he thought I most esteemed of all the friends of Archytas who were then in his dominions, together with other illustrious persons in Sicily. And all these announced to us the same thing—viz., that Dionysius was wonderfully given to philosophy. Besides this, he sent me a long epistle, knowing how I was affected towards Dion, and that Dion was desirous I should set sail and come to Syracuse. The letter therefore was composed with a view to all these particulars, and the beginning of it was as follows :—Dionysius to Plato : after which followed such things as are usual, and immediately after this he said that complying with his request I should now come to Sicily. He then proceeded: "In the first place the particulars respecting Dion shall be accomplished according to your wish ; but I know you wish for moderate measures, and that I would accede to them. However, unless you come, your desires respecting Dion will not be gratified, neither the things pertaining to himself nor other matters." This was what he wrote, but it would be long and foreign to the purpose to refer to the rest of his letter. Other letters likewise came to me from Archytas, and other Tarentines, praising the philosophic disposition of Dionysius, and adding, that unless I now came their friendship with Dionysius, which had been effected through me, and which was of no small consequence with respect to political affairs, would be entirely destroyed.

As therefore at that time I was thus incited to comply with the request of Dionysius, some drawing me from Sicily and Italy, and others at Athens impelling me, as it were, by their prayers ; and again reason proclaiming that I ought not to betray Dion, together with the guests and others belonging to Tarentum :—when I likewise considered that it

was nothing wonderful, if a young man, who was formerly unwilling to hear respecting things of great moment, should become docile and be inflamed with a desire of the best life, and that it was proper to prove clearly, in what manner he was affected, and not by any means betray him, nor become myself the cause of a disgrace so truly great, if the case with Dionysius was in reality such as it was reported to be;—screened by this reasoning, as with a veil, I commenced my journey, fearing many things, and prophesying, as it seems, not altogether well. I came therefore to Sicily the third time under the protection of the Saviour Zeus. And this expedition I actually accomplished, being again fortunately saved. But for these things I return thanks to Dionysius, after God; because when many were willing to slay me, he prevented them, and conducted himself with some degree of moderation in my affairs.

When therefore I arrived in Sicily, I thought it was proper, in the first place, to try whether Dionysius was in reality enkindled by philosophy as by a fire, or whether the report concerning him at Athens was entirely vain. But there is a certain method of making an experiment about things of this kind, by no means ignoble, but truly adapted to tyrants, and especially to those that are full of things heard and understood amiss, which as soon as I arrived I perceived was very much the case with Dionysius. But to such as these it is requisite to show what the whole business of philosophy is and how many other things and how great labour it entails. For he who hears that this is the case, if he is truly a lover of wisdom, and is adapted to and worthy of its acquisition, being a divine person, will think that he hears of an admirable way, and that he ought immediately to betake himself to it, and that life is no life unless one does this. After this he will not cease exciting both himself and the leader of this way till he either obtains the consummation of his wishes, or receives a power by which he may be able to conduct himself without a guide.

Such a one, therefore, will so live that all his actions may

accord with these conceptions. But before all things he will be perpetually intent on philosophy, and will daily procure for himself such nutriment, as may especially render him docile, of a good memory, and able to reason; living soberly and hating intoxication.

But those that are not lovers of wisdom in reality, but have merely taken the colour of doctrines, like those whose bodies are tanned by the sun, when they perceive what a multitude of disciplines, what mighty labour, and what temperate food are requisite to the acquisition of philosophy, such as these, thinking that philosophy is a thing difficult and impossible for them to obtain, cannot be brought to make it the object of their pursuit. But some of these persuade themselves that they have sufficiently heard the whole of philosophy, and that they require nothing further. This mode of experiment is perspicuous and most safe, when employed upon the effeminate, and such as are incapable of enduring labour: for thus they can never accuse him who points out to them the arduousness of the undertaking, but must blame themselves as unable to engage in all that is requisite to the acquisition of philosophy.

This method of examination I employed upon Dionysius; but I neither enumerated all the requisites, nor did Dionysius require that I should. For there were many things, and those of the greatest consequence, in which he pretended to be sufficiently versed, through the misunderstood doctrines which he had heard from others. But I am informed that he afterwards wrote about the things which he then heard, putting together, as if by his own art of composition, things in which there was nothing of what he then heard from me. However, I am entirely ignorant of the truth of this report. But I know that others have written about the same things.

Thus much, however, I shall say respecting all those who either have written, or shall write, affirming that they know those things which are the objects of my study (whether they have heard them from me or from others, or whether they have discovered them themselves), that they have not, in my opinion, understood anything about the matter; for

about these things there never was and never will be any treatise of mine. For a thing of this kind cannot be expressed in words, like other branches of learning, but by long familiarity and living together with the thing itself, a light as it were of a fire leaping forth will suddenly be kindled in the soul, and there itself nourish itself. Indeed, thus much I know, that the things written or spoken by me would have been best spoken; and that they were badly written would not grieve me in the least.

But if it appeared to me that the particulars of which I am speaking could be adequately written and expressed in words for the multitude, what could we accomplish more beautiful in life than to write down what would be of such mighty benefit to mankind, and to bring Nature into the light before all? I think, however, that an attempted explanation of this kind would only be beneficial to a few among men, and those men, who from some small hints would be able to discover everything for themselves. But with respect to the rest of mankind, some it will fill with an ignorant contempt, and others with a lofty and arrogant hope as if they have learned certain profound truths. I intend therefore to speak further about these particulars; for thus perhaps I shall say something clearer respecting them than I have yet said. For there is a certain true discourse which is adverse to him who dares to write anything about things of this kind, and which has often been delivered by me before, and, as it seems, must be delivered by me at present.

Of each thing that exists there are three particulars through which science concerning it is to be attained. And a fourth is science itself. And we may set down as a fifth the Thing itself, which is known and true. One of these is the name of a thing, the second is its definition, the third the image of it, the fourth science. Now take each of these, desiring to learn what we have lately asserted, and think as follows concerning them all. A circle is called something, whose name we have just uttered. After this follows its definition, composed of words: for that

which everywhere is equally distant from the extremes to the middle is the definition of that which we signify by the name of a round, and a circumference, and a circle. And thirdly comes the actual circle which may be painted or blotted out, which may be made by a compass or destroyed. None of which affections the Circle Itself, with which each of these is concerned, suffers; as being of a different nature. But the fourth is science and intellect, and true opinion about these things.[1] And all this again must be established as one thing which neither subsists in voice, nor in corporeal figure, but is inherent in soul. It is therefore manifest that this fourth is different in nature from the Circle Itself,[2] and again different from the three we have previously mentioned. But among the number of these, intellect, by its kinship and similitude, proximately approaches to the fifth, while the rest are more remote from its nature. The same may likewise be affirmed of a straight and crooked figure, of Colour, and of the Good, the Beautiful, and the Just. And again, of every body, whether fashioned by the hand, or by the work of nature, whether fire or water, and the rest of this kind; likewise of every animal, and of the dispositions of souls, and of all actions and passions. And unless one after a manner receives all four of these he will never perfectly participate the science about the fifth. For it must be added that these four no less endeavour to evince about everything the quality which it possesses than its being, through the weakness of reasonings. On this account, no one endued with intellect will ever dare to consider as equally immutable things which are the objects of intellectual vision, and such as have a subsistence in corporeal figures.[3]

[1] *I.e.*, the scientific conception of a circle in the mind.

[2] The Circle Itself—*i.e.*, the Idea of a circle—must be identified with the fifth thing. It must be remembered that with Plato this Ideal Circle was supposed to have an objective existence, and is therefore different from the fourth thing.

[3] The foregoing passage is obscure in places and probably corrupt, like many other passages in this Epistle. I do not understand the "weakness of reasonings."

But again, it is requisite to attend to what was just now said. Every circle which by the hands of men is either painted or fashioned by a compass, is plainly contrary to our fifth: for it everywhere participates of the right line. But we must affirm that the Circle Itself has neither much or little of anything contrary to its own nature. Besides the names of things are entirely unstable, for nothing hinders our applying the appellation of straight to that which we now denominate round, and calling the straight by the denomination of the round, nor will there be any less stability in things when their names are changed into the contrary. The same reasoning is likewise true of definition, since it is composed of nouns and verbs which possess no stability. And in a variety of ways it may be proved that no one of these four is certain and firm. But the greatest thing of all, as I just observed, is this, that since there are two things, essence and quality, when the soul seeks to know, not the quality of a thing but what it is, unless it first investigates these four, and sufficiently discusses them by a reasoning process and sensible inspection, and this continually through everything which is asserted and shown, it will be filled, as I may say, with all possible ambiguity and obscurity.

In such cases, therefore, as through a depraved education, we are not accustomed to investigate the truth, but are contented with the image that is exhibited to our view, we do not become ridiculous to each other when, being interrogated, we are able to discuss and argue about those four. But when a man is compelled to distinguish that fifth from the rest, and make it clear, any one who wishes, and has the faculty of upsetting theories, will prevail, and he will make him who is explaining that fifth in reasonings or writings or answers to seem to the generality of the audience as if he knew nothing of the things whereon he takes in hand to speak or write: for they are often ignorant that it is not [that which is in] the mind of the writer or speaker which is refuted, but the nature of each of the four things, which is in an imperfect and corrupt condition. But when

a man has gone through all these four things, taking each one of them from every side in turn, scarcely then will the science of the rightly conditioned object be attained by the rightly conditioned mind. But when the mind is ill-conditioned, as is the case with the habits of souls possessed by the multitude, who are badly disposed with respect to learning and whose manners are depraved, not even Lynceus himself could enable such as these to see. In one word, neither docility nor memory will confer on any one the power of perceiving things of this kind, who is not allied to them: for they are not naturally inherent from the first in dispositions which are foreign to them. So that those who are not naturally adapted and allied to the Just and other things that are beautiful, though they may be docile and of a good memory with respect to other particulars; and again, those that are allied to the Just and Beautiful but are indocile and of a bad memory, will never learn as far as it is possible to learn the truth pertaining to virtue and vice. For it is necessary to learn this, and at the same time the falsehood and truth of the whole of being, with all possible exertion and a great length of time, as I said in the beginning. But after agitating together the several names and definitions, and sensible perceptions of things, and after they have been tested in mild and kindly argument, and subjected to questionings and answerings without prejudice, then, striving as much as is possible to human power, wisdom and intellect on these matters will at length scarcely shine forth.

On this account every serious man will be very far from writing among men about serious realities, lest he fall into invidiousness and difficulties. But in one word it is requisite to know from these things that when any one sees the writings of another, whether of a legislator on the laws, or on any other subjects, he will see that these are not the things which are considered by him to be the most serious, if he is himself a serious man: but the true objects of his pursuit are situated in a region of surpassing beauty. But if the things of most serious import to him have really been committed to writing, then it might be said that not the gods

indeed, but men, destroy the intellects of men.[1] And thus much for this fable or digression, which he who acutely follows will well understand.

Whether therefore Dionysius has written anything about the highest or first natures, or any other person inferior or superior to him, according to my decision he has neither heard or learnt anything respecting these natures; for otherwise he would have venerated them in the same manner as I do, and would not have dared to hurl them forth into incongruity and indecency. For he could not write about them for the sake of recalling them to his memory; as there is no occasion to fear that any one will ever forget them, when they are once comprehended by the soul, for they lie in the shortest space of all things. But perhaps he did this for the sake of base ambition, either asserting that these doctrines were his own, or pretending to partake of discipline of which he was unworthy to partake, loving the renown which arises from such participation.

Perhaps, however, we may allow that Dionysius has written about these things, if what he has asserted was produced by our conversation. But, O Zeus, says the Theban, how was it produced? For I discussed these things with him, as I have said, only once; but never afterwards. In the next place, he who is anxious to find out the cause of what then happened respecting these things, ought to know why we did not discuss them a second and third time, and often: whether it was that Dionysius, having only heard them once, thought that he knew them, and knew them sufficiently, that he discovered them himself, or had formerly learned them from others. Or was it that he thought the things that were said were trifling? Or did a certain third thing happen to be the case—viz., that they were in

[1] Alluding to an Homeric phrase, "the gods have destroyed thy wits." Plato is doubtless condemning the attempt to construct a formulated system of belief about the ultimate divine realities, which can only be properly spoken of in poetry, where they are not *directly* spoken of at all.

reality too great for him, and that he would not have been able to live if he paid regard to wisdom and virtue? For if it is said that he considered the things about which he wrote as trifling, this will be opposed by many witnesses, who assert the contrary, and who are much better judges about things of this kind than Dionysius. But if he invented them or learnt them, and they deserve to be made subservient to the discipline of a liberal soul, how does he come, not being anything wonderful himself, to so readily dishonour the leader and master in these things?

But how he dishonoured him I will now relate. Not long after this [my arrival] he would not permit the procurators of Dion to send that portion of his wealth to Peloponnesus, which some time before he had suffered him to possess and enjoy, as if he had entirely forgotten the letter which he wrote to me. For he asserted that this property did not belong to Dion but to Dion's son, who, as he was his own nephew, was according to law under his protection. And such were the transactions of that time.

From hence we may accurately see how Dionysius was affected towards philosophy; and it is lawful for me to be indignant, whether I am willing or not, for it was then summer, and the time when the ships sail out. But it seemed that I ought not to be more offended with Dionysius than with myself, and with those who compelled me to come the third time to the strait about Scylla and

"Dire Charybdis measure o'er again."

I was therefore forced to tell Dionysius that it was impossible for me to stay with him while Dion was used so ignominiously. But he consoled me and requested me to stay; thinking it would not be well for him that I should be so swift a messenger of such transactions as these: and when he could not persuade me he said he would prepare the means of sending me away. However, being enraged, I was determined to depart with a fleet then starting, thinking that I ought to suffer everything, if he should attempt to stop me; as I was manifestly injured, although I had

done no injury. But when he found that I could not by any means be induced to stay, he devised the following means to retard my departure. On the day after these things had taken place he thus plausibly addressed me: Dion, says he, and the affairs of Dion about which we have often disagreed, shall be entirely removed out of our way; for on your account I will act as follows towards Dion. I think it fit that he shall take up his residence in Peloponnesus, not as an exile but as one who may come hither when it shall seem good to him, to me, and to you who are his friend. This shall take place if he forms no plots against me; and you, your friends, and the friends of Dion who are here shall be bound for his fulfilling this agreement. But the money which he may receive shall be deposited in Peloponnesus and Athens with those you shall think fit: Dion too shall have the use of it, but shall not be authorised to take it away without your consent; for I should not very much believe that he would act rightly towards me if he had the entire possession of this wealth, which is not inconsiderable. But I have greater confidence in you and your friends. See therefore whether these things are agreeable to you, and stay for the sake of them this year, at the expiration of which you shall receive this money and depart. I well know indeed that Dion will be greatly indebted to you for acting in this manner on his account.

When I heard these things I was perfectly indignant, but at the same time I said I would consider the affair and give him an answer on the following day. This was our compact at that time. I therefore consulted with myself after this, but in a very confused manner; but the following consideration first presented itself to me as the cardinal point of my consultation: What if Dionysius intends to do nothing of what he promises to do, but on my departure both he and many others should write in a plausible manner to Dion, what he has now said to me, that he indeed was willing but that I was unwilling he should act in this manner, and that I entirely neglected his concerns; and

besides this, if Dionysius being unwilling that I should depart, should, without giving orders to any pilot, signify to all men, as he easily could, that he did not consent to my setting sail, what sailor would be willing to take me on board from the palace of Dionysius? For, in addition to other evils, my lodging was in the garden which surrounded the palace; from whence the porter would not be willing to dismiss me without an order from Dionysius. But if I stay another year I can indeed send an account of these transactions to Dion, and acquaint him with my situation and conduct. And if indeed Dionysius should do anything of what he promises to do my conduct will not be entirely ridiculous: for perhaps the property of Dion, when rightly estimated, does not amount to less than 100 talents [over £23,000]. But if the issue of affairs should be such as it is likely to be, I shall be at a loss how to act. At the same time it is perhaps necessary that I should stay here a year longer, and endeavour to test the words of Dionysius by his actions.

Thus thinking with myself, I told Dionysius on the following day that I thought it best to stay; but I said he ought not to consider me as possessing absolute authority over Dion. I added that he should write to Dion in conjunction with me, acquainting him with the compact we had made, and asking him whether he was satisfied with these things, and with me, and whether he wished for anything further. Lastly, that he should write to him as soon as possible, and should not make any innovation in his affairs. This is what was said, and these are nearly the things in which we agreed.

But after this the ships sailed, and therefore it was no longer possible for me to depart. Dionysius then, as if recollecting something he had omitted, said that the half of Dion's property ought to remain with his son, and that the other half should be sent to Dion. This property he said he would sell, and when he had sold it, deliver one half to me to be sent to Dion, and keep the other half for his son, for, he said, it will be most just to act in this manner.

And I, being amazed at this statement, thought it would be entirely ridiculous to say anything further. At the same time, however, I observed to him that we ought to wait for an answer from Dion, and again send him an account of these particulars. But Dionysius, after this, in a very hasty manner, sold the whole of Dion's property to whom and for what he pleased, without making any mention of it whatever to me: and again I in like manner said nothing to him respecting the affairs of Dion; for I thought I should be able to do nothing further in them. And thus far and in this way did I assist philosophy and my friends.

But after this I and Dionysius so lived together that I like a bird was always looking out and longing to fly away, but he was devising in what manner he might scare me, and give up no part of the property of Dion. At the same time, however, we were said to be friends, forsooth, through the whole of Sicily.

But at this period Dionysius endeavoured to diminish the pay of the mercenary troops, contrary to the custom of his father; and the soldiers being enraged assembled in a body, and declared that this should not take place. Dionysius therefore endeavoured to force them to submission, and for this purpose shut the gates of the Acropolis: but the soldiers immediately marched to the walls, vociferating a certain barbarous and warlike pæan; at which Dionysius, being terrified, granted the soldiers all they desired, and those that carried crescent shields more than the usual pay. But a report was spread that Heracleides was the cause of this disturbance;[1] upon hearing which Heracleides immediately disappeared. Dionysius therefore endeavoured to take him, but not being able to discover his place of retreat, he

[1] This was extremely likely. Heracleides, at first the friend and colleague, became afterwards the rival of Dion, whom he endeavoured to thwart and supplant when the latter had driven out Dionysius. Accordingly certain friends of Dion murdered Heracleides, a deed from the guilt of which the fame of Dion is certainly not clear. It was the one stain on a career otherwise marked by singular magnanimity and uprightness.

ordered Theodotes to attend him in the gardens, in which at that time I happened to be walking. Other parts of their discourse I neither know nor heard, but what Theodotes said to Dionysius before me I both know and remember. For he said—

Plato, I am persuading Dionysius that if he were to bring Heracleides hither to answer the charges made against him, and if it does not appear to Dionysius that he should dwell in Sicily, yet I think it is proper that, receiving his wife and son, he should be permitted to set sail for Peloponnesus, and there reside, not injuring Dionysius in any way, and enjoying his own property. I have therefore prior to this sent and shall again send for him. But whether he complies with my first or second citation, I think it proper that he should receive no injury, either here or outside the city, but that he shall be sent out of the kingdom till Dionysius shall think fit to recall him; and I request Dionysius to accede to these terms. Do you accede or not? says he, speaking to Dionysius. He answered—

I do accede, nor shall he suffer anything worse, contrary to what has been now stated, should he make his appearance at your house.

However, on the evening of the following day, Eurybius and Theodotes came to me in great haste and wonderfully alarmed: and Theodotes said to me, Plato, were you not a witness yesterday to the compact which Dionysius made with me and you respecting Heracleides? To which I replied, Undoubtedly I was. But now, says he, the soldiers with crescent shields are running everywhere in order to take Heracleides, and there is reason to fear that he is concealed at no great distance. Attend us therefore at once to Dionysius. In consequence of this we followed and came to him; and they indeed stood silent and weeping; but I said—

These men, Dionysius, are afraid lest you should make some alteration respecting Heracleides, contrary to your compact yesterday: for it appears to me that he has returned and has been seen somewhere here.

But Dionysius on hearing this was violently enraged, and his countenance exhibited all various colours, such as anger produces: but Theodotes, falling at his feet, and taking his hand, wept, and suppliantly implored him not to do any such thing. Then I, resuming the discourse, consoled him and said—

Take courage, Theodotes, for Dionysius dares not act contrary to the compact which he made yesterday.

But he, looking at me, and in a very tyrannic manner, With you, says he, I made no compact, neither great nor small.

To which I replied, By the gods, you promised me that you would not do the very things which this man now requests you not to do. And having thus said, I turned from him and left the place.

After this Dionysius endeavoured to find Heracleides: however, Theodotes sent messengers to him, and exhorted him to fly. But Dionysius sent Tisias and the soldiers with the crescent shields, and ordered them to pursue him. Heracleides however, as it is said, escaped them, and in the small part of a day fled into the dominions of the Carthaginians. But now Dionysius appeared to have a pretext for withholding the property of Dion on the score of my enmity towards him. And in the first place he sent me from the Acropolis, pretending it was requisite that the women should perform a ten-day sacrifice in the gardens in which I resided. He therefore ordered me at that time to take up my residence, out of the Acropolis, with Archidemus: but when I was there Theodotes, sending for me, was indignant at many of the then transactions and complained of Dionysius. But Dionysius hearing that I had been with Theodotes made this another pretext of enmity towards me, similar to the former, and sent a certain person to ask me, whether I had really been with Theodotes, at his request. To which I readily replied, I had. The messenger therefore said, Dionysius ordered me to tell you that you by no means do well, in always preferring to him Dion and the friends of Dion. This is what was said, and after this Dionysius never again sent for me

to his palace, as it was now clear that I was the friend of Theodotes and Heracleides, and an enemy to him ; and he considered me as no longer well affected towards him, because the property of Dion had been entirely consumed.

After this I dwelt out of the Acropolis among the mercenary soldiers : but certain Athenians and others who acted as servants to Dionysius came to me and informed me that I was evil-spoken of among the soldiers, and that certain persons threatened to kill me if they could lay hold of me. I devised therefore the following means of preservation : I sent to Archytas and other friends at Tarentum, and informed them of my situation : but they, under the pretext of a certain embassy from the city, sent Lamiscus, who was one of my friends, with a galley of thirty oars ; and Lamiscus, on his arrival, informed Dionysius that I wished to depart and desired him by all means to grant my request. To this Dionysius assented, and dismissed me with a viaticum. However, I neither asked for the money belonging to Dion, nor did any one give it me.

But when I came to Peloponnesus to the Olympic games, I there met with Dion, who was beholding the celebration of them, and informed him of the past transactions; but he, calling Zeus to witness, immediately declared to me and to my companions and friends, that he would prepare to punish Dionysius, both on account of his deceiving me, while I was his guest (for thus he said and thought), and for expelling and banishing him unjustly. On hearing this I advised him to call upon his friends, if they were willing. But I said, as to myself, you have forced me, after a manner, together with others, to become the companion and guest of Dionysius, and a partaker with him of sacred rites ; and when I was accused by many of plotting with you against him and his Tyranny ; yet he did not put me to death, but respected me. To this I added that my age rendered me unfit to engage in the concerns of war ; and that I should act as a mediator between them if at any time their friendship should require the assistance of a conciliator. But I said that as long as

they were enemies they must seek assistance elsewhere. I said these things, inspired with hatred and aversion towards all my wandering and ill-fortune in Sicily.

Those who would not obey or be persuaded by my counsels, were the authors of all the evils which they have since brought upon themselves. Indeed, if Dionysius had given Dion the property which was his due, or if he had been perfectly reconciled to him, we may say, humanly speaking, that no hostilities would have taken place. For I could easily have restrained Dion by my will and power. But now they have attacked each other and filled all things with evils. Indeed, Dion had the same wish which I should say both I and every other upright person ought to have, respecting his own power and that of his friends, and respecting his own city—I mean the wish to do good when in authority, and in the greatest authority to do the greatest good. But this will not be effected by him who endeavours to enrich himself and his friends, who forms plots against the city and brings conspirators together, without means, and without self-control; and is vanquished by a cowardly yielding to gratification: who besides this slays those that are wealthy, calling them enemies, and distributes their substance, at the same time proclaiming to his adjutants and associates that no one ought to accuse him as he is poor. After the same manner any one may benefit a city and be honoured by it by carrying a law to divide the property of the few among the many,[1] or when the ruler of a great city and of many lesser ones unjustly distributes to his own city the property of the lesser. For after this manner neither Dion nor any other person would ever voluntarily take upon themselves an authority, which would always be pernicious to himself and posterity; but he will endeavour to establish such a polity, and such laws, as are the most just, and the best, and which can be effected by the fewest deaths and banishments.

This conduct indeed was now adopted by Dion, who

[1] This had been done in Syracuse, and was resisted by Dion.

preferred suffering things impious to the commission of them; but who at the same time endeavoured to guard against suffering them. Yet he fell, after he had arrived at the summit of advantage over his enemies. Nor in this did he suffer anything astonishing; for a pious man, who is also temperate and prudent, will never be wholly deceived about the impious. But neither perhaps is it wonderful if the same thing has happened to him as to a good pilot, from whom the future storm is not entirely concealed, but who may be ignorant of the magnitude of a sudden tempest whereby he may be violently overwhelmed. After the same manner, through unexpected circumstances, did Dion fall: for he was not entirely ignorant that his enemies were bad men, though he was unacquainted with the profundity of their ignorance and the rest of their depravity and rapacity. Through being deceived in this he fell, and by his fall involved Sicily in infinite woe.

What therefore I advise you to do, after the present relation of these particulars, I have already nearly mentioned. But it appeared to me necessary to show on what account I came a second time to Sicily, on compulsion as it were, through the irrationality and absurdity attached to the transaction. If therefore what has been now said shall appear to any one to be reasonable, and the excuses for what occurred are sufficient, then what has been said above has been rightly and sufficiently said.

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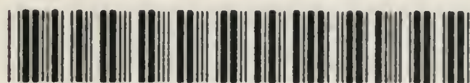

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