THE BANQUET,

A DIALOGUE

CONCERNING

LOVE.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE BANQUET.

THE composition, says Mr. Sydenham [1], of this dialogue is of a singular cast, and different from that of any other. For the principal part of it consists of oratorical speeches, spoken at a certain banquet or entertainment, by some of the company in their turns, upon a subject proposed by one of their number.—The speakers are these six, Phædrus, Pausanias, Eryximachus, Aristophanes, Agatho, and Socrates. Their several speeches are finely distinguished by different styles of oratory, and with great propriety display the peculiar character of each speaker.—The first of them, Phædrus, was a young gentleman of the most ingenuous disposition, modest, candid, and a lover of truth; refined, elevated, and heroic in his sentiments; the same person whose character Plato has thus drawn at large in a dialogue inscribed with his name. From thence also we learn that he was a great admirer of Lysias the orator: accordingly, the speech made by him in this Banquet savours much of the style of Lysias, such as it is characterized by Plato [2] himself; the diction being pure and elegant; the periods round and well turned; but expressing the same sentiments over and over again in variety of language; and where the sentiments are various, void of all method or order in the ranging them.—The next speech, reported in the dialogue, is that of Pausanias; who appears to have been a statesman or politician, a great admirer

[1] Nearly the whole of this Introduction is extracted from Mr. Sydenham's argument to this dialogue. As he is mistaken in certain parts of his argument, from the want of a more profound knowledge of Plato's philosophy, I found it impossible to give it entire.—T.

[2] See the Phædrus.

of both the Spartan and the Athenian laws, and an enemy to all other ſyſtems of government and manners. The ſtyle of his oratory correſponds exactly with the character which Hermogenes gives us of the ſtyle uſed by Iſocrates: for he is clear and diſtinct, and divides his ſubject properly; is profuſe in ornaments, and rather too nice and accurate; diffuſe and ample in his ſentiments, though not in his expreſſion; and taking a large compaſs of argument in the coming to his point. We find him however free from thoſe faults for which that critic juſtly reprehends Iſocrates: for in the ſpeech of Pauſanias there is no languor nor tedioufneſs; nor is he guilty of preaching, or of being didactic; vices in oratory which are the uſual concomitants of old age, and in Iſocrates perhaps were principally owing to that cauſe: certain it is, that moſt of his orations now extant were compoſed in the decline of his life, and that in the lateſt of them thoſe blemiſhes are the moſt conſpicuous. But at the time when the ſpeeches, reported in this dialogue, were ſuppoſed to have been ſpoken, Iſocrates was in the flower both of his age and of his eloquence. Add to this, that Pauſanias here immoderately affects ſome of thoſe little graces of ſtyle for which Iſocrates was remarkable in his younger years moſt [1]; ſuch as αντιθεσεις, or oppoſitions; παρισωσεις, or parities, where one member of a ſentence anſwers either in ſound or ſentiment to another; and thoſe merely verbal or literal ſimilarities, of adnominations, adliterations, and the ſame beginnings or endings of two or more words near one another. One of theſe ornaments, improperly uſed, Plato ridicules in the way of mimicry, as ſoon as the ſpeech of Pauſanias is ended: which alone ſeems a ſufficient evidence that Plato in framing that ſpeech purpoſely imitated the ſtyle of Iſocrates. His intention in ſo doing, as appears probable, we think, from the beginning of the ſpeech itſelf, was to ſet in contraſt thoſe two celebrated orators, Lyſias and Iſocrates; and to exhibit the former as treating his ſubject in a general, indiſcriminating, indeterminate way, copious in his language, but jejune in matter: the other, as diſtinguiſhing and methodical, full of matter, and ample in particulars, from having ſtudied the nature of his ſubject more diſtinctly, philoſophically, and minutely. It may be pertinent to obſerve, that Plato ſeems to have

[1] See Hermogenes περι ιδεων, l. i. c. 12. The ſame critic περι μεθοδου, c. 13. and 16. Vit. Homer. inter Opuſc. Mytholog. ex ed. 2da, pag. 300, 301. Quintilian. Inſtitut. Orat. l. ix. c. 3. and Demetrius Phaler. περι ἑρμηνειας, § 29.

had

had the ſame view in introducing the mention of Iſocrates near the concluſion of his dialogue named Phædrus.—The next ſpeaker to Pauſanias is Eryximachus; whoſe profeſſion was that of medicine: and his ſpeech is ſuitable to his profeſſion; for he conſiders the ſubject in a more extenſive view; and, beginning from the human body, both in its ſound and morbid ſtate, goes on like a thorough naturaliſt, and purſues his inſtances through every part of nature, through earth, air and ſky, up to that which is divine. His oratory, to the beſt of our little judgment in theſe matters, agrees with what Hermogenes [1] reports of Pericles, that of all the antient orators, meaning before the time of Demoſthenes, he had in appearance, as well as in reality, the moſt of the δεινοτης, that is, weight with his hearers, and power over their paſſions. For, according to that critic, the real δεινοτης of an orator conſiſts in a ready and apt uſe of his general knowledge, or an opportune and proper application of it, in managing his ſubject; and the δεινοτης is moſt apparent, he ſays, when the εννοιαι, the thoughts and ſentiments, are profound, curious, and out of the common road, yet ſtriking and forcible. Now the real and the apparent δεινοτης, as thus deſcribed, are both of them remarkable in the only oration of Pericles we have left, inſerted by Thucydides in his hiſtory: and both ſeem affectedly uſed in the ſpeech of Eryximachus; which we preſume, therefore, Plato compoſed in imitation of Pericles.—Next after him ſpeaks Ariſtophanes, the celebrated comic poet; through whoſe comedies, ſuch at leaſt as are ſtill remaining, runs the ſame rich vein of humour, the ſame lively and redundant wit, which characterize his ſpeech in the Banquet.—The next ſpeech is made by Agatho, the donor of the feaſt. Agatho was at this time a young man of a large fortune, generous, magnificent, and poliſhed in his manners; much admired by all for the comelineſs of his perſon; and celebrated by Plato in the Protagoras for his fine parts and excellent natural diſpoſition. His genius inclined him to poetry, and particularly to that of the tragic kind; in which he was ſo ſucceſsful, as to win the prize from all his antagoniſts, in one of thoſe competitions for excellence in writing tragedies annually held at the feaſt of Bacchus. Upon this occaſion it was that he gave his friends that entertainment which Plato has immortalized by this fine dialogue. We have no

[1] See his treatiſe περι ιδεων, l. ii. c. 9.

piece of his writing extant; but it is highly probable that the ſpeech here attributed to him gives a juſt repreſentation of his ſtyle: for the language of it is extremely poetical, florid, and abounding with metaphors; and the ſentiments are wonderfully elegant, ingenious, and full of fancy, but have not ſo much as an appearance of truth for their foundation.—The laſt ſpeaker on the ſubject is Socrates: and his ſpeech is in every reſpect worthy of the man. For in his whole conduct he was modeſt, and careful to avoid the leaſt degree of oſtentation; in all his diſcourſe he was ſolicitous above all things for the truth in every ſubject[1], and propoſed to himſelf that as the principle end in all his diſputes, inquiries, and reſearches; and whenever he took the lead in converſation, he began from things eaſy, common, and obvious, but gradually roſe to ſpeculations the moſt difficult, ſublime, and excellent. Agreeably to this character, he delivers in his ſpeech nothing as from himſelf; but introduces another perſon, aſſuming the magiſterial airs of a teacher, yet condeſcending, gentle, and affable. This perſon is Diotima, a lady at that time in high reputation for her intercourſe with the Gods, and her predictions of future events. The ſpeech of Socrates contains the recital of a converſation between himſelf and this prophetic lady; into whoſe mouth he puts what he has a mind to teach, on purpoſe to inſinuate that his ſpeech was indiſputably true, was worthy of being thought divinely inſpired, and conveyed the knowledge of divine things. The eloquence of it exemplifies that doctrine taught by Plato in his Phædrus and his Gorgias, that the man who beſt knows the truth in every ſubject he treats of, and intends the good of thoſe whom he endeavours to perſuade, he who has the moſt knowledge of human nature, and of the various diſpoſitions of men, and conſequently can adapt his ſpeech to the temper of his audience, he is likely to make the ableſt and beſt ſpeaker; the other qualifications requiſite to form an orator being comparatively mean, and, ſo far as art is concerned in them, eaſily attainable. The truth of this doctrine was ſoon after abundantly confirmed in Demoſthenes, who, forming himſelf upon the rules laid down by Plato, became at once the moſt perfect patriot, politician, and orator of his (I had almoſt ſaid of any) age.—After theſe ſix ſpeeches are ended, a new character is brought upon the

[1] See the Greater Hippias.

ſtage,

ſtage,—Alcibiades, a young nobleman of the firſt rank in Athens, of great natural and acquired abilities, chiefly thoſe of the military kind, but of diſſolute and thoroughly debauched manners. Being ambitious of power and government in the ſtate too early, before he was qualified for them by knowledge and experience, he had for ſome time been a follower of Socrates, whoſe eloquence and reaſoning he ſaw prevailing always over thoſe of the Sophiſts: for he hoped to acquire, in his company and converſe, the ſame ſuperior power of perſuaſion; in order to employ that power with the people, and gratify the views of his ambition. He is introduced into the banquet-room, far from ſober; and his behaviour and ſpeech (for he is engaged by the company to make a ſpeech) perfectly agree with the character of his manners. The ſubject on which he ſpeaks is profeſſedly, and in all appearance, foreign to the point ſpoken to by the reſt, as the diſorderly and unthinking condition which he is in requires it ſhould be; but it is far from being ſo in reality. Plato has not only woven it into his deſign in this incomparable dialogue, but has made it one of the moſt eſſential parts, without which the work had been wholly defective in the end for which it was framed [1]. Theſe ſpeeches, with the converſation and occurrences at the banquet, make the principal part of this dialogue; and are introduced, not in a dramatic, but a narrative way. The introduction is partly narrative, and partly dramatic; by which means it is ſomewhat intricate. For the dialogue opens with a converſation between two perſons only, Apollodorus and ſome friend of his, though in the preſence of others, ſuch as dramatic writers call mute perſons. At the very beginning Apollodorus relates a ſhort converſation lately held between himſelf and Glauco; and tells his friend, that he then gave Glauco an account of what had paſſed at the banquet given by Agatho; which account, repeated by him here again, conſtitutes all the reſt of the dialogue. He ſays, it was delivered to him by Ariſtodemus, one of the company; who had begun his narrative with the recital of a ſhort converſation held between Socrates and himſelf, and of ſome other occurrences previous to the banquet. The ſame recital here made by Apollodorus to his friend, and to the company at that friend's houſe, immediately introduces the narrative or hiſtory of that truly noble entertainment. Such is the manner, and ſuch the method, in which this dialogue is compoſed. It is

[1] See the Notes on the Speech of Alcibiades.

ufually and very properly intitled, "Concerning Love," becaufe the fpeculation of love is its leading object.

With refpect to the fpeeches, that of Phædrus takes the word *love* in a general fenfe, fo as to comprehend love toward perfons of the fame fex, commonly called friendfhip, as well as that toward perfons of a different fex, peculiarly and eminently ftyled love.—Paufanias diftinguifhes between love of the mind, and love merely of the body, proving them to be affections of very different kinds, becaufe productive of very different effects.—Eryximachus confiders love as that univerfal principle in nature which attracts, unites, or affociates one thing to another in a regular way; the effect of whofe operation is harmony or concord: that which heals alfo the breaches made by the oppofite, the difuniting and dividing principle, the caufe of irregular motions and of difcord.—Ariftophanes treats of love as other writers of comedy do, taking it only in the groffeft fenfe of the word, as it means the paffion common to man with all brute animals.—And Agatho talks about it in a vague manner, without any determinate or fixed meaning at all; taking it in various fenfes; commonly, indeed, for the refinement of that paffion between the fexes, but fometimes for great liking or attachment of the mind to any object; and then, all at once, ufing the word, like Eryximachus, to fignify concord and harmony, not only between rational beings, but even the unintelligent parts of nature. But when Socrates comes to fpeak upon the fubject, he goes much deeper into it by degrees: in the firft place, he premifes certain univerfal truths relating to love; that the object of it is beauty; the effence of it defire; its aim or end the poffeffion of beauty, or, if already poffeffed of it, the perpetuity of that poffeffion. Next, he confiders love as the defire of good; whatever is beautiful being alfo good, fo far as it is beautiful; and love, peculiarly fo called, being part of that univerfal love or defire of good, common to all beings, intelligent and fentient. He confiders this univerfal love, or defire of good, as the link between the eternal nature and the mortal, between the plenitude of good and the total want of it. He confiders, that the aim of this defire, agreeably to a certain property of it before obferved, is not only to enjoy good, but to immortalize that enjoyment. The defire of immortality, therefore, is of neceffity, he fays, annexed to the defire of good, or love of beauty. But perfonal immortality being impoffible to be attained by any being whofe nature is mortal,

tal, every ſuch being, prompted by nature, ſeeks to continue itſelf, and its enjoyment of good, in the only way poſſible, the propagation of its ſpecies, and the production of ſome being reſembling itſelf, another ſelf, to ſucceed, and to continue as it were the enjoyment of the ſame good. Hence, the love of that beauty, with which every animal is moſt ſmitten in the beautiful of its own kind, is accompanied with an inſtinct, or natural deſire, to mix and unite with it, and thus to generate another animal of the ſame kind. From corporeal beauty, and that lower ſpecies of love regarding it, man, as his mind opens more and is improved, naturally proceeds further; attaining the ſight of that beauty which is ſeen only by the eye of intellect, in the temper and diſpoſition of ſome fellow-mind; and fired with that love which attends the ſight of mental beauty. To this love alſo is annexed, ſays Socrates, the deſire of generating, of ſtamping upon that other mind its own thoughts, and of raiſing up and nurturing between them an intellectual progeny, of generous ſentiments and fair ideas. By means of this mixture and this enjoyment, that is, by converſe, ſuch as improves the underſtanding, the mind, he obſerves, riſes higher, and attains to view beauty in thoſe things themſelves, the ſubjects of their converſation; firſt, in virtuous purſuits, ſtudies, and employments; next, in the ſciences, and every branch of knowledge. In the embraces of theſe beauties the mind generates an offspring of the faireſt kind and the moſt durable; the poet, his immortal writings; the hero, through the force of his example, continual copies of his virtue; the founder of civil polities, through his inſtitutions, a long ſucceſſion of patriot actions; and the legiſlator, wiſe and beneficial laws, to bleſs the lateſt poſterity. But if the ſoul be endowed with a genius of the higheſt kind, ſhe reſts not here, nor fixes her attachment on any one of theſe mental excellencies or beauties in particular: the genuine lover of truth riſes from hence to the ſurvey of that univerſal, original, and exemplar beauty from which every thing beautiful, both in the intelligible and ſenſible world, proceeds. The love and the purſuit of this ſupreme beauty Plato calls philoſophy; and to the embraces or enjoyment of it, and to no other cauſe, does he here aſcribe the generation and the growth of true virtue.

With reſpect to the ſpeech of Alcibiades, it has been already obſerved, that it is one of the moſt eſſential parts of the dialogue. This will be at once evident, when it is conſidered that the intention of Plato in it was to exemplify

in the character of Socrates, as one who had been initiated in the mysteries of love, that perfection of virtue which such an initiation is capable of effecting. Mr. Sydenham, therefore, was very unfortunately persuaded to abandon the design of publishing his translation of this speech; and much was he mistaekn in thinking that some part of it is so grossly indecent that it may offend the virtuousand encourage the vicious. For it will appear in our notes, that this apparent indecency is introduced conformably to the machinery of the mysteries, with no other view than to purify the reader from every thing indecent, and to liberate him, in short, from vulgar love, by exciting the amatory eye of intellect to the vision of objects ineffably beautiful and truly divine.

The antients, not without reason, generally rank this dialogue among those of the ethic class [1]; but the character of it is of the mixed kind, that is, partly narrative and partly dramatic: and the genius of it takes its colour from the didactic part, the speech of Socrates; the reasoning of which is wholly analytical, resolving all love into its principles, and tracing all beauty upward to that source from whence it is derived to every order of being.

[1] Modern interpreters, with a view to the sublimer part of the speech of Socrates, but without regarding the drift of it, call this dialogue metaphysical or theological. And among the antient Platonists, Albinus, as if he was attentive chiefly to the speech of Pausanias, and referred all the other speeches to that, calls it political.—S.

THE

THE BANQUET.

PERSONS[1] OF THE DIALOGUE.

APOLLODORUS[2],	PAUSANIAS,
FRIEND[3] OF APOLLODORUS,	ARISTOPHANES,
GLAUCO[4],	ERYXIMACHUS,
ARISTODEMUS[5],	PHÆDRUS,
SOCRATES[6],	DIOTIMA,
AGATHO,	ALCIBIADES.

SCENE[7].—Principally within the City of ATHENS.

[1] The readers of Plato will obferve, that before each of his dialogues the names of the fpeakers in it are recited, not in the order either of their real dignity, or of their importance to the dialogue, as the manner is of modern poets before their tragedies and comedies; but according to the order in which hey feverally make their firft appearance; and, fince in every fcene of converfation two or more muft appear at the fame time together, thefe are named according to the order in which they firft fpeak: after the manner we find the perfons of the drama enumerated before all the dramatic writings of the antients.

[2] Apollodorus was a difciple of Socrates, but of no long ftanding at this time. His character, therefore, in the dialogue is properly marked by the vehemence of his attachment to philofophy, and admiration of his mafter.

[3] This friend is not mentioned by name: a circumftance which alone feems to have induced fome to imagine, that by the friend of Apollodorus Plato here meant himfelf.

[4] If this be the fame Glauco who was brother to Plato, and Plato be the friend here introduced, it feems ftrange that Apollodorus fhould fpeak of Plato's brother to Plato himfelf, as of one utterly unknown to Plato, mentioning his name, afterwards, only as it were by accident.

[5] Ariftodemus was a conftant, humble follower of Socrates.

[6] For the characters of all the following perfons we refer to the firft part of the preceding Introduction.

[7] The fcene of converfation between Apollodorus and his friend, the only dramatic part of the dialogue, and where all the reft of it is introduced in the way of narrative, appears to be the houfe of this friend; as proper a place as any for fo long a recital as Apollodorus had to make him; and the moft proper where to come to him with that intention. The way from Phalerus to Athens, a long walk, is, with no lefs propriety, made the fcene of the converfation related by Apollodorus between himfelf and Glauco; to whom, he fays, he then made the fame long recital. The fcene of the fhort difcourfe next related between Ariftodemus and Socrates is made the ftreet; by which piece of conduct, the breaking it off fo abruptly is fuitable to the decorum of place. And Agatho's houfe is the grand fcene of the principal part, the fpeeches at the entertainment.—S.

APOLLODORUS.

THE affair concerning which ye inquire I think myſelf now not quite unprepared to relate to you. For it happened [1] a few days ſince, as I was walking up to the city from my houſe at Phalerus [2], 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 [3] at the ſame time ſaid, Apollodorus, you Phalerean, will not you ſtop a while till I come up to you? 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. 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,

[1] The word πρωην, which the older editions give us in this place, is, careleſsly as it ſeems, omitted in that of Stephens: which error, as well as many others, we the rather take notice of, to prevent a repetition of the ſame in any future edition of Plato where the text of Stephens is likely to be made the ſtandard.—S.

[2] Phalerus was a ſea-port town, between four and five miles from the city of Athens; where frequently were furniſhed out, by way of ſpectacles of entertainment to the people, pompous cavalcades, iſſuing probably from thence, and marching to the city. See Xenophon in Hipparchic. p. 560. ed. 2da Steph.—S.

[3] What the joke is, will eaſily be diſcerned by help of the preceding note. For it lies in a humorous oppoſition between the haſte with which Apollodorus ſeems to have been walking, agreeably to his character, and the ſlowneſs uſual in cavalcades of pomp, with the frequent ſtopping of thoſe who are foremoſt, till the more dilatory train behind them is come up.—S.

Glauco?

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 was 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 chrous-ſingers [1] had offered the uſual thankſgiving-ſacrifice for his victory.—It is then, ſaid he, a long time ſince, it ſeems. But who was it, continued he, that related the converſation to you? Was it Socrates himſelf?—Not Socrates, by Jupiter, replied I; but the ſame perſon who related it to Phœnix. It was one Ariſtodemus, a Cydathenian [2], a man of remarkably low ſtature [3], who always

[1] Thoſe who acted and ſung the chorus parts in his play.—S.

[2] In all the editions of the Greek we here read Κυδαθηνευς: but it ought certainly to be printed Κυδαθηναιευς; as appears from Stephanus de Urb. and from an old inſcription on a pillar at Athens publiſhed in Spon. de Pagis Attic. voce Κυδαθηναιον. See alſo Meurſius de Pop. Attic. in eadem voce.—S.

[3] Xenophon informs us, that Ariſtodemus was ſurnamed *the Little.* This circumſtance, therefore, ſerves to aſcertain the man. From the ſame author we learn, that this little man was alſo one of the minute philoſophers of that age, till better taught by Socrates. For Xenophon repreſents him as ουτε θυοντα τοις θεοις μηχανωμενον, ουτε μαντικη χρωμενον, αλλα και των ποιουντων ταυτα καταγελωντα. We quote the very words of this paſſage, for the ſake of propoſing to our learned readers an emendation of the word μηχανωμενον. For we are not ſatisfied with μητε ευχομενον, the conjecture of H. Stephens, nor with the ουτε ευχομενον of Leunclavius; becauſe ſacrifice to the Gods, we apprehend, always implied either petition or thanſgiving: nor can we acquieſce in retaining the word μηχανωμενον, making it to ſignify, *when he undertook any thing*, and accordingly ſuppoſing, with Erneſtus, the word τι to be tacitly underſtood; becauſe the ſuppoſition ſeems not agreeable to any idiom of the Greek language. We approve rather the prudence of Beſſarion, who, in his Latin tranſlation of this paſſage, took no notice at all of the word μηχανωμενον. But, as we muſt not make ſo bold with the original, we propoſe, inſtead of that word, to be read as in a parentheſis, μη εκοντα μεν ουν: by which alteration the ſenſe will be this, that Ariſtodemus offered no ſacrifices to the Gods, *no voluntary ones at leaſt*, but in compliance only with cuſtom, or in obedience

ways went barefoot [1]. 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 not you 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 that 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, abſtracted from the conſideration of improvement, I am 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 friends, 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 that 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 the ſurname of the madman [2], for my part I know

ence to the laws. And this may appear to be the true meaning, when we conſider that atheiſts in all ages are ready enough to join in public acts of divine worſhip; and, therefore, not the neglect of theſe, but of ſuch as were *voluntary*, could be any indication to Socrates of the real ſentiments of Ariſtodemus. See Xenophon in Memorabil. l. i. c. 4.—S.

[1] By this circumſtance Ariſtodemus was diſtinguiſhed, it ſeems, as much as by his littleneſs. It is probable that, like his fellow diſciple Antiſthenes the cynic, he imitated what appeared the moſt rigid and ſevere in his maſter's way of life, as being beſt ſuited to the natural roughneſs of his own temper, and the rudeneſs of his manners; which led him to entertain atheiſtical notions of the cauſes of things, and to ridicule thoſe who paid real worſhip to what was divine in nature. This circumſtance recalls to our mind thoſe epithets of *rough*, *hard*, and *unyielding*, τραχεια και αντιτυπος, given to atheiſm by Plutarch at the end of his treatiſe περι δεισιδαιμον —S.

[2] Xenophon in his Apology, and Plato in his Phædo, near the beginning, and again toward the

concluſion

know not: for, in your diſcourſe, you are always the ſame as you are now, ſevere upon 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 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 perfectly clean, a condition which he was not in very often; wearing on his feet likewiſe a handſome pair of ſlippers [1], a part of dreſs which he uſed only on rare occaſions: and that upon aſking him, whither he was going, that he had made himſelf ſo ſpruce and fine, 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 honourable and fine a perſon in a manner not unbecoming. But what

conclusion of it, repreſent Apollodorus as a man ſimple and ſincere, but with ſuch a kind of weakneſs in his mind, as made him remarkably haſty, negligent of decorum, and apt to ſpeak inconſiderately and without diſcretion.—S.

[1] Socrates, in his ordinary way of life, accuſtomed himſelf to endure voluntary hardſhips: from which he drew this advantage, that he ſuffered leſs than other men when called to bear hardſhips that were neceſſary. In like manner the Cynics and Stoics, in imitation probably of Socrates, did many things ασκησεως ἑνεκα, that is, for the ſake of habituating, through exerciſe, their minds and bodies to endurance. But Socrates, unlike the Cynics, made all this conſiſtent with a regard to the decencies of civil and ſocial life, a due compliance with cuſtom, and conformity to faſhion. For he always readily relaxed from his ſeverity, whenever, as on the preſent occaſion, he deemed the practice of it unſeaſonable. This civility diſtinguiſhes the manners of Socrates from the ſavage ruſticity of Ariſtodemus before mentioned. And we cannot help thinking, that theſe two ſeemingly ſlight circumſtances, in the deſcription of theſe two perſons, were mentioned by Plato ſo near together, on purpoſe to make that diſtinction the more eaſy to be noted. We learn from Ælian, in Var. Hiſt. l. iv. c. 18. that Socrates was charged, probably by the Cynics, with being curious and nice about his houſe, and his bed, and his fine ſlippers. Which confirms the truth of our obſervation in this note.—S.

think you, ſaid he, Ariſtodemus, of going to ſupper there yourſelf, without invitation? How do you find yourſelf diſpoſed upon that point?—And I replied, ſaid Ariſtodemus, that I was entirely at his diſpoſal.—Follow me then, ſaid Socrates; to corrupt the old proverb [1], by altering it,—and proving, that

When made by worthy men are feaſts,
The worthy go, unbidden gueſts.

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

[2] ———— Failed of manly force
To fling the well-aimed javelin;

yet, on occaſion of a ſacrifice and feaſt made by Agamemnon, he has brought Menelaus

[1] The proverb here alluded to, Athenæus, pag. 178. and Zenobius, c. 2. 19. have given us in this verſe, which the latter quotes from Eupolis the comic poet,

Αυτοματοι δ' αγαθοι δειλων επι δαιτας ιασιν.

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

That is, when they are pleaſed to honour with their preſence ſuch as could not preſume to invite them.—S.

[2] Μαλθακον αιχμητην. Menelaus is ſo called in the 17th book of the Iliad, ver. 588. Athenæus is very angry with Plato for receiving this character of Menelaus as true; and for not conſidering that Homer puts it into the mouth of Apollo, a partial friend to the Trojans, and of conſequence enemy to Menelaus. He, therefore, ſtands up very ſtoutly againſt Apollo and Plato, to prove, by many inſtances in Homer, that Menelaus was no coward. But in reality he only proves himſelf ſo inveterate an enemy to Plato, as, for the ſake of abuſing him, to miſinterpret Homer; who, by the word μαλθακον, meant no more in that paſſage than, as the old ſcholiaſt rightly explains it, ανειμενον τη ισχυι, ασθενη; and juſt ſo much Athenæus himſelf confeſſes true of Menelaus, that he was τη ρωμη καταδεεστερος, ſomewhat deficient in ſtrength. Thus much may ſerve to vindicate Plato in this place againſt Athenæus. But a better critic than Athenæus, unleſs he were well verſed in Plato's peculiar manner of writing, would, with more ſhow of juſtice, reprehend him here for the ſeemingly cold and inſipid length of this digreſſion about the proverb. And, indeed, were this part merely a digreſſion, the criticiſm would in reality be juſt. But Plato intended it for a part highly

Menelaus to the banquet uninvited [1], a meaner man to the banquet of his betters.—Perhaps I too, replied Aristodemus, on hearing this, 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 intitled to it either by merit or invitation. Will you, therefore, if you 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,

[2] With ſocial ſteps, companions of the way,

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 him; and, obſerving him to ſtop, bid him walk on. When he was come to Agatho's houſe, the door of which was open, an incident, he ſaid, happened, which put him into ſome confuſion. For a ſervant, who was coming out, meeting him there 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,

highly important to his dialogue; to guard it againſt the miſconſtruction to which it might be liab'e from men of ſevere, ſour, and malignant tempers; to ſignify, that not all people were worthy, or properly qualified, to partake as it were of the banquet he had provided; and to point out, for whom it was particularly improper to be preſent, *τους μαλθακους*, *molles*, the voluptuous, or men of effeminate minds and manners: in which ſenſe the word *μαλθακος* is often taken. See particularly Xenophon in Mem. l. iii. c. 11. § 10. where it is applied to libidinous love, and oppoſed to that which inſpires the ſentiments of friendſhip. Homer, it is true, had a different meaning, ſuch as we have before explained; and Plato uſes a kind of catachreſis in adapting this paſſage to his purpoſe. But it was ſufficient for him, if any way it was applicable. Some paſſage or other in Homer was here to be introduced, and the reader's mind to be detained on it for ſome time. For this obſervation will be found to hold true throughout all Plato's writings, that, whenever he cites a verſe out of any poet, eſpecially out of Homer, he does it not, like writers of a lower claſs, to embelliſh the plainneſs of proſe with fine tags of poetry; but his view is always either to ſtrike the mind of his reader more forcibly in the conveying ſome important meaning, and to make it ſink the deeper in his memory; or elſe to prepare him for ſomething of importance which is to follow, by uſhering it in with the ſolemnity of verſe, and, what in thoſe days was of much weight, the authority of the poet.—S.

[1] See Homer's Iliad, b. ii. ver. 408.

[2] Iliad, b. x. ver. 224.

demus, 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 us Socrates with you?—Upon which I looked back, ſaid he, but could no where ſee Socrates following me, as I had imagined. However, I declared I came 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 I; and for my part, I wonder where he can be.—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 come and waſh my feet clean [1], that I might take my place upon the couch [2]. Juſt then the boy

[1] Thus in the original: Και εμε εφη απονιζειν τον παιδα, ινα που κατακεοιτο. The remarkable enallage, or tranſition here, in ſpeaking of himſelf, from the firſt perſon to the third, is no unuſual thing in Plato; but is too bold, and would be a ſolecſm in Engliſh. For, tranſlated as literally as poſſible, the ſentence runs in this manner: "Immediately he bid the [proper] ſervant to waſh off [the dirt] from me, that [ſays he] he may lie down ſomewhere." The words included within hooks, we have added to complete the ſenſe. The firſt part of the ſentence, we ſee, is merely narrative, and the latter part repreſents Agatho ſpeaking. But the word εφη, having been uſed juſt before, though in a different ſenſe, is here omitted, probably to avoid a repetition of it. Harry Stephens, not aware of this tranſition, has raiſed doubts about the right reading of this paſſage; and has endeavoured, without any neceſſity, to amend it, by altering κατακειοιτο into κατακεοιμην. The ſame learned printer and editor has, in a paſſage of the Euthyphro, where there is a like tranſitión, propoſed altering the text in the ſame manner, from want of obſerving this peculiarity in Plato's ſtyle, as Dr. Forſter has judiciouſly remarked in his notes on thoſe five dialogues, publiſhed by him, pag. 328.—S.

[2] In that polite age, luxury and too great a delicacy and ſoftneſs of manners had ſo far prevailed even amongſt the brave Grecians, that when they made their evening meal, or ſupper, which was with them the principal meal of the day, as dinner is with us, they uſed not to ſit on chairs, ſtools, or benches, at the table, like the modern Europeans; nor to ſit or lie upon mats or carpets laid over the floor, like ſome of the Eaſtern nations; but their cuſtom was to recline themſeves on ſofas, couches, or day-beds; the heads of which being placed at the ſides of the table, an oblong ſquare, were covered with cuſhions; and on theſe they leaned their elbows. It was neceſſary, therefore, that Ariſtodemus ſhould have his dirty feet waſhed before he was fit to lie on one of thoſe ſofas. This little incident ſeems thrown in by Plato, to confirm the account before given of the manners of Ariſtodemus, and to exhibit them in a ſtronger light, as oppoſite in this particular to thoſe of Socrates, about whom we ſee no ſuch ceremony uſed, becauſe unneceſſary. Different

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 refuſed to come.—Abſurd! ſaid Agatho: go and call him again; and do not leave him in that manner.—But Ariſtodemus told me, 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 it beſt, ſaid Agatho; but let the reſt of us, however, 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 [1], therefore, would every now and then

Different from either of theſe is the caſe of Alcibiades, further on in the dialogue. For, as he comes in drunk and dirty, in the midſt of his rakehelly rambles about the town, ſlippers are ordered to be brought him, and not his feet to be waſhed, as he wore ſhoes. So minute is Plato in his detail of every circumſtance that may contribute to throw light on the characters of thoſe perſons he introduces. Whatever weight there is in this obſervation, be it great or little, ſo much of importance is there in the blunder committed by all the Latin tranſlators, and by the Italian after them, in making Agatho order water to waſh the hands of Ariſtodemus inſtead of his feet: and in the ſame degree is praiſe due to the judgment and accuracy of Monſ. Racine, who, in his tranſlation of this dialogue into French, corrects this error; and though he might juſtly be ſuppoſed prejudiced in favour of waſhing the hands before meals, after the modern French faſhion, as well as the antient Grecian, yet explains rightly the orders of Agatho; as being ſenſible, no doubt, that waſhing the feet of Ariſtodemus, not his hands, was a proper preparative for his laying up his legs on the ſofa. But he omits this reaſon of Agatho's for giving thoſe orders, though expreſsly mentioned by Plato; probably becauſe he was at a loſs how to tranſlate the words, being puzzled by the doubts raiſed about them by Stephens, as mentioned in the preceding note.—S.

[1] There is none of Plato's dialogues in which Socrates is uſhered in with ſo much ceremony as in this. In the firſt place, that recital of the converſation paſſed between Apollodorus and Glauco, with which the piece ſets out, ſeems introduced only for the ſake of giving the reader a high opinion of the character of Socrates. To this purpoſe tend the reflections made by Apollodorus upon the ſingular wiſdom of his maſter. To the ſame end is directed his account of the alteration

then be giving orders to his people to call Socrates in; but I, ſaid he, conſtantly oppoſed it. At length Socrates, having ſtaid 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 [1], which you made a new acquiſition of 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 [2] out of the fuller veſſel into the

alteration produced in him by ſtudying that wiſdom. And for the ſame reaſon is mention made of the many admirers of that truly admirable man. But all theſe circumſtances are made to appear ſimple and artleſs, the more irreſiſtibly to operate their intended effect upon the reader's mind. The ſhort converſation which follows, between Apollodorus and his friend, carries on the ſame intention; but goes greater lengths of praiſe in the character there given of Socrates. Then comes a narration of ſome little circumſtances, immediately previous to the celebrated banquet, ſerving to prejudice the reader's mind with an idea of the excellence of the company aſſembled at Agatho's: of this kind is the extraordinary care which Socrates we ſee has taken of his perſon and dreſs, as a proper mark of reſpect to that aſſembly; and another of the ſame kind is the argument which he politely urges to Ariſtodemus, when he is perſuading him to be of the party. The circumſtances ſubſequent, the profound meditation of Socrates in his way to Agatho's, his ſtealing aſide immediately on his coming there, plainly with deſign to finiſh his ſpeculations, his ſtaying away till ſupper was half over, and, during that ſtay, the converſation turning on Socrates, as the principal perſon wanting, together with the impatience of Agatho at his abſence, are all contrived on purpoſe to raiſe the expectation of that great figure Socrates is ſoon to make, and of that high part he is to bear in a converſation where all the ſpeakers ſhine in their ſeveral characters, upon the fineſt and moſt intereſting ſubject in human life.—S.

[1] In the Greek ὁ σοι προσεστη. Perhaps it ſhould be προσετεθη. Whether Cornarius found it ſo written in the Heſſenſtein manuſcript, he has not told us; but he here tranſlates, as if he had, *quæ tibi acceſſit*.—S.

[2] Δια του εριου. It is poſſible this may mean a woollen bag, made in the manner of our flannel jelly-bags, to ſtrain and purify the liquor running through. Or perhaps it means a ſtring of wool lightly twiſted, faſtened at one end about the mouth of the cock, in a ewer, or other veſſel out of which the water is to run, and hanging down into ſome baſon, or other receptacle; that the water, as it runs along, may leave behind it in the nappineſs of the wool any dirt or impure particles with which it may be loaded. This latter conjecture is made the more probable by the information

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[1], doubtful and queſtionable, ſeeming but a dream[2]. But the wiſdom[3] 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[4] 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

information we have from a certain friend, a man of credit and veracity, that in ſome parts of Wiltſhire the like method is practiſed of purifying water, by letting it run down in the manner we have deſcribed, along twiſted wool, which they there call accordingly *the twiſt*. Cornarius ſays in his Eclogæ, that he cannot conceive what wool could have to do in the affair; and therefore he ſuppoſes, that inſtead of the word εριου ſhould be read οργανου, meaning, he ſays, a conduit-pipe to convey water out of one ciſtern, when full, into another. But by this alteration of the word a very humorous part of the ſimilitude is loſt; that which repreſents wiſdom ſtreaming out of one man into another, as it were, by a ſtrong tranſpiration, through their woollen or cloth garments being in contact together.—S.

[1] See the Greater Hippias.

[2] Socrates taught that outward things, the objects of ſenſe, were the images only of thoſe general ideas which are the objects of mind or intellect; though, like images in dreams, they ſeemed the very things themſelves. The ſophiſts of his time, on the other hand, agreed with the multitude in maintaining that objects of ſenſe were the only realities, and that thoſe ideal things which Socrates cried up for real and true were at beſt but ſhadows, outlines, or faint images of the former. So that each ſeemed to the other to be as it were in a dream, taking the image for the ſubſtance. Accordingly, it was queſtioned between them, who was the dreamer, and who had the perception of a man whoſe mind was truly awake. See a paſſage to this purpoſe in the Theætetus. See alſo the fifth book of the Republic.—S.

[3] Plato has in his writings uſed the word "wiſdom" in two very different general ſenſes: the one was the philoſophical ſenſe of it, as it ſignified the knowledge of nature, and of the principles of things, the ſcience of mind, or ſcience univerſal; the other was the vulgar one; the word being at that time commonly uſed, as it is in this place, to ſignify excellence in every particular ſcience or art, any knowledge or ſkill beyond vulgar attainment. See the former part of Plato's Theages, and Ariſtotle's Nicomachean Ethics, l. vi. c. 7. After this obſervation made, it will every where be eaſy to determine, which meaning is intended.—S.

[4] Thoſe who were ſpectators at the acting of his tragedy.

 reclined

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 debauch ſits very heavy upon 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 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 Phædrus, and the reſt of us here, 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 debauch.—As for me, ſaid Phædrus, addreſſing himſelf to Eryximachus, I am accuſtomed to hearken to your advice in every thing, 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 debauch; but to drink, every man, juſt as much as might be agreeable to him.—This point then being determined, ſaid Eryximachus,

that

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 piper-girl[1], who has

[1] It was cuſtomary with the antients, at or after their feaſts and banquets, to entertain their minds, without the laborious exerciſe of thinking, through thoſe nobler ſenſes which have a near affinity with the mind; regaling their ears with vocal and inſtrumental muſic, and their eyes with ſpectacles either beautiful or wonderful. The performers, therefore, and exhibiters in theſe ſeveral ways uſed to attend on theſe occaſions. Accordingly in the banquet of Xenophon one of each kind is introduced; and after they have all performed their parts the converſation begins.—Plato has been accuſed of want of elegance and politeneſs in not taking the ſame method in his banquet, but diſmiſſing the female muſician ſo roughly. Thoſe who make this objection ſeem not to diſcern the difference between the banquets deſcribed by theſe two excellent writers; nor to be ſenſible that they framed theſe, as well as other of their works, on different plans, though on the ſame ſubjects. The gueſts at the entertainment given by Callias, and deſcribed by Xenophon, were a mixed company, compoſed partly of Autolycus and his friends, who either themſelves excelled in bodily exerciſes, or admired moſt the excellencies of that kind in others; and partly of Socrates and his friends, whoſe abilities and excellencies lay rather another way, in the exerciſes of the mind. Such a promiſcuous aſſembly it was proper to entertain in the uſual manner. But the gueſts of Agatho were a ſelect party, who had all a high reliſh for the rational pleaſures of converſation, good ſenſe, wit and humour; and every one of whom probably expected the enjoyment of thoſe pleaſures only that evening, and to be able afterward to ſay to each other, like our poet Cowley to his friend Harvey,

> We ſpent it not in toys, in luſt, or wine,
> But ſearch of deep philoſophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
> Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

It ſeems alſo as if Agatho had aſſembled them for that very purpoſe; for he had the day before made his grand feaſt, (as it was the cuſtom to do after a thankſgiving ſacrifice,) to which not only his friends and intimates, but a crowd of acquaintance, all ſuch as were known to him, had been invited; and where, as it appears, they had drunk hard, and conſequently converſed little. Further; at Callias's entertainment, in order to furniſh matter for ſome little talk, a propoſal was made, that each of the company ſhould declare, on what he moſt valued himſelf, and why. This gave occaſion to much pleaſantry, to many ingenious and ſhrewd ſayings and repartees, on various ſubjects, in few words: after which, Socrates alone made a diſcourſe, of no conſiderable length, on the ſubject of Love; to give time for ſome ſhort preparations, making without, for playing an interlude of Bacchus and Ariadne. The whole is ſhort, and ends early enough for ſome of the company to take their accuſtomed evening walk. But the converſation at Agatho's had an air of ſolemnity and formality; as it conſiſted of oratorical ſpeeches on one ſubject, but ſo ample and diverſified in matter, ſo prolix, and protracted to ſo late an hour of the night, that a variety of other entertainments of a different kind would have been inconſiſtent, unneceſſary, improper and abſurd.—S.

 juſt

just entered the room, may be dismissed, to pipe to herself, or, if she pleases, to the women in the inner rooms; and that we 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 consent, 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[1];

I have it from Phædrus here. For Phædrus is continually saying to me, with an air of indignation, Is it not astonishing, says he, Eryximachus, that

[1] The old Grecian tragedies were dramatic representations, each, of some single event, uncommon and important, chiefly such as had happened long before, and made a part of their fabulous or antient story; the whole of which, not being then recorded in any writings, but handed down through oral tradition, was subject to much variety in the telling. This not only permitted the tragic poets great latitude in the choice of their fables, or fabulous stories, to represent; but allowed room also for much invention of their own; especially with regard to circumstances, both of things and persons, and what had happened previous to those signal events celebrated in their tragedies. Of these circumstances, and these prior accidents, which the poet made the foundation of his fable, it was necessary to inform the audience; because they might possibly have heard those stories related with different circumstances; and must certainly have been ignorant of such as were *ignota indictaque*, or of the poet's own invention. This was the rise of prologues; in which the audience had the necessary information given them. The prologue was spoken now and then in the person of some deity, the secret cause or leader of the great event going to be represented, but more frequently in the dramatic character of one of the actors in the drama; in either of which cases the prologue made a part of the play itself. Sometimes the player spoke it in his own proper character of player, according to the modern custom: and very rarely, the author spoke it himself, appearing openly and professedly as author; or the player, appearing for him, as his representative. An instance of this kind is the case here cited by Plato: and the reason why Euripides chose such a prologue to his Melanippe probably was this. He had given, it seems, great offence to the ladies in that age, by drawing so many of his female characters bad, and making their infamous actions so frequently the subject of his plays. But none of his characters, except that of Phædra, were likely to be thought more injurious to the sex than this of Melanippe. And in fact so it proved; for we learn from Aristophanes in Θεσμοφορ. that Euripides incurred the displeasure of the fair by no plays more than by these two. When his Melanippe, therefore, was to be brought upon the stage, his business was to ward off this blow, as well as he was able, by an apology beforehand. Accordingly, as in his prologue to the Hippolytus, he had artfully made Venus take upon herself the whole blame of Phædra's

that the poets have made hymns and odes in honour of ſome other of the Deities; and yet not one poet, amongſt 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 Hercules, and other great and illuſtrious perſons; as the celebrated Prodicus[1] 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[2]. And many other

Phædra's unhappy conduct, ſo in his prologue to the Melanippe, as appears by the line here quoted, (for the prologue and the play are both loſt.) he humorouſly excuſes and exculpates himſelf, by declaring, with an air of ſimplicity, that the plot of the play was ready made to his hands, and that he had no finger in it; from whence it was to be concluded, that if Melanippe was a bad woman, he could not help it. The verſe of Euripides ſeems to have been this,

Εμος γαρ ουκ ὁ μυθος, ὀν μελλω λεγειν.

Or, if the γαρ be added by Plato, to weave it into his own ſtyle, the verſe probably was this,

Ὁ μυθος ουκ εμος εστιν, ὀν μελλω λεγειν.

The intended application of this paſſage out of the poet is as follows: Eryximachus, being of a grave profeſſion, thought it incumbent on a man of his character to apologize in the ſame way for introducing ſuch a propoſal as this,—that Love ſhould be the ſubject of diſcourſe that evening; a propoſal which would ſeem much more decent to be made by the youthful and handſome Phædrus; to whom, therefore, he is pleaſed to attribute it. That is, in fine, Plato himſelf with infinite addreſs, as uſual, apologizes in this manner for making Love the ſubject of his dialogue. For, as he always exhibits his ſubject in every light which it can poſſibly be viewed in, and thoroughly ſifts the nature of it, he could not avoid introducing here, amongſt the reſt of the ſpeeches, thoſe which ſeemed the moſt exceptionable. At the ſame time, alſo, by beginning like one of the prologues of Euripides, and with a verſe taken from thence, he ſignifies (to ſuch as are acquainted with his manner) his intention, that this firſt ſpeech of Eryximachus ſhould be, or be taken for, the prologue to the following dramatic entertainment.—S.

[1] Plato here means the diſſertation of Prodicus, intitled Ὡραι, ſo often exhibited, and ſo much admired; as we learn from Philoſtratus in his Lives of the Sophiſts, and from Xenophon in his Memoirs of Socrates. The allegorical ſtory, or fable, of the judgment of Hercules, related in that diſſertation, is recorded by the laſt-mentioned excellent writer, though, as he tells us himſelf, not in the pompous words of the original author, but in his own ſimplicity of ſtyle, much more elegant. Concerning Prodicus, ſee notes to the Greater Hippias.—S.

[2] The Greek of this paſſage runs thus,—βιϐλιῳ—εν ᾡ ενησαν ἁλες, επαινον θαυμασιον εχοντες προς ωφελειαν.

other things of as little worth you may ſee ſet off with great encomiums [1]. 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 Phædrus, 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 [2], as proper and handſome a one as he is able, the right hand way down; and that Phædrus 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, Eryxima-

ωφελειαν. In tranſlating which words into Engliſh, we have thought it moſt adviſable to follow all the tranſlators before us into other languages, juſt as they ſeem to have followed one another, down from Ficinus; not becauſe we approve their interpretation, for the Greek words will by no means bear ſuch a one; but becauſe we are at a loſs for the true meaning, ourſelves: the text in this place being apparently ſo much corrupted, as to require an abler critic than we deem ourſelves to be, for the amendment of it.—S.

[1] Eraſmus, in a long liſt, enumerates many ſuch, ſome as antient as the time when Plato lived; which he cites as precedents, in the ſame manner, and for the ſame reaſon, that Plato ſpeaks of ſome ſuch here; that is, to introduce with the better grace, or perhaps to apologize for, a diſſertation of his own of the like kind, A Panegyric on Folly: as may be ſeen in that incomparable piece of humour, near the beginning, and in his Epiſtle to Sir Thomas More prefixed to it.—S.

[2] *Ιστεον, ὁτι παντα ὁι Ἑλληνες, ἁ δυναμιν εχοντα ἑωρων, ουκ ανευ επιστασιας θεων την δυναμιν αυτων ενεργειν ενομιζον· ἑνι δε ονοματι το τε την δυναμιν εχον και τον επιστατουντα τουτῳ θεον ωνομαζον.* "It is proper to know that the Greeks held an opinion, that every thing in nature, in which they ſaw any power (force, or virtue) inherent, exerciſed not its power without the ſuperintendence of the Gods: and alſo, that they called by one and the ſame name that thing which had the power and that Deity who preſided over it." This ſentence, with which Moſcopulus begins his commentary on Heſiod, will ſerve very properly inſtead of a preliminary note to all the following ſpeeches concerning Love.—S.

It will be neceſſary to add in explanation of the above ſentence from Moſcopulus, that, as according to the Grecian theologiſts every Deity is the leader of a ſeries which poſſeſſes his characteriſtic properties, in conſequence of originating from him, and which extends to the laſt of things, every link of this ſeries (the golden chain of Homer) was very properly denominated by them after the ſame manner as its monad, or leader. This obſervation, when properly underſtood, is, as I have obſerved in my Notes on Pauſanias, the true key to antient mythology.—T.

chus,

chus, ſaid Socrates, that none of us will put a negative on your propoſal. For by no means ever ſhould I, who pretend not to the knowledge of any other matters than thoſe which belong to Love [1]: neither would Agatho, nor Pauſanias: no more will Ariſtophanes, without diſpute; for his whole time is taken up about Bacchus and Venus: 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 fully to the point, we ſhall deſire nothing more. Let Phædrus 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 Phædrus 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 every thing which I thought moſt worth remembering, I will endeavour to relate to you diſtinctly.

He told me then, that Phædrus, in compliance with the requeſt made him, ſpoke firſt; and began ſomewhat in this way, with ſaying—

THE SPEECH OF PHÆDRUS.

That Love was powerful [2], and wonderfully great, both on earth and amongſt 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 [3]; and that never any writer, whether uninſpired or poet, pretended that he had. But Heſiod ſays,

Chaos

[1] From the concluſion of the ſpeech, hereafter ſpoken by Socrates, it will appear what his meaning is in this place.—S.

[2] The beginning of Phædrus's ſpeech is not recited in the very words of it, but is related in the way of narration; by which means the tranſition from the narrative ſtyle to the oratorical, and from the preceding narration to the firſt formal ſpeech, is made the more gentle, eaſy, and elegant.—S.

[3] Love conſidered according to his higheſt ſubſiſtence, i. e. as ſubſiſting at the extremity of the intelligible triad, has not indeed Venus for his mother, becauſe this Goddeſs firſt ſubſiſts in the ſupermundane which is ſubordinate to the intelligible order, as will be ſhown in our Notes on

the

> 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.——

Acuſilaus ſays the ſame thing with Heſiod. On ſo many different hands[1] is it agreed, that Love is among the moſt antient 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 party beloved, if ſhe has a worthy lover; or to the lover himſelf, if his miſtreſs 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 civil community nor private perſon can execute any thing great or noble. In confirmation of this, I take upon me to aſſert that if a man in love 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 intimates, or by any

the Cratylus; but he derives his ſubſiſtence from the firſt and ſecond monads of the intelligible triad, and prior to theſe from the ineffable principle of all things. For a full account of Love ſee the notes on the ſpeech of Socrates.—T.

[1] This expreſſion may ſeem ſtrange, when only three writers have been cited. But each of them, on account of his excellence, ſtands as at the head of a numerous tribe; and may, therefore, juſtly be ſuppoſed, and taken for, the repreſentative of that tribe to which he belongs. Heſiod is ſingled out from amongſt all the poets, to be cited, as being the beſt of thoſe who compoſed poems περι θεογονιας, or concerning the generation of the Gods. His beautiful poem on that ſubject, from whence the quotation here is made, is ſtill extant.—Parmenides, a philoſopher of the Italic ſect, wrote in verſe, as did alſo moſt of the diſciples of the ſame ſchool; but, on account of his ſuperior reputation, is choſen to repreſent all his brother philoſophers who taught the principles of things.—And Acuſilaus, a writer unfortunately loſt, treated of the firſt or moſt remote antiquities, and the genealogies of the Gods and Heroes.—S.

other perſon, as at being ſeen by his miſtreſs. The ſame effect we ſee it has upon the party beloved, to be more aſhamed of her lover's ſight than of the eyes of the whole world, if ſhe be diſcovered doing aught diſhonourable. If, therefore, there could be any contrivance to have a city or an army compoſed of lovers and their beloved, 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 lover deſerting his rank, or throwing down his arms, would leſs endure to be ſeen by his beloved 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 his beloved [1], or rather than forbear flying to her aid, if ſhe had fallen into 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 [2], 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 other mortal could be found, willing to die for him [3], though he had

[1] In the Greek text of this paſſage, *και μην εγκαταλιπειν*, there is a manifeſt omiſſion of the very material word *ἢ*, or ſome other equivalent to it, immediately before the word *εγκαταλιπειν*.—S.

[2] The paſſage particularly alluded to, *εμπνευσε μενος*, is in the twentieth book of the Iliad, ver. 110. But expreſſions of the ſame import occur in many other places of Homer, ſuch as *ἧκε μενος*, *ωρσε μενος*, &c.—S.

[3] The thought in this ſentence is evidently taken from the Alceſtis of Euripides; in the prologue to which are theſe lines,

Παντας δ' ελεγξας και διεξελθων φιλους,
Πατερα, γεραιαν θ' ἡ σφ' ετικτε μητερα,
Ουχ' εὗρε πλην γυναικος, ἥτις ηθελε
Θανειν προ κεινου——

He try'd his friends all round, their love profeſt

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 Oeager the Gods dismissed from those 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 fidler; 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 [1], 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 expence of his own life, as resolute not to survive him. This exalted

> Proving how real; his father who begat,
> His mother fond who bore him; yet found none,
> None but the faithful partner of his bed,
> Content to die, his dearer life to save.

The next sentence alludes to some passages in the scene between Admetus and his father Pheres in the same play: to which we refer such of our readers as study oratory, and know the usefulness of comparing together passages in fine writers, where different turns are given to a thought fundamentally the same.—S.

[1] See Homer's Iliad, book 18th.

virtue of his the Gods paid a singular regard to; and rewarded with their choicest favours the regard which he had shown to friendship, in setting so high a value on the man who admired and loved him. For Æschylus talks idly, when he says that Achilles was the admirer of Patroclus; Achilles, whose excellence, though he was but in the dawn of manhood, surpassed not only Patroclus, but all the other Grecian heroes. True it is, that the Gods confer superior honours on all virtue, to the exercise of which love and friendship minister occasion: but they more wonder, more approve, and bestow greater rewards, where the person admired feels all the force of friendship and affection for the admirer, than where the noblest offices of friendship are performed by the other party. For the admirer has more of divinity in him than the person admired, as being full of the God who inspires and possesses him. For this cause did the Gods reward Achilles with a higher degree of happiness than they did Alcestis; for to her they gave only a second life on earth, but to the hero they assigned his mansion in the islands of the blest. Thus have I performed my part, in asserting Love to be the eldest in age and of highest dignity amongst the Gods; and to be in a peculiar manner the author of virtue and happiness to all of human kind, whilst they continue in life, and when departed.

Such, Aristodemus told me, was the discourse made by Phædrus. After Phædrus, 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, Phædrus, 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 Venus. If then there

were only one Venus, there had been no occafion for more than one Love. But fince there are two Venuses, there muft of neceffity be two Loves. For it is undeniable ,that two different Goddeffes[1] there are, each of whom is a Venus: one of them elder, who had no mother, and was born only from Uranus, or Heaven, her father; fhe is called the celeftial Venus: the other, younger, daughter of Jupiter and Dione; and to her we give the name of the vulgar Venus. Agreeably to this account, it is proper to call that Love who attends on the latter Venus by the name of the vulgar Love, the other by the name of the celeftial. All the Gods, indeed, it is our duty to honour with our praifes: but we ought to diftinguifh, as well as we are able, each by his peculiar attributes; that we may give to each his due praife. For every action or operation is attended with this condition: the doing it, confidered fimply in itfelf, is neither bafe nor honourable: as for inftance, every one of the things[2] we are now doing, drinking, finging, or difcourfing, is in itfelf a matter of indifference; but the manner of doing it determines the nature of the thing. Rightly performed, it is right and honourable; performed in a wrong manner, it is wrong and difhonourable. So

[1] This diftinction between the two Venuses, laid down by Paufanias as the foundation of his argument throughout his fpeech, is not a fanciful one of his own; but is a part of antient mythology. It is fufficiently confirmed and illuftrated by the following paffage in Xenophon's Sympofium; a fentence which he puts into the mouth of Socrates. Ει μεν ουν μια εστιν Αφροδιτη, ἢ διτται, ουρανια τε και πανδημος, ουκ οιδα· (και γαρ Ζευς, ὁ αυτος δοκων ειναι, πολλας επωνυμιας εχει·) ὁτι γε μέντοι χωρις ἑκατερᾳ βωμοι τε εισι και ναοι και θυσιαι, τῃ μεν πανδημῳ ῥαδιουργοτεραι, τῃ δ' ουρανιᾳ ἁγνοτεραι, οιδα. εικασαις δ' αν και τους ερωτας την μεν πανδημον των σωματων επιπεμπειν, την δ' ουρανιαν της ψυχης τε και της φιλιας και των καλων εργων. "Now, whether in reality there be one Venus only, or whether there be two, a celeftial Venus and a vulgar one, I know not: (for Jupiter alfo, whom I prefume to be but one and the fame being, has many furnames given him:) but this I know, that altars are raifed, temples built, and facrifices offered to each of thefe two Venuses diftinctly; to the vulgar one, fuch as are common, trivial, and of little worth; to the celeftial one, fuch as are more valuable, pure, and holy. Agreeably to this, it may be fuppofed of the different Loves, that thofe of the corporeal or fenfual kind are infpired by the vulgar Venus; but that love of the mind, and friendfhip, a delight in fair and comely deeds, and a defire of performing fuch ourfelves, are infpired by Venus the celeftial."—S. For a theological account of thefe two Venuses, fee the notes on the Cratylus.—T.

[2] In the Greek, inftead of ὁιον, ὁ νυν ἡμεις ποιουμεν, we fuppofe it ought to be read, οἷον, ὧν νυν η. π· For the fentence thus proceeds, ἢ πινειν, ἢ αδειν, ἢ διαλεγεσθαι, (in every one of which verbs the article του feems to be implied,) ουκ εστι τουτων αυτο καθ' αυτο καλον ουδεν.—S.

likewife,

likewiſe, not every Love is generous or noble, or merits high encomiums; but that Love only who prompts and impels men to love generouſly and nobly. The attendant of the vulgar Venus 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 the 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 from 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 Venus, 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 Venus; 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 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 the maturity of her underſtanding. But, commencing their loves from this date, one may well preſume them duly qualified, both of them, to live together throughout life, partners in all things. Nor is the lover likely in this caſe to act like one who, after diſcovering ſome childiſh folly in the perſon he has choſen, expoſes her, and turns her into ridicule, forfeits his faith to her and forſakes her, and attaches himſelf to a new miſtreſs. To prevent this, there ought to be a law, that no man ſhould make choice of too young a perſon for the partner of his bed; becauſe, what ſo young a perſon may hereafter prove, whether good or bad, either in mind or body, the event is ſo uncertain. Men of virtue indeed themſelves to themſelves make this

this a law: but upon thofe vulgar lovers we fhould put a public reftraint of this kind; in the fame manner as we reftrain them, as much as poffible, from entering into amorous intrigues with any women above the rank of fervitude. For they are of this fort of lovers, they who bring upon their miftreffes reproach and fhame; and have given occafion to that verfe of one of the poets, in which he has dared to vilify the power of Love, by pronouncing,

'Tis lofs of honour to the fair
To yield, and grant the lover's prayer.

But he faid this only with a view to lovers of this kind, from feeing their untimely hafte and eagernefs, their ingratitude and injuftice. For certainly no action governed by the rules of juftice and of decency can any way merit blame. Now, the rules concerning love eftablifhed in other ftates are eafy to be underftood, as being plain and fimple; but our own laws, and thofe of Sparta upon this head, are complex and intricate. For in Elis [1], and amongft the Bœotians, and in every other Grecian ftate where the arts of fpeaking flourifh not, the law [2] in fuch places abfolutely makes it honourable to gratify the lover; nor can any perfon there, whether young or old, ftain fuch a piece of conduct with difhonour: the reafon of which law, I prefume, is to prevent the great trouble they would otherwife have in courting the fair, and trying to win them by the arts of oratory, arts in which they have no abili-

[1] It is remarkable that Xenophon, in his Banquet, where he diftinguifhes between the virtuous friendfhip eftablifhed among the Spartans, and the libidinous commerce authorized by fafhion and common practice amongft the Bœotians and Eleans, cites this Paufanias as one who had confounded them together, and given them equal praifes. He there likewife attributes to Paufanias fome of the fame fentiments, and thofe of the moft ftriking kind, which Plato records as delivered by Phædrus in his fpeech. We cannot help imagining that Xenophon, in citing Paufanias, alludes to what was faid at Agatho's entertainment: and if our conjecture be true, that little circumftantial difference confirms the account given by Plato in the main, and argues it to have fome foundation at leaft in real fact.—S.

[2] The word *law* here, and wherever elfe it occurs in this fpeech, from hence to the end of it, means not a written law, a pofitive precept or prohibition in exprefs terms, but cuftom and fafhion. For the general acceptance of any rule of conduct, whether rational or not, obtains by length of time the authority of law with the people who follow it; as it receives the effence of law in a civil fenfe, from the common confent which firft eftablifhed it.—S.

ties.

ties. But in Ionia, and many other places [1], and in all barbarian countries univerſally, the ſame conduct is ordained and held to be diſhonourable. For the tyrannical governments under which the people of thoſe countries live, diſcountenance that way of mutual love, and bring it into diſrepute. But the ſame fate in thoſe countries attends philoſophy, or the love of wiſdom; as it does no leſs the love of manly exerciſes. And the reaſon, I preſume, in all theſe caſes is the ſame; it is not the intereſt of the rulers there to have their ſubjects high-ſpirited or high-minded; nor to ſuffer ſtrong friendſhips to be formed amongſt them, or any other ties of a common or joint intereſt: and theſe are the uſual and natural effects of love, as well as of thoſe other ſtudies and practices prohibited by tyrants. Thoſe who formerly tyrannized over Athens experienced this to be true. For the firm and ſtable friendſhip between Ariſtogiton [2] and Harmodius was the deſtruction of their tyranny. Thus we find, that wherever the ſtricter ties of love and friendſhip are forbidden or diſcouraged, it is owing to vice, to luſt of power, and of whatever is the private intereſt of the governor; to want of ſpirit and courage, and every other virtue, in the governed: and that wherever they are enjoined or encouraged ſimply and without reſtriction, it is owing to a littleneſs and lazineſs of ſoul in thoſe who have the making of the laws. But in our own ſtate the laws relating to this point are put upon a better footing; though, as I ſaid before, it is not obvious or eaſy to comprehend their meaning. For, when we conſider, that with us it is reputed honourable for men openly to profeſs love, rather than to make a ſecret of it; and to fix their beſt affections on ſuch as excel in the accompliſhments of mind, though inferior to others of their ſex in outward beauty; that every one highly favours and

[1] The Greek text in this place is greatly corrupted. Stephens has tried to amend it by ſome alterations, but without ſucceſs: for it is probable that more than a few words are wanting. We have, therefore, contented ourſelves with the ſenſe of this paſſage; which we think miſrepreſented by the former tranſlators. For, by the "many other places," we imagine that Plato means, beſides Sicily, (where in thoſe days tyranny or arbitrary ſway commonly prevailed,) all thoſe northern parts of Greece likewiſe, where the government was abſolutely monarchical. For Ionia, Sicily, and all places where the Greek language was ſpoken by the people, Plato would certainly diſtinguiſh from thoſe countries where the vulgar language was different; theſe laſt being by the Grecians termed barbarians.—S.

[2] The ſtory is told by Thucydides, and many other antient writers; but in a manner the moſt agreeable to the mind of our author in this place by Herodotus.—S.

applauds

applauds the lover, as not thinking him engaged in any deſigns which are baſe or unbecoming a man; that ſucceſs in love is held an honour to the lover; diſappointment, a diſhonour; and that the law allows the lover liberty to do his utmoſt for the accompliſhing his end; and permits ſuch ſtrange actions to be commended in him, ſuch, as were a man to be guilty of in any other purſuit than that of love, and as the means of ſucceeding in any other deſign, he would be ſure of meeting with the higheſt reproaches from philoſophy. For if, with a view either of getting money out of any perſon, or of attaining to any ſhare in the government, or of acquiring power of any other kind, a man ſhould ſubmit to do ſuch things as lovers ordinarily practiſe to gain their miſtreſſes, ſupplicating and begging in the humbleſt manner, making vows and oaths, keeping nightly vigils at their doors, and voluntarily ſtooping to ſuch ſlavery as no ſlave would undergo, both his friends and his enemies would prevent him from ſo doing; his enemies reproaching him for his ſervility and illiberality; his friends admoniſhing him and aſhamed for him. But in a lover all this is graceful; and the law grants him free leave to do it uncenſured, as a buſineſs highly commendable for him to undertake and execute. But that which is more than all the reſt prodigious is, that the Gods, though they pardon not the crime of perjury in any beſides, yet excuſe in a lover the violation of his oath, if the opinion of the multitude be true; for oaths in love, they ſay, are not binding. Thus the Gods, as well as men, give all kinds of licence to the lover; as ſays the law eſtabliſhed in our ſtate. Viewing now the affair in this light, a man would imagine that among us not only love in the lover, but a grateful return likewiſe from the beloved party, was reputed honourable. But when we ſee the parents of the youthful fair appointing governeſſes and guardians over them, who have it in their inſtructions not to ſuffer them to hold diſcourſe in private with their lovers; when we ſee their acquaintance, and their equals in age, and other people beſides, cenſuring them, if they are guilty of ſuch a piece of imprudence, and the old folks not oppoſing the cenſurers, nor reprehending them as guilty of unjuſt cenſures; in this view, a man would be apt to think that, on the contrary, we condemned thoſe very things which he might otherwiſe ſuppoſe we had approved of. But, upon 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,

honour, is fair and honourable; tranſacted in a diſhonourable manner, is baſe and diſhonourable. Now, it is a diſhonour to a maiden to gratify a vicious and bad lover, or to yield to him from baſe and unworthy motives: but in granting favours to a good and virtuous lover, and complying with his love from generous and noble views, ſhe does herſelf 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 [1] 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 the man who is in love with his miſtreſs's moral character, when her diſpoſition and manners are ſettled in what is right, he is a lover who abides through life, as being united with that which is durable and abiding. Our law wills accordingly, that all lovers ſhould be well and fairly proved; and that, after ſuch probation, upon ſome the favours of the fair ſhould be beſtowed, to others they ſhould be conſtantly refuſed. It encourages, therefore, the lover to purſue, but bids the beloved party 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 that the law deems it 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 for the fair one to be won by conſiderations of profit or power; whether ſhe be uſed ill, or terrified, and therefore yield, through want of noble endurance; or whether ſhe be flattered with riches or rank, and deſpiſe not ſuch kind of obligations. For none of theſe things appear fixed or durable; much leſs can they give riſe to any generous friendſhip. There remains then one only way, in which, according to our law, the fair one may honourably yield, and conſent to her lover's paſſion. For, as any kind of ſervitude which the lover undergoes of his own free choice in the ſervice

[1] The Greek of this paſſage, ἁμα γαρ τῳ του σωματος ανθει ληγοντι, ὁυπερ ηρα, we have tranſlated according to the following minute alteration of only one word, ἁμα γαρ—ανθει, ληγοντος ὁυπερ ηρα. The very next words, οιχεται αποπταμενος, allude to a verſe of Homer's, the 71ſt in the ſecond book of the Iliad; where he ſpeaks of the departure of the dream ſent to Agamemnon. By which alluſion Plato teaches the fair and young, that the promiſes of ſuch lovers as are here ſpoken of are flattering and deceitful, and, like that falſe dream, tend only to delude and ruin.—S.

of his miſtreſs is not by our law 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 fair; 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 in any other branch of virtue, is not by ſuch voluntary ſubjection guilty of ſervility or baſe adulation. Now theſe two rules are to correſpond one with the other, and muſt concur to the ſame end, the rule relating to lovers, and this which concerns philoſophy and every other part of virtue, in order to make it honourable in the fair one to comply with her lover's paſſion. For, when the lover and his miſtreſs meet together, bringing with them their reſpective rules, each of them; the lover, his—that it is right to miniſter any way to the ſervice of his miſtreſs; the fair one, hers—that it is right to yield any ſervice or compliance to the perſon who improves her in wiſdom and in virtue; the one alſo, with abilities to teach and to make better; the other, with a deſire of inſtruction and the being bettered;—then, both thoſe rules thus correſponding and conſpiring, in theſe circumſtances only, and in no other, it falls out, by a concurrence of all the neceſſary requiſites, to be honourable in the fair one to gratify her lover. Beſides, in this caſe it is no diſhonour to her to be deceived: but, in the caſe of compliance on any other terms, ſhe incurs ſhame equally, whether ſhe be deceived or not. For if, on a ſuppoſition of her lover's being wealthy, ſhe yields to him with a view of enriching herſelf, but is diſappointed, and gets nothing from her paramour, whom at length ſhe diſcovers to be poor, it is not at all the leſs diſhonourable to her: becauſe ſuch a woman diſcovers openly her own heart, and makes it appear, that for the ſake of wealth ſhe would yield any thing to any perſon: and this is highly diſhonourable and baſe. But if, imagining her lover to be a good man, and with a view to her own improvement in virtue through the friendſhip of her lover, ſhe yields to him, and is deceived, finding him a bad man, unpoſſeſſed of virtue, her diſappointment, however, is ſtill honourable to her: for a diſcovery has been alſo made of her aims; and it has appeared evident, that as a means to acquire virtue, and to be made better, ſhe was ready to reſign to any man her all: and this is of all things the moſt generous and noble. So entirely and abſolutely honourable is it in the fair one to comply for the ſake of

of virtue. This is that Love, the offspring of the celestial Venus, himself celestial; of high importance to the public interest, and no less valuable to private persons; compelling as well the lover, as the beloved, with the utmost care to cultivate virtue. All the other Loves hold of the other Venus, of her the vulgar. Thus much, Phædrus, 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[1] in speaking, and words of similar sound; Aristodemus told me, it came next in turn to Aristophanes to speak: but whether from repletion, or whatever else was the cause, he happened to be seized with a fit of the hiccups[2], and consequently became unfit for speech-making. Upon which, as he sat next to Eryximachus the physician, he addressed him thus: Eryximachus, says he, you must either drive away 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 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[3], your hiccups will cease, be they ever

[1] These little ornaments of style were introduced into oratory, and taught first by Gorgias; who, it is probable, had observed them there, where every beauty and ornament of speech, great or little, is to be found, that is, in Homer. Isocrates, who had studied the art of oratory under Gorgias, seems to have received from him what his own judgment when mature afterwards rejected, the immoderate and ill-timed use of those superficial ornaments. The foregoing speech of Pausanias, in imitation of Isocrates, abounds with various kinds of them, and those the most puerile and petty; which it was impossible for us to preserve or imitate, in translating those passages into English; because, though all languages admit them, yet every language varies from every other in the signification of almost all those words where they are found. An instance of this appears in the passage now before us, where the Greek Παυσανιου δε παυσαμενου, translated justly, runs thus, "When Pausanias had ceased speaking," that is, had ended his speech. But all similarity of sound would thus entirely be destroyed. As, therefore, it was necessary in this place to preserve it in some measure, however imperfectly, we found ourselves obliged here to make sense give way to sound.—S.

[2] See the Life of Plato by Olympiodorus, in Vol. I. of this work.—T.

[3] Hippocrates, in Aphorism. sect. vi. n. 13. and Celsus, in lib. ii. c. 8. assure us, that "if sneezing

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 us an attraction not only to beautiful perſons, but to many other things beſide; and that he dwells not only in human hearts, but has alſo his ſeat in other beings, in the bodies of all animals, and in the vegetable productions of the earth; 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 every where 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 bear an analogy to the two different diſpoſitions of the ſoul mentioned by Pauſanias. And as the body in a ſtate of health, and the body when diſeaſed, are in themſelves very different one from the other, ſo they love and long for very different 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

ing comes upon a man in a fit of the hiccups, it puts an end to the diſorder." Upon this general rule, no doubt, was founded the preſent preſcription of Eryximachus. Dr. G. E. Stahl, however, uſed to tell his pupils, as appears from his Collegium minus, caſ. 53. that the rule indeed was true, where the ſneezing was ſpontaneous, or the work of nature; but that a ſneezing procured by art, or forced, was never recommended. "Sternutationes," ſays he, "ſponte ſingultui ſupervenientes, ſolvunt quidem ſingultum; ſed arte productæ non commendantur." But we muſt remark, that this great modern is here putting the caſe, not of the hiccups when they are the only diſorder; but of a malignant fever, and thoſe ſymptomatic hiccups which are often the concomitants of that and other dangerous diſeaſes.—S.

 denotes

denotes him truly a physician [1]. But to gratify that which is diseased and bad, is blameable [2]; and the physician, who would practise agreeably to the rules of art, must deny it the gratification which it demands [3]. For medical science, to give a summary and brief account of it, is the knowledge of those amorous passions of the body, which tend to filling and emptying [4]. Accordingly, the man who in these passions or appetites can distinguish the right love from that which is 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 the 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 expell a love with which they are but ought not to be

[1] The words used by Plato, in this place, are still stronger, and signify—"denominates him a physician." For the preservation of health, through a right use of the non-naturals, that is, such a one as is agreeable to nature, respecting the difference of sex, age, temperament of body, climate, season of the year, and other circumstances, was accounted in the days of Plato not only a part, but the principal one too, of the art of medicine; and was by the old Greek physicians carried to a degree of accuracy and perfection absolutely unknown or totally neglected in after-ages.—S.

[2] This passage is illustrated by that of Hippocrates, near the end of his treatise de Morbo Sacro. *Χρη—μη αυξειν τα νουσηματα, αλλα σπευδειν τρυχειν, προσφεροντας τῃ νουσῳ το πολεμιωτατον ἑκαστῃ, μη το φιλον και συνηθες· ὑπο μεν γαρ της συνηθειας θαλλει και αυξεται, ὑπο δε του πολεμιου φθινει και αμαυρουται.* Having spoken of nourishment, he says, that "the physician should take care not to nourish and increase diseases, but as soon as possible to exhaust and wear them out; applying to every disease that which is hostile and repugnant to it the most, not that which is friendly, of the same temper with it, or habitual to it: for by the latter it acquires growth and vigour; by the former it decays and is extinguished." This, by the way, is the foundation of an excellent practic rule; and that is, in chronical diseases sometimes to change the medicines, though at first found ever so beneficial, when they are become too familiar, and the disease is habituated to bear them; for they would then by degrees lose their efficacy.—S.

[3] To administer proper remedies, says our great master, is to counteract the genius or nature of the disease; and never to concur or corrrespond with it. *Ιησις αντινοον,* [f. *και*] *μη ὁμονοειν τῳ παθει.* Hippoc. Epidem. l. vi. § 5. n. 7.—S.

[4] What follows, when stript of the metaphor necessary on the occasion, is the same thing with this of Hippocrates, *Τα εναντια των εναντιων εστιν ιηματα. Ιατρικη γαρ εστι προσθεσις και αφαιρεσις· αφαιρεσις μεν των ὑπερβαλλοντων, προσθεσις δε των ελλειποντων. ὁ δε καλλιστα τουτο ποιεων, αριστος ιητρος.* Lib. de Flatibus, not far from the beginning. "Contraries are a cure one for the other. For the practice of the art of medicine consists of two operations, adding and subtracting; or supplying and drawing off; a drawing off of that which is over-abundant, a supplying of that which is deficient. Whoever can perform these in the best manner, he is the best physician."—S.

possessed;

poffeffed; he is a fkilful practifer of his art. For thofe things in the body which are moft at variance muft he be able to reconcile to each other [1], and to conciliate amity between them and mutual love. The things moft at variance are fuch as are the moft contrary one to the other; as the cold is to the hot, the bitter to the fweet, the dry to the moift, and all others of that fort [2]. Into thefe things, thus at variance, our anceftor Æfculapius had power to infpire a fpirit of love and concord; and, as our friends here the poets tell us, and as I believe, framing into a fyftem the rules for fo doing, was properly the author of our art. So that medicine, in the manner I have defcribed, is all under the direction and management of Love. So is the gymnaftic art in like manner [3]; and fo is the art of agriculture [4]. And that mufic is fo too, is evident to every man who confiders the nature of this art with the leaft attention; and is perhaps the very thing which Heraclitus meant to fay: for his way of expreffing himfelf is inaccurate and obfcure. "The one [5]," fays he, "difagreeing with itfelf, yet proceeds in amicable concord; like the harmony made by the bow and lyre." Now it

[1] See Hippocrates, throughout his treatife de Naturâ Hominis.—S.

[2] That is, all fuch contrary qualities in the humours of the body as are diftinguifhable by fenfe.—S.

[3] The end of the medical art is health; that of the gymnaftic is ftrength, or an athletic habit of body. But in the means they make ufe of to gain their feveral ends, favouring and indulging the difpofition of body which is right, counteracting and correcting fuch as are wrong, thefe arts are exactly analogous one to the other.—S.

[4] The genius and condition of the foil bear an analogy to the temperament and prefent ftate of the body; the different kinds of manure and other cultivation are analogous to food and medicine. A good foil is improved by a manure homogeneous to it; a bad foil meliorated by an oppofite method of cultivation, altering its nature and condition. As to the metaphor, the fame has been always ufed in agriculture to this day. We fay, that fuch a foil loves fuch a manure; and that fuch a tree, plant, or other vegetable, loves and delights in fuch a foil; when they are correfpondent, when the nature of the one is fitted to that of the other, and is favourable to it in making it thrive and flourifh.—S.

[5] The author of the treatife Περι κοσμου, *Concerning the world*, printed among the works of Ariftotle, and ufually afcribed to him, though not from any decifive authority, cites the following paffage from the fame Heraclitus, which may ferve to illuftrate the prefent: συναψειας ουλα και ουχι ουλα, συμφερομενον και διαφερομενον, συναδον και διαδον, και εκ παντων ἑν, και εξ ἑνος παντα. i. e. "You muft connect the perfect and the imperfect, the agreeing and the difagreeing, the confonant and the diffonant, and from all things one, and from one all things." In which paffage, by *the one from all things* he means the univerfe; and by *all things from one*, he infinuates the fubfiftence of all things from *the one*, the ineffable principle of all.—T.

is very abſurd to ſay, that in harmony any diſagreement can find place; or that the component parts of harmony can ever diſagree. 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 harmonize together, ſo as to produce harmony. And as it is with ſound ſo is it with motion; the quick meaſures and the ſlow ones, by nature diſagreeing, but afterwards brought to agree together, compoſe rhythm. In both theſe caſes [1], 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 [2]; 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 themſelves, whether of harmony or of rhythm, there is no difficulty at all in knowing the amorous conjunctions: for here love is not diſtinguiſhed into two kinds. 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 making a right choice of thoſe ready compoſed and ſet [3], and properly adapting them to the geniuses of youth. For here that diſtinction takes place; here muſt we recur again to that rule of Pauſanias, that the decent, the well-ordered, and the virtuous it is right to gratify,

[1] That of diſagreeing ſounds, and that of diſagreeing meaſures of time.—S.

[2] That of the diſagreeing qualities of the humours in a human body.—S.

[3] Poetry and muſic were employed by the Grecian maſters of education as a principal means to form the manners of their youth, to inſpire them with becoming ſentiments, and excite them to worthy actions. In the choice, therefore, of poetry and muſic, proper for this purpoſe, great judgment was uſed, and much care taken. It was not left, as now-a-days, to the fancy or humour of men, whoſe profeſſion is only to teach words, or muſical notes, with their ſeveral combinations. Legiſlators and magiſtrates then thought it an object the moſt worthy of their own attention: and the

gratify, for the ſake of preſerving their love, and of improving ſuch as are yet deficient in virtue. 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 employment, whether human or divine, we are to preſerve, as far as conſiſtently we may, both Loves: for both are to be found in all things [1]. Full of both 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 fruits of this Love are plagues, and other preter-natural diſeaſes, which come upon animals, and vegetables too; mildews, hail-ſtorms, 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 [2], thoſe agents employed in carrying on

the greateſt philoſophers, who framed models of government according to ideal perfection, or laid down maxims fit to be obſerved by every wiſe ſtate, treat it as a ſubject of higheſt importance; and accordingly are very exact and particular in explaining the natural effects of every ſpecies of muſic, or muſical poetry, on the mind. See Plato's Republic, b. ii. and iii. his Laws, b. ii. and vii. and Ariſtotle's Politics, b. viii.—S.

[1] That is, the rational, the regular, and the ſober, together with the ſenſual, the lawleſs, and the wild or infinite. See Plato's Philebus, throughout.

[2] Such as dreams, omens, the flight of birds, &c.

a reciprocal

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 regular; and of not paying to him, but to the other Love [1], our principal regards, in every thing we do relating to our parents, whether living or deceaſed, and in every thing relating to the Gods. In all 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 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 ſuch boiſterous

[1] In the Greek text ſome corruption has here crept in. Stephens has endeavoured to amend it in a manner agreeable to Plato's ſtyle in other places, it muſt be confeſſed. Yet we muſt prefer the omiſſion of the word περι before τον ἑτερον, becauſe the ſentence is made much eaſier by this alteration; and becauſe the accidental inſertion of the word περι may eaſily be accoun'ed for; as will appear to any good critic in this way, who will be pleaſed to conſult the original.—S.

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 of 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 on 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 any thing 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 of 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 [1] 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,

[1] Ιατρος τουτων, that is, κακων, not ανθρωπων, as Racine, and all the former tranſlators except Cornarius, erroneouſly imagined. Their miſtake was owing plainly to the wrong punctuation in all editions of the original in this place.—S.

there were antiently three ſorts [1], or ſubordinate ſpecies, of the human kind; not as at preſent, only two, male and female; there being, then, 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 then exiſted actually and flouriſhed hermaphrodites, who partook of both the other ſpecies, the male and the female. But they are now become merely a name, a name of abuſe and of 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 every where, from top to bottom, circular. Every one had four hands, and the ſame number of legs. They had two faces, each, upon their round necks, every way both 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, and two diſtinctions of the ſex. 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 diſpatch. 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 roſe from the earth, and the third, which partook of the other two, was the offspring of the moon;

[1] Plato is ſo far from being a careleſs writer, that he has always ſome concealed and important meaning, even in things apparently the moſt trivial and abſurd. For what can be apparently more abſurd than this account which Ariſtophanes gives of the changes which the human nature has undergone? And yet it occultly inſinuates a very important truth, that kindred human ſouls, both of a male and female characteriſtic, were in a more perfect ſtate of exiſtence united with each other, much more profoundly than they can be in the preſent ſtate. However, though it inſinuates a more perfect condition of being, yet it is by no means that of the ſoul in its higheſt ſtate of felicity. For the *cylindric* bodies indicate its being ſtill converſant with, or *rolling* about, generation, i. e. the regions under the moon. Plato, therefore, probably indicates in this fable an aërial condition of being. For though the ſoul, while living there in a deſcending condition, is in reality in a fallen ſtate, yet ſhe is more perfect than when reſident on the earth. Agreeably, and perhaps with alluſion to this fable, which I doubt not is of greater antiquity than Plato, Pythagoras defined a friend to be *a man's other ſelf*.—T.

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 them is related the ſame fact which Homer relates of Ephialtus and Otus, that they ſet about raiſing an aſcent up to the ſkies, with intention to attack the Gods. Upon which Jupiter and the other Deities conſulted together what they ſhould do to theſe rebels[1]; 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 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 Jupiter, 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 our honour. They ſhall walk upright upon two legs; and if any remains of inſolence ſhall ever appear in them, and they reſolve not to be at 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[2] to ſalt them for keeping. The face, together with the half-

[1] Human ſouls, though in a more excellent condition of being when living in the air than when inhabitants of the earth, yet when they are deſcending, or gravitating to earth, they may be juſtly called rebels, becauſe they not only abandon their true country, but are hoſtile to its manners and laws. Hence, as they no longer cheriſh, but oppoſe, legitimate conceptions of divine natures, they may be juſtly ſaid to be hoſtile to the Gods.—T.

[2] The Greek original in this place ſtands at full length thus: ὥσπερ οἱ τα ωα τεμνοντες και μελλοντες ταριχευειν, ἢ ὥσπερ οἱ τα ωα ταις θριξιν. Now the abſurdity of ſuppoſing eggs ever to have been cut with hairs, when knives, much better inſtruments for that purpoſe, were at hand, firſt led us to imagine that the paſſage might be corrupt. On a little examination, it appeared probable to us, from the repetition of the words ὥσπερ οἱ τα ωα, that the latter part of this ſentence was nothing more than a various reading in the margin of ſome antient copy. Trying, then, the two laſt words, ταις

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 oriſice 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 of this was, that they both died, through famine, and the other evils naturally brought on by idleneſs. 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, Jupiter, ſeeing them thus in danger of deſtruction, took pity on them, and contrived another device; which was, to place the diſtinction of ſex before: for till then this had ſtill remained on the other ſide; and

ταις θριξιν, by the abbreviations common in old manuſcripts, we made our conjecture ſtill more probable (to ourſelves at leaſt) by reading the latter part of the ſentence thus:—ἢ, ὥσπερ τα ωα τεμνοντες εις ταριχευσιν, which words we ſuppoſe written in the margin after this manner, ἢ ὥσπερ ὁι τα ωα τ. εις ταριχ̄σιν. the initial letter of τεμνοντες being put for the whole word, as uſual in ſuch caſes. Thus the laſt words, being read (as it was common to do for the greater expedition) by ſome ignorant librarian to the new copyiſt, literally as they were written, were eaſily miſtaken by a writer unattentive to the ſenſe, and made ταις θριξιν. That it was cuſtomary with the antients to ſalt and pickle eggs for keeping, after boiling them hard, (it is to be ſuppoſed,) and cutting them in two, we learn from Alexis the comic poet, as cited by Athenæus, pag. 57 and 60, as alſo from Columella: which laſt-mentioned author tells us further, that ſometimes they were hardened for that purpoſe in a pickle heated over the fire.—S.

they

they had engendered, not one with another, but with the earth, like grafs-hoppers. This fcheme Jupiter carried into execution; and thus made the work of generation to be thenceforth carried on by both fexes jointly, the female conceiving from the male. Now, in making this the fole way of generating, Jupiter had thefe ends in view: that, if a man fhould meet with a woman, they might, in the embrace, generate together, and the human kind be thus continued; but if he met with another man, that then both might be furfeited with fuch commixture; and that, immediately ceafing from their embraces, they might apply themfelves to bufinefs, and turn their ftudies and purfuits to the other 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 priftine 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 prefent is but the tally of a human creature; which has been cut like a polypus[1], and out of one made two. Hence it comes, that we are all in continual fearch of our feveral counterparts, to tally with us. As many men, accordingly, as are fections of that double form called the hermaphrodite, are lovers of women: and of this fpecies are the multitude of rakes. So, on the other hand, as many women as are addicted to the love of men are fprung from the fame amphibious race. But fuch women as are fections of the female form are not much inclined to men; their affections tend rather to their own fex: and of this kind are the Sapphic lovers. Men, in like manner, fuch as are fections of the male form, follow the males: and whilft they are children, being originally fragments of men, it is men they love, and it is in men's company and careffes they are moft delighted. Thofe children and thofe youths who are of this fort are the beft, as being the moft manly in their temper and difpofition. Some people, I know, fay, they are fhamelefs and impudent: but in this they wrong them; for it is not impudence and want of modefty, but it is manly affurance, with a manly temper and turn of mind, by which

[1] All learned naturalifts know the great uncertainty we are in now-a-days concerning the rarer animals of all kinds mentioned by the antients. Under this difficulty of afcertaining what animal is meant by the ψηττα mentioned here by Plato, we have tranflated it a polypus, becaufe the wonderful property afcribed here to the ψηττα is the fame with that in the polypus, which a few years fince afforded great entertainment to the virtuofi in many parts of Europe.—S.

they

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 this manly kind, when they arrive at the age of maturity, apply themſelves to political affairs [1]: 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 always whatever 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 antient 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 venereal congreſs. In all appearance, it is not merely 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 careſſing each other, were Vulcan 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 by night or day, 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

[1] Ariſtophanes in this ſentence hints at Pauſanias: but for fear his hint ſhould not be apprehended by the company, he takes care to explain it to them himſelf, near the concluſion of his ſpeech, by an ironical and affected caution in guarding againſt the being ſo underſtood.—S.

come

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 Vulcan 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 with 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 antiently 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 ſunder, and go about with our guilt delineated in our figure, like thoſe who have their crimes engraven on pillars, our noſes ſlit, and our bodies ſplit in two. The conſideration of this ſhould engage every man to promote the univerſal practice of piety toward 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 naturally beloved, the other half of ourſelves; which

[1] As Arcadia conſiſted chiefly of plains and paſture lands, the people of that country had for many ages led a paſtoral kind of life, diſperſed in ſmall villages; and lived in the enjoyment of perfect peace and liberty. But in proceſs of time, when they were in danger of falling under the yoke of the Spartans, their neighbours, whom they obſerved a warlike people, growing in greatneſs, and aſpiring to the dominion of all the Peloponneſus, they began to build and fortify cities, where they aſſembled and conſulted together for their common intereſts. This union gave them courage, not only to be auxiliaries in war to the enemies of the Spartans, but at length, as principals themſelves, to make frequent inroads into the Spartan territories. The Spartans, therefore, carrying the war into the country of the Arcadians, compelled them to demoliſh the fortifications of their chief cities, and even to quit their habitations there, and return to their antient manner of living in villages.—S.

at prefent is the good fortune but of few. Eryximachus now muft not carp at what I fay, on a fufpicion that I mean Paufanias and Agatho: though perhaps they may be of the fortunate few: but I fay 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 fimilitude of our priftine nature. If this fortune then be the beft abfolutely, it follows, that the beft in our prefent circumftances muft be that which approaches to it the neareft; and that is, to meet with partners in love, whofe temper and difpofition are the moft agreeable and fimilar to our own. In giving glory to the divine caufe of this fimilarity and mutual fitnefs, we celebrate in a proper manner the praife of Love; a deity who gives us in our prefent condition fo much relief and confolation, by leading us to our own again; and further, gives us the faireft hopes, that, if we pay due regard and reverence to the Gods, he will hereafter, in recovering to us our antient nature, and curing the evils we now endure, make us bleft and happy.

Thus, Eryximachus, you have my fpeech concerning Love, a fpeech of a different kind from yours, and no way interfering with what you have faid. Therefore, as I defired of you before, do not, I pray you, make a jeft of it; that we may hear, peaceably and quietly, all the fpeeches which remain to be fpoken; or rather both the fpeeches; for I think only thofe of Agatho and Socrates are yet behind.—Well; I fhall not difobey you, faid Eryximachus: for I muft acknowledge that I have been highly entertained and pleafed with your fpeech. If I was not perfectly well affured that Socrates and Agatho were deeply verfed in the fcience of Love, I fhould much fear they would be at a lofs for fomething to fay, fo copioufly and fo varioufly has the fubject been already handled. But now, notwithftanding this, I am under no concern about the fuccefs of thofe great mafters.—I do not wonder, faid Socrates, that you are free from all concern, Eryximachus, about the matter; fince you have come off fo honourably yourfelf, and are out of all danger. But if you were in the circumftances I am in, much more in thofe which I fhall be in when Agatho fhall have made his fpeech, your fears would be not a few, and your diftreffes, like mine at prefent, no trifles.—I fee, faid Agatho, you have a mind, Socrates, by fuch fuggeftions, to do as enchanters do with their drugs, that is, to diforder and difturb my

 thoughts,

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, any thing which ſavoured of ruſticity or ill breeding. 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 a 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 any thing you thought baſe or wrong?—Phædrus 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 mean time. 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, Phædrus, 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 in what way a panegyric on Love ought to be made [1], and then proceed that way in making one myſelf. 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 excells them all in beauty and in virtue. The moſt beautiful he muſt be, for theſe reaſons: firſt, in that he is the youngeſt of the Gods, my Phædrus! 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 [2]; but makes his abode with

[1] The following ſpeech abounds with wit; but it is wit of a rambling and inconſiſtent kind, without any fixed idea; ſo far is it from aiming at truth. The beginning of it is a juſt ſpecimen of the whole. For after Agatho has undertaken to give a deſcription of the perſon and qualities of Love under the very firſt article of this deſcription, the youthfulneſs of Love, he uſes the word *love*, in no fewer than four different ſenſes. In the firſt place, he means, as Socrates afterwards obſerves of him, that which is loved, rather than that which loves; that is, outward beauty, rather than the paſſion which it excites. Immediately he changes this idea for that of the paſſion itſelf. Then at once, without giving notice, he takes a flight to the firſt cauſe of orderly motion in the univerſe. And this he immediately confounds with the harmony of nature, the complete effect of that cauſe.

[2] We have taken the liberty of tranſlating here, as if in the Greek it was printed ουδ' εντος πολλου πλησιαζειν, and not ουδ' οντος, π. π.—S.

 youth,

youth, and is always found in company with the young. For, as the old proverb rightly has it, "Like always goes to like." I muſt own, therefore, though I agree with Phædrus in many other of his opinions, I cannot agree with him in this, that Love is elder than Saturn and Japetus. 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 caſtrations [1], 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 now do, 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 was, 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 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 the ſofteſt places poſſible to be found does Love make the places of his range, and of his dwelling too. For in the manners and in the 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

[1] For the proper manner in which theſe things are to be underſtood, ſee the apology for the fables of Homer, in Vol. I. of this work.—T.

youth, delicacy and tendernefs. He is, befides, of a foft and yielding fubftance. For it would be impoffible for him to diffufe himfelf through every part of us, and penetrate into our inmoft foul, or to make his firft entry and his final exit unperceived by us, if his fubftance were hard and refifting to the touch. But a clear proof of his yielding, eafy and pliant form is that gracefulnefs of perfon, which it is certain belongs to him in the higheft degree by the acknowledgment of all: for Ungracefulnefs and Love never agree, but are always vifibly at variance. That he excels in beauty of colour, is evident from his way of life, in that he is continually converfant with flowers, his own likenefs. For Love refides not in a body, or in a foul, or any other place, where flowers never fprung; or, if they did, where they are all fallen, and the place quite deflowered. But wherever a fpot is to be found flowery and fragrant, he there feats himfelf and fettles his abode. Concerning the beauty of this deity thus much is fufficient [1]; though much ftill remains unfaid. I am to fpeak next on the fubject of his virtue [2]. And here the higheft praife which can be attributed to any being is juftly 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 compulfion or force himfelf; for compulfion 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 confenting to the other, thofe in the city who are kings, the laws, fay there is no injuftice done. But not only the perfection of juftice belongs to Love; he is equally endued with confummate temperance. For to be fuperior to pleafure, and to govern the defires of it, is every where called temperance. Now it is univerfally agreed, that no pleafure is fuperior to Love; but, on the contrary, that all pleafures are his inferiors. If fo, they muft be fubjects and fervants, all of them, to Love; and he muft rule, and be the mafter. Having dominion thus over all pleafures and all defires, in

[1] Thus far Agatho has confounded the object of Love, the amiable, with the paffion itfelf, confidered as refined, and peculiarly belonging to the human fpecies.—S.

[2] From allegory, and metaphor, and true wit, Agatho defcends to pun and quibble, and playing on words, with fcarce a femblance of juft thought. In this next part of his defcription he means, by Love, that groffer part of the paffion, common to all animals: and this too he confounds with the fatisfaction of it through enjoyment.—S.

the

the higheſt degree muſt he be temperate. Then, in point of valour, not Mars himſelf can pretend to vie with Love. For it is not, Mars has Love, but Love has Mars [1]; the Love, as fame ſays, of Venus. 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 juſtice, temperance, and fortitude of this God. To ſhow his wiſdom is yet wanting: and I muſt do my beſt to be no way wanting to my ſubject. In the firſt place then, that I may honour my own art, like Eryximachus, with my firſt regards, in the wiſdom of poetry Love is ſo great a maſter, that he is able to make any one a poet [2]. 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 [3], in all that kind of creative power [4] which is the proper province of the Muſes. For no being can impart to another that which itſelf has not, or teach another

[1] To apprehend the wit of this paſſage, we muſt obſerve, that the word *has* is here uſed in two ſenſes: in the firſt part of the ſentence, it means the ſoul being affected with the paſſion; in the next, it means the paſſion poſſeſſing the ſoul. There is the ſame double meaning of the word *habeo* in the Latin, and every modern language derived from it; and it is no ſoleciſm in Engliſh. But there ſeems to be more wit and ſmartneſs in a repartee of Ariſtippus, in which he played on the ſame word, though ſomewhat differently; when, on his being reproached with having Laïs, a celebrated courtezan, for his miſtreſs, he replied, Εχω, αλλ' ουκ εχομαι. True, I have her, that is, enjoy her; but ſhe has not me; that is, has me not in her power.—S.

[2] Agatho, in this part of his deſcription, uſes the word Love in three different ſenſes: firſt, as it means that fine paſſion in the human ſpecies only, which, by rouſing and improving the faculties of the ſoul, ſupplies the want and does the office of genius: next, as it means the paſſion, whoſe power is exerted chiefly in the body, and, by exciting every animal to the work of generation, executes the ends for which nature implanted it in them all: laſtly, as it means a particular genius or ſtrong bent of the mind from nature to ſome particular ſtudy, which ſeldom fails of improving and perfecting every art.—S.

[3] In this ſentence Agatho juſtifies the character which Socrates had given of him juſt before, and ſhows himſelf a truly polite and well-bred man. For, upon his mention of the art of poetry, in which he had lately appeared ſo excellent, he here modeſtly declines the attributing any merit in that reſpect to his own poetic genius, as if he was a favourite of the Muſes; and with great gallantry transfers the praiſe, beſtowed upon himſelf, to Love; as if Love, and not the Muſes, had inſpired him.—S.

[4] Plato has here contrived an opportunity for Agatho to play upon a word, or uſe it in more ſenſes

other that which itfelf knows not. In the other kind of the creative power, the making of animals, it is undeniably to the wifdom 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 artift who hath Love for his teacher becomes eminent and illuftrious; but that the artift whom Love infpires not and animates never rifes from obfcurity? The bowman's art, the art of healing, and that of divination, were the inventions of Apollo, under the guidance of Love, and the influence of his aufpicious power. So that the God of Wifdom himfelf, we fee, was the difciple of the God of Love. Prompted by Love, the Mufes invented the art of mufic, Vulcan the art of working metals, Minerva the art of weaving, and Jupiter the art of well governing the Gods and mortals. From the beginning of that æra were the affairs of the Gods well fettled; from the time when Love arofe and interpofed among them,—the Love certainly of beauty; for diforder and deformity are by no means the objects of Love. Antecedent to that time it was, as I obferved before, that thofe many fad and ftrange accidents, they tell us, befell the Gods: it was when Neceffity reigned and ruled in all things. But as foon as the charms of beauty gave birth to the God whom we celebrate, with him rofe every good which bleffes either Gods or mortals.—Thus, Phædrus, in the firft place Love, as he appears to me, is moft excellent himfelf in beauty and in virtue; in the next place, he is the caufe of the like excellencies in other beings. I feel within me an inclination to make a verfe or two on this fubject, on the effects which Love produces:—

fenfes than one. For the Greek word ποιησις, which we have tranflated creative power, fignifies not only making or creation, but poetry too: as the word ποιητης fignifies both creator and poet. Taking advantage of thefe different meanings, Agatho attributes ποιησις, or creation, to each of the three kinds of Love mentioned in note 2, p. 486, as the work or effect of each. To the firft he attributes poetry, an art which creates, as it were, or makes out of nothing real, out of the mere imagination of the poet, its own fubject. To the next he juftly afcribes the making or generating of animals in a way peculiar to Nature; who, beginning from the fmalleft materials, and collecting all the reft by infenfible degrees from all neighbouring quarters, forming all the while, and animating whilft fhe forms, feems to create out of nothing too. And Love, in the fenfe in which he ufes the word laft, he no lefs juftly fuppofes to have the principal hand in making the moft excellent works of every art, where the artift hath his fubject-matter ready created, and lying all at once before him, and apparently, therefore, creates nothing but the form.—S.

The

> The rugged main he ſmooths, the rage of men
> He ſoftens; thro' 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 feſtival entertainments, in dances, and in feaſts, he is the manager, the leader, and the founder; introducing courteſy and ſweetneſs, baniſhing ruſticity and ſavageneſs; diſpenſing abroad benevolence and kindneſs, reſtraining malignity and ill-will: propitious, gracious, and good to all: the admired ſpectacle of wiſe men, the heart-felt delight of Gods: the envy of thoſe to whoſe lot he falls not, the acquiſition of ſuch only as are fortunate: the parent of delicacy and tenderneſs, of elegance and grace, of attractive charms and amorous deſires: obſervant of good, overlooking evil: in difficulties, in fears, in ſilent wiſhes, and in ſoft addreſſes, the protector, the encourager, the patron, and the inſpirer: of Gods and men, of all linked together, the beauty and the ornament: a guide to all which is good and amiable, the beſt and the moſt charming: whom it is the duty of every one to follow; joining in chorus to his praiſe, or bearing part in that ſweet ſong ſung by Love himſelf, with which he ſoftens the heart and ſooths the mind of every God and mortal.—This is my ſpeech, Phædrus, 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 in whoſe honour it was ſpoken.—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

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 any thing 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 that time very ſenſibly. Now, thought I, what if Agatho ſhould at the laſt ſend forth the head of that formidable ſpeaker Gorgias [1] to aſſault my imagination; and thus

[1] This paſſage in the Greek runs this:—Εφοϐουμην μη μοι τελευτων ὁ Αγαθων Γοργιου κεφαλην δεινου λεγειν εν τῳ λογῳ επι τον εμον λογον πεμψας, κ. τ. λ. In this, as alſo in the preceding ſentence, where Gorgias is mentioned, Cornarius would have us read Γοργους, inſtead of Γοργιου, and conſequently, in this laſt, δεινος inſtead of δεινου, referring this attribute to Agatho; and quite inſenſible, as it ſeems, to the many ſtrokes of humour in this paſſage: for he gravely gives this notable reaſon for his alteration,—that the head of Gorgias, truly, had no ſuch power as is here attributed to it. But he has forgotten to clear up a ſmall difficulty which attends his alteration; and that is, how Agatho the Handſome, for ſo he was commonly called, or Agatho's handſome ſpeech, ſhould immediately put Socrates in mind of the Gorgon's head. The train of thought here is evidently this: Agatho put Socrates in mind of Gorgias, through the ſimilitude of their ſtyles; the thought of Gorgias put him in mind of Gorgon, through the ſimilitude of their names; and, perhaps, becauſe he thought them both alike πελωρα, prodigies; and the thought of Gorgon brought to his mind the following paſſage in Homer's Odyſſey, l. xi.

——— εμε δε χλωρον δεος ηρει,
Μη μοι Γοργειην κεφαλην δεινοιο πελωρου,
Εξ αϊδος πεμψειεν αγαυη Περσεφονεια.

Pale fear then ſeized me, and the dreadful thought,—
—Now ſhould the Gorgon's head, that prodigy
Terrific, by ſtern Proſerpine be ſent,
Forth from her viewleſs realm, to aſſault my eyes,
Viſible in all its horrors!——

It is eaſy to obſerve, that Socrates not only alludes humorouſly to Homer's thought in this paſſage, but, to heighten the humour, has uſed ſeveral of Homer's words. We have followed him in ſo doing, where it was poſſible for us; adapting theſe paſſages one to the other in the tranſlation.

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 any thing. For I was ſo ſilly[1] as to imagine that we ought never to ſay any thing 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 moſt ſkilful and the 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, whether they truly belong to it or not. Should our encomiums happen to be falſe, the

doing, where it was poſſible for us; adapting theſe paſſages one to the other in the tranſlation. But in one of the words, an important one to the humour, we found it ſcarcely poſſible. For the word δεινος, here in Homer, ſignifies terrible, or frightful; and the ſame word as uſed here by Plato ſignifies great, weighty, or powerful. Now in Engliſh both theſe meanings are not to be expreſſed fully and exactly by the ſame word. The word "formidable," however, though it would weaken the ſenſe in Homer, may ſerve to expreſs the alluſion in Plato to Homer's "terrific." This double meaning of the word δεινος, and the ſimilitude of ſound between Gorgon and Gorgias, or between Γοργειη [κεφαλη] and Γοργιειη, ſeem to be humorous imitations of the ſtyle of Agatho and Gorgias, who were, both of them, fond of ſuch puns and puerilities. It is neceſſary to take notice of ſome other words in this paſſage, becauſe Stephens has thrown in a ſuſpicion of their not being genuine, the words εν τω λογῳ,—probably imagining them to be a marginal gloſs on the word λεγειν: whereas they are in truth abſolutely neceſſary to the ſenſe; λογῳ here being oppoſed to εργῳ, to the actual ſending forth, and preſenting viſibly, the head of Gorgias. Beſides that the omiſſion of thoſe words would much diminiſh the glare of another Gorgiaſm, which ſeems intended in λεγειν, λογῳ, and λογον, the repetition of the words "ſpeak" and "ſpeech."—S.

[1] Socrates, having ſatirized Agatho's ſtyle, with regard to the affected ornaments of it, and its want of ſimplicity; but doing it with that delicate and fine humour in which he led the way to all the politer ſatiriſts, particularly to the Roman poet Horace, and our own Addiſon; proceeds now, in that ironical way peculiar to himſelf, to ſatirize the ſentiments in Agatho's ſpeech, with regard to their want of truth, juſtneſs of thought, and pertinence to the ſubject.—S.

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 concerning 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, Phædrus, 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. Phædrus, 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 Phædrus; 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 afterward 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 and character, anſwer me alſo to this queſtion, whether Love is a being of ſuch a kind as to be of ſomething[1]; or whether he is of nothing? I aſk you not, whether he is of ſome father or mother; for the queſtion, whether Love is the love of father or mother, would be ridiculous; but I mean it in the ſame ſenſe as if the ſubject of my queſtion was the very thing now mentioned, that is, a father; and the queſtion itſelf was, whether a father was the father of ſomething, or not: in this caſe you would certainly anſwer, if you anſwered rightly, that a father was the father of a ſon or of 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.—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 nothing, or of ſomething?—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 y this queſtion further, relating to Love: Does Love deſire that ſomething of which it is the love, or does it not?—Deſires it, anſwered Agatho, without doubt.—Whether, when poſſeſſed of that which it deſires, of that which it is in love with, does it then deſire 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

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

degree

dĕgree 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 wiſh to be ſwift, and the healthy wiſh to be healthy, one might then perhaps imagine it equally poſſible in all caſes of the like kind, that ſuch as are poſſeſſed of any thing 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 now have 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[1]?—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,

[1] In Stephens's edition of the original we here read, αλλο τι ὁμολογοι' αν; as if the confeſſion was demanded from Agatho in his own perſon. In all the former editions, however, it is rightly printed, ὁμολογοιτ' αν. But we preſume they are all wrong in giving us αλλο τι [δια δυοιν] inſtead of αλλοτι [δι' ἑνος] *whether*; miſled probably by the preceding ſentence, where αλλο τι ſignifies *any other thing*, and is therefore rightly there divided into two words.—S.

that

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 any thing 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 every thing good is alſo fair and beautiful?—I do, replied Agatho.—If then, ſaid Socrates, Love be in want of beauty, and if every thing 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

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; laying down, for the foundation of it, thoſe points agreed on juſt now between me and Agatho; but purpoſing, however, to relate the whole of this 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 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 [1]?—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, where the cauſe or reaſon of a thing remains unknown [2], how can there be ſcience? Nor yet is it ignorance: for that which

[1] See the Meno near the concluſion, and the fifth and ſeventh books of the Republic. It may ſuffice for the preſent to obſerve, that true opinion is a medium between wiſdom properly ſo called, i. e. an intellectual knowledge of the cauſes and principles of things, and ignorance.—T.

[2] We have here taken the liberty to paraphraſe a little, for the ſake of rendering this paſſage more

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, ſaid I, by Jupiter.—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

more eaſy to be underſtood. In the Greek it runs thus, *αλογον γαρ πραγμα πως αν ειη επιστημη*; Ariſtotle expreſſes the ſame meaning in the ſame conciſe way, thus, *μετα λογου γαρ ἡ επιστημη*. Ethic. Nicomach. lib. vi. cap. 6. where *λογος* is the ſame thing with that which Plato in his Meno calls *λογισμος αιτιας*, that is, the rational account of a thing, deriving it from its cauſe. For the cauſe [the formal cauſe] of every particular truth is ſome general truth, in which that particular is virtually included. Accordingly, in a perfect ſyllogiſm we may ſee the truth of the concluſion virtually included in the truth of the major propoſition. Nor can we properly be ſaid to know any one truth, till we ſee the whole of that higher truth, in which the particular one is contained.—S.

the immortal.—But what in particular, O Diotima?—A great dæmon [1], replied

[1] The following admirable account of Love, in which it is ſhown why he is called by Plato a great dæmon, is from the MS. commentary of Proclus on the Firſt Alcibiades:

There are different properties of different Gods: for ſome are artificers of wholes, of the form of beings, and of their eſſential ornament: but others are the ſuppliers of life, and are the ſources of its various genera: but others preſerve the unchangeable order, and guard the indiſſoluble connection of things: and others, laſtly, who are allotted a different power, preſerve all things by their beneficent energies. In like manner every amatory order is the cauſe to all things of converſion to divine beauty, leading back, conjoining, and eſtabliſhing all ſecondary natures in the beautiful, repleniſhing them from thence, and irradiating all things with the gifts of its light. On this account it is aſſerted in The Banquet that *Love* is a great dæmon, becauſe Love firſt demonſtrates in itſelf a power of this kind, and is the medium between the object of deſire and the deſiring nature, and is the cauſe of the converſion of ſubſequent to prior natures. The whole amatory ſeries, therefore, being eſtabliſhed in the veſtibule of the cauſe of beauty, calls upwards all things to this cauſe, and forms a middle progreſſion between the object of Love and the natures which are recalled by Love. Hence it pre-eſtabliſhes in itſelf the exemplar of the whole dæmoniacal order, obtaining the ſame middle ſituation among the Gods as dæmons between divine and mortal natures. Since, therefore, every amatory ſeries poſſeſſes this property among the Gods, we muſt conſider its uniform and occult ſummit as ineffably eſtabliſhed in the firſt orders of the Gods, and conjoined with the firſt and intelligible beauty; but its middle proceſs as ſhining forth among the ſupermundane Gods, with an intellectual condition; but its third progreſſion as poſſeſſing an exempt power among the liberated Gods; and its fourth as multifariouſly diſtributed about the world, producing many orders and powers from itſelf, and diſtributing gifts of this kind to the different parts of the world. But after the unific and firſt principle of Love, and after the tripartite eſſence perfected from thence, a various multitude of Loves ſhines forth with divine light, from whence the choirs of angels are filled with Love; and the herds of dæmons full of this God attend on the Gods who are recalled to intelligible beauty. Add too, that the army of heroes, together with dæmons and angels, are agitated about the participation of the beautiful with divine bacchanalian fury. Laſtly, all things are excited, revive and flouriſh, through the influx of the beautiful. But the ſouls of ſuch men as receive an inſpiration of this kind, and are naturally allied to the God, aſſiduouſly move about beauty, and fall into the realms of generation, for the purpoſe of benefiting more imperfect ſouls, and providing for thoſe natures which require to be ſaved. The Gods indeed and the attendants on the Gods, abiding in their proper habits, benefit all following natures, and convert them to themſelves: but the ſouls of men deſcending, and touching on the coaſt of generation, imitate the beneficent providence of the Gods. As, therefore, ſouls eſtabliſhed according to ſome other God deſcend with purity into the regions of mortality, and benefit ſouls that revolve in it; and ſome indeed benefit more imperfect ſouls by prophecy, others by myſtic ceremonies, and others by divine medicinal ſkill: ſo likewiſe ſouls that chooſe an amatory life are moved about the deity who preſides over beautiful natures, for the purpoſe of taking care of well-born ſouls. But from apparent beauty they are led back to divine beauty, and together with themſelves elevate thoſe who are the objects of their love. And

replied ſhe. For the dæmon-kind [1] is of an intermediate nature between the divine and the human.—What is the power and virtue, ſaid I, of this intermediate

And this alſo divine Love primarily effects in intelligibles: for he unites himſelf to the object of love, extends to it the participants of his power, and inſerts in all things one bond, and one indiſſoluble friendſhip with each other, and with the beautiful itſelf. Souls, therefore, poſſeſſed with love, and participating the inſpiration thence derived, in conſequence of uſing an undefiled vehicle, are led from apparent to intelligible beauty, and make this the end of their energy. Likewiſe enkindling a light in more imperfect ſouls, they alſo lead theſe back to a divine nature, and are divinely agitated together with them about the fountain of all-perfect beauty.

But ſuch ſouls as from a perverſe education fall from the gift which is thence derived, but are allotted an amatory nature, theſe, through their ignorance of true beauty, are buſily employed about that which is material and diviſible, at which alſo they are aſtoniſhed in conſequence of not knowing the paſſion which they ſuffer. Hence they abandon every thing divine, and gradually decline into impiety and the darkneſs of matter. They appear indeed to haſten to a union with the beautiful, in the ſame manner as perfectly amatory ſouls; but they are ignorant of the union, and tend to a diſſipated condition of life, and to the ſea of diſſimilitude. They are alſo conjoined with the baſe itſelf, and material privation of form. For where are material natures able to pervade through each other? Or where is apparent beauty, pure and genuine, being thus mingled with matter, and replete with the deformity of its ſubject? Some ſouls, therefore, genuinely participate the gifts of Love, and by others theſe gifts are perverted. For as according to Plotinus the defluxion of intellect produces craft, and an erroneous participation of wiſdom ſophiſtry, ſo likewiſe the illumination of Love, when it meets with a depraved recipient, produces a tyrannic and intemperate life.

After this, in another part of the ſame admirable commentary, he preſents us, as he ſays, with ſome of the more arcane aſſertions concerning Love; and theſe are as follow:

Love is neither to be placed in the firſt nor among the laſt of beings. Not in the firſt, becauſe the object of Love is ſuperior to Love: nor yet among the laſt, becauſe the lover participates of Love. It is requiſite, therefore, that Love ſhould be eſtabliſhed between the object of love and the lover, and that it ſhould be poſterior to the beautiful, but prior to every nature endued with love. Where then does it firſt ſubſiſt? How does it extend itſelf through the univerſe; and with what monads does it leap forth?

There are three hypoſtaſes, therefore, among the intelligible and occult Gods; and the firſt indeed is characterized by *the good*, underſtanding *the good itſelf*, and reſiding in that place where according to the oracle the paternal monad abides: but the ſecond is characterized by wiſdom, where the firſt intelligence flouriſhes; and the third by *the beautiful*, where, as Timæus ſays, the moſt beautiful of intelligibles abides. But there are three monads according to theſe intelligible cauſes ſubſiſting uniformly according to cauſe in intelligibles, but firſt unfolding themſelves into light in

[1] For a copious account of dæmons, their nature, ſpecies, and employments, ſee the ſecond Note on the Firſt Alcibiades.

intermediate kind of being ?—To tranſmit and to interpret to the Gods, ſaid ſhe,

in the ineffable order * of the Gods, I mean *faith*, *truth*, and *love*. And *faith* indeed eſtabliſhes all things in good; but *truth* unfolds all the knowledge in beings; and laſtly, *love* converts all things, and congregates them into the nature of the beautiful. This triad indeed thence proceeds through all the orders of the Gods, and imparts to all things by its light a union with intelligible itſelf. It alſo unfolds itſelf differently in different orders, every where combining its powers with the idioms of the Gods. And among ſome it ſubſiſts ineffably, incomprehenſibly, and uniſically; but among others, as the cauſe of connecting and binding; and among others, as endued with a perfective and forming power. Here again it ſubſiſts intellectually and paternally; there, in a manner entirely motive, vivific, and effective: here, as governing and aſſimilating; there, in a liberated and undefiled manner; and elſewhere, according to a multiplied and diviſive mode. Love, therefore, ſupernally deſcends from intelligibles to mundane concerns, calling all things upwards to divine beauty. Truth alſo proceeds through all things, illuminating all things with knowledge. And laſtly, faith proceeds through the univerſe, eſtabliſhing all things unically in good. Hence the oracles aſſert that all things are governed by, and abide in, theſe. And on this account they order Theurgiſts to conjoin themſelves to divinity through this triad. Intelligibles themſelves, indeed, do not require the amatory medium, on account of their ineffable union. But where there is a union and ſeparation of beings, there alſo Love abides. For it is the binder and conciliator of natures poſterior and prior to itſelf; but the convertor of ſubſequent into prior, and the anagogic and perfecting cauſe of imperfect natures.

The oracles, therefore, ſpeak of Love as binding, and reſiding in all things: and hence, if it connects all things, it alſo copulates us with the governments of dæmons. But Diotima calls Love a great dæmon, becauſe it every where fills up the medium between deſiring and deſirable natures. And, indeed, that which is the object of Love vindicates to itſelf the firſt order, but that which loves is in the third order from the beloved object. Laſtly, Love uſurps a middle ſituation between each, congregating and collecting together that which deſires and that which is deſired, and filling ſubordinate from better natures. But among the intelligible and occult Gods it unites intelligible intellect to the firſt and ſecret beauty by a certain life better than intelligence. Hence, the theologiſt of the Greeks calls this Love blind; for he ſays "feeding in his breaſt blind, rapid Love:" ποιμαινων πραπεδεσσιν ανομματον ωκυν ερωτα. But in natures poſterior to intelligibles, it imparts by illumination an indiſſoluble bond to all things perfected by itſelf: for a bond is a certain union, but accompanied with much ſeparation. On this account the oracles are accuſtomed to call the fire of this Love a copulator: for, proceeding from intelligible intellect, it binds all following natures with each other, and with itſelf. Hence, it conjoins all the Gods with intelligible beauty, and dæmons with Gods; but it conjoins us with both Gods and dæmons. In the Gods, indeed, it has a primary ſubſiſtence, in dæmons a ſecondary one, and in partial ſouls a ſubſiſtence through a certain third proceſſion from principles. Again, in the Gods it ſubſiſts above eſſence: for every genus of Gods is ſupereſſential. But in dæmons it ſubſiſts according to eſſence; and in ſouls according to illumination. And this triple order appears ſimilar to

* i. e. In the ſummit of that order which is called intelligible and at the ſame time intellectual.

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 his parentage, replied ſhe, is ſomewhat long to relate: however, I will give you the relation. At the birth of Venus, the Gods, to celebrate that event, made a feaſt; at which was preſent, amongſt the reſt, Plenty [1], the ſon

the triple power of intellect. For one intellect ſubſiſts as imparticipable, being exempt from all partial genera; but another as participated, of which alſo the ſouls of the Gods participate as of a better nature; and another is from this ingenerated in ſouls, and which is, indeed, their perfection. And theſe three diſtinctions of intellect Timæus himſelf ſignifies. That Love, therefore, which ſubſiſts in the Gods muſt be conſidered as analogous to imparticipable intellect: for this is exempt from all the beings which receive and are illuminated by its nature. But dæmoniacal Love is analogous to participated intellect: for this is eſſential, and is perfected from itſelf, in the ſame manner as participated intellect is proximately reſident in ſouls. And the third Love is analogous to intellect which ſubſiſts as a habit, and which inſerts an illumination in ſouls. Nor is it unjuſtly that we conſider Love as coordinate with this intellectual difference: for in intelligible intellect it poſſeſſes its firſt and occult hypoſtaſis: and if it thence leaps forth, it is alſo eſtabliſhed there according to cauſe. And it appears to me that Plato, finding that intelligible intellect was called by Orpheus both Love and a great Dæmon, was himſelf pleaſed to celebrate Love in a ſimilar manner. Very properly, therefore, does Diotima call it a great dæmon; and Socrates conjoins the diſcourſe about Love with that concerning Dæmons. For, as every thing dæmoniacal is ſuſpended from the amatory medium, ſo alſo the diſcourſe concerning a dæmoniacal nature is conjoined with that concerning Love, and is allied to it. For Love is a medium between the object of love and the lover; and a dæmon is a medium between man and divinity.—T.

[1] 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

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[1], (for as yet wine[2] was not) went out into the gardens of Jupiter; and oppreſſed with the load of liquor that he had drunk, fell aſleep[3]. Poverty, therefore, deſiring through her indigence to have a child from Plenty, artfully lay down by him, and became with child of Love. Hence it is that Love is the conſtant follower and attendant of Venus, as having been begotten on the birth-day 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, 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: for hence it is that he is full of deſigns upon the good and the fair: 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 philoſophizing; powerful in magic and enchantment, nor leſs ſo in ſophiſtry. His nature is not mortal, in the common

all things, but is filled as far as it can be filled from *Plenty*, whoſe overflowing fullneſs 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.—T.

[1] Intoxication with nectar ſignifies that deific energy through which divine natures are enabled to provide immutably for all things.—T.

[2] This ſignifies nothing more than that wine belongs to the ſenſible, and not to the intelligible world. By the gardens of Jupiter, we may conceive that the ſplendour, grace, and empyræan beauty of the demiurgic illuminations of the maker of the univerſe are ſignified.—T.

[3] Sleep, when applied to divine natures, ſignifies an energy ſeparate from ſenſibles.—T.

way

way of mortality, nor yet is it immortal, after the manner of the immortal Gods; for ſometimes, in one and the ſame day, he lives and flouriſhes, when he happens to fare well; 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 philoſophize, 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 philoſophize. Nor yet does philoſophy, or the ſearch of Wiſdom, belong to the Ignorant[1]. 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 philoſophize, 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 amiable, is truly beauteous and delicate, is perfect and completely bleſt. But to the ſubject of love, the lover, belongs a different nature, ſuch a

[1] This paſſage in the Greek original is thus printed: αυτο γαρ τευτο εστι χαλεπον αμαϑια; but we preſume that either the laſt word of theſe ſhould be printed αμαθιᾳ, figuratively meaning αμαθει, or elſe, that the firſt words ſhould be thus printed, αυτῳ γαρ τουτῳ.—S.

one

one as I have defcribed to you.—Be it granted fuch, Diotima, faid I; for what you tell me bids fair to be the truth. But now, fuch being his nature, of what advantage is he to human kind?—This, Socrates, faid fhe, in the next place, I fhall do my beft 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 yourfelf have afferted. Now what anfwer fhall we make fhould we be afked this queftion, "O Socrates and Diotima! how or in what refpect mean ye, when ye fay that beauty is the object of Love?"—To exprefs the meaning of my queftion in plainer terms, faid fhe, What is it which the lover of beauty longs for?—To be in poffeffion, faid I, of the beloved beauty.—Your anfwer, faid fhe, draws on a further queftion: What will be the ftate or condition of that man who is in poffeffion of his beloved beauty?—I told her, I could by no means anfwer readily to fuch a queftion.—Suppofe then, faid fhe, that changing the fubject of the queftion, and putting good in the place of beauty, one were to afk you thus, and fay, Anfwer me, Socrates, to this queftion, What is it which the lover of good longs for?—To be in poffeffion of that good, anfwered I.—And what, fhe afked me again, will be the ftate of that man who is in poffeffion of good?—This, faid I, is a queftion I can anfwer with much lefs difficulty, thus: that fuch a man will be happy.—Right, faid fhe; for by the poffeffing of good things it is that the happy are in that happy ftate which they enjoy. Nor is there any room to queftion further, and afk, Why, or for the fake of what, a man wifhes to be happy; but a conclufive anfwer appears to have been given, fully fatisfactory.—True, faid I, without difpute.—Now this wifhing and this longing, faid fhe, let me afk you, whether in your opinion it is common to all men; whether you think that all wifh to be always in poffeffion of things good; or how otherwife?—I think juft fo, replied I, that fuch a wifh is common to all.—Well then, Socrates, faid fhe, muft we not acknowledge that all men are in love; feeing that the affections of them all are always fixed on the fame things? or fhall we fay that fome are in love, and fome are not?—It is a thought, faid I, which, I confefs, a little furprifes me.—Be not furprifed, faid fhe; for the cafe 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, fingled out from the others, which we diftinguifh by other names.—To make me conceive your meaning more perfectly, faid

I, can-

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 any thing proceeds out of non-being into being[1] is creation. So that all the operations 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, 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. —Just 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 various 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

[1] *Being* does not here signify being or entity in general, but the particular form or essence of any thing, 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 now-a-days 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.—S.

good,

good. For we are willing to have our feet and our hands cut off, though our own, if we deem them incurably and abfolutely evil. It is not to what is their own that men have fo ftrong an attachment, nor do they treat it fo tenderly on that account, unlefs 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 Jupiter, faid I, there appears to me no other.—Is this now fufficient for us? faid fhe: and have we done juftice to our argument if we finifh it with this fimple and flender conclufion, that all men love what is good?—Why not? faid I.—What? faid fhe; muft we not add this, that they long to have poffeffion of the loved good?—This, faid I, muft be added.—And not only now to have poffeffion of it, faid fhe again, but to have poffeffion of it for ever too; muft not this be added further?—This further, faid I.—Love then, in fine, faid fhe, is the defire of having good in perpetual poffeffion.—Moft true, faid I; in every tittle you are right.—Since then, faid fhe, this general defire is found always to fubfift and to operate in all, can you tell me in what particular way it operates on thofe who are commonly faid to be in love? what the aim is of fuch lovers, and what the work or effect of this kind of love?—Were I able to tell, O Diotima, replied I, I fhould not have been fo full of admiration at your wifdom; nor fhould I have applied myfelf to you to be taught thefe very things, if I already knew them.—Well, faid fhe, I will teach you then. The aim of thefe 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, faid I, have need of fome diviner to interpret them: I confefs I do not apprehend their meaning.—I will exprefs myfelf then, faid fhe, in plainer language. All of human race, O Socrates, are full of the feeds 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 uncomely, and only upon the fair and the agreeable. For the work of generation is carried on, you know, by means of the natural commerce between the two fexes: and this is a work above human art, it is divine. For to conceive and to impregnate is to imortalize the kind: it is producing immortality out of an animal which is mortal. In each of the fexes, therefore, is fome immortal and divine principle, the caufe of conception in the one, and of impregnation in the

the other. But in neither of them can this principle operate effectually, unless the subject on which it operates be suitable to it and corresponding. Now deformity and uglinefs but ill suit with aught which is divine. Beauty alone agrees with it and corresponds. For Beauty is that celestial influence which favours, and that goddefs who patronizes, 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, breeds or generates. But whenever it meets with that which is deformed or ugly, it grows morose, saddens, and contracts itself; it turns away, retires back, and generates not; but, restraining the swollen power within, which is ready to burst forth, it bears the burthen with uneasinefs. Hence it is that they who are full of this, and long to generate, employ much of their creative power upon that which is 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 immortalizes that which is mortal. Now, that the desire of immortality must always accompany the 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 which lately was the subject of conversation between you and me? Do you not observe, how vehement are the passions of all brute animals[1] when the season comes

[1] The following account of the generation of animals and their succession in a continued series of individuals, by which the kind is for ever kept up in existence, gives us a just representation of all outward nature: for it is in the same manner that the world itself, though continually passing away, and changing in every part, yet remains for ever the same in its whole and entire form; life continually arising, and repairing the ruins made by death in every kind of things; and

comes in which they couple? Birds as well as beafts, you may perceive them all fick with love: fo intenfe is their defire, in the firft place, to generate and breed. Nor is their ardour lefs afterwards in the rearing of their young. In defence of thefe, you fee them ready to engage in fight, the weakeft animals with the ftrongeft. To fupport thefe, you fee them willingly themfelves perifhing with famine; in fhort, doing and fuffering for their fakes the utmoft poffible. Thofe indeed of human kind, continued fhe, one might imagine acted thus from a motive of reafon in themfelves: but, in brute animals, can you affign the caufe why the affections of love fhould be fo deep and ftrong?—I told her, I was at a lofs to account for it.—And do you think, faid fhe, ever to become a thorough adept in the fcience of love, if you are at a lofs in a cafe fo eafy?—It is for this very reafon, faid I, Diotima, as I lately told you, that I come to you for inftruction: it is becaufe I am fenfible how much I want it. Do you, therefore, teach me what the caufe is of thofe vehement affections you mentioned juft now, and of every other fentiment and paffion incident to love.—Upon which fhe faid, If you believe that love is, what you have often owned it to be, the defire of having good in perpetual poffeffion, you will be at no lofs to conceive what the caufe is of thofe affections. For the cafe of brute animals and that of the human kind are in this refpect exactly the fame; in both the fame principle prevails; the mortal nature feeks to be perpetuated, and, as far as poffible, immortalized. Now this is poffible in one only way, that is, by generation; in which fome new living thing is conftantly produced to fupply the place of the deceafed old one. And in no other manner than this is life continued to any individual being, of which we fay that it lives ftill, and pronounce it to be the fame being. Thus every man, for inftance, from his infancy on to old age, is called the fame perfon; though he never has any thing in him which abides with him, and is continually a new man; having loft the man he was in his hair, in his flefh, in his bones, in his blood, in fine in his whole body. Nor in his body only, but in his foul

and the frefh growth keeping pace with the decay. To preferve this living beauty in fuch its immortality and unfading youth, animals have thofe affections, impulfes or inftincts, here defcribed, given to them, as imparted from the mundane foul: analogous to which are the powers of gravitation, attraction, mixture, cohefion, and others of like kind, which are indeed fo many vital powers given to the infenfible parts of the univerfe, as partaking of the life of nature.—S.

too,

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 [1], 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 meditation ſuppoſes ſome knowledge to have actually, as it were, left us; and indeed oblivion is the departure of this knowledge: meditation then, raiſing up in the room of this departed knowledge a freſh remembrance in our minds, preſerves in ſome manner and continues to us that which we had loſt; ſo as to make the memory of it, the likeneſs, ſeem the very ſame thing. Indeed every thing 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 departs, dies, or vaniſhes, 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 naturally is immortal. Wonder not, therefore, that all beings are by nature lovingly affected towards their offspring. For this affectionate regard, this love, follows every being for the ſake of immortality.—Theſe things, ſaid I, O Diotima, wiſeſt of women! undoubtedly are ſo.—To which ſhe, in the language of the moſt accompliſhed ſophiſts, replied, You may be aſſured, Socrates, it is the truth. Nor is it leſs plain, from inſtances of a different kind, that immortality is the great aim and end of all. For, if you obſerve how the love of fame and glory operates on men, and what effect it has upon 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

[1] All this neceſſarily follows from the nature of the human ſoul; all her *energies* being *temporal*, though her *eſſence* is eternal. She is however able to energize ſuper-temporally through a union with an intellect ſuperior to her own.—T.

they

they ready to encounter dangers, to expend their treafures, to undergo the fevereft hardfhips, and to meet death itfelf. Do you think, continued fhe, that Alceftis would have died for her hufband Admetus to preferve his life? or that Achilles would have died for his friend Patroclus to avenge his death? or that your Athenian Codrus would have died for his children's fake to fecure to them the fucceffion of his kingdom? had they not imagined their virtue would live for ever in the remembrance of pofterity, as it actually does throughout all Greece at this very day. Affure yourfelf their conduct had been quite different, had they not been full of this imagination. For, with a view to the immortality of virtue, and the never-dying glory which attends it, have all great actions ever been performed; a view which infpires and animates the performers, in proportion to the degree of their own perfonal worth and excellence. For they are governed by that univerfal paffion, the defire of immortality. But though immortality be thus fought by all men, yet men of different difpofitions feek it by different ways. In men of certain conftitutions, the generative power lies chiefly and eminently in their bodies. Such perfons are particularly fond of the other fex, and court intimacies chiefly with the fair: they are eafily enamoured in the vulgar way of love; and procure to themfelves, by begetting children, the prefervation of their names, a remembrance of themfelves which they hope will be immortal, a happinefs to endure for ever. In men of another ftamp, the faculties of generation are, in as eminent a degree, of the mental kind. For thofe there are who are more prolific in their fouls than in their bodies; and are full of the feeds of fuch an offspring as it peculiarly belongs to the human foul to conceive and to generate. And what offspring is this, but wifdom and every other virtue? Thofe who generate moft, and who are parents of the moft numerous progeny in this way, are the poets, and fuch artifts of other kinds as are faid to have been the inventors of their refpective arts. But by far the moft excellent and beauteous part of wifdom is that which is converfant in the founding and well-ordering of cities and other habitations of men; a part of wifdom diftinguifhed by the names of temperance and juftice. When the foul of any man has been teeming with the feeds of this wifdom from his youth (and of divine fouls it is the native property thus to teem), as foon as he arrives at maturity of age, and thofe feeds are fully ripened, he longs to

fow

ſow them in the ſouls of others, and thus to propagate wiſdom. In this ſituation of his mind, his whole employment, I ſuppoſe, is to look about and ſearch for beauty, where he may generate; for never can he generate on aught which is ugly or uncomely. Meeting firſt then with outward beauty, that of the body, he welcomes and embraces it; but turns away from where he ſees deformity in the body; for his ſoul is full of love. But if, in his further and deeper ſearch, he has the good fortune to meet with the inward and hidden beauty of a well-natured and generous ſoul, he then entirely attaches himſelf, and adheres cloſely to the whole perſon in whom it is found, the compound of ſoul and body. He now finds in himſelf a facility and a copiouſneſs of expreſſion when he entertains this partner of his ſoul with diſcourſes concerning virtue; by what means it is acquired; what is a character completely good; what ſtudies ſhould be purſued; what arts be learnt; and how time ſhould be employed in order to the forming ſuch a character. Deſirous, therefore, thus to form and perfect the object of his love, he undertakes the office of preceptor. Indeed, whilſt he is converſing intimately with that which is fair, thoſe ſeeds of wiſdom, which he was before big with, burſt forth ſpontaneous, and he generates. From this time, whether in the preſence or abſence of his miſtreſs, his mind and memory become prompt and active; and he readily produces all his mental ſtore. Both the parents then join in cheriſhing, rearing up, and cultivating the fruits of their love and amorous converſe. Hence it is that a friendſhip of the firmeſt kind cements ſuch a pair; and they are held together by a much ſtricter band of union than by an offspring of their bodies; having a common and joint intereſt in an offspring from themſelves more beautiful and more immortal. 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, an iſſue of this mental kind, ſuch as perpetuates their memory with the higheſt honour, and procures for 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

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. In the mysteries of Love thus far perhaps, Socrates, you may be initiated and advanced. [1] But to be perfected, and to attain the intuition of what is secret and inmost [2], introductory to which is all the rest, if undertaken and performed with a mind rightly disposed, 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 have been from his earliest youth conversant with bodies that are beautiful. Prepared by this acquaintance with beauty, he must, in the first place, if his leader [3] lead aright, fall in love with some one particular person, fair and beauteous; and on her beget fine sentiments and fair discourse. He must afterwards consider, that the beauty of outward form, that which he admires so highly in his favourite fair one, is sister to a beauty of the same kind, which he cannot but see in some other fair. If he can then pursue this corporeal beauty, and trace it wherever it is to be found, throughout the human species, he must want

[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 it.—S.

[2] Great decorum of character is here observed in putting into the mouth of the prophetess a metaphor, taken from the method of initiation into those religious mysteries which at that time were held in the highest reverence. For, to make this initiation perfect, three orderly steps or degrees were to be taken. The first was called purgation, the second illumination, and the third intuition; to which last but few persons were ever deemed worthy to be raised.—Agreeable to this gradation is the method observed by Diotima in her initiation of Socrates into the mysteries of wisdom. Her confutation of his pretended former notions, but, in reality, of the preceding speeches in this dialogue, answers to the purgative part of initiation into the religious mysteries. Her succeeding positive instructions in the true doctrine of Love answer to the illuminative part. And what remains of her discourse, as she herself here plainly gives us to understand, alludes to the last part of the religious initiation, the intuitive.—S.

[3] That is, his dæmon.—T.

understanding

underſtanding not to conceive, that beauty is one and the ſame thing in all beauteous bodies. With this conception in his mind, he muſt become a lover of all viſible forms, which are partakers of this beauty; and in conſequence of this general love, he muſt moderate the exceſs of that paſſion for one only female form, which had hitherto engroſſed him wholly: for he cannot now entertain thoughts extravagantly high of the beauty of any particular fair one, a beauty not peculiar to her, but which ſhe partakes of in common with all other corporeal forms that are beauteous. After this, if he thinks rightly, and knows to eſtimate the value of things juſtly, he will eſteem that beauty which is inward, and lies deep in the ſoul, to be of greater value and worthy of more regard than that which is outward, and adorns only the body. As ſoon, therefore, as he meets with a perſon of a beauteous ſoul and generous nature, though flowering forth but a little in ſuperficial beauty, with this little he is ſatisfied; he has all he wants; he truly loves, and aſſiduouſly employs all his thoughts and all his care on the object of his affection. Reſearching in his mind and memory, he draws forth, he generates ſuch notions of things, ſuch reaſonings and diſcourſes, as may beſt improve his beloved in virtue. Thus he arrives, of courſe, to view beauty in the arts [1], the ſubjects of diſcipline and ſtudy; and comes to diſcover, that beauty is congenial in them all. He now, therefore, accounts all beauty corporeal to be of mean and inconſiderable value, as being but a ſmall and inconſiderable part of beauty. From the arts he proceeds further to the ſciences, and beholds beauty no leſs in theſe [2]. And by this time having

[1] The word here uſed by Plato is επιτηδευμασι, in which he means to include all the particulars of right diſcipline; every ſtudy, and every exerciſe enjoined or recommended by antient policy to the youth of good families and fortunes; in a word, all the accompliſhments formed by a liberal education. Theſe may all be reduced to three kinds; habits of regular and polite behaviour, knowledge of the liberal arts, and practice of the liberal exerciſes of the body. But as all of them depend on principles of art, and are acquired by ſtudy and diſcipline, we have uſed theſe very words *art*, *ſtudy*, and *diſcipline*, in tranſlating Plato's επιτηδευματα, as the moſt expreſſive of his whole meaning.—S.

[2] The ſciences here meant are thoſe by the Platoniſts termed mathematical, as being the μαθηματα, the learning, which they deemed a neceſſary preparation for the ſtudy of true philoſophy. Theſe were arithmetic, geometry, muſic in its theory, and aſtronomy. In theſe ſciences every ſtep which the mind takes is from beauty to beauty: for every theorem new to the mind in any of theſe

ing ſeen, and now conſidering within himſelf, that beauty is manifold and various, he is no longer, like one of our domeſtics who has conceived a particular affection for ſome child of the family, a mean and illiberal ſlave to the beauty of any one particular, whether perſon or art, ſtudy or practice; but betaking himſelf to the ample ſea of beauty, and ſurveying it with the eye of intellect, he begets many beautiful and magnificent reaſonings, and dianoëtic conceptions in prolific philoſophy, till thus being ſtrengthened and increaſed, he perceives what that one [1] ſcience is which is ſo ſingularly great, as to be the ſcience of ſo ſingularly great a beauty. [2] But now try, continued ſhe, to give me all the attention you are maſter of. Whoever then is advanced thus far in the myſteries of Love by a right and regular progreſs of contemplation, approaching now to perfect intuition, ſuddenly he will diſcover, burſting into view, a beauty aſtoniſhingly admirable; that very beauty, to the gaining a ſight of which the aim of all his preceding ſtudies and labours had been directed: a beauty, whoſe peculiar characters are theſe: In the firſt place, it never had a beginning, nor will ever have an end, but always IS, and always flouriſhes in perfection, unſuſceptible of growth or of decay. In the next place, it is not beautiful only when looked at one way, or ſeen in one light; at the ſame time that, viewed another way, or ſeen in ſome other light, it i far from being beautiful: it is not beautiful only at certain times, or with reference only to certain circumſtances of things; being at other times, or when things are otherwiſe circumſtanced, quite the contrary: nor is it beautiful only in ſome

theſe ſciences opens to her view ſome proportion or ſymmetry, ſome harmony or order, undiſcovered before. Each different ſcience ſeems a different world of beauty, ſtill enlarging on the mind's eye, as her views become more and more extenſive in the ſcience. For proportion in arithmetic differs from proportion in geometry; muſical proportion differs from them both; and the ſcience of the celeſtial orbs, of their ſeveral revolutions, their mutual aſpects, and their diſtances from each other, and from their common centre, is converſant in each of thoſe three different proportions, and comprehends them all.—S.

[1] This one ſcience is comprehended in Plato's dialectic, concerning which ſee the Introduction to the Parmenides.—T.

[2] This, which is the laſt pauſe in the ſpeech, intended to renew and invigorate the attention, is very requiſite in this place; for it precedes a deſcription as admirable and as full of wonder as the being which it deſcribes: and accordingly the ſtrongeſt attention is here expreſsly demanded.—S.

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places, or as it appears to ſome perſons; whilſt in other places, and to other perſons, its appearance is the reverſe of beautiful. Nor can this beauty, which is indeed no other than the beautiful itſelf, ever be the object of imagination; as if it had ſome face or hands of its own, or any other parts belonging to body: nor is it ſome particular reaſon, nor ſome particular ſcience. It reſides not in any other being, not in any animal, for inſtance; nor in the earth, nor in the heavens, nor in any other part of the univerſe: but, ſimple and ſeparate from other things, it ſubſiſts alone with itſelf, and poſſeſſes an eſſence eternally uniform. All other forms which are beauteous participate of this; but in ſuch a manner they participate, that by their generation or deſtruction this ſuffers no diminution, receives no addition, nor undergoes any kind of alteration. When from thoſe lower beauties, reaſcending by the right way of Love, a man begins to gain a ſight of this ſupreme beauty, he muſt have almoſt attained ſomewhat of his end. Now to go, or to be led by another, along the right way of Love, is this: beginning from thoſe beauties of lower rank, to proceed in a continual aſcent, all the way propoſing this higheſt beauty as the end; and uſing the reſt but as ſo many ſteps in the aſcent; to proceed from one to two, from two [1] to all beauteous bodies; from the beauty of bodies to that of ſouls [2]; from the beauty of ſouls to that of arts; from the beauty of arts to that of diſciplines; until at length from the diſciplines he arrives at that diſcipline which is the diſcipline of no other thing than of that ſupreme beauty; and thus finally attains to know what is the beautiful itſelf.—Here is to be found, dear Socrates, ſaid the ſtranger-propheteſs [3], here if any where, the happy life, the

[1] Plato, in ſpeaking of the aſcent in corporeal beauty, very properly ſays, that after paſſing from *one* to *two*, we muſt proceed to *all* beautiful bodies: for it is neceſſary to aſcend rapidly from the beauty of body to a higher beauty. Mr. Sydenham, therefore, by changing the word *two* (though uſed by Plato) for *many* in his tranſlation, has, I conceive, entirely perverted the accurate ſenſe of the preſent paſſage.—T.

[2] In the Greek original there ſeems here to be a conſiderable omiſſion, which we have endeavoured to ſupply as follows: the ſupplemental words being thoſe included between theſe marks [ ]; *απο των καλων σωματων [επι τας καλας ψυχας, και απο των καλων ψυχων] επι τα καλα επιτηδευματα, κ. τ. λ.* Some ſuch words are plainly neceſſary to make this recapitulation agreeable to the account at large given before.—S.

[3] In all editions of the Greek original we here read *Μαντινικη*. This ſeems to have been the ground

the ultimate object of desire to man: it is to live in beholding this consummate beauty; the sight of which if ever you attain, it will appear not to be in gold [1], nor in magnificent attire, nor in beautiful youths or damsels: with such, however, at present, many of you are so entirely taken up, and with the sight of them so absolutely charmed, that you would rejoice to spend your whole lives, were it possible, in the presence of those enchanting objects, without any thoughts of eating or drinking, but feasting your eyes only with their beauty, and living always in the bare sight of it. If this be so, what effect, think you, would the sight of beauty itself have upon a man, were he to see it pure and genuine, not corrupted and stained all over with the mixture of flesh, and colours, and much more of like perishing and fading trash; but were able to view that divine essence, the beautiful itself, in its own simplicity of form? Think you, said she, that the life of such a man would be contemptible or mean; of the man who always directed his eye toward the right object, who looked always at real beauty, and was conversant with it continually? 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, not the images or semblances of virtue, as not having his intimate commerce with an image or a semblance; but virtue true, real, and substantial, from the converse and embraces of that which is real and true. Thus begetting true virtue, and bringing her up till she is grown mature, he would become a favourite of

ground on which Harry Stephens and Dr. Davis built their supposition, that the word μαντικη, where it occurred in a prior passage, was a corrupt reading, and should be changed into Μαντινικη. But we are inclined to think, that the passage now before us ought to be accommodated to that, rather than to this; especially since the reading of μαντικη in this place, as well as in that other, is favoured by the Latin translation of Ficinus; a translation which has always had the authority of a manuscript allowed it, as having been made from a manuscript copy, not consulted by any of the editors, with an exactness almost verbal, and accordingly with very little regard to style, and with no great attention to the sense.—S.

[1] I am sorry to say that nothing can be more absurd than the notes of Mr. Sydenham on this part of the dialogue. In consequence of being perfectly ignorant of the polytheism of the Greeks, he is continually offering violence to the meaning of Plato, in order to make that philosopher join with him in ridiculing the religion of Greece. Hence, according to Mr. Sydenham, Plato, when [illegible] that the beautiful itself is not in gold, nor in beautiful youths or damsels, intends by [illegible] the gilt statues, and the notion that such beautiful forms as those of Ganymede and Hebe were the ornaments of the court of heaven, and the delight of Jupiter himself!—T.

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the Gods; and at length would be, if any man ever be, himſelf one of the immortals.—The doctrines which I have now delivered to you, Phædrus, 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 it is difficult for any man to find a better guide or aſſiſtant to him than Love, in his way to happineſs. And on this account, I further contend, that every man ought to pay all due honours to that patron of human nature. For my own part, I make it my chief ſtudy to cultivate the art which Love teaches, and employ myſelf upon the ſubjects proper for the exerciſe of that art with a particular attention; encouraging others to follow my example, and at all times, as well as now, celebrating the power and virtue of Love as far as I am able.—This ſpeech, Phædrus, you may accept, if you are ſo pleaſed, for a panegyric in praiſe of Love: or if you chooſe to call it by any other name, and to take it in any other ſenſe, be that its right name, and that its proper acceptation.

THE SPEECH OF ALCIBIADES.

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 the porch, together with the voices of the intoxicated, 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, aſking where Agatho was, and commanding to be led to him. The flute-player, therefore, and ſome other of his companions, brought him to Agatho, and ſtood with him at the doors, he being crowned with a 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 the moſt beautiful perſon, if I may be allowed ſo to ſpeak. Do you, therefore, laugh at

 me

me as one intoxicated? However, though you may laugh, I well know that I ſpeak the truth. But tell me immediately, whether I may come in to him or not; and whether you continue drinking or not? All the company, therefore, was in an uproar, and ordered him to enter and ſeat himſelf; which he accordingly did, and called for Agatho. Agatho, therefore, came, led by his companions; and Alcibiades at the ſame time taking off his fillets, that he might crown him, did not ſee Socrates, though he ſat before him, but ſat near Agatho, and between him and Socrates: for Socrates had made way for him that he might ſit. Alcibiades, therefore, 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 aſked, Who is this third drinking companion of ours? and at the ſame time turning himſelf round ſaw Socrates; but ſeeing him, he ſtarted, and exclaimed, O Hercules! what is this? Are you again ſitting here to enſnare me? as it is uſual with you to appear ſuddenly where I leaſt expected to find you. And now for what purpoſe are you here? And why do you ſit in this place, and not with Ariſtophanes, or with ſome other who is ridiculous, and wiſhes to be ſo? But you have contrived to ſit with the moſt beautiful of the gueſts. Then Socrates ſaid to Agatho, See if you can aſſiſt me; for the love of this man is not to me a vile thing; ſince from the time in which I began to love him I am no longer at liberty either to behold or ſpeak to any beautiful perſon. Or does not he, in conſequence of emulating and envying me in amatory affairs, contrive wonderful devices, and alſo revile and ſcarcely keep his hands from me? See, therefore, that he does not do this now, but conciliate us; or, if he ſhould attempt violence, aſſiſt me: for the mania of this man, and his amatory impulſe, very much terrify me.—Alcibiades then ſaid, There is no occaſion for any conciliation between you and me. I ſhall, however, at ſome other time take vengeance on you for theſe things. But now, Agatho, ſays he, give me ſome of the fillets, that I may crown the wonderful head of this man, that he may not blame me that I have crowned 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 fillets, he crowned Socrates, and ſeated himſelf. Being ſeated, therefore, he ſaid, Come, gentlemen, drink, for you appear to me to be ſober. This, however, is not to be allowed; for it was agreed that we ſhould drink. I therefore engage to be your

your leader in drinking, till you have drunk enough. But, Agatho, paſs the cup, if there is any large one. Or, rather, there is no occaſion for this; but Bring hither, boy, ſaid he, that cooling veſſel, which ſeems to hold more than eight cotylæ[1]. Having filled this veſſel, he firſt drank himſelf, and afterwards ordered them to pour out of it 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[2]. Socrates, therefore, the boy having poured out of the large veſſel, drank. But then Eryximachus ſaid, How ſhall we do, Alcibiades? Shall we neither ſay any thing, nor ſing any thing, over the cup; but act exactly like thoſe that are thirſty? Upon this Alcibiades ſaid, Hail, Eryximachus! beſt of men, ſprung from the beſt and moſt prudent of fathers. And hail to you, ſaid Eryximachus. But what ſhall we do? That which you order us; for it is neceſſary to be obedient to you. For a man who is a phyſician is equivalent to many others. Command, therefore, whatever you pleaſe. Hear then, ſaid Eryximachus. Before you entered, 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 alſo ſhould 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. Eryximachus then ſaid, You ſpeak well, Alcibiades; but it is not equitable that a man intoxicated ſhould engage in a verbal competition with thoſe that are ſober. But, O bleſſed man, has Socrates perſuaded you with reſpect to any

[1] That is, $\frac{8}{12}$ths of a peck.

[2] What Plato ſays near the end of his firſt book of Laws concerning drinking largely, may ſerve as a comment on what is here, and in other parts of this oration, related of Socrates: "If ſome one," ſays he, "confiding in his own nature, and being properly prepared by meditation, ſhould not refuſe to exerciſe himſelf with many drinking aſſociates, and ſhould evince, in the neceſſary conſumption of the liquor, a power ſo tranſcendent and ſtrong, as neither greatly to err through impudence, nor to be changed through virtue; but towards the end of the liquor ſhould depart without being intoxicated, fearing any human potion the leaſt of all things;—in this caſe, he would do ſomething well." And to this Clinias, one of the perſons of the dialogue, replies: "Certainly. For ſuch a one, by thus acting, would conduct himſelf with temperance and modeſty." Plato, doubtleſs, alluded to Socrates in writing this.

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thing which he juſt now ſaid? Or do you know that every thing which he ſaid 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. Will you not predict better things? ſaid Socrates. By Neptune, ſaid Alcibiades, ſay nothing to theſe things; for I ſhall praiſe no other perſon when you are preſent. Do ſo then, ſaid Eryximachus: if you will, praiſe Socrates. How do you ſay? ſaid Alcibiades. Does it ſeem to you fit, O Eryximachus, that I ſhould attack this man, and revenge myſelf before you? So then, ſaid Socrates, what have you in your mind? Will you praiſe me for things ridiculous? or what will you do? I ſhall ſpeak the truth. But ſee if you permit me. Indeed, ſaid Socrates, I not only permit, but order you to ſpeak the truth. I ſhall by all means do ſo, ſaid Alcibiades. But obſerve, if I ſhould aſſert any thing 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 any thing. And do not wonder if, in conſequence of recollecting, I narrate different circumſtances from different places; for it is not an eaſy thing for a man in my condition to enumerate readily, and in ſucceſſion, thy wonderful nature. But, gentlemen, I will thus endeavour to praiſe Socrates through images. He indeed will, perhaps, ſuſpect that I ſhall turn my diſcourſe to things ridiculous; but the image will be for the ſake of truth, and not for the ſake of the ridiculous.

I ſay, then, that Socrates is moſt ſimilar to 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 they are biſected, appear to contain within ſtatues [1] of the Gods. And I again ſay, that he reſembles the

[1] Correſponding with this is the following paſſage from the Scholia of Maximus on the works of the Pſeudo-Dionyſius the Areopagite: Εκεινοι γαρ (i. e. Græci) δια τινας ανδριαντας εποιουν, μητε χειρας, μητε ποδας εχοντας, ὀυς ἑρμας εκαλουν. εποιουν δε αυτους διακενους θυρας εχοντας, καθαπερ τοιχοπυργιτκους. εσωθεν ουν αυτων ετιθεσαν αγαλματα, ὠν εσεβον θεων, εξωθεν δε απεκλειον τους ἑρμας· εφαινοντο ουν ὀι ἑρμαι ευτελεις, εσωθεν δε τουτων, θεων αυτων καλλωπισμους ειχον. Dionyſii Opera, tom. ii. p. 209. i. e. "The Greeks made certain ſtatues, having neither hands nor feet, which they called Hermæ. They faſhioned theſe with avenues, like turrets on a wall. Within theſe, therefore, they placed the ſtatues of the Gods whom they worſhipped; but they cloſed the Hermæ externally. Hence theſe Hermæ appeared to be things of no value; but inwardly they contained the ornaments of the Gods themſelves."

ſatyr

ſatyr Marſyas. That your outward form, therefore, 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 piper much more wonderful than Marſyas[1]? For he charmed men through inſtruments, by a power proceeding from the mouth; and he alſo accompliſhes this even now, when any one uſes that modulation. For I call the modulation of Olympus[2] that of Marſyas, becauſe he inſtructed Olympus in it. That harmony, therefore, whether it is produced by a good piper, or by a bad female player on the pipe, alone detains the hearers, and manifeſts, becauſe it is divine, thoſe that ſtand in need[3] 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, therefore, 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 bad ſpeaker, and whether it be a woman, or a man, or a lad, that is the auditor, we are aſtoniſhed and poſſeſſed. I therefore, my friends, unleſs I ſhould appear to be very much intoxicated, will tell you upon oath in what manner I have been affected by the diſcourſes of this man, and how I am even now affected.

[1] A celebrated piper of Celæne in Phrygia. He was ſo ſkilful in playing on the flute, that he is generally conſidered as the inventor of it. It is fabled of him, that he challenged Apollo to a trial of his ſkill as a muſician; and, being vanquiſhed, the God flayed him alive.

[2] Olympus was both a poet and a muſician: he was the diſciple of Marſyas, and flouriſhed before the Trojan war.

[3] Proclus, in his MS. Commentary on the Firſt Alcibiades, where he makes a diviſion of muſical inſtruments, obſerves, that thoſe of an exciting nature were moſt adapted to enthuſiaſtic energy. Hence, ſays he, in the myſteries, and in the greateſt of myſtic ſacrifices, the pipe is uſeful: for they employ its motive power in order to excite the dianoëtic part to divinity. Τα δη κινητικα προς ενθουσιαν οικειοτατα· διο δη και εν τοις μυστηριοις και εν ταις τελεταις χρησιμος αυλος. χρωνται γαρ αυτου τῳ κινητικῳ προς την της διανοιας εγερσιν επι το θειον. Such, therefore, as were excited by the melody of the pipe in a very ſmall degree, may be ſuppoſed to be implied by thoſe that ſtand in need of the Gods and myſteries; as the other machinery of the myſteries, in conjunction with the pipe, would neceſſarily produce that excitation which the pipe alone was, in ſuch as theſe, incapable of effecting.

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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 from his diſcourſes. I alſo ſee many others affected in the ſame manner. But when I hear Pericles, and 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 were in a 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, but attend to the affairs of the Athenians [1]. By violence, therefore, reſtraining my ears, I depart from him, flying, as it were, from the Syrens, leſt I ſhould ſit with him till I became old. From him alone likewiſe, of all men, I ſuffer that which no one would think to be in me, to be aſhamed of ſomething. But I am abaſhed before him alone. For I am conſcious that I am unable to deny that what he exhorts me 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, in conſequence of what I had conſented to do. 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 modulations, indeed, of this ſatyr, both I and many others have ſuffered ſuch-like things.

But hear from me how much he reſembles ſuch things as I ſhall aſſimilate 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 then that he is diſpoſed in a very amatory manner towards beautiful things; and that he is always converſant with and aſtoniſhed about theſe. And again, he knows all things, and yet knows nothing [2]; ſo that this figure of him is very Silenical; for he is externally inveſted

[1] See the Firſt Alcibiades.

[2] Very few have penetrated the profound meaning of Socrates when he ſaid that he knew nothing.

invefted with it, like a carved Silenus. But when he is opened inwardly, would you think, O my fellow guefts, how replete he is with temperance? Know alfo, that neither if any one is beautiful, does he pay any attention to his beauty, but defpifes it far beyond what you would fuppofe; nor does he efteem any one for being rich, or for poffeffing any other honour from the things which are confidered as bleffed by the multitude. But he thinks that all thefe poffeffions are of no worth, and that we are nothing. He alfo paffes the whole of his life among men in irony and jeft; but when he is ferious and is opened, I know not whether any one of you has feen the images which are within. I however once faw them, and they appeared to me to be fo divine, golden, all-beautiful and wonderful, that I was determined to act in every refpect conformably to the advice of Socrates. Thinking too that he paid great attention to my beauty, I confidered this as my gain, and as a circumftance wonderfully fortunate, as I conceived that by gratifying Socrates I fhould hear from him all that he knew. For I formed a great opinion of my beauty, and thought it admirable. Thus conceiving, as prior to this I had never been with him alone without an attendant, I then difmiffed my attendant, and remained with him alone: for it is neceffary to narrate every thing to you truly.

But now attend to me; and if I lie, do you, Socrates, confute me. I was with him, O my fellow guefts, I alone with him alone, and expected that he would immediately fpeak to me in fuch a manner as lovers are accuftomed to fpeak to the objects of their love in folitude; and I was delighted with the expectation. Nothing however of this kind took place; but he difcourfed with me as ufual till evening, and then departed. After this, I incited him to engage with me in gymnaftic exercifes, expecting that I fhould effect fomething by this mean. We engaged, therefore, in thefe exercifes, and often wreftled together, no one being prefent. But what occafion is there to fay more? I did not in the leaft accomplifh my purpofe. Not fucceeding, therefore, in this in any refpect, it appeared to me that I fhould attack the man more ftrenuoufly, fince it was my determination to enfnare him. Hear now then what the thing was. I invited him to fup

thing. But he doubtlefs intended to fignify by this the nothingnefs of human compared with divine knowledge. For to *know* that this is the true condition of human knowledge, it is neceffary to know previoufly all the natures fuperior to man.

with me, in reality forming the ſame ſtratagem as a lover would for the objects of his love. He did not readily accept my invitation: however, ſome time after he accepted it. But when he came, as ſoon as he had ſupped, he wiſhed to depart; and then I being aſhamed conſented to his going away. Again however attacking him, after ſupper, I diſcourſed with him a conſiderable part of the night; and when he again wiſhed to depart, obſerving that it was late, I compelled him to ſtay. He repoſed, therefore, in a bed next to mine, and in which he had ſupped; and no other perſon beſides us ſlept in the houſe. Thus far then, what I have ſaid is well, and might have been ſaid to any one; but you muſt not hear me narrate what follows without firſt admitting the proverb, that wine without childhood [1] and with childhood is true. Beſides, to leave in obſcurity the proud deed of Socrates appears to me unjuſt in one who undertakes to praiſe him. To which I may add, that I am affected in the ſame manner as he is who is bitten by a viper: for they ſay he is not willing to tell his feelings except to thoſe that are in a ſimilar condition, as they alone can know them, and will pardon every thing which he may dare to do and ſay through the pain. I, therefore, have been bit by that which gives more pain, and which indeed cauſes the moſt acute of all pains. For thoſe who have the heart or ſoul, or whatever elſe it may be proper to call it, bit and wounded by philoſophic diſcourſes, find the pain to be much more acute than that produced by the bite of the viper, and are impelled by it to do and ſay any thing; when ſuch diſcourſes are received in a ſoul juvenile and not ignoble. Again, therefore, looking at Phædrus, Agatho, Eryximachus, Pauſanias, Ariſtodemus, Ariſtophanes, and, in ſhort, Socrates, and the reſt of the company; Since all of you, ſaid he, partake with me of the mania and Bacchic fury of philoſophy, on this account let all hear me. For you will pardon what I then did, and what I now ſay. But let the ſervants, or any other profane [2] and ruſtic perſon that may be preſent, cloſe their ears with mighty gates.

[1] Meaning that wine makes both children and others ſpeak the truth.

[2] Plato when he wrote this had doubtleſs that Orphic verſe in his mind,

Φθεξομαι ὁις θεμις εστι, θυρας δ' επιθεσθε βεϐηλοι.

i. e. "I ſpeak to thoſe to whom it is lawful; ſhut your gates, ye profane." And Proclus informs

gates. When, therefore, the lamp was exinguiſhed, and the ſervants had left the room, it appeared to me requiſite to employ no diſſimulation towards him, but freely to tell him my ſentiments. And I ſaid, moving him, Socrates, are you aſleep? Not yet, he replied. Do you know then, what I conceive? About what particularly? ſaid he. You appear to me, I replied, to be the only lover worthy of me, though you are not forward in courting me. But, as I am thus affected, I think it would be very ſtupid, not to gratify you in this particular, and in any thing elſe of which you may be in want, whether it be my property, or my friends: for nothing is to me more honourable than to become the beſt of men. But I think that no one can give me more aſſiſtance in this than you. And I ſhould much more fear the reprehenſions of the wiſe, in not gratifying ſuch a man, than I ſhould fear the many and the unwiſe by gratifying him. Socrates, having heard me, ſaid, very ironically, and very much after his uſual manner, O beloved Alcibiades, you appear in reality to be no vile perſon, if what you ſay concerning me is true, and there is in me a certain power, through which you can be made better, and if alſo you perceive in me an immenſe beauty, and very much excelling the elegance of your form. If, therefore, perceiving this, you endeavour to have communion with me, and to change beauty for beauty, you ſtrive to poſſeſs much more than I do; for inſtead of the opinion you endeavour to obtain the truth of beauty, and conceive that you ſhall in reality exchange braſs for gold. But, O bleſſed youth, conſider more maturely, nor let me be concealed from you, who am nothing. For then indeed the ſight

us in his MS. Commentary on the Firſt Alcibiades, that there was an inſcription in the Eleuſinian grove forbidding the uninitiated to enter into the adyta or ſecret receſſes of the temple. *Τοις γαρ εις το των Ελευσινιων τεμενος εισιουσιν, εδηλον το προγραμμα μη χωρειν εισω των αδυτων, αμυητοις ουσι και ατελεστοις.*

Alcibiades, therefore, as he is about to relate a circumſtance which, conſidered independently of the deſign with which it is mentioned, is indecent, very properly forbids the profane to be auditors of it. For in this he follows the myſteries, in which, as I have ſhown in my Diſſertation on them, p. 123, the indecent was introduced. In the myſteries too, as exhibitions of this kind were deſigned to free the initiated from licentious paſſions by gratifying the ſight, and at the ſame time vanquiſhing deſire through the awful ſanctity with which theſe rites were accompanied, ſo what is now related by Alcibiades is introduced by Plato, in order to liberate his countrymen from an unnatural vice. So that it benefits the reader at the ſame time that it exalts the character

ſight of the dianoëtic power begins to perceive acutely, when that of the eye loſes its acme. You, however, are as yet at a diſtance from theſe things. Having heard him, I replied, With reſpect to myſelf the particulars are ſuch as I have told you, nor have I ſaid any thing different from what I conceive; but do you adviſe in ſuch a manner as you may think beſt both for you and me. This, ſaid he, you ſay well: for in future let us, conſulting together, do that which appears to be beſt for us, both about theſe and other particulars. Having heard and replied to theſe things, and ceaſing to ſpeak, as if I had thought that he was wounded with a dart, I roſe, and would not ſuffer him to ſpeak any more; and wrapping myſelf round with this old garment (for it was winter), I reclined in it, embracing in my arms this truly divine and wonderful man, and thus lay the whole night. And again, Socrates, neither will you ſay that I have aſſerted theſe things falſely. But though I acted in this manner, yet he was victorious, and deſpiſed, ridiculed, and even inſulted my beauty. And as, O my fellow gueſts, you are judges of the haughtineſs of Socrates, I call the Gods and Goddeſſes to witneſs, that I roſe from Socrates no otherwiſe than if I had ſlept with my father, or my elder brother.

What then do you ſuppoſe were my thoughts after this, conceiving that I had been deſpiſed, but admiring the nature, the temperance and fortitude of this man? conceiving that I had met with ſuch a man for prudence and fortitude, as I ſhould never have expected to find? Hence I could not be in any reſpect angry with him, nor could I abandon his converſation, nor diſcover any means of alluring him. For I well knew that it is much more difficult to ſubdue him by money, than it was to vanquiſh Ajax by the

racter of Socrates. Admirably, therefore, is it obſerved by Jamblichus, (De Myſt. p. 22.) "that as in comedies and tragedies, on beholding the paſſions of others we repreſs our own, render them moderate, and are purified from them; in like manner in the myſteries, by ſeeing and hearing things indecent, we are liberated from the injury with which the performance of them is attended." He adds, "Things of this kind, therefore, are introduced for the ſake of healing our ſoul, moderating the maladies which adhere to it through generation, and freeing it from its bonds; and hence Heraclitus very properly called them *remedies*. Δια τουτο εν τῃ κωμωδιᾳ και τραγωδιᾳ αλλοτρια παθη θεωρουντες ιστα μεν τα οικεια παθη, και μετριωτερα απεργαζομεθα, και αποκαθαιρομεν· εν τε τοις ἱεροις, θεαμασι τισι και ακουσμασι των αισχρων, απολυομεθα της επι των εργων απ᾽ αυτων συμπιπτουσης βλαβης. Θεραπειας ουν ἑνεκα της εν ἡμιν ψυχης, και μετριοτητος των δια την γενεσιν προσφυομενων αυτῃ κακων, λυσεως τε απο των δεσμων, και απαλλαγης χαριν, τα τοιαυτα προσαγεται· και δια τουτο εικοτως αυτα ακεα Ἡρακλειτος προσειπεν.

ſword; and that by which alone I thought he might be enſnared deceived me. Hence I wandered about dubious, and more enſlaved by this man than any one by any other. All theſe things, therefore, were at that time effected by me. After this, he was my aſſociate and my daily gueſt in the military expedition againſt Potidæa. And here, in the firſt place, he not only ſurpaſſed me, but all others, in labours. Hence, when we were compelled through a deficiency of proviſions to faſt, as is ſometimes the caſe in armies, the reſt were nothing to him with 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 the moſt wonderful of all, no one ever ſaw Socrates intoxicated. However, it ſeems to me that a confutation of this will immediately follow [1]. 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 of his tent, 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. But the ſoldiers beheld him as one who deſpiſed them. And thus much for theſe particulars.

Again, what this ſtrenuous man did and endured in that army, it is worth while to hear. For thinking deeply about ſomething one morning, he ſtood conſidering it; and though he was not able to diſcover what he was inveſtigating, he did not deſiſt, but ſtood exploring. It was now too mid-day, and the ſoldiers perceived him, and wondering, ſaid one to the other, that Socrates had ſtood from the morning cogitating [2]. At length ſome of the Ionian

[1] Alcibiades ſays this as being intoxicated himſelf.

[2] Socrates is not the only inſtance of this dominion of the rational ſoul over the body, but a ſimilar abſtraction is related of other philoſophers. It is ſaid of Xenocrates, the diſciple of Plato, that he was for one hour every day abſtracted from body. Archimedes was ſo intent on geometrical figures that he was inſenſible to the capture of his country, and to the enemy ſtanding before him. Plotinus, as his diſciple Porphyry informs us, was often ſo abſtracted from body, as to be united by an ineffable energy with the higheſt God; and this alſo once happened to Porphyry. Heraclitus and Democritus, in order to obtain this abſtraction in perfection, withdrew into ſolitude.

Ionian ſoldiers when it was evening, having ſupped (for it was then ſummer), laid themſelves down 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 he departed, having firſt adored the ſun. If you are alſo willing, hear how he conducted himſelf in battle; for it is but juſt to relate this. For in that engagement in 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 preſerved 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 dignity, wiſhed to give me thoſe rewards, you alſo being 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, therefore, 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 then I could ſee Socrates better than at Potidæa; for I was in leſs fear, becauſe I was on horſeback. In the firſt place, therefore, he greatly ſurpaſſed Laches in prudent caution; and, in the next place, he appeared to me, O Ariſtophanes, to carry himſelf loftily, as you alſo ſay he does here, and darting his eye around calmly to ſurvey both friends and enemies; ſo that it was manifeſt to every one, and even to him that was at a conſiderable diſtance, that he who touched this man

tude. Hence the former of theſe through intenſe ſtudy was of a ſorrowful aſpect; and the latter, when he began to recall his intellect from the ſenſes, and was impeded by his eyes, blinded himſelf. In ſhort, all thoſe who have made great diſcoveries in the regions of ſcience have accompliſhed this by retiring from body into the ſublime tower of intellect. Hence Plato ſays in the Phædrus, that the intellects of philoſophers eſpecially recover the wings of the ſoul, becauſe they are always attentive to divine concerns; and on this account he at one time calls ſuch philoſophers divine, and at another ſons of the Gods. Hence too Ariſtotle ſays, in his Problems, that all who have excelled in any art have been melancholy, whether they were born ſuch, or whether they became ſuch by continued meditation.

would be very ſtrenuouſly reſiſted. Hence both he and his companion retreated with ſecurity; for ſcarcely was any one attacked who thus conducted himſelf in the battle, but they purſued thoſe that fled rapidly and in diſorder.

There are many other things, indeed, in which Socrates is admirable, and for which he might be praiſed. And in other purſuits, others perhaps may merit the ſame praiſe; but to reſemble no man, neither of the antients nor the moderns, this is a circumſtance worthy of all wonder. For ſuch as Achilles was, ſuch alſo it may be conjectured was Braſidas [1] 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 antients. 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 the nouns and verbs which he employs externally enfold a certain gift of a reviling Satyr. For he ſpeaks of aſſes and their burthens, of copper-ſmiths, ſhoe-makers and tanners, and he always appears to ſay the ſame things through the ſame; ſo that every unſkilful and ignorant man will ridicule his words. But he who beholds his diſcourſes when opened, and 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, are replete with numerous images of virtue, and have a very ample extent, or rather extend themſelves to every thing 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 alone acted in thismanner towards me, but alſo towards Charmides the ſon of Glauco, Euthydemus the

[1] Braſidas was a famous Spartan general, who, after many great victories obtained over Athens and other Grecian ſtates, died of a wound at Amphipolis, which Cleon the Athenian had beſieged.

ſon

ſon of Diocles, and very many others; for he has deceived theſe, as if he had been their lover, when at the ſame time he rather became the beloved object himſelf. 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 Alcibiabes had thus ſpoken, the freedom of his ſpeech excited a general laugh, becauſe he appeared to have for Socrates an amatory regard. Socrates, therefore, ſaid, You ſeem to me, O Alcibiades, to be ſober; for, otherwiſe, you would not have attempted in ſo elegant and circuitous a manner to conceal that for the ſake of which you have ſaid all theſe things, nor would you have aſſerted that which, as if foreign from the purpoſe, you have added at the end; as if the intention of all that you have ſaid was not to ſeparate me and Agatho. For you think that I ought to love you and no other, and that Agatho ought to be loved by you, and by no one beſides. Neither is this Satyric and Silenic drama of yours concealed from, but is perfectly evident to, us. But, dear Agatho, may none of theſe his contrivances ſucceed! and let us endeavour that nothing may ſeparate 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, that he may 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 Jupiter! Alcibiades exclaimed, how much do I ſuffer from this man! He thinks it is neceſſary to ſurpaſs me in every thing; but, O wonderful man, ſuffer Agatho, if no one elſe, to ſit between us. It is impoſſible, ſaid Socrates: for you have praiſed me, and it is neceſſary that I ſhould now praiſe him ſitting at my right hand. If, therefore, Agatho reclines under you, he certainly will not again praiſe me before he has been praiſed by me. But ceaſe, O dæmoniacal man, and do not envy my praiſe of the lad; for I very much deſire to paſs an encomium on him. Excellent! excellent! ſaid Agatho to Alcibiades: there is no reaſon why I ſhould ſtay here, but there is every reaſon that I ſhould change my ſeat, that I may be praiſed by Socrates. Theſe things, ſaid Alcibiades, are uſual: when Socrates is preſent, it is impoſſible for any other to ſhare the favours of the beautiful. And now obſerve how eaſily, and with what perſuaſive language, he draws this youth to him. After this Agatho roſe, that he might ſit by Socrates: but on a ſud-

den 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 and Phædrus, and some others, went home to take some sleep; but that he slept there very abundantly, the nights being long, and rose about daybreak, the cocks then crowing. When, therefore, he had risen, 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 discoursing with them; but that he did not recollect what the discourse was, because he was not present at the beginning of it, as he was then asleep. However, the sum of it, he said, was this, that Socrates compelled them to acknowledge that it was the province of the same person to compose comedy and tragedy; and that he who was by art a tragic, was also a comic poet. When they had assented to these things by compulsion, and not very readily, Aristodemus said, they fell asleep; and that Aristophanes fell asleep first, and afterwards, it being now day, Agatho; but that Socrates, they being asleep, rising, went out, he as usual following him. And lastly, that Socrates went to the Lyceum, and, having washed himself as at another time, conversed there the whole day, and in the evening went home to rest,

THE END OF THE BANQUET.

ADDITIONAL