THE LYSIS:

A DIALOGUE

ON

FRIENDSHIP.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE LYSIS.

WHEN Socrates, ſays Ficinus, diſputes with the ſophiſts and their followers, he confutes falſe opinions, and ſignifies, rather than teaches, ſuch as are true. This is evident from the Euthydemus, Protagoras, Meno, Hippias, Euthyphro, and Lyſis. But where he diſcourſes with his diſciples, and thoſe who were anxious to be inſtructed, he unfolds and teaches, as is evident from many of the preceding dialogues. In this Dialogue, therefore, in which he diſputes concerning friendſhip among the diſciples of the ſophiſts, he is rather ſtudious of confuting falſe opinions than of demonſtrating ſuch as are true.

But, that we may take a curſory view of the contents of the Lyſis, in the firſt place, Socrates reproves thoſe who pervert the power of love, and, under the pretext of friendſhip, are ſubſervient to baſe luſt. In the ſecond place, he admoniſhes thoſe who, looking no higher than corporeal beauty, think themſelves worthy to be beloved for this alone. And, in the laſt place, he indicates to the ſagacious a certain path by which friendſhip may be inveſtigated and diſcovered. Again, while Socrates ironically derides Hippothales and Cteſippus, he ſignifies that they were captivated by baſe love. And, while in their preſence he prepares youth for moral diſcipline, he admoniſhes lovers how they ſhould live together, and what kind of attachment they ſhould entertain for each other. Having inſtructed lovers in the ſecond part of the Dialogue, he inſtructs thoſe that are the objects of love;

and, by a long ſeries of induction, teaches that wiſdom and prudence ought to be explored by friends, which compoſe the true beauty of the ſoul, and not the ſhadowy form of this fleeting body. In the third place, he confutes, and firſt the opinion of Solon, who ſaid that thoſe who are beloved are friends; for theſe often hate their lovers. He adds, that neither are lovers only friends, becauſe theſe are frequently the objects of hatred. And here he concludes that reciprocal benevolence ſhould be called friendſhip. In the next place, he reproves Empedocles, who was of opinion that any kind of ſimilitude is ſufficient to produce friendſhip. This, however, the ſimilitude of many arts ſhows to be falſe, which more frequently generates envy and hatred than friendſhip. In the laſt place, the aſſertion of Heſiod and Heraclitus is adduced, that diſſimilars are friendly to each other.—That they are not, however, appears from this, that hatred and love, ſince they are diſſimilars, will not be friendly, nor will a juſt and an unjuſt man; and of others in a ſimilar manner. And, if it ſhould be ſaid that ſometimes a thing deſires that which is diſſimilar to itſelf, as that which is dry, moiſture, or that which is hot, the cold, the anſwer is, that it does not in this caſe love its contrary, but ſeeks after a reſtitution of itſelf from a contrary. For that which is preternaturally hot is reduced through cold to its proper temperament; ſo that it does not love cold, but through it deſires a temperament accommodated to its nature.

Having confuted theſe aſſertions, Socrates, as if propheſying, introduces a certain opinion as his own, and ſays that there appear to him to be three genera of things, the good, the evil, and that which is neither good nor evil. But the evil, on account of diverſity, cannot be a friend to the good, and the evil, through injuſtice, are injured by the evil. Theſe, therefore, cannot be mutually friends. It is likewiſe impoſſible for him who is neither good nor evil to love the evil; for evil, ſince it is noxious, is always attended with hatred. It remains, therefore, that friendſhip muſt ſubſiſt between the good and the good, and between that which is neither, and the good. But here certain objections ariſe which Socrates openly introduces, but the ſolutions of which he occultly indicates. In the firſt place, the good is ſimilar to the good; but it was ſaid, in oppoſition to the opinion of Empedocles, that ſimilars are not friendly to each other. It muſt, however, be obſerved, that it was not aſſerted that ſimilars are by no means friendly; but it was denied that every kind

kind of ſimilitude is ſufficient to the production of friendſhip. Again, when, in the ſecond place, it is objected that the good man is ſufficient to himſelf, that on this account he does not deſire another, is without love, and therefore is not the friend of the good;—it muſt be obſerved that this abſurdity does not follow from the doctrine of Plato, but from the aſſertions of Empedocles and Heraclitus ſuperficially conſidered, in which the deſire of love is not apparently diſtinguiſhed from friendſhip. And as deſire is a want, for it always tends to ſomething unpoſſeſſed, it follows, from this doctrine, that friendſhip is always attended with deſire. To admit this, however, would be to confound friendſhip with love. But, according to Plato, they are different, becauſe they are directed to different ends: for friendſhip tends to the good, and love to the beautiful.

In ſhort, friendſhip, conſidered with relation to man, is a union among worthy characters, ariſing from a ſimilitude of diſpoſition and purſuits. Love alſo is a union between the lover and the beloved; but it differs from the union of friendſhip in this, that the former is inſeparable from indigence, from which likewiſe it originates; while, on the other hand, the latter ariſes from plenitude, with which it is conſtantly attended in proportion to the perfection which it poſſeſſes. In the friendſhips, indeed, of the moſt worthy men, this union is not without deſire, and is conſequently accompanied with want; but this is becauſe the object of friendſhip is not in this caſe the higheſt good. Hence friendſhip with divinity is the only union in which a perfect plenitude is produced, deſire dies, and indigence is unknown.

The character of this Dialogue, like that of the Theætetus, is *maieutic*, and the conceptions here, of which Socrates is the midwife, as well as there, are abortive.

THE

THE LYSIS.

THE PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE.

SOCRATES, HIPPOTHALES, ‖ CTESIPPUS[1], MENEXENUS,

And LYSIS.

ON going from the Academy, in a ſtraight line to the Lyceum, which is indeed out of the walls, but cloſe to them, when I arrived at the gate, where there is the fountain Panopis, I met with Hippothales the ſon of Hieronymus, and Cteſippus Pæanæus, and other young men who were aſſembled together with theſe. And Hippothales, on ſeeing me approaching, O Socrates, ſays he, whither are you going, and whence do you come?—I replied, I came from the Academy, and am going in a direct road to the Lyceum.—But will you not come to us, ſays he? For it is worth while.—I replied, Whither do you wiſh me to go, and to whom among you?—Hither, ſays he, ſhowing me a certain encloſure, and an open gate, oppoſite to the wall. Here we, and many other very worthy perſons, paſs away our time.—I then aſked him, What is this place, and what do you employ yourſelves about?—It is a Palæſtra, ſays he, newly built: but we ſpend our time for the moſt part in diſcourſe, which we ſhall gladly communicate to you.—You do well, ſaid I. But who is the preceptor in that place?—Your aſſociate and encomiaſt, ſays he, Miccus.—By Jupiter, ſaid I, he is not a vulgar man, but a ſufficiently great ſophiſt.—Are you willing therefore, ſays he, to follow me, that you may ſee thoſe that are aſſembled in that place?—But I ſhould firſt of all gladly hear

[1] Cteſippus was a ſon of Chabrias the Athenian general. After his father's death he was received into the houſe of Phocion, the friend of Chabrias. Phocion in vain attempted to correct his natural foibles and extravagancies.—Plut. in Phoc.

for

for what purpoſe I am to enter, and who that beautiful perſon is.—To ſome of us, ſays he, Socrates, he does not appear to be beautiful.—But what does he appear to you to be, O Hippothales? Tell me this.—But he being thus interrogated, bluſhed.—And I ſaid, O Hippothales, ſon of Hieronymus, you need no longer inform me whether you love or not: for I know that you not only love, but that you are far advanced in love. For, with reſpect to other things, I am vile and uſeleſs, but divinity has given me the ability of very rapidly knowing a lover, and the perſon beloved.—And on hearing this, he bluſhed in a ſtill greater degree than before. Cteſippus therefore ſaid, You are polite, Hippothales, becauſe you bluſh, and refuſe to tell Socrates the name of your beloved. But you will do nothing but commend him, if Socrates ſtays only a ſhort time with you. As to our ears, Socrates, they are perfectly filled and rendered deaf with the name of Lyſis: and when Hippothales has drunk largely, it is eaſy for us to think, when we are rouſed from ſleep, that we hear the name of Lyſis. And the things which he relates concerning him in proſe, though dire, are not altogether ſo, except when he robs us of our poems, and other writings; and what is ſtill more dire, when he ſings his loves with a wonderful voice, which we are under the neceſſity of enduring to hear. But now being aſked by you, he bluſhes.—This youth then, it ſeems, I ſaid, is Lyſis. But I conjecture this; for I do not know it, from having heard his name.—They very ſeldom, ſays he, call him by his own name, but he is yet called by the name of his father, becauſe he is a man very much known. But I well know, that you are far from being unacquainted with the form of the youth: for he may be ſufficiently known from this alone.—I then ſaid, Tell me whoſe ſon he is?—He is the ſon of Democrates, ſays he, who is the eldeſt ſon of Æxoneus.—Be it ſo then, ſaid I, O Hippothales, that you have found this generous and juvenile love. But come, evince to me the things which you have ſhown to theſe perſons, that I may ſee whether you know what a lover ought to ſay reſpecting the objects of his love, either to himſelf or to others.—Do you examine, ſays he, Socrates, any thing that he aſſerts? But do you deny that you love him, as he ſays?—I do not, ſaid he. But I affirm that I do not compoſe any thing, either in proſe or verſe, with a view to my amours.—He is not well, ſays Cteſippus, but is delirious and inſane.—Upon this, I ſaid, O Hippothales, I neither requeſt to hear any verſes, nor any ſong, which you may have

have compoſed on the young man, but I deſire to become acquainted with your thoughts, that I may know in what manner you conduct yourſelf in your amours.—Cteſippus here, ſays he, will tell you: for he accurately knows and remembers; ſince, as he ſays, he has heard me continually talking about him.—Entirely ſo, by the gods, ſays Cteſippus. Though indeed it is very ridiculous that he being a lover, and paying far more attention to the youth than others, ſhould have nothing of his own to ſay. Would not even a boy ſay that this is ridiculous? For what the whole city proclaims about Democrates, and Lyſis the grandfather of the youth, and about all his anceſtors, his wealth, his ſtore of horſes, his victories in the Pythian, Iſthmian, and Nemean games, and his conteſts with four horſes, and with one horſe, theſe are the very things which he celebrates. And beſides theſe, he ſpeaks of things ſtill more common: for he lately related to us, in a certain poem, the reception of Hercules as a gueſt, viz. how an anceſtor of Democrates and Lyſis entertained Hercules on account of his alliance to him, through being alſo the offspring of Jupiter and the daughter of the prince of the people;—a circumſtance, indeed, which even old women ſing. He likewiſe celebrates, Socrates, many other ſuch like particulars. And theſe are the things which he compels us to hear him relating and ſinging.—Upon hearing this, I ſaid, O ridiculous Hippothales, before you have vanquiſhed you make and ſing an encomium on yourſelf.—But I neither make nor ſing theſe things for myſelf, Socrates, ſays he.—I replied, You do not think that you do.—How do you mean?—Theſe odes, I ſaid, tend to you the moſt of all things. For if you ſhould find a beloved perſon of this kind, your aſſertions and ſongs will be an ornament to you, and an encomium on yourſelf as a conqueror, for having made ſuch an acquiſition. But if you are deceived in this reſpect, by how much greater the encomiums are which you make on your beloved, by ſo much the more you will appear to be deprived of things beautiful and good, and become ridiculous. Whoever therefore, my friend, is wiſe in amatory affairs, will not praiſe his beloved till he is well acquainted with him, in conſequence of being fearful of the event. For at the ſame time it muſt be obſerved, that ſuch as are beautiful are filled with pride and oſtentation when any one praiſes and extols them. Or do you not think this is the caſe?—He replied, I do.—Does it not therefore follow, that by how much the more

inſolent

inſolent they are, by ſo much the more difficult it is to catch them ?—It is likely.—What kind of a hunter, therefore, would he appear to you to be, who ſhould drive wild beaſts out of their lurking places, and increaſe the difficulty of taking them ?—Doubtleſs, a vile one.—And is it not a mark of great unſkilfulneſs, to exaſperate men, inſtead of alluring them by diſcourſe and ſongs ?—To me it appears to be ſo.—But conſider, O Hippothales, whether you do not render yourſelf obnoxious to all theſe things through your poeſy. Indeed, I think you are not willing to acknowledge that a man who injures himſelf in his poems can be a good poet.—I am not, by Jupiter, ſays he: for this would be very abſurd. But on account of theſe things, Socrates, I communicate my thoughts to you. And conſult with yourſelf, whether you have any thing elſe to offer, by which it may appear how a man by ſpeaking and acting may become acceptable to the objects of his love.—This, I replied, is not eaſy to relate: but if you are willing to make Lyſis join us in diſcourſe, perhaps I may be able to ſhow you what ought to be ſaid to him, inſtead of thoſe things which they ſay you have aſſerted and ſung.—He replied, there is nothing difficult in this. For if you enter this place together with Cteſippus, and ſitting down diſcourſe, I think that he will join us: for he is remarkably fond, Socrates, of hearing others converſe. Obſerve too, that both young men and boys are mingled together in this place, as being engaged in Mercurial conteſts. He will therefore come to you: and if he does not, ſince he is familiar with Cteſippus, through Menexenus the couſin of Cteſippus, (for he is in the higheſt degree of intimacy with Menexenus,) let him call him, if he does not join us of his own accord.—I replied, it is proper to act in this manner: and at the ſame time, laying hold of Cteſippus, I entered the Palæſtra, and the others came after us. But on entering, we found that the boys were ſacrificing, and that the particulars pertaining to the victims were nearly finiſhed: but all of them were playing at dice, and properly dreſſed. Many of them, therefore, were playing out of the Palæſtra in the porch; but ſome of them in a corner of the place, where they put off their clothes, were playing with a great multitude of dice, and ſelecting them from certain little baſkets. But others ſtood round theſe, beholding them; among whom was Lyſis, who was ſtanding crowned, among the boys and young men, and tranſcending all of them in the beauty of his perſon. Nor did he alone deſerve to be heard for his beauty, but becauſe he was worthy

and good. But we, withdrawing from the crowd, ſeated ourſelves oppoſite to him: for the place where we ſat was quiet; and we there entered into converſation with each other. Lyſis, therefore, turning round, often looked at us; and it was evident that he deſired to join us; but, in the mean time, he heſitated, and was averſe to come to us alone. Afterwards Menexenus came from the porch, in the midſt of the games, and as ſoon as he ſaw me and Cteſippus, came and ſeated himſelf by us. Lyſis, therefore, ſeeing him, followed, and ſat down with Menexenus. Others likewiſe came; but Hippothales, after he ſaw that many were aſſembled in this place, deſiring to be concealed, betook himſelf to a part where he thought he ſhould not be ſeen by Lyſis, fearing leſt he ſhould be offended with him; and, ſtanding in this manner, he heard the diſcourſe. And I, beholding Menexenus, ſaid, O ſon of Demophon, which of you is the elder?—He replied, weare not certain.—I then ſaid, Do you therefore contend which of you is the more generous?—Entirely ſo, ſaid he.—And in a ſimilar manner, likewiſe, which of you is the more beautiful?—At this queſtion both of them laughed.—But I ſaid, I do not alſo aſk you which of you is the more rich, for you are friends: are you not? They replied, entirely ſo.—The poſſeſſions of friends, therefore, are ſaid to be common; ſo that about this you will not, in any reſpect, diſagree, if this aſſertion about friendſhip is true.—To this they aſſented.—But after this, as I was endeavouring to aſk, which of them was the more juſt and wiſe, a certain perſon interrupted us, by telling Menexenus that he was called by the maſter of the Gymnaſium. But it appeared to me that he was called by the ſacrificer. Menexenus therefore left us; and I thus interrogated Lyſis:

Inform me, O Lyſis, if your father and your mother very much love you?—He replied, entirely ſo.—Do they not, therefore, wiſh you to be moſt happy?—Undoubtedly they do.—Does that man appear to you to be happy who is in a ſtate of ſubjection, and who is not permitted to do any thing which he deſires to do?—By Jupiter, ſays he, to me he does not.—If, therefore, your father and your mother love you, and wiſh that you may be happy, they will certainly, by every poſſible means, endeavour that you may become ſo.—How is it poſſible they ſhould not, ſaid he.—Do they, therefore, permit you to do what you pleaſe, and in no reſpect oppoſe your deſires?—By Jupiter, ſays he, Socrates, they oppoſe me in very many things.—How do you ſay? I replied.

plied.—At the ſame time that they wiſh you to be bleſſed, do they prevent you from acting as you pleaſe? But anſwer me this queſtion; If you ſhould deſire to ride in ſome one of your father's chariots, and for this purpoſe ſhould take the reins, when he is going to contend in the games, would he not ſuffer you? or would he prevent you?—By Jupiter, ſays he, he would not ſuffer me. —But would he not permit ſome one to do this?—There is a certain charioteer who is hired for this purpoſe by my father.—How do you ſay? Would your father rather ſuffer a mercenary to do what he pleaſes to the horſes than you, and, beſides this, pay him for ſo doing?—But what then? ſays he.—But I think he would permit you to drive the yoked mules, and, if you were willing, to take the whip and ſtrike them.—Why ſhould he permit me to do this? ſays he.—Why not? ſaid I. Is no one permitted to ſtrike them?—Yes, ſaid he, the muleteer, very much ſo.—Is he a ſlave, or free-born?—A ſlave.—It ſeems, therefore, that your parents think more highly of a ſlave than of you who are their ſon, and commit their affairs to him rather than to you, and that they permit him to do what he pleaſes, but do not give this liberty to you. And farther ſtill, anſwer me this queſtion, Do they ſuffer you to govern yourſelf? or neither do they permit you to do this?—For how, ſays he, ſhould they permit me? Who then governs you?—The pædagogue, ſays he.—Does he do this, being a ſlave?—But what then? he is our ſlave, ſays he.—But I replied, Is it not a dire thing for one who is free-born to be governed by a ſlave? And what does this pædagogue when he governs you do?—He leads me, ſays he, to my maſter.—And do not theſe maſters alſo govern you?—Certainly, entirely ſo.—Your father, therefore, voluntarily places over you many deſpots and governors. But when you return home to your mother, does ſhe ſuffer you to do what you pleaſe, that you may be bleſſed, either about the wool or the web, when ſhe weaves? For ſhe doubtleſs does not prevent you from touching the two-handed ſword, or the ſhuttle, or any other inſtrument ſubſervient to the working of wool.—But he laughing replied, By Jupiter, Socrates, ſhe not only prevents me, but beats me if I touch them.—By Hercules, ſaid I, have you in any reſpect injured your father or your mother?—Not I, by Jupiter, ſaid he.—On what account then do they in ſo dire a manner prevent you from being happy, and from doing what you pleaſe? And why every day do they educate you ſo as to be in ſubjection to ſome one, and, in one word, do not in the leaſt ſuffer you to

gratify your deſires? So that, as it ſeems, neither are ſuch great riches of any advantage to you (ſince every one has dominion over them rather than you), nor even your body, though it is ſo noble, but this alſo is fed and taken care of by another. But you, O Lyſis, have no authority over any one, nor do you do any thing that you deſire to do.—For I am not yet old enough, Socrates, ſays he.—But ſee whether it is not this which prevents you, O ſon of Democrates. For thus much I think both your father and mother will concede to you, and will not wait till you are more advanced in years. I mean, when they wiſh any thing to be read to or written for them, they will, I think, order you to do this the firſt in the houſe, or will they not?—Entirely ſo, ſays he.—Are you therefore allowed, in this caſe, to write which of the letters you pleaſe firſt, and which ſecond? And are you allowed to read in the ſame manner? And again, when you take up a lyre, does neither your father nor your mother prevent you from ſtretching and relaxing the chords as much as you pleaſe, and from gently touching and ſtriking them with the plectrum? or do they prevent you?—They certainly do not.—What then is the cauſe, Lyſis, that they do not prevent you in theſe things, but prevent you in thoſe which we juſt now mentioned?—Becauſe, I think, ſays he, I know the one, but am ignorant of the other.—Be it ſo, I replied, O moſt excellent youth. Your father, therefore, does not wait for age, to give you permiſſion to do as you pleaſe in all things; but on whatever day it ſhall appear to him that you are become more prudent, on this day he will permit you to govern yourſelf, and your own affairs.—I think he will, ſaid he.—Be it ſo, I replied.—But what? Will not a neighbour conduct himſelf towards you in the ſame manner as your father? Whether do you think he will commit to you the government of his family, when he is of opinion that you are more ſkilled in œconomics than himſelf, or in this caſe govern it himſelf?—I think he will commit the government of it to me.—But what with reſpect to the Athenians? Do you not think that they will commit to you the management of their affairs, when they perceive that you are ſufficiently wiſe?—I do.—But what with reſpect to the great king? Would he ſuffer his eldeſt ſon, who will ſucceed to the government of all Aſia, to throw into broth whatever he pleaſes, rather than us, if going to him we ſhould convince him that we were more ſkilled in the preparation of a banquet than his ſon?—He replied, It is evident he would rather ſuffer us.—Is it not alſo clear that he would not permit

permit his ſon to throw any thing, however trifling, into the broth, but that he would permit us, if we wiſhed to throw in a quantity of ſalt, to do ſo?—Undoubtedly.—But what if his ſon ſhould be diſeaſed in his eyes? Would he therefore ſuffer him to meddle with his own eyes, at the ſame time that he thinks he is not a phyſician, or would he prohibit him?—He would prohibit him.—But if he conſidered us as good phyſicians, I think he would not prevent us, even though we ſhould wiſh to open his eye-lids and ſcatter aſhes on his eyes.—True.—Would he not, therefore, rather commit to us than to himſelf or his ſon every thing elſe in which we appeared to be more wiſe than either of them?—He replied, it is neceſſary, Socrates.—This then, I ſaid, is the caſe, friend Lyſis, that all perſons, both Greeks and Barbarians, men and women, will permit us to act as we pleaſe with reſpect to things in which we are ſkilled, nor will any one voluntarily hinder us from ſo acting; but in theſe particulars we ſhall be free, and the governors of others. And theſe things will be ours, for we ſhall be benefited by them. But no one will permit us to act as we pleaſe reſpecting things of which we are ignorant; but all men will hinder us as much as they are able, not only ſtrangers, but our parents, and whatever elſe may be more allied to us than theſe. And in theſe we ſhall become the ſervants of others, and they will be things foreign to us, for we ſhall derive no benefit from them. Do you agree that this will be the caſe?—I do.—Shall we, therefore, be friends to any one, and will any one love us in thoſe things in which we are uſeleſs?—By no means, ſaid he.—Now, therefore, neither your father nor any other perſon will ever love you, ſo far as you are uſeleſs.—It does not appear he will, ſaid he.—If then you become wiſe, O boy, all men will be your friends, and will be familiar with you; for in this caſe you will be uſeful and good. But if you do not, neither will any other perſon, nor your father nor mother, nor any of your kindred, be your friend, or be familiar with you. Is it poſſible, therefore, that any one can think highly of himſelf with reſpect to things in which he has not yet acquired any ſkill?—How can he? ſaid he.—If, therefore, you require a maſter, you are not yet wiſe.—True.—And hence you are not magnanimous, if you are yet unwiſe.—By Jupiter, ſays he, Socrates, I do not appear to myſelf to be ſo.

Upon hearing him ſay this, I looked at Hippothales, and was very near committing an error; for it occurred to me to ſay, after this manner, O Hippothales,

pothales, it is requiſite to diſcourſe with thoſe of a puerile age, viz. humbling and repreſſing them, and not, as you do, flattering and rendering them effeminate. But perceiving him anxious and diſturbed, on account of what had been ſaid, I recollected that, a little while ſince, he wiſhed to conceal himſelf from Lyſis; I therefore recovered myſelf, and was ſilent. In the mean time Menexenus came again, and ſeated himſelf near Lyſis, in the place whence he roſe before. Lyſis, therefore, in a very playful and friendly manner, but without Menexenus obſerving him, ſaid to me, O Socrates, tell Menexenus what you have told me.—And I replied, You ſhould relate theſe things yourſelf to Menexenus, for you have heard me with very great attention.—Entirely ſo, ſays he.—Endeavour, therefore, I replied, to recollect theſe particulars as much as poſſible, that you may clearly tell him the whole. But if you ſhould happen to forget any one of them, you may again inquire of me the firſt time that you meet with me.—I will by all means do ſo, ſaid he, Socrates; of this you may be well aſſured. But you ſhould ſay ſomething elſe to him, that I alſo may hear, till it is time to return home.—I replied, this muſt be done, ſince you command: but ſee how you will be able to defend me, if Menexenus ſhould endeavour to confute me. Or do you not know that he is contentious?—Very much ſo, ſays he, by Jupiter; and on this account I wiſh to hear you diſcourſe with him.—I replied, Do you deſire this, in order that I may become ridiculous?—By Jupiter I do not, ſaid he, but in order that you may puniſh him.—I replied, This is a thing not eaſy to accompliſh: for he is a ſkilful man, and the diſciple of Cteſippus. And beſides, do not you ſee Cteſippus himſelf is preſent?—Be not at all concerned at this, Socrates, ſaid he; but come, diſcourſe with him.—I replied, We will diſcourſe.—As, therefore, we were thus ſpeaking to each other, Cteſippus ſaid, Why are you thus feaſting alone, and do not impart your diſcourſe to us?—But indeed, I replied, we ſhall impart it; for Lyſis here does not underſtand ſomething which I have ſaid, but thinks that Menexenus will underſtand it, and therefore orders me to interrogate him.—Why then, ſaid he, do you not interrogate him?—I replied, But I will.—Give me an anſwer, then, Menexenus, to that which I ſhall aſk you; for from my childhood I have had a deſire of a certain poſſeſſion, juſt as another perſon may have had of a different thing; for one man deſires to poſſeſs horſes, another dogs, another gold, and another honours; but I was indifferent with reſpect to theſe things,

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but was affected in a very amatory manner with reſpect to the poſſeſſion of friends. Hence I was more deſirous of finding a good friend than the moſt excellent quail or cock; and, by Jupiter, I preferred this to the beſt horſe or dog. I likewiſe think, by the dog, that I ſhould prefer the poſſeſſion of an aſſociate far beyond the wealth of Darius, or even Darius himſelf: ſuch a lover of an aſſociate am I. Perceiving, therefore, you and Lyſis, I was immediately ſtruck, and proclaimed you happy, becauſe, young as you are, you have ſo rapidly and eaſily acquired this poſſeſſion; you with ſuch celerity having made him ſo much your friend, and he you. But I am ſo far from this poſſeſſion, that I do not even know after what manner one man becomes the friend of another. But in this I wiſh to be informed by you, who are a ſkilful perſon: Tell me, therefore, when any one loves another, which of the two becomes the friend of the other? Whether the lover becomes the friend of the beloved, or the beloved of the lover? Or is there in this caſe no difference?—It does not appear to me, ſaid he, that there is any difference.—To this I replied, How do you ſay? Do both therefore become friends of each other, if one alone loves the other?—It appears ſo to me, ſaid he.—But what? May there not be a lover who is not in his turn beloved by the object of his love?—There may.—Is it not poſſible, therefore, that a lover may be hated? which lovers ſometimes appear to ſuffer from the objects of their love: for though they moſt ardently love, they are not beloved in return, but, on the contrary, are ſometimes hated. Or does not this appear to you to be true?—Very much ſo, ſaid he.—In a caſe of this kind, therefore, I replied, does not the one love, and is not the other beloved?—Yes.—Which then of theſe is the friend of the other? Is the lover the friend of the beloved, whether he is loved in return, or hated, or the beloved of the lover? Or in this caſe, is neither the friend of neither, ſince a mutual love does not ſubſiſt between them?—It appears ſo.—Now, therefore, the caſe appears to us to be otherwiſe than what it appeared to us before. For then it ſeemed, that if one alone loved, both were friends; but now, that neither is a friend, unleſs both mutually love.—This appears to be the caſe.—No one, therefore, is a friend to the object of his love, unleſs he is beloved in return.—It does not appear that any one is.—Neither, therefore, are thoſe the friends of horſes, whom horſes do not love in return; nor are thoſe the friends of quails and dogs, of wine and gymnaſtic, who are not mutually beloved by theſe; nor are thoſe friends of wiſdom, whom wiſdom does not love in return:

return: for each of theſe is a lover without being a friend. The poet therefore ſpeaks falſely who ſays, "Happy the man that poſſeſſes beautiful boys, horſes with ſolid hoofs, hunting dogs, and a foreign gueſt." Does he appear to you to ſpeak the truth?—Yes.—The beloved, therefore, is the friend of the lover, as it ſeems, O Menexenus, whether he loves or whether he hates; juſt as children recently born, partly do not yet love, and partly hate when they are chaſtized by their mother or father; and at the very time in which they hate, they are in the higheſt degree beloved by their parents.—It appears to me, ſaid he, that this is the caſe.—The lover, therefore, from this reaſoning, will not be the friend, but the beloved.—It appears ſo.—Hence too, he who is hated is an enemy, but not he who hates.—So it appears.—Many, therefore, are beloved by their enemies and hated by their friends; and are friends to their enemies, but enemies to their friends; if the beloved is a friend, and not the lover. Though it is very abſurd, my friend, or rather, I think, impoſſible, to be an enemy to a friend, and a friend to an enemy.—You ſeem, ſaid he, to ſpeak the truth, Socrates.—If, therefore, this is impoſſible, the lover will be the friend of the beloved.—So it appears.—Again, therefore, he who hates will be the enemy of him who is hated.—It is neceſſary.—It happens, therefore, that it is neceſſary for us to acknowledge the ſame things as we aſſented to before, that a man is often the friend of one who is not his friend, and that he is often the friend of his enemy, when either he loves and is not beloved, or loves one by whom he is hated. It likewiſe often happens that a man is an enemy to one who is not his enemy, or even to one who is his friend; when any one loves him by whom he is hated, or hates him by whom he is loved.—So it appears, ſaid he.—I replied, What then ſhall we ſay, if neither lovers, nor thoſe that are beloved, are friends, nor yet lovers and the beloved? Shall we ſay that certain others beſides theſe become friends to each other?—By Jupiter, ſaid he, Socrates, I do not well know what to reply.—Conſider, therefore, Menexenus, whether our inveſtigation has been perfectly right.—Lyſis replied, To me it appears ſo, Socrates; and at the ſame time that he ſaid this he bluſhed: for he appeared to me unwilling to avoid what was ſaid, through the very great attention which he paid to the diſcourſe. I, therefore, being willing that Menexenus ſhould ceaſe from ſpeaking, and being delighted with his philoſophy, thus transferred my diſcourſe to Lyſis,

Lyſis, and ſaid, O Lyſis, what you have aſſerted appears to me to be true; I mean that if we have rightly conſidered, we ſhall not in any reſpect have wandered from the truth. But we will proceed no further in this way: for that conſideration appears to me to be difficult like a rough road. But it ſeems to me requiſite to proceed in the path in which we have now entered, ſpeculating the aſſertions of the poets: for theſe are, with reſpect to us, as the fathers and leaders of wiſdom. They ſay, therefore, not badly, with reference to ſuch as are friends, that divinity makes them to be friends, by conducting them to each other. But I think they thus ſpeak:

> Likeneſs to likeneſs, God for ever leads,
> And makes it known.

Or have you not met with theſe verſes?—I have, ſaid he.—Have you, therefore, likewiſe met with the writings of the wiſeſt of men, in which it is ſaid, that the ſimilar is always neceſſarily a friend to the ſimilar? But theſe men are thoſe that diſcourſe and write about nature and the univerſe.—He replied, What you ſay is true.—Whether or no, therefore, do they ſpeak well?—Perhaps ſo, ſaid he.—I replied, Perhaps the half of this is true, and perhaps alſo the whole. But we do not underſtand them: for it ſeems to us, that by how much nearer a depraved man approaches to one depraved, and by how much the more frequently he converſes with him, by ſo much the more inimical will he become: for he will act unjuſtly. But it is impoſſible that thoſe can be friends who injure, and are injured. Is it not ſo?—He replied, It is.—On this account, the half of this ſaying will not be true, ſince the depraved are ſimilar to each other.—True.—But they appear to me to ſay, that the good are ſimilar and friends to each other; but that the wicked, (as it is ſaid concerning them,) are never ſimilar, not even to themſelves, but are ſtupid and unſtable. But he who is diſſimilar to, and diſſents from himſelf, can never be ſimilar to, or become the friend of another. Or does it not appear ſo to you?—To me it does, he ſaid.—It ſeems to me, therefore, my friend, that thoſe who ſay the ſimilar is a friend to the ſimilar, obſcurely ſignify this, that he alone who is good, is a friend to the good, but that he who is wicked can never arrive at true friendſhip, either with the good or

the wicked. Does this alſo appear to you to be the caſe?—It does.—We now, therefore, have thoſe that are friends: for our diſcourſe now ſignifies to us, that thoſe are friends that are worthy.—It appears entirely ſo to me, ſaid he.—And to me alſo, I replied. But, notwithſtanding this, there is ſomething difficult in the affair. Come then, by Jupiter, and ſee what I ſuſpect to be the caſe. He who is ſimilar, ſo far as he is ſimilar, is a friend to the ſimilar, and ſuch a one is uſeful to ſuch a one. Or rather thus: Is any kind of the ſimilar, of any advantage to any kind of the ſimilar? Or is it able to do any injury to the ſimilar, which it does not do to itſelf? Or to ſuffer any thing which it does not alſo ſuffer from itſelf? But how can ſuch things as theſe, which are not able to afford any aſſiſtance to each other, be loved by each other?—They cannot.—But how can he who does not love be a friend?—By no means.—But perhaps the ſimilar is not a friend to the ſimilar; but the good is a friend to the good, ſo far as he is good, and not ſo far as he is ſimilar.—Perhaps ſo.—But what? Is not he who is good, ſo far as he is good, ſufficient to himſelf?—Yes.—But he who is ſufficient to himſelf, is not indigent of any thing, ſo far as he poſſeſſes ſufficiency.—Undoubtedly.—And he who is not indigent of any thing, will not love any thing.—He will not.—But he who does not love, will not be a friend—Certainly not.—How then will the good be friends to the good, who neither when abſent deſire each other (for they are ſufficient to themſelves when apart), nor when preſent are indigent of each other? By what artifice can theſe poſſeſs a great eſteem for each other?—By none, ſaid he.—But thoſe will not be friends who do not very much eſteem each other.—True.—Conſider then, O Lyſis, in what reſpect we are deceived. Are we therefore deceived in a certain whole?—But how? ſaid he.—I once heard a perſon aſſert, and I now very well remember it, that the ſimilar was hoſtile to the ſimilar, and the good to the good. And he who aſſerted this, produced Heſiod [1] as a witneſs, who ſays, "The potter is hoſtile to the potter, the ſinger to the ſinger, and the mendicant to the mendicant." And it appeared to him that all other things neceſſarily ſubſiſt in this manner; and that things moſt ſimilar to each other, were in the higheſt degree filled with envy, emulation, and hatred; but ſuch as are moſt diſſimilar with friendſhip. For he

[1] Op. et Di. v. 25.

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was of opinion that the poor man was neceſſarily a friend to the rich, and the weak to the ſtrong, for the ſake of help: that in like manner the ſick man was a friend to the phyſician; and that every one who was ignorant, loved and was a friend to the man endued with knowledge. He likewiſe added ſomething ſtill more magnificent, that the ſimilar is ſo far from being a friend to the ſimilar, that the very contrary to this takes place. For that which is moſt contrary, is eſpecially a friend to that which is moſt contrary. For every thing deſires a nature of this kind, but not that which is ſimilar. Thus the dry deſires the moiſt; the cold, the hot; the bitter, the ſweet; the acute, the obtuſe; the void, the full; and the full, the void; and the like takes place in other things. For the contrary is aliment to the contrary, but the ſimilar does not in any reſpect enjoy the ſimilar. And indeed, my friend, he who aſſerted theſe things appeared to be an elegant man: for he ſpoke well. But how does he appear to us to have ſpoken?—Well, Menexenus replied, as it ſeems on the firſt view.—Shall we ſay, therefore, that the contrary is eſpecially a friend to the contrary?—Entirely ſo.—Be it ſo, I replied, O Menexenus: but is not this prodigious? And will not thoſe all-wiſe men, who are ſkilled in contradicting, gladly riſe up againſt us immediately, and aſk, if friendſhip is not moſt contrary to hatred? What ſhall we ſay, in anſwer to them? Is it not neceſſary to acknowledge that their aſſertion is true?—It is neceſſary.—Will they therefore ſay, that an enemy is a friend to a friend, or that a friend is a friend to an enemy?—He replied, they will ſay neither of theſe things.—But is the juſt a friend to the unjuſt, or the temperate to the intemperate, or the good to the bad?—It does not appear to me that this is the caſe.—But, I replied, if any one is a friend to any one, according to contrariety, it is neceſſary that theſe alſo ſhould be friends.—It is neceſſary.—Neither, therefore, is the ſimilar a friend to the ſimilar, nor that which is contrary to that which is contrary.—It does not appear that it is.—Further ſtill, let us alſo conſider this, leſt we ſhould be ſtill more deceived; I mean that a friend in reality is none of theſe, but that what is neither good nor evil may ſometimes become the friend of the good.—How do you ſay? he replied.—By Jupiter, ſaid I, I do not know; for I am in reality ſtaggered by the ambiguity of the diſcourſe. And it appears, according to the antient proverb, that a friend is a beautiful thing. It

reſemble, however, ſomething ſoft, ſmooth, and fat; on which account perhaps it eaſily eludes us, and glides away, as being a thing of this kind. For I ſay that the good is beautiful. Do you not think ſo?—I do.—I ſay therefore, propheſying, that that which is neither good nor evil, is the friend of the beautiful and the good. But hear what it is that induces me thus to propheſy. There appear to me to be three certain genera of things, the good, the evil, and that which is neither good nor evil. But how does it appear to you?—The ſame, ſaid he; and that neither the good is a friend to the good, nor the evil to the evil, nor the good to the evil; as neither did our former diſcourſe ſuffer us to ſay.—It remains, therefore, if any thing is a friend to another, that that which is neither good nor evil, muſt be a friend either to the good, or to ſomething which reſembles itſelf. For nothing can become a friend to the evil.—True.—And we juſt now ſaid, that neither is the ſimilar a friend to the ſimilar. Did we not?—Yes.—Hence to that which is neither good nor evil, that will not be a friend, which is itſelf neither good nor evil.—It does not appear that it will.—That which is neither good nor evil, therefore, alone happens to become a friend to the good alone.—It is neceſſary, as it ſeems.—Is therefore that which we have now ſaid, I replied, O boys, well explained? If then we wiſh to underſtand, a healthy body has not any occaſion for the medicinal art, nor does it require any aſſiſtance: for it poſſeſſes ſufficiency. So that no healthy perſon is a friend to the phyſician through health. Or is he?—No one.—But the diſeaſed, I think, is a friend to the phyſician through diſeaſe.—Undoubtedly.—But diſeaſe is an evil; and the medicinal art is uſeful and good.—It is.—But the body, ſo far as body, is neither good nor bad.—True.—But through diſeaſe, the body is compelled to embrace and love the medicinal art.—It appears ſo to me.—That, therefore, which is neither evil nor good, becomes a friend to the good, through the preſence of evil.—So it ſeems.—But it is evident that it becomes a friend to the good, prior to its becoming evil through the evil which it poſſeſſes. For it does not become evil, inſtead of the good which it deſires, and of which it is the friend. For we have ſaid it is impoſſible, that the evil can be a friend to the good.—It is impoſſible.—But conſider what I ſay. For I ſay that ſome things are ſuch as that which is preſent to them; but that this is not the caſe with other things. Thus, if any one wiſhes to

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be anointed with a certain colour, the inunction is after a manner preſent to him who is anointed.—Entirely ſo.—Whether therefore, after being anointed with the colour, does he remain the ſame as he was before?—He replied, I do not underſtand you.—Conſider thus, then I ſaid. If any one ſhould beſmear your hairs which are yellow with white lead, would they then be white, or only appear to be ſo?—He replied, They would only appear to be ſo.—But whiteneſs would be preſent with them.—It would.—And yet at the ſame time your hairs would not be in any reſpect more white than they were before; but though whiteneſs is preſent, they will neither be white nor black.—True.—But when, my friend, old age cauſes them to be of this colour, then they will become ſuch as the colour which is preſent to them, viz. white through the preſence of whiteneſs.—Undoubtedly.—This then is what I now aſk, Whether that to which any thing is preſent, is, by poſſeſſion, ſuch as the thing which is preſent? Or whether this is the caſe, if the thing is preſent after a certain manner, but otherwiſe not?—Thus, rather, he replied.—In like manner, that which is neither evil nor good, ſometimes when evil is preſent, is not yet evil; but there is a time when it becomes ſo.—Entirely ſo.—When, therefore, it is not yet evil, though evil is preſent, this very preſence of evil cauſes it to deſire good; but this preſence which cauſes it to be evil, deprives it of the deſire, and at the ſame time friendſhip of good. For it is now no longer neither evil nor good, but is evil. But it was ſhown that the good is not a friend to the evil.—It is not.—Hence we muſt ſay, that thoſe who are wiſe muſt no longer philoſophize[1], whether they are gods or men; nor again, thoſe who are ſo ignorant, that they are vicious. For no one who is vicious and void of diſcipline can philoſophize. Thoſe therefore remain, who poſſeſs indeed this evil, ignorance, but are not yet ſtupid and void of all diſcipline, but who yet think they do not know thoſe things of which they are ignorant. On which account, in a certain reſpect, thoſe that are neither good, nor bad, philoſophize: for ſuch as are bad do not philoſophize, nor ſuch as are good. For it has appeared to us, that neither is the contrary a friend to the contrary, nor the ſimilar to the ſimilar. Or do you not remember that this

[1] For philoſophy, as is ſhown in the ſpeech of Diotima in the Banquet, is a medium between wiſdom and ignorance.

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was aſſerted by us above?—He replied, I perfectly remember.—Have we not therefore, O Lyſis and Menexenus, more than any thing diſcovered what is a friend, and what is not? For we have ſaid, that both according to the ſoul, and according to the body, and every where, that which is neither evil nor good, is a friend to the good through the preſence of evil.—They in every reſpect admitted that theſe things were ſo. And I indeed was very glad, like a hunter having gladly obtained that of which I was in ſearch. But afterwards, I know not how, a moſt abſurd ſuſpicion came into my mind, that the things which we had aſſented to were not true. And being immediately uneaſy on this account, I ſaid, It is ſtrange, Lyſis and Menexenus, but we ſeem to be enriched with a dream.—Why ſo? ſaid Menexenus.—I am afraid, I replied, leſt we have met with falſe aſſertions, as with arrogant men, in our inquiry about friendſhip.—How? he replied.—To which I anſwered, let us conſider thus. Is he who is a friend, a friend to any one or not?—Neceſſarily ſo, ſaid he.—Whether, therefore, is he a friend for the ſake of nothing, and through nothing, or for the ſake of ſomething, and through ſomething?—The latter.—Is that thing then a friend, for the ſake of which a friend is a friend to a friend, or is it neither a friend nor an enemy?—He replied, I do not perfectly apprehend you.—It is likely, I ſaid. But thus perhaps you will follow me; and I think that I alſo ſhall better underſtand what I ſay. We have juſt now ſaid that the ſick is a friend to the phyſician. Did we not?—Yes.—Is he not therefore through diſeaſe, and for the ſake of health, a friend to the phyſician?—Yes.—And is not diſeaſe an evil?—Undoubtedly.—But what of health? I replied. Is it good or evil, or neither?—It is good, ſaid he.—We have therefore ſaid, as it ſeems, that the body is neither good, nor bad, through diſeaſe; but that through diſeaſe it is a friend to the medicinal art. We have likewiſe aſſerted that the medicinal art is good; but that it obtains friendſhip for the ſake of health: and that health is good. Is it not?—Yes.—But is health a friend, or not a friend?—A friend.—And is not diſeaſe an enemy?—Entirely ſo.—Hence that which is neither evil nor good, through evil and an enemy, is the friend of good, for the ſake of good and a friend.—It appears ſo.—A friend therefore is a friend for the ſake of a friend, through an enemy.—So it ſeems.—Be it ſo, I replied. But ſince, O boys, we have arrived thus far, let us diligently attend

attend leſt we ſhould be deceived. For we ſhall bid farewell to the aſſertion, that a friend becomes the friend of a friend, and that the ſimilar is a friend to the ſimilar; for this we have ſaid is impoſſible. But at the ſame time, let us conſider as follows, leſt what is now aſſerted ſhould deceive us. Do we not ſay, that the medicinal art is a friend for the ſake of health?—Yes.—And therefore that health is a friend?—Entirely ſo.—If then it is a friend, it is for the ſake of ſomething.—It is.—But it is the friend of ſomething, from what we have aſſented to before.—Entirely ſo.—Will not therefore that again be a friend, for the ſake of a friend?—Yes.—Is it not therefore neceſſary that thus proceeding, we ſhould reject what we have ſaid, and arrive at a certain principle, which is not referred to another friend, but brings us to that which is the firſt friend, and for the ſake of which we ſay all other things are friends?—It is neceſſary.—This then is what I ſay, that we ſhould be cautious leſt we are deceived by all thoſe other particulars which we aſſert to be friends for the ſake of the firſt friend, and which are as it were certain images of it; while, in the mean time, this firſt friend is truly a friend. For we ſhould thus conſider: That which any one very much eſteems, (as, for inſtance, a father ſometimes his ſon,) he honours before all other things. But a man of this kind, on account of thus highly eſteeming his ſon, will alſo, on his account, highly eſteem ſomething elſe. Thus, for inſtance, if he perceives that he drinks hemlock, he will very much eſteem wine, becauſe he thinks that this will ſave his ſon. Or will he not?—Undoubtedly, he replied.—Will he not therefore alſo highly value the veſſel which contains the wine?—Entirely ſo.—But will he then no leſs eſteem the earthern cup, or three cups of wine, than his ſon? Or is the caſe thus? The whole of the endeavour, in an affair of this kind, does not regard thoſe things which are procured for the ſake of ſomething elſe, but that for the ſake of which all ſuch things are procured. Nor is the aſſertion which we frequently make true, that we very much eſteem gold and ſilver; but in this caſe, that which we highly eſteem, is that for the ſake of which gold, and all other preparatives, are procured. Shall we not ſay ſo?—By all means.—The ſame thing therefore may be ſaid reſpecting a friend: for ſuch things as we ſay are friends to us, when they ſubſiſt for the ſake of a friend, we improperly denominate. But that appears to be a friend in reality,

reality, in which all thoſe that are called friendſhips end.—This, ſaid he, ſeems to be the caſe.—Hence that which is in reality a friend, is not a friend, for the ſake of a certain friend.—True.—The aſſertion therefore is to be rejected, that a friend is a friend, for the ſake of a certain friend. But is a friend, therefore, a good thing?—It appears ſo to me.—Is the good then beloved though evil? And is the caſe thus? Since the things of which we now ſpeak are three, good, evil, and that which is neither good nor evil, if two of theſe are received, but evil entirely departs, and has not any connection either with body, or ſoul, or any thing elſe, which we ſay is in itſelf neither good nor evil, in this caſe will good be perfectly uſeleſs to us? For if nothing any longer injures us, we ſhall not be indigent of any aſſiſtance whatever. And thus it will then become manifeſt that we have ſought after, and loved good on account of evil; good being the medicine of evil; but evil being a diſeaſe. But when there is no diſeaſe, there will be no occaſion for medicine. Does good thus naturally ſubſiſt, and is it thus beloved, on account of evil, by us who are ſituated between evil and good? And is it of no uſe itſelf, for its own ſake?—He replied, It ſeems to ſubſiſt in this manner.—That friend, therefore, in which all other things end, which we ſay are friends for the ſake of another friend, is not in any reſpect ſimilar to theſe. For theſe are called friends for the ſake of a friend; but that which is in reality a friend, appears to be naturally in every reſpect contrary to this: for we have ſeen that this is a friend for the ſake of an enemy. But if an enemy ſhould be preſent, it would no longer as it ſeems be a friend to us.—He replied, It does not appear to me that it would, as it is now ſaid.—But, by Jupiter, ſaid I, if evil ſhould be extirpated, would there no longer be any hunger or thirſt, or any thing elſe of the like kind? Or would there be hunger, but yet not noxious, ſince there would be men and other animals? and thirſt, and other appetites, but without being evil, in conſequence of evil being aboliſhed? Or ſhall we ſay that the inquiry is ridiculous, what would then be, or would not be? For who knows? This however we know, that at preſent it is poſſible to be injured by being hungry, and it is alſo poſſible to be benefited. Or is it not?—Entirely ſo.—Does it not therefore follow, that when we are hungry, or deſire the gratification of any other appetite, our deſire may be ſometimes beneficial, and ſometimes noxious, and ſometimes

times neither?—Very much ſo.—If, therefore, evils were deſtroyed, what would be the advantage, if things which are not evil, were deſtroyed together with ſuch as are evil?—There would be none.—There would be appetites, therefore, which are neither good nor evil, even if evils were deſtroyed.—It appears ſo.—Is it therefore poſſible, that he who deſires and loves any thing, ſhould not be the friend of that which he deſires and loves?—It does not appear to me that it is.—When evils therefore are deſtroyed, certain friendly perſons, as it ſeems, will ſtill remain.—They will.—But if evil were the cauſe of friendſhip, no one would be a friend to another, when evil is deſtroyed. For the cauſe being taken away, that of which it was the cauſe can no longer have an exiſtence.—Right.—Was it not therefore acknowledged by us, that a friend loved ſomething, and on account of ſomething? And did we not then think, that through evil, that which is neither good nor evil loves good?—True.—But now, as it ſeems, ſomething elſe appears to be the cauſe of loving and being beloved.—So it ſeems.—Is then, in reality, deſire, as we ſaid, the cauſe of friendſhip? And is that which deſires, the friend of that which it deſires, and then, when it deſires? And is he whom we before aſſerted to be a friend, a mere trifle, like a very prolix poem?—It appears ſo, ſaid he.—But, I replied, he who deſires, deſires that of which he is indigent. Or does he not?—Yes.—Is not then that which is indigent, the friend of that of which it is indigent?—It appears ſo to me.—But every one becomes indigent of that of which he is deprived.—Undoubtedly.—Hence, as it ſeems, love, friendſhip, and deſire, reſpect that which is domeſtic and allied to them. This appears to be the caſe, O Menexenus and Lyſis.—They admitted it was ſo.—You, therefore, if you were friends to each other, would be naturally mutually allied. They replied, And very much ſo.—And hence, I ſaid, if any one perſon deſires or loves another, O boys, he can never either deſire, or love, or be a friend, unleſs he is allied to the object of his love, either according to his ſoul, or a certain cuſtom of his ſoul, or according to manners, or according to ſpecies.—Menexenus ſaid, Entirely ſo; but Lyſis was ſilent.—But I replied, It appears to be neceſſary for us, to love that which is naturally allied to us.—It ſeems ſo, he ſaid.—It is neceſſary therefore, that he who is a genuine, and not a

pretended lover, ſhould be beloved by the objects of his love.—To this Lyſis and Menexenus ſcarcely aſſented: but Hippothales, through the pleaſure which he experienced, exhibited all-various colours. And I being willing to conſider the aſſertion, ſaid, If that which is domeſtic and allied differs from that which is ſimilar, we have declared, as it appears to me, O Lyſis and Menexenus, what a friend is: but if the ſimilar and the allied are the ſame, it is not eaſy to reject the former aſſertion, that the ſimilar is not uſeleſs to the ſimilar, according to ſimilitude; but to acknowledge that a friend is uſeleſs, is inelegant. Are you willing therefore, I added, ſince we are as it were intoxicated by diſcourſe, that we ſhould grant and ſay that the allied is ſomething different from the ſimilar?—Entirely ſo.—Whether, therefore, ſhall we admit that good is allied, but evil foreign to every one? Or ſhall we ſay that evil is allied to evil, but good to good? and that a thing which is neither good nor evil, is allied to that which is neither good nor evil?—Each of theſe appeared to us to be allied to each.—Again therefore I ſaid, O boys, we have fallen upon thoſe aſſertions which we firſt made reſpecting friendſhip. For an unjuſt man will be no leſs a friend to the unjuſt, and the vicious to the vicious, than the good to the good.—So it ſeems, he ſaid.—But what? if we ſhould ſay the good and the allied are the ſame, will any thing elſe follow, than that the good alone is a friend to the good?—Nothing elſe.—But this aſſertion alſo we thought was confuted by us. Or do you not remember?—We do remember.—What further then can we employ in our diſcourſe?—It is evident nothing further.—Like wiſe men, therefore, in courts of juſtice, we ought to repeat all that has been ſaid: for if neither thoſe that are beloved, nor lovers, nor the ſimilar, nor the diſſimilar, nor the good, nor the allied, nor any other ſuch particulars as we have diſcuſſed, (for I do not remember any further, on account of their multitude),—if then no one of theſe is a friend, I have not any thing more to ſay. When I had thus ſaid, intending afterwards to excite ſome one who was more advanced in years, the pædagogues of Lyſis and Menexenus approaching like certain dæmons, together with the brothers of theſe two, called to them, and ordered them to return home: for it was then late. At firſt, therefore, both we, and thoſe that ſurrounded us, drove them away: but they paid no attention to us,

but

but ſpeaking in a barbaric manner were indignant and continued no leſs calling to the boys. Being vanquiſhed therefore by their importunity, and it appearing to us, that as they had been ſubdued in the Mercurial feaſt, they would not have any thing elſe to offer, we diſſolved the conference. At the ſame time, after they had departed, I ſaid to Lyſis and Menexenus, We are become ridiculous, I who am an old man, and you who are boys. For they, now they have left us, will ſay, that we think ourſelves to be friends to each other (for I rank myſelf among you), though at the ſame time we have not yet been able to find what a friend is.

THE END OF THE LYSIS.