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**XENOPHON'S MEMORABILIA AND THE  
APOLOGY OF SOCRATES TRANSLATED BY  
SARAH FIELDING**

Hélène Pignot

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# **XENOPHON'S MEMOIRS OF SOCRATES**

**Translated and edited by Sarah Fielding**

**Introduction by Hélène Pignot**

**THE GORGIAS PRESS**

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## INTRODUCTION

It befits “the humble Socrates”,<sup>1</sup> the enigmatic philosopher of Antiquity, who claimed to possess one and only knowledge, that of his own ignorance, not to have bequeathed any writings of his own to posterity. He somehow contributed to the creation of his own myth and to what was later called the Socratic question, which fuelled animated debates among philosophers and historians: Who was the real Socrates? Which of his disciples provided the most faithful account of his life, his thought and teachings? Was it Plato or Xenophon? Was there a grain of truth in the portraits of his critics like Aristophanes, or even his accusers, who claimed that he corrupted Athenian youth and did not worship the Gods?

In the 18<sup>th</sup> century, Lord Shaftesbury, another controversial philosopher in his day, found solace and inspiration in the thought of ancient writers like Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Xenophon and Plato. From 1703 to 1707, as Laurent Jaffro showed in two elegantly written essays,<sup>2</sup> Shaftesbury had planned to compose a work on Socrates in which he would compare the writings of Plato to those of Xenophon; his personal preference went to Xenophon, whom he found historically more accurate, but Plato's evocation of Socrates, in what he deemed to be an exceptionally poetic style, charmed and inspired him.

The notes he took to prepare this publication have been transcribed and recently published in the Complete Edition of Shaftesbury as *Chartae Socraticae: A Design of a Socratick History*.<sup>3</sup> “Shaftesbury wanted to put the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon into an English version of the language of Madame de la Fayette”, says L. Jaffro.<sup>4</sup> Alas, his subtle and ambitious project made up of a translation and commentaries,<sup>5</sup> never saw the light of day. But other authors, including Shaftesbury's own brother, Maurice Ashley Cooper, would translate and disseminate Xenophon's works and contribute to a deeper knowledge of his life and thoughts, “not with the eclat of popular applause, but with the approbation of the studious few”.<sup>6</sup>

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1 Sarah Fielding, *Memoirs of Socrates*, ed. by Hélène Pignot, Book I, Chapter VI, note 107.

2 “Le Socrate de Shaftesbury: Comment raconter l'histoire de Socrate aux modernes”, in Ettore Lojacono ed. *La fortuna di Socrate in occidente* (Florence: Le Monnier Università, 2004) 66–90; “Which Platonism for which modernity? A Note on Shaftesbury's Sea-Cards” in D. Hedley and S. Hutton eds, *Platonism at the Origin of Modernity: Studies on Platonism and early Modern Philosophy* (Springer, 2007), 255–67.

3 Anthony Ashley Cooper, Third Earl of Shaftesbury, *Chartae Socraticae Design of a Socratick History*, Standard Edition of the Works of Shaftesbury, eds. Wolfram Benda et al., (Stuttgart: F. Frommann-G. Holzboog, 2008).

4 L. Jaffro, “A Note on Shaftesbury's Sea-Cards”, 259.

5 To be more precise, let us quote Laurent Jaffro's essay: “The first part was supposed to contain a preface and a Life of Socrates, followed by translations of Xenophon's *Memorabilia* and Xenophon's *Apology*, with notes and commentaries. The second part was expected to be a series of translations from Xenophon (*Economics* and *Convivium*), Aristophanes, Plato's *Convivium*, *Apology*, *Crito* and *Phædo*, with introductions, commentaries and notes. Xenophon was regarded as the true historian of Socrates, while Plato was responsible for the fabrication of a legend”, “A Note on Shaftesbury's Socratic Sea-Cards”, 257.

6 James Harris, Sarah's friend, pays a warm tribute to his uncle in vol. 4 of his *Miscellanies, Philological Enquiries* (London, 1787?). This beautiful passage is worth quoting in full; after arguing that each philosophical school had “a Language of its own”, Harris enthusiastically extols the merits of Maurice Ashley's translation: “Yet one translation I can by no means forget, I mean that of *Xenophon's Cyropædia*, or the Institution of Cyrus, by the Honourable Maurice Ashley Cowper, son to the second Earl of Shaftesbury, and brother to the third, who was Author of the *Characteristics*. This translation is made in all the *Purity* and *Simplicity* of the Original, and to it the Translator has prefixed a truly philosophical

Some of these were published in parallel Greek/Latin editions, or with a Latin commentary; individual texts like *Hiero or the Condition of a Tyrant*, *Œconomics*, *The Cyropadia*, *The Banquet*, and the *Memorabilia*, to name but a few, were translated into English and republished throughout the 18<sup>th</sup> century.<sup>7</sup>

The year 1762 thus saw the publication of Xenophon's *Memoirs of Socrates*, translated by Sarah Fielding (1710-1768), the younger sister of Henry Fielding, and the close friend of his literary rival Samuel Richardson. She had been carefully preparing this edition for several years, and had already expressed her admiration for Socrates whom she calls “the wisest and best man that ever yet appear'd in the heathen world” in her novel *The Cry: A New Dramatic Fable* (1754).<sup>8</sup> In this intellectual venture, she had benefited from the support and assistance of Shaftesbury's nephew, James Harris, a distinguished writer and grammarian in his own day.<sup>9</sup>

This publication had been delayed by illness, Sarah's poor health causing her to take permanent residence in Bath to take the waters probably as early as 1754.<sup>10</sup> She later revised her translation once again, since it came out in a corrected edition in London in 1767.<sup>11</sup>

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Dedication addressed to my Mother, who was one of his sisters.

I ESTEEM it an honour to call this Author my Uncle, and that not only from his Rank, but much more from his *Learning*, and unblemished *Virtue*, Qualities which the love of *Retirement* (where he thought they could be best cultivated) induced him to *conceal*, rather than to produce in public.

The first edition of his Translation consisting of two octavo volumes, was published soon after his decease, in the year 1728. Between this time and the year 1770, the Book has past thro' a second and a third edition not with the eclat of popular applause, but with the silent approbation of the studious few” (28–29).

<sup>7</sup> Edward Bysshe, the author of *The Art of English Poetry* (1702) first published his translation of the *Memorabilia* under the title *The Memorable Things of Socrates* (London, 1712), preceded by a preface and the translation of François Charpentier's essay on the life and character of Socrates. According to the ODNB article, “the majority of the poetry and drama quoted in Richardson's novels is drawn from Bysshe.” See Paul Baines, ‘Bysshe, Edward (fl. 1702–1714)’, *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, Oxford University Press, 2004, [http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/4286, accessed 7 Oct 2015]. The ECCO database includes four other editions released in 1713, 1722, 1747, and 1757. I do not know if Sarah, who was a good friend of Samuel Richardson, knew about the existence of this translation; anyhow, her version and her notes are very different.

<sup>8</sup> Sarah Fielding, *The Cry: A New Dramatic Fable* (London, 1754), Part the Fourth, scene II.

<sup>9</sup> To whom Clive Probyn has paid due tribute in *The Sociable Humanist: The Life and Works of James Harris 1709-1780* (Oxford: OUP, 1991). Harris was a man of immense learning, a brilliant Hellenist and a philhellene. A theist like his uncle the third Earl of Shaftesbury, he nevertheless points out “how much the cause of *Letters* and *Humanity* is indebted to THE [Greek] CHURCH”, in the third part of his *Philological Enquiries (The Works of James Harris with an account of his life and character by his son the Earl of Malmesbury*, 2 vols [London, 1801], 2: 449). Sarah Fielding asks for James Harris's help when faced with a tricky passage in Xenophon's *Memorabilia* that she has trouble rendering in English, and acknowledges his contribution from the very beginning of her translation: see *Xenophon's Memoirs of Socrates with the Defence of Socrates Before His Judges*, transl. by Sarah Fielding, 2 vols (Bath, 1762), 1: 2. This collaboration is detailed in her letters to James Harris published in *The Correspondence of Henry and Sarah Fielding*, ed. by Martin Battestin and Clive Probyn (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1993). She also quotes her friend Elisabeth Carter's translation of all the works of Epictetus several times. Her modesty is not a sign of lack of self-confidence; in typical Socratic fashion, this reveals her delicate awareness of the limitations of human knowledge. Her impressive command of Latin and Greek makes her humility all the more touching.

<sup>10</sup> According to Battestin and Probyn, *The Correspondence of Henry and Sarah Fielding*, note 1, 129.

<sup>11</sup> After Sarah's demise, two reeditions are to be noted, one in Dublin in 1778, and the other in London in 1788. Her translation of the Apology of Socrates was also republished by Dent and Sons in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century: Plato and Xenophon, *Socratic Discourses*, intr. A. D. Lindsay (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1913), “Apology, or The Defence of Socrates before his Judges”, trans. by Sarah Fielding,

This last work of her literary career is a remarkable undertaking: if Shaftesbury lamented the decline of knowledge of Latin and Greek authors among his contemporaries,<sup>12</sup> Sarah Fielding was one of the very —and happy!— few English women in the 18<sup>th</sup> century like her friend Elizabeth Carter, the translator of all the works of Epictetus, to master ancient languages like Latin and Greek.<sup>13</sup> Young upper middle-class girls were only sent to school until the age of 12 to learn what was then thought to be the typical feminine accomplishments, reading, writing, singing, dancing, sewing and a smattering of French or Italian. This life at boarding-school was somehow described in our author's best-selling novel *The Governess*, which was released in 1749 and went through many reeditions throughout the century.

Sarah, who had a somewhat chaotic childhood emotionally, losing her mother at the age of 7, spent a lot of time in the company of his brother, felt the urge to cultivate herself, and like him learn ancient languages, her knowledge of Greek probably exceeding his. The Fielding children had a French governess, she was, therefore, perfectly fluent in this modern language, as evidenced by the various quotations from French works like Montaigne's *Essays* or Bossu's *Traité du poème épique* that criss-cross her novel *The Cry: A New Dramatic Fable* (1754).

It is believed that she learnt Latin and Greek with Dr Arthur Collier (1707–1777), the brother of her friend Jane Collier,<sup>14</sup> but she was also tutored by James Harris, whom she calls her “kind instructor”,<sup>15</sup> a lifelong mentor and friend whom she held in high esteem,<sup>16</sup> and who had contributed to her *Familiar Letters between the Principal Characters in David Simple* (1747).<sup>17</sup> Sarah was such a good friend that he sent her and her friend Jane Collier a presentation copy

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152–61.

12 To the point that Socrates had become a legendary figure, see Jaffro, “A Note on Shaftesbury's Sea-Cards”, 257. The eighteenth century seems “to have respected the classics much more than it read them—even in English”, says John W. Draper, in “The Theory of Translation in the 18<sup>th</sup> century”, *Neophilologus*, 6.1 (1921), 250. According to M. L. Clarke, “[i]n the 18<sup>th</sup> century university teaching was in a state of decay. The professorships of Greek had become mere sinecures, and their holders apart from an inaugural oration gave no lectures”, see *Classical Education in Britain 1500–1900* (Cambridge: CUP, 1959), 68.

13 Carter also learnt Hebrew and Italian, *inter alia*, straining her mind to the point of suffering from terrible headaches. Her translation of Epictetus was first published in April 1758.

14 See M. Battestin with Ruthe Battestin, *Henry Fielding: A Life* (London and New York: Routledge) 381, and Martin C. Battestin, *A Henry Fielding Companion* (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood P, 2000), 49.

15 Battestin and Probyn, *The Correspondence of Henry and Sarah Fielding*, Sarah Fielding and Jane Collier to James Harris, 28 Dec. 1751, 125.

16 James Harris was “the guardian and interpreter of Shaftesbury's reputation and moral philosophy” (C. Probyn, *The Sociable Humanist*, 63). But Sarah was, of course, entitled to her own opinions; her novel *The Cry* in Part IV, scene II, contains a severe refutation of Shaftesbury whom she admired as a writer, but whose thought was, in her opinion, too antithetical to Anglican Christianity: “*Portia*. But notwithstanding I can see the contradictions and the ridiculous of some part of the *Characteristics*, yet I would by no means deny the author of them his due praise. His strong and elegant strokes in many parts of his works, claim our admiration of him as a writer.” The son of the author of the *Characteristics*, the fourth Earl of Shaftesbury (who was close to his cousin James Harris) and his wife, the Countess of Shaftesbury, numbered among the subscribers to Sarah Fielding's translation of the *Memorabilia*. The Countess of Shaftesbury had also previously subscribed to Sarah's *Lives of Cleopatra and Octavia* (1757).

17 Harris authored two dialogues, *Much Ado: A Dialogue and Fashion: A Dialogue* in Letter XXXIX of the *Familiar Letters*..., 2 vols (London, 1747), 2: 276–293. “These dialogues were a kind present to the author by a friend” (276). Female characters in these two funny dialogues are ridiculously overemotional and clothes-conscious.

of his book *Hermes, Or a Philosophical Inquiry Concerning Language and Universal Grammar* (1751).<sup>18</sup> The work itself, though sometimes misunderstood by his contemporaries, was very successful and was translated into foreign languages.

Interestingly (the book's originality lies elsewhere though), he spells out his conception of sexual differences in chapter 4, entitled "Concerning Substantives, properly so called": the masculine is "by nature active, strong and efficacious" (*Hermes*, 44), the feminine "conspicuous for the Attributes either of receiving, or containing, or of producing and bringing forth; or which had more of the passive in their nature, than of the active; or which were particularly beautiful and amiable" (45). "The supreme Being (God, *Theos*, Deus, Dieu &c.) is in all languages *Masculine*, in as much as the masculine Sex is the superior and more excellent; and as He is the Creator of all, the Father of Gods and Men" (54). Vice is feminine as "the opposite of virtue", as "the fancies, caprices, and fickle changes of FORTUNE would appear but awkwardly under a Character, that was Male: but taken together they make a very natural *Female*, which has no small Resemblance to the Coquette of a modern Comedy, bestowing, withdrawing, and shifting her favours, as different Beaus succeed to her good graces" (56-7).

In these few lines, he had indeed captured the "substance" of 18<sup>th</sup> century thought on gender differences, but to him Sarah, who was already a successful novelist in her own right, was a remarkable exception.

Embarking on a translation from ancient Greek was therefore a courageous move, which Harris approved of, but also an intellectually demanding endeavour. At the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> century, at Magdalen College, Oxford, Xenophon's *Memorabilia* and the *Cyropaedia* were part of the curriculum of third year students;<sup>19</sup> it was not considered such an "easy" text as Tobias Smollett has it in his review of Sarah's work.<sup>20</sup> In the first half of the 18<sup>th</sup> century, Greek studies in England were in a sorry state. The first translation of some of Plato's dialogues had been done from the French, i.e. from André Dacier's *Les Œuvres de Platon*,<sup>21</sup> and the edition of the

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18 For which Sarah and Jane thank him with hyperbolic humility in their letter dated 28 December 1751, see *Correspondence of Henry and Sarah Fielding*, 124–5: "As little Children then Sir give us leave to consider ourselves, and as our kind Instructor accept our thanks for turning our studies from the barren Desarts of arbitrary words, into cultivated Plains where amidst the greatest variety we may in every part trace the footsteps of reason, and where how much soever we wander, yet with such a guide we may still avoid confusion." The way they eulogise him in this letter, using the rhetorical device of *dubitatio*, or feigned doubt about their own competence, is characteristic of the posture of subordination women often adopted to be able to assert their own authority as both critics and writers. This kind of humorous tone (which was probably not lost on the letter's addressee) can only be used among friends though.

19 See M.L. Clarke, *Classical Education in Britain 1500–1900*, 71.

20 "The *memorabilia* are so much read in the schools, that every person the least tinctured with learning, may be supposed to be acquainted with the subject..." says Smollett, rather perfidiously, as this was probably true only of elite schools such as Eton, which Henry Fielding attended, or Winchester. Smollett's complete review is given in annex 2. "[T]hō Xenophon in general is not very hard for Greek—yet there are passages pretty perplexing", Sarah tells James Harris in her last known letter to him, dated 15 March 1762, *Correspondence*, 174.

21 *The Works of Plato abridg'd. With an account of his life, philosophy, morals and politicks*, illustrated with notes by M. Dacier, in 2 volumes, translated from the French (London, 1701). Readers of Plato were not legion and translations of his works had meager impact, see Frank B. Evans, "Platonic Scholarship in Eighteenth-Century England", *Modern Philology* 41.2 (1943): 103–110. "In the last forty years of the century Platonic scholars were most active. Men began to question the conventional attitude of disparagement towards Plato which had been established after the controversy between ancients and moderns" (105). The first book ever published by the university press of Dublin in 1738 was an edition of seven of Plato's dialogues (*Platonos hepta eklektoi dialogoi*), thanks to George Berkeley's donation of a

works of Plato in English was to be completed only in 1804.<sup>22</sup> But how did Sarah's project come about? When and why did she start it?

According to Clive Probyn it began in early September 1758: indeed, a letter to James Harris dated 6 Sept. [1758], indicates that he had promised to lend her his personal copy of Xenophon's work.<sup>23</sup> In another letter dated 25 December 1759, worried by his lack of response, she anxiously tells him that she sent him a translation "or rather a Schoolboy's Exercise wherein I aimed at putting into English Xenophon's Defence of Socrates; your not returning an answer to that letter, I impute to your politeness and Good-Nature, that would not suffer you to tell me how very ill it was done. I have since taken a good deal of pains, and hope it is a Proof of my having made some Improvement as it has served to shew me how greatly I often erred in that premature attempt of mine".<sup>24</sup> She had, therefore, drafted a first version of one of the two texts authored by Xenophon which was finally published in late January 1762 as *Xenophon's Memoirs of Socrates with A Defence of Socrates before his Judges*.<sup>25</sup>

The doubts she expresses, in typical Socratic fashion, reveal her profound humility. However, before getting any answer from James Harris, she had already advertised her plan of publishing this work by subscription in the Bath press, which shows her confidence in her own ability to bring this project to completion.<sup>26</sup>

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Greek font to the new printing house, see Arthur Aston Luce, *The Life of George Berkeley Bishop of Cloyne* (London: T. Nelson, 1949) 159; but the works of Plato were not part of the university curriculum. In the previous century, there were excellent Hellenists among the non-juring clergy such as Thomas Smith (1638-1710) and Henry Dodwell (1641-1711) who wrote many theological works and translated classical authors such as Thucydides into Latin. Dodwell was passionate about historiography and chronology. He wrote a 88 page chronology of Xenophon in Latin (*Chronologia Xenophontea post Thucydidem*) for the 1700 Oxford Greek/Latin edition of the *Hellenica*.

22 Floyer Sydenham (1710-1787), an excellent Greek scholar and a friend of Harris (the latter dedicated his treatise *Concerning Happiness* to him) published a translation of nine of Plato's dialogues with commentary from 1767 to 1780. These nine translations were revised and included by Thomas Taylor in his first complete *Works of Plato* (1804).

23 Clive Probyn, 'Fielding, Sarah (1710-1768)', *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, Oxford University Press, 2004 [<http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/9405>, accessed 9 Oct 2015]. See *Correspondence*, 139 and note 1, 140, and her letter to Harris, 21 Sept. [1758], 141.

24 Battestin and Probyn, *The Correspondence of Henry and Sarah Fielding*, to James Harris, 25 Dec. [1759], 151.

25 As announced by *The Public Advertiser*, 27 Jan. 1762, see *Correspondence*, Battestin and Probyn, note 7, 173.

26 In the *Boddeley's Bath Journal* (19 Nov 1759) and the *Bath Advertiser* (24 Nov. 1759). See Battestin and Probyn, note 2, 152. She was also helped and patronised by Elizabeth Montagu the famous bluestocking, the sister of Sarah Scott, who was Sarah Fielding's close and sincere friend. The advertisement for Sarah's translation in the *Bath Chronicle* (4 February 1762) indicates that subscriptions for the benefit of the author could be taken in London (with Sarah's publishers Millar and Dodsley), Oxford, Cambridge, Bath, Tunbridge and Dublin (with G. Faulkner, the publisher of Sarah's works in Ireland). Tunbridge wells was a spa where Elizabeth Montagu, enjoyed staying, and maybe she helped Sarah find subscribers there. Be that as it may, "James Beattie, Hannah More, Frances Burney, Anna Laetitia Barbauld, Sarah Fielding, Hester Chapone, and Anna Williams were recipients of Montagu's bounty", says Barbara Brandon Schnorrenberg in her ODNB article, "Montagu, Elizabeth (1718-1800)", *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, Oxford University Press, 2004; online edition, May 2009 [<http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/19014>, accessed 21 Oct 2015]. As far as Sarah is concerned, this "bounty" took the form of a 10 pound annuity offered in September 1767, see Battestin and Probyn's note 1, *Correspondence of Henry and Sarah Fielding*, 176. E. Montagu's wealth at death (she had later inherited her husband's immense fortune) was £10,000 per year, according to the ODNB. E. Montagu's comments about Sarah Fielding in her letters to her sister Sarah Scott show that Sarah was

She thus proceeded to translate Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, revising, amending, and polishing up her text before giving it to the press, probably within a three-year time span, from August 1758 to August 1761. In the meantime, two novels of hers would come out: *The History of the Countess of Dellwyn* in 1759 and *The History of Ophelia* in March 1760.<sup>27</sup> She must have felt exhausted, and her health was to give her much cause for worry in the following years.<sup>28</sup>

We may picture her in her Bath cottage, toiling away at her translation,<sup>29</sup> grappling with the subtleties of the Xenophontic text, and never yielding to the temptation of imitating its French translation by François Charpentier, recommended to her by James Harris:<sup>30</sup>

I have seen the French Translation you mention, for I believe I once had it in my hand half an hour, but would not read it or look in it so as to mark any perticular passage till I have gone through it the rough Copy with the Greek and Latin only, because I have a double view in this Translation the Improvement of the Greek as well as the Substantial Utility which my Situation makes Needfull, and if I had the French before me it might encline me not so thoroughly to search the Greek lexicon, for to spare pains, and more especially at my time of Life, is natural. I can borrow it, and am very glad I have your Authority that it is a good Translation, because it may serve and be very useful to rectifie Mistakes I may fall into, some perhaps too trifling to trouble you with.<sup>31</sup>

This excerpt from one of Sarah's letters to James Harris, is not only an exposition of Sarah's healthy methodology:

1. Read through the original text and its translation in Latin, looking up any difficult word in a dictionary.
2. Do not read any translation in a modern language you are familiar with like French.
3. If you get hold of one, only use it to correct possible mistakes in your own.

It also shows that she undertook this translation for pecuniary purposes ("the *Substantial* Utility which my situation makes needfull"<sup>32</sup>), as many an 18<sup>th</sup> century authoress would do, among whom her friend Sarah Scott, the translator of Pierre-Antoine de La Place's novel *La*

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more an acquaintance to whom she could hand out generous gifts as a philanthropist and be applauded by 18<sup>th</sup> century society, rather than a close friend. She could also behave abominably towards her dependents as Betty Rizzo shows in *Companions without Vows: Relationships among Eighteenth-Century British Women*, (1994; Athens: University of Georgia Press, 2008) Chapter 6, "Parent and Child: Montagu and Gregory", 112–41.

27 In her letter to Harris dated 18 Aug [1761] she says she is "now almost come to a conclusion of the work you have so kindly assisted, but if any thing should yet arise very arduous, I will not scruple to take the liberty you are pleased to indulge me in", *Correspondence*, 171.

28 As betokened by Sarah Scott's remarks in her correspondence, *The Letters of Sarah Scott*, 2 vols, ed. Nicole Pohl (London: Pickering and Chatto) 2014, vol II, pages 7, 12, 16, and 50.

29 She remarks in her preface "*that no PAINS hath been spared, to do it as well as possible*".

30 This 17<sup>th</sup> century translation had been republished by the Compagnie des libraires in Amsterdam in 1758. Harris also lent her his copy of John Gillman's *Xenophontis Socratica Defensio ad Judices* and *Xenophontis Memorabilium* (1720), an edition in Greek and Latin, see Battestin and Probyn, *The Correspondence of Henry and Sarah Fielding*, note 1, 141.

31 Battestin and Probyn, *The Correspondence of Henry and Sarah Fielding*, To James Harris, 4 Dec [4 Jan. 1760?], 153.

32 An elegant hint at her straightened circumstances.

*laideur aimable et les dangers de la beauté* (*Agreeable Ugliness*, 1754). As for Elizabeth Carter, who also received advice from a male mentor, Thomas Secker, the Bishop of Oxford, her translation of Epictetus was so successful that it brought her a modicum of financial security for the rest of her life.<sup>33</sup> Sarah probably made £212 2s. (less the printing costs) from this work according to M. Battestin,<sup>34</sup> i.e. one fifth of Carter's earnings. She lived in relative poverty, as the majority of the English population at the time, but she seems to have put up with it much more stoically than a writer like Jane Austen.<sup>35</sup>

Unlike Edward Bysshe, also a translator of the *Memorabilia* in the early 18<sup>th</sup> century, Sarah Fielding did not attempt to "redeem" Xenophon's text by Christianising it.<sup>36</sup> She expresses strong Christian disapproval of Socrates' ideas only once in a note of chapter 5, Book IV: that is when he equates piety with the knowledge of the right way to serve the Gods, which Sarah logically ties in with another Socratic equivalence, that of knowledge and virtue.<sup>37</sup> Otherwise, her notes are mainly meant to shed light on the historical and political context of ancient Greece, and unlike him, she does not draw any parallels with Holy Scripture<sup>38</sup> or make any

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33 "[T]he volume attracted over 1,000 subscribers and secured Carter £1,000..." Sarah Annes Brown, *The Oxford History of Literary Translation in English, Vol. 3 (1660–1790)*, (Oxford: OUP, 2005), 117. To be more precise, Carter counted 1,031 subscriptions as Sylvia Harcstark Myers points out, see *The Bluestocking Circle: Women, Friendship, and the Life of the Mind in Eighteenth-Century England*, (Oxford: Clarendon, P, 1990) 168. "The publication of Epictetus made it possible for Elizabeth Carter to buy a house in Deal with a view of the sea" (170). Harcstark Myers thoroughly discusses this intellectual collaboration, which also included Catherine Talbot in chapter 6 of her book, "Elizabeth Carter, Essayist, Translator, Poet", 157–76.

34 Battestin and Probyn, *Correspondence of Henry and Sarah Fielding*, note 1, 152.

35 Jane Austen calculated the total sum of her earnings from her novels, which amounted to £684 13s., see Marie-Laure Massei-Chamayou, *La représentation de l'argent dans les romans de Jane Austen* (Paris: L'Harmattan, 2012), 84. As M.-L. Massei-Chamayou perceptively observed, Jane Austen suffered from 'pecuniary anxiety' for most of her life, and only between 1811 and 1816 did she enjoy some financial security. Sarah's situation may be contrasted with that of her publishers, Andrew Millar and Robert Dodsley, two gentlemen with a flair for intellectual talent and a knack for risk management who enriched themselves in the publishing business.

36 James Welwood, another early translator of Xenophon, considers Socrates as a monotheist and a precursor to Christianity in his *Introductory Essay concerning the Doctrine and Death of Socrates, which precedes The Banquet of Xenophon. Done from the Greek*, (1710; Edinburgh, 1750). For French authors like André Dacier, the translator of Plato, some ancient Greek philosophers had enlightened the pagan world, somehow announcing or preparing the advent of Christianity: "Pour Dacier comme pour Thomassin, il ne faisait aucun doute que Dieu lui-même avait suscité les écrits de Platon pour préparer la conversion des Gentils", says Chantal Grell, in *Le Dix-huitième siècle et l'Antiquité en France (1680-1789)*, 2 vols, (Oxford: Voltaire Foundation, 1995), 2: 905.

37 See Sarah Fielding's note 136: How sophistical is this way of reasoning; and how pernicious the notion it is endeavouring to establish! But I can no way so effectually shew the ill tendency of it, as in borrowing, for the purpose, the words of one who will ever be, not only a credit to her sex, but an honour to her country. "The most ignorant persons, says Mrs Carter, in one of her notes on Epictetus, often practice what they know to be evil: And they who voluntarily suffer, as many do, their inclinations to blind their judgment, are not justified by following it. The doctrine of Epictetus therefore, here, and elsewhere, on this head, contradicts the voice of reason and conscience: Nor is it less pernicious than ill-grounded. It destroys all guilt and merit; all punishment and reward; all blame of ourselves and others; all sense of misbehavior towards our fellow-creatures, or our Creator: No wonder that such philosophers did not teach repentance towards God."—p.62. In note 122, Sarah also praises Johnson without naming him for treating of a topic better than Socrates: "Insensibility of danger when mistaken for courage", essay n°106 of *The Adventurer*, Saturday November 10<sup>th</sup> 1753.

38 Which leads Bysshe to make comments like this: "This resembleth much the mild and noble spirit of Christianity", *The Memorable Things of Socrates* (1712), trans. by E. Bysshe (Glasgow, 1757), 93.

sanctimonious comparison between Xenophon and the Psalmist. Her attitude towards the text is that of a thoughtful scholar, quoting primary and secondary sources,<sup>39</sup> and a conscientious philologist.

As to the lexicon she is mentioning in her epistle, it is likely that she used Cornelis Schrevel's Greek-Latin lexicon edited by Joseph Hill, first published in 1676, and republished in London in the eighteenth century. The British Library holds two editions of this *Lexicon Manuale Graeco-Latinum & Latino Graecum* dated 1725 and 1738. Greek grammars were written in Latin, which was the first classical language taught in schools, through which Greek could later be learnt, and the only available lexica provided the Latin equivalent of the words, not the English.<sup>40</sup>

Her questions to James Harris mainly tackle lexicological issues,<sup>41</sup> when she is unsure of having found the correct English equivalent of certain Greek terms. Harris kindly obliges, not only by suggesting the translation he deems appropriate, but by providing the etymological and philosophical explanation motivating his choices:

“Nothing is more difficult than to find Moral Names in English corresponding to Moral Names in Greek. This is evident in rendering y<sup>e</sup> Words *σωφρων*, & *σωφροσυνη*. I should chuse to render the one a virtuous Temperature,<sup>42</sup> & y<sup>e</sup> other *Virtuously Tempered*. Some mention of Virtue cannot be in this place be omitted, because the Argument tends to prove the Inseparable Union of real Wisdom with Virtue, and of course that all Virtue in founded in Science, all Vice in ignorance or Folly”.<sup>43</sup> Harris remarks further down that “[t]his method of conveying knowledge by discussing the meanings of words & their etymologies was much practised by Socrates”.<sup>44</sup>

As J. L. Subbiondo explains, James Harris was a philosophical grammarian who wanted to explore language not by studying the utterances of speakers, which are by nature potentially infinite, but by focusing on the universal ideas in the human mind or psychological principles which enable sentence formation in all languages.<sup>45</sup> “He proposed that all surface sentences be classified either as an ‘assertion’ or as a ‘volition’”.<sup>46</sup> Words represent ideas, therefore nothing is untranslatable: “the language of modern England is able to describe ancient Rome; and that of ancient Rome to describe modern England” (*Hermes*, 373-74).

To come back to the discussion at hand between James Harris and Sarah Fielding, it is

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39 She quotes the leading English scholar of her time on ancient Greece, i.e. John Potter, bishop of Oxford and later Archbishop of Canterbury. His *Archaeologia Graeca: or, The Antiquities of Greece* (1697-1699) was republished many times throughout the century.

40 See M. L. Clarke, *Greek Studies in England 1700–1830* (Cambridge: CUP, 1945), 15.

41 See for instance her letters to James Harris, 10 Mar. [1761], *Correspondence*, 160–61; 24 March [1761], 164–66 ; 22 April [1761], 168–69; 14 July [1761], 170; 18 Aug. [1761], 171.

42 The word temperature, in this archaic acceptation, means “constitutional bent of mind, disposition, temperament” (OED).

43 From James Harris, 15 Mar. 1761, *Correspondence*, ed. by Battestin and Probyn, 162.

44 From James Harris, 15 Mar. 1761, *Correspondence*, ed. by Battestin and Probyn, 163.

45 For this development, I am indebted to J. L. Subbiondo’s article “The Semantic Theory of James Harris: A Study of *Hermes* (1751)”, *Historiographia Linguistica* III, 3 (1976): 275–91. What Subbiondo is here describing looks pretty much like the opposition between transformational grammar and corpus linguistics, the former being concerned with a general theory of language, and the latter basing linguistics on the empirical observation of native speakers’ utterances. Chomsky discusses Harris’s work in *Cartesian Linguistics, a Chapter in the History of Rationalist Thought* (New York, London: Harper and Row, 1966).

46 J. L. Subbiondo, “The Semantic Theory of James Harris: A Study of *Hermes* (1751)”, 280.

essential for them that the translator should find the words in the target language that best match or mirror the ideas or concepts implied in the source language, which reveals their scientific rigor and respect for the text. The fact that only Greek/Latin lexica were available shows how arduous Sarah's task must have been: in effect she was navigating between four languages, if one includes the French.

Sarah happily acknowledges her debt to Harris in ten of her insightful notes,<sup>47</sup> and quotes *verbatim* the precisions he gave her in his letters. She follows his suggestion in the case of the translation of the words *σωφροσύνη* and *σωφρων* in Book III, 9, 4 of the *Memorabilia*: “*Σοφίαν δὲ καὶ σωφροσύνην οὐ διώριζεν*” (he made no difference between wisdom and temperance) is rendered by “Socrates made no distinction between wisdom, and a virtuous temperance”, and Sarah uses the compound adjective “virtuously tempered” three times in this chapter.

But she otherwise chooses to translate *σωφροσύνη* by the word “temperance” throughout the *Memorabilia* and *σωφρων* as “modest” in the *Apology*, to be contrasted with *ὕβριστης* (shameless). In a chapter (III, 9) which examines whether some qualities like courage are natural or acquired, a virtuous temperament might imply that some human beings are naturally inclined to virtue, whereas virtue for Socrates is the result of an *askesis*, an effort, that of temperance, the ability to moderate one's desires and one's pleasures. Temperance is, therefore, a prerequisite to virtue, as confirmed in Book IV, chapters 3 and 5.<sup>48</sup>

That Sarah took up Harris's suggestion in this passage shows a trait that her contemporaries unanimously lauded in her character, her sweet and sincere kindness. She asked for his help and advice, so she should take it into consideration and acknowledge her debt to him. As Sarah admits with touching sincerity, it is also a way of bolstering up her own work by showing it received the intellectual backing of a distinguished scholar.

“As subsequent letters indicate, SF's ability comprised all but the most complex philosophical terms, in which she was assisted by Harris”, says Martin Battestin.<sup>49</sup> This strange remark seems to imply that the most complex philosophical notions were beyond Sarah's grasp. That she followed Harris's suggestion in only one chapter proves that she did not necessarily agree with all of his viewpoints. She had perfectly understood that for Socrates virtue was acquired by effort, i.e. by temperance, a word used 12 times in her translation of the *Memorabilia* and that an inner disposition to it (or a “virtuous temperance”, as Harris says) did not suffice.

Their epistolary exchanges reveal her prime concern in this translation: mirroring, with

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47 “Will you give me leave to credit myself with your Authority there? My sole Motive for asking it I confess is selfish and for my own honour, and I shall esteem it as a great friendship if you please to grant the Request”, to James Harris, 24 Mar. [1761], *Correspondence*, ed. by Battestin and Probyn, 164. See *Memoirs of Socrates*, notes 88-92, 94, 95, 128, 135, and 140 (cross-reference).

48 “Yet was not Socrates ever in haste to make orators, artists, or able statesmen. The first business, as he thought, was to implant in the minds of his followers, virtuous principles; since these wanting, every other talent only added to the capacity of doing greater harm...” (IV, 3, 1). “And, being of opinion, that temperance was absolutely necessary for the well performance of any thing excellent; and having, in the first place, shewn by his manner of living, how far he surpassed all others in the exercise of this virtue; he endeavoured by his discourses, as well as by his example, to excite his friends to the practice of it” (IV, 5, 1). In this passage, Sarah renders the word *ἐγκράτεια* (self-control) by the word temperance, which is an appropriate translation as it does not simply mean abstinence from excess of food or drink, but also “the practice of always controlling your actions, thoughts, or feelings” (Webster).

49 *Correspondence*, ed. by Battestin and Probyn, note 2, 143.

scrupulous accuracy, the simplicity of Xenophon's style in her own text: "I am very much obliged to you for what you have said in your last of Xenophon, as it lets me into a Characteristick of him: Simplicity, which I shall always continue to admire, tho so very contrary to the 'Form, and Pressure of the present Time', and as it will also be an Assistance to me in the reading him in an unknown tongue".<sup>50</sup>

This echoes Shaftesbury's own appreciation, as L. Jaffro points out: "Xenophon's omnipresence and his evident primacy over Plato in the Design of a Socratic History should be construed as a supremacy of the simple style. Shaftesbury views Xenophon not only as the best source for writing the history of Socrates, but also as the best model for the very style of this writing".<sup>51</sup>

Xenophon's simplicity is a consummate art, the art of arguing away the unfair accusations that were levelled at the philosopher and led to the execution of an innocent. This design of the *Memorabilia* is announced right from the text's incipit, in which Xenophon expresses his sense of bewilderment in front of the scandal of Socrates' death: "I have often wondered by what arguments the accusers of Socrates could persuade the Athenians that he had behaved in such a manner towards the Republic, as to deserve death..." (book I, chapter 1, 1).

The Athenian sage had been charged with corrupting the youth and introducing new deities, and sentenced to death in the spring of 399 BC. Six years later, a sophist named Polycrates published an accusation of Socrates, taking up the charges held against the philosopher by the tribunal of the Heliastes. To defend his memory, Xenophon wrote this vibrant defence of his beloved friend and hero, whom authors like Strabo and Diogenes Laertius believed to have saved Xenophon's life at the battle of Delium.<sup>52</sup>

Figure: Title page of *Les Choses mémorables de Xénophon* (Amsterdam, 1758), © BnF

Only once in her text does Sarah Fielding confess to having rendered an obscure or difficult passage by using Charpentier's version whose title page is reproduced above.<sup>53</sup>

Her translation therefore meets the requirements that began to be recommended in the 18<sup>th</sup> century,<sup>54</sup> but to moderate success especially when it came to translating poetry or novels (hence the "*belles infidèles*"): the principles of accuracy, fidelity, and elegance (the last criterion often trumping the first two) for which Tobias Smollett praises Sarah Fielding in *The Critical*

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50 "Unknown" by the majority of the population, Battestin and Probyn, *The Correspondence of Henry and Sarah Fielding*, to James Harris, 4 Oct.[1758],143. Harris's letter mentioned here by Fielding is unfortunately missing, but we may infer from his work *Hermes* what he told Sarah about this topic, see Battestin and Probyn in note 1, p.143: "*Xenophon*, the Pattern of Perfect simplicity; every where smooth, harmonious, and pure; declining the figurative, the marvelous, and the mystic; ascending but rarely into the Sublime; nor then so much trusting to the colours of Stile, as to the intrinsic dignity of the Sentiment itself", *Hermes* (1751; London, 1765), 423.

51 L. Jaffro, "A Note on the Socratic Sea-Cards", 260.

52 Diogenes Laertius, *The Lives, Opinions, and Remarkable Sayings of the Most Famous Ancient Philosophers* (London, 1688), "Life of Socrates", 113.

53 See *Memoirs of Socrates*, this edition, chapter 6, note 137.

54 On the art of translation in the 18<sup>th</sup> century, see, for instance, John W. Draper, "The Theory of Translation in the 18<sup>th</sup> century", *Neophilologus*, 6, 1 (1921): 241–254, and T.R. Steiner, *English Translation Theory (1650–1800)* (Amsterdam: Van Gorcum, 1975). Curiously, The article of the *Encyclopedia of Literary Translation in English* devoted to the 18<sup>th</sup> century (ed. by Olive Classe, 2 vols [London and Chicago: Fitzroy Dearborn Publishers, 2000], 1: 571), does not mention Sarah Fielding and Elizabeth Carter.

*Review*: “We must therefore congratulate the English reader on so valuable an accession to the literature in his own native language, as we think Mrs. Fielding has happily imitated the easy and unaffected elegance of the Greek original...”.<sup>55</sup>

She occasionally indulges in the venial sin of amplification to clarify the meaning of the text, as it was then thought the translator could do: maybe this is what she means by “the improvement of the Greek”,<sup>56</sup> not that Xenophon whose work she respects and admires so much needed amelioration or total rewriting.

We compared the length of the *Memorabilia* and the *Apology of Socrates* with that of Sarah's translation without her editorial notes, and with 20<sup>th</sup> century translations.<sup>57</sup> Sarah Fielding's version is longer than contemporary translations, not because she makes additions to the text, but because the syntax of her sentences and the semantic choices she makes require that some elements be developed.

Work	Corpus Size	Length Difference
Greek text of the <i>Memorabilia</i>	32,956	
Sarah's translation of the <i>Memorabilia</i>	53,903	+63.6%
Marchant's translation (Harvard UP, 1923)	45,462	+38.53%
Greek text of <i>The Apology of Socrates</i>	1,887	
Sarah's translation ( <i>Defence of Socrates</i> )	3,359	+77.00%
O.J.Todd's translation of the <i>Apology</i> (HUP,1947)	3,029	+60.00%

Table: comparison of the word length of different translations of Xenophon's *Memorabilia*

It would be beyond the scope of this short introduction to assess the accuracy of Sarah's translation or to compare it with modern translations; this is ground for future research and must be done by a Hellenist. In this introduction, we aim to present and contextualise Sarah's text and her notes, and not burden it with editorial notes of our own, so that today's readers may enjoy it like their 18<sup>th</sup> century counterparts. Nevertheless, we read Sarah's translation of the *Memorabilia*, the Greek text, and two contemporary English translations and our general impression is that her translation is both accurate and elegant. We also carefully examined the Greek text of the *Apology* and her translation to see how she rendered rare Greek words like *μεγαληγορια* (“big talk”) not recorded in Léopold Gautier's “lexilogus” of Xenophon as it is not a frequent lexeme. Louis-André Dorion would like to see it translated by the word

55 T. Smollett, *The Critical Review* 13 (1762), 177.

56 Letter to J. Harris, 4 Dec. [4 Jan. 1760?], *Correspondence*, 153. A reviewer for XVII XVIII kindly suggested I misunderstood Sarah Fielding here, and that she means improvement of *her* Greek. However, Sarah Fielding in her correspondence says she does not find Xenophon's text difficult on the whole (see note 20 above). But I may have been mistaken, as I am not a native speaker of English.

See: Penelope Wilson, <<https://journals.openedition.org/1718/929>>. Be that as it may, Sarah Fielding is using amplification in the *Apology*. Sarah Fielding's translation was read by Laurent Motte, Agrégé de lettres classiques, a former student of the ENS of rue d'Ulm, and, in his opinion, it is accurate and elegant. It was also thought to be so by literary critics and Hellenists in the 18<sup>th</sup> century.

57 We retrieved the texts from the following website:

<<http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/searchresults?q=Xenophon>>.

boastfulness.<sup>58</sup>

Sarah actually translates this term which is used twice at the beginning of the Apology in two ways “the loftiness of his stile, and the boldness of his speech”. The first expression is an adequate translation (in a 20<sup>th</sup> century translation, it is rendered by the phrase “the loftiness of his words”), the second is an interpretation, Sarah perceiving the provocative nature of Socrates’ defence which might antagonise his judges. She probably felt the word “boastfulness” was negatively connoted and did not want to risk attributing a moral defect to Socrates. Boasting implies speaking in exaggerated or excessively proud terms of one’s skills or qualities. But is Socrates excessively proud in front of his judges, is he exaggerating his qualities? Is he not simply ironically reminding them that nothing in his life justifies a death sentence? Sarah perceives the provocativeness of Socrates’ speech and rightly interprets his refusal, as advised by the divine voice, to resort to the emotional oratory expected by his judges in this type of circumstance. This would be an admission of guilt.

She occasionally adds notations to valorise Socrates and set him apart from common mortals: “with regard to death, he was no way solicitous to importune his judges as the custom was with others”; the expression “as was the custom with others” does not feature in the Greek text. She may be carried away by the tender affection she feels for the Athenian philosopher, whose virtues she wants to bring out in the most laudatory way.

The amplification we noticed occurs in several instances; let us quote a few of them: *ἀφρονεστέρα* (ill-considered) translated by “imprudent, and unbecoming”, but this is due to the syntax of her sentence which has two noun phrases as subjects (“the loftiness of his style and the boldness of his speech”) and is complemented by two adjectives “may wear at least the appearance, of being imprudent, and unbecoming”; “*μάλα ἔρημα τῶν εὐφροσυνῶν*” which she rightly translates by “destitute of every joy”, amplifying the Greek adverb *μάλα* (very) by adding the clause “which might serve to soften and allay them”; *τι ἐδυνάμην ἀγαθόν* by “whatever could make them wise and happy”. These elegant additions, which of course do not conform to modern standards of translation, are made for the sake of the rhythm of the sentences, which as a novelist, Sarah Fielding is very mindful of, but considering the “good” (*ἀγαθόν*) as what makes men “wise and happy” is a definition Xenophon would have countenanced. In the Apology, it cannot be denied that Sarah slightly rewrites the text, and we can clearly see here what she means by “the improvement of the Greek”.

Socrates often uses the vocative when addressing his interlocutors which Sarah translates by using their first names preceded by the possessive adjective “my”, thus enhancing his tenderness and his affectionate benevolence towards his students and disciples.

On the contrary, the philosopher’s irony towards his accusers in the Apology is conveyed through phrases like “o ye judges” to render the Greek vocative *ὦ ἄνδρες* (gentlemen), a stylistic construction which Sarah’s character Portia uses very often when addressing the Cry, an allegorical assembly embodying “Error and her numerous Train” in front of which she is convened to narrate the story of her life and defend herself.<sup>59</sup> It might also be a distant echo of the passages in the King James version of the New Testament where Christ rebukes the Pharisees.<sup>60</sup>

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58 “Vantardise” in French, Louis-André Dorion, *L’autre Socrate: Études sur les écrits socratiques de Xénophon* (Paris: Les Belles Lettres, 2013), 306.

59 The phrase “O ye Cry” is used 44 times in *The Cry* (a figure found thanks to Lawrence Anthony’s AntConc software).

60 Such as this one: “Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter; but

Only once does Sarah Fielding make a real interpolation in the *Apology*, and this is in paragraph 21, when she renders the word *παιδεία* (education) by a periphrasis “by instructing the Youth in the knowlege of their duty; and planting in the mind each virtuous principle!”. This is a significant addition, as in two lines Sarah has annexed her own conception of education to the text.

Indeed, Socrates' life and sayings as narrated by Xenophon echo many of the moral and philosophical preoccupations she expresses in her own novels:<sup>61</sup> How can human beings, like Socrates in his time, exercise benevolence (*David Simple, Volume the Last, The Cry*)? What are real friendship (*David Simple*), duty (*The Governess*), and virtue (*The Lives of Cleopatra and Octavia*)? Sarah's heroine Octavia is endowed with Socratic qualities: self-control, temperance, sociability, usefulness (“sacrificing her private to the public good”<sup>62</sup>), simplicity, innocence, cheerfulness, tenderness, and love of reading and of philosophy: “From my infancy, that is from the time I became capable of Reflection, I was taught, that to contract my Desires, to command my Passions, and to share my Pleasures with others, was the only conduct which could promise me happiness ... My chief Care was to keep my mind composed and undisturbed; that in every Accident which befel me, I might have Power to exert my Reason, and give my Judgment its due Scope”.<sup>63</sup> A female Socrates so to speak, who undergoes a form of social death or forced retirement as a result of Mark Anthony's desertion, but passes away with the Socratic tranquillity arising from a clear conscience: “with a Mind steady, serene, and calm, I sunk in peace, and resigned my Breath, without any remorse to embitter, or one Thought of Terror to disturb, my last Moments” (267).

“Shew me, I desire you, what sort of man he must be whom we should endeavour to make a friend of? I suppose, said Socrates, he should be... moderate in his pleasures,—a strict observer of his word, fair, and open in his dealings;—and who will not suffer even his friend to surpass him in generosity; so that all are gainers, with whom he hath to do” (*Memoirs of Socrates*, 1762, 126): a portrait that is somehow reminiscent of her hero David Simple.

Like him, Socrates is imbued with good-nature, sincerity, belief in Providence, temperance (*σωφροσύνη*), devotion to his friends and to the City, helpfulness (*ὠφελία*) and generosity. Unlike him, however, he is prudent, clear-sighted and witty, as pinpointed by his humorous conversation with the courtesan Theodote. What brings about David's undoing in *Volume the Last* (1753) is not his sensibility contrary to what some critics aver, but his naïveté and his incapacity to imagine the secret springs of wickedness in certain human beings. By contrast, Socrates' exceptional understanding and critical judgment—this is the interpretation Sarah makes of his “demon”—perfectly equip him to give advice to his friends, through the medium of the various conversations (Louis-André Dorion counted 26 different interlocutors in the

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your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness”, Lu. 1 1:39.

61 G. A. Starr has spotted some of the thematic convergences between the works of Sarah Fielding and the *Memorabilia*, in “From Socrates to Sarah Fielding: Benevolence, Irony, and Conversation”, in *Passionate Encounters in a Time of Sensibility*, eds. Maximillian E. Novak and Anne Mellor (Newark: U of Delaware P, 2000), 106–27. However, this critic sees Xenophon's Socrates as essentially a man of words and not of deeds (“Socrates does rather little but has a great deal to say...”, 116), and slightly overemphasises the role played by conversation both in Socrates' life and in Sarah Fielding's novels. It is because Socrates had such a rich and eventful life that he can converse with his friends and give them advice in so many different domains. Furthermore, he does not practise irony as much as the Platonic Socrates, but reserves it for those of his interlocutors who are smug or self-conceited.

62 Sarah Fielding, *The Lives of Cleopatra and Octavia* (London, 1758, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed.), 3.

63 Sarah Fielding, *The Lives of Cleopatra and Octavia*, 216–7.

*Memorabilia*<sup>64</sup>) and sometimes apparently anodyne questions he asks them to guide them on their way to Truth. Like Socrates and his friends, Sarah Fielding's heroes are often seen conversing with one another, the author believing in the powers of speech to attain truth about oneself and other human beings.<sup>65</sup>

To round off this comparison between Socrates and David Simple, it may be argued that virtue in Socrates' case is practised for self-fulfilment and out of love for the City; in David's it is practised with the hope of a future reward (that is why Shaftesbury finds Protestant ethics mercenary), and to prepare for life eternal in God's loving embrace, which brings us back to the vexed question of Socrates' piety. What did Socrates believe in according to Xenophon? How are we to understand Socrates' "demon"? Is it some kind of divine sign or a god talking to Socrates? Sarah gives a different answer. She has full cognizance of the interpretative traditions concerning Socrates' "demon", as this perspicuous note of hers illustrates:

Various have been the opinions concerning this genius, or demon of Socrates; and too many for the translator to enumerate. What seems the most probable and satisfactory is, that the genius of Socrates, so differently spoken of, was nothing more than an uncommon strength of judgment, and justness of thinking; which measuring events by the rules of prudence, assisted by long experience, and much observation: unclouded, and unbiased by any prejudices, or passions, rendered Socrates capable of looking, as it were, into futurity, and foretelling what would be the success of those affairs about which he had been consulted by others, or was deliberating upon for himself. And, in support of this opinion, they urge his custom of sending his friends--Xenophon, for example--to consult the oracle when any thing too obscure for human reason to penetrate, was proposed to him: To which might be added, as no mean testimony, his own practice on all such occasions. But from whence this notion arose, of his being thus uncommonly assisted, is not easy to determine. It might perhaps be from nothing more, as some have imagined, than from his having casually said on some occasion--"My genius would not suffer me:" alluding to the notion which prevailed with many; that every one had a genius to watch over, and direct him. And although nothing more was at the first either intended, or understood by it, than when we say, "my good angel forbad me;" or, said so and so to me;--yet, being verified by the event, it came at length to be considered, by a superstitious people, as something supernatural: And, as it added much weight to his counsel, and instructions, neither Socrates, nor his friends were in haste to discredit such an opinion; not looking upon themselves as obliged to do it, by one duty whatsoever (*Apology of Socrates*, note 138).

As in Shaftesbury's *Design* (and here we may wonder if this insight had not been gained in private conversations with James Harris), the demon in Xenophon's account is an "inhibiting

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64 Xénophon, *Mémorables*, traduit du grec et présenté par Louis-André Dorion (Paris: les Belles lettres, 2015), 16.

65 The inherent ambiguities of language could also be used as by the Sophists to deceive, betray, and cover up hardness of heart, as the plot of her novels *David Simple*, *Volume the Last* and *The Cry* perfectly illustrate.

signal within a political context”,<sup>66</sup> Socrates projecting an image of himself as a man respectful of the gods of the City, sending his disciples to consult the oracle when confronted with too perplexing or politically sensitive an issue.<sup>67</sup> Is it, as Leo Strauss would argue, to protect his secret beliefs (or rather unbelief) and his freedom to philosophise?<sup>68</sup>

However that might be (does the apparent simplicity of Xenophon’s style conceal or encrypt another subversive meaning?<sup>69</sup>), throughout the text the philosopher instructs his disciples, and forms their minds, teaching them what modern psychology would call self-control (*ἐνκρατεία*) and what Shaftesbury admired so much in Socrates, i.e. his mind’s extraordinary ability to reflect upon itself and divide itself, weighing its thoughts and actions critically, and distancing himself from the negative passions clouding man’s judgment and hindering happiness.

Sarah’s hermeneutic of Socrates’ demon, not construed as a sign of guidance by a heavenly spirit or any special divine dispensation, also highlights her rationalism and her diffidence towards superstitious beliefs, as a devout member of the Anglican church.<sup>70</sup>

Still, her translation presents the philosopher not only as a superior intellect, but as an emotional human being, suffused with tenderness and love of his fellow-Athenians, up to the ultimate sacrifice, his stoic acceptance of an iniquitous death sentence.

Each historical period has read and interpreted the figure of Socrates in its own special way. A number of historians and philosophers in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, inspired by various strands of thought, discredited Xenophon’s Socrates, to the benefit of Plato’s, thought to be more profound and metaphysical. Xenophon is, allegedly, not as historically accurate as he was previously thought to be; he tells us about events and conversations that he cannot have witnessed.

What seems particularly irking to some is that Xenophon’s Socrates does not practise irony so much, but is really giving his disciples positive teaching and advice on how to lead their lives, thus appearing more as a sage than a philosopher.<sup>71</sup> Hence, maybe, the very harsh

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66 L. Jaffro, “A Note on Shaftesbury’s Socratic Sea-Cards”, 262.

67 This echoes Plato’s description of his sign “as a voice not directing his actions but serving only as a deterrent when he or his friends were contemplating doing something inadvisable”, See *Apology of Socrates*, Xenophon in 7 volumes, vol. 4 (Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1979), note 2, <[www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus:text:1999.01.0212](http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus:text:1999.01.0212)>.

68 As L.-A. Dorion underlines, there is, according to Strauss, an original conflict between the City and the philosopher which forces him to conceal his thought and to subscribe, apparently, to the opinions of the majority (“le présupposé fondamental de l’herméneutique straussienne, à savoir qu’il y a entre la cité et le philosophe un conflit original qui contraint le philosophe à dissimuler sa pensée et à souscrire, en apparence, aux opinions de la majorité”, *L’Autre Socrate*, 78).

69 L.-A. Dorion has refuted Leo Strauss’s reading of Xenophon with unsurpassable skill in “L’exégèse straussienne de Xénophon”, see *L’Autre Socrate*, 51–92.

70 As an instance of this, it is said, That after the defeat of the Athenians, at the battle of Delium, he told Alcibiades, and those who were with him, “That he had just received intimations from his genius, that they should not take the same road the greatest part of their broken forces had taken, but turn into some other.” By which means, those who paid regard to his admonitions escaped; while the rest, being overtaken by a party of the enemy’s horse, were either killed on the spot, or made prisoners. Neither doth this, or any of the like instances, oppose the opinion of those who say Socrates’s genius was nothing more than sound judgment, or reason, free from all the warpings and mists of passion; improved by experience, and a careful observation of nature and things. Cornelius Nepos called *prudencia* a kind of divination (Sarah Fielding, *Memoirs of Socrates*, note 93 in this edition). Sarah, like many Enlightenment writers, thinks passions as negative affects from which man must deliver himself.

71 This is Vivienne J. Gray’s viewpoint in her remarkably subtle and inspiring book: *The Framing of*

judgment of a French philosopher like Sarah Kofman who speaks of Xenophon's "insipid portrait", and his fiction as "sickening" in its "platitude, mundanity and dullness".<sup>72</sup>

We may wonder if the jolly bourgeois depicted by Kofman is that same Socrates who refused to obey a tyrannical government's unjust order to arrest an innocent man, to the peril of his own life,<sup>73</sup> possibly a reason for considering him, like Martin Luther King in his admirable *Letter from a Birmingham Jail* (1963),<sup>74</sup> as an early champion of civil disobedience. When Socrates refuses to obey this unjust order, he does so, for King, in the name of natural right, of the unwritten divine law written in his heart, his inner sense of justice that no human law whatsoever may contravene.

Only a superficial reading of the passage of the *Memorabilia* where Socrates' equates justice with respect for the laws of the city may construe Socrates' definition as a sign of conformism and political conservatism. Man lives in a *polis*, a city, and no city can subsist peacefully if its citizens do not respect its laws, debated and decided, in a democracy, by its citizens. The Socrates depicted by Xenophon is not an anti-democrat. He thinks each citizen is endowed with talents and serving the City requires both competence and self-denial.<sup>75</sup> Had he loathed the Athenian democracy, he would not have submitted to an unfair death sentence decreed by a regime he despised. He could have escaped and chosen to live in exile, despite the opprobrium it would have cast on his family. His death is voluntary.<sup>76</sup>

Alcibiades, a former disciple of Socrates whose reprehensible behaviour harmed his

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*Socrates. The Literary Interpretation of Xenophon's Memorabilia* (Stuttgart: Franz Steiner Verlag), 1998. Although Xenophon says that Socrates did not teach others at the beginning of the text ("although he never undertook to be a *teacher of others...*", I, 2), he nevertheless gives them advice on how best to conduct their lives throughout the *Memorabilia*, and, unlike the Sophists, he refuses to receive any money in exchange for his services.

<sup>72</sup> This is how Sarah Kofman labels Xenophon's description: "cette peinture insipide", *Socrate(s)*, (Paris: Editions Galilée, 1989), 216; "cette fiction ... écœurante de platitude, de prosaïsme et d'ennui comme celle de Xénophon ou divinement poétique comme celle de Platon", 209. There are other philosophical presuppositions in this short-sighted reading of Xenophon which cannot be discussed at length here, but that Louis-André Dorion has uncovered in his book *L'autre Socrate*. To put it simply, it is based on a speculative conception of philosophy, as if philosophy had nothing to say to human beings on how to lead their lives, a view which is out of touch with what it originated as, as the beautiful books by Pierre Hadot like *Qu'est-ce que la philosophie antique?* amply demonstrate.

<sup>73</sup> Socrates refused to arrest Leon whom the Thirty wanted to put to death. The Thirty were the pro-Sparta oligarchy that rose to power with Spartan support after Athens' defeat in the Peloponnesian war and of which Critias, a former student of Socrates, but now hateful of him and of his ideals, was a leading member. Socrates' courageous refusal is mentioned in *Memorabilia*, IV, 4, 3. As early as the first chapter of the *Memorabilia*, Xenophon mentions the fact that Socrates, when he presided the Assembly of the people, "boldly refused to give his suffrage to the iniquitous sentence which condemned the nine captains...to an unjust death", thus showing that the philosopher obeyed, first and foremost, the dictates of his conscience.

<sup>74</sup> "Socrates felt that it was necessary to create a tension in the mind so that individuals could rise from the bondage of myths and half-truths to the unfettered realm of creative analysis and objective appraisal..."; "[t]o a degree, academic freedom is a reality today because Socrates practiced civil disobedience", see: <[https://www.africa.upenn.edu/Articles\\_Gen/Letter\\_Birmingham.html](https://www.africa.upenn.edu/Articles_Gen/Letter_Birmingham.html)>.

<sup>75</sup> See for instance Socrates's discussion with Charmidas in Book III, chapter 7 of the *Memoirs of Socrates*: "Be acquainted with your own talents; and lose no occasion of exerting them in the service of your country...".

<sup>76</sup> "Socrates would not avail himself of these arts, however easy it was to have brought himself off by any the smallest compliance with the custom; but chose rather, as he himself said to those friends who counselled him otherwise, to die, continuing stedfast to the laws, than save his life by such indirect practices" (IV, 4).

master's reputation, is presented as an arrogant and ambitious youth in Xenophon's account, a rookie who thinks of himself as superior even to experienced politicians like Pericles.<sup>77</sup> Let us quote Sarah Fielding's beautiful translation:

“...and truly, I think, said Pericles, that whatever is decreed and enforced, without the consent of those who are hereafter to obey, is not law, but violence.”

“Then ought *that* also, which is decreed by the people, contrary to the will of the nobles, to be deemed violence, rather than law?”

“No doubt of it, replied Pericles:—But, my Alcibiades, continued he; at your age, we were somewhat more acute in these subtilities, when we made it our business to consider them; as we now see you.”

To which, it is said, Alcibiades returned answer,—“would to the Gods then, my Pericles, I might have conversed with you at the time when you *best* understood these sort of things!” —In consequence therefore, of this most ambitious disposition; no sooner did these men suppose they had acquired some advantages over the persons then employed in the administration; but they forbore to associate any longer with Socrates: For, besides that his company was no way pleasing to them, on other considerations; they could still less brook his frequent remonstrances for the many irregularities of their lives:—Therefore, they plunged at once, into business, and the affairs of the Commonwealth;—the only *end*, for which they had ever been among his followers (*Memoirs of Socrates*, I, 2, 45–47).

For Sarah Fielding, it is, therefore, highly unlikely that Xenophon secretly picked him as Socrates' spokesperson. As Louis-André Dorion has masterfully argued in *L'autre Socrate*, it is high time we read Xenophon's Socratic writings for their own sake (and I would add not as part of a beauty contest with Plato's), and did away with false insoluble issues such as the Socratic question.<sup>78</sup>

In the age of Enlightenment, Sarah's translation contributed to the re-discovery of the *Memorabilia*. In her astute and elegant translation, she imitated Xenophon's simple style and apologetic tone, but was also sensitive to the historical importance of his testimony. Xenophon brings into relief an aspect of the philosopher that 20<sup>th</sup> century interpreters were sometimes oblivious of, that is to say Socrates was also a soldier and did not shun public service<sup>79</sup>: “[i]n the city-states of ancient Greece, virtue meant devotion to the well-being of the city and above all to its military defense...”.<sup>80</sup> In book III, chapter 5 of the *Memorabilia*, Socrates sharply criticises the Athenians, as compared to their valiant forefathers, and this gives us historical clues as to why and how he may have antagonised them.

Sarah Fielding proved a discreet editor and a talented Hellenist. Her last work before her

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<sup>77</sup> “And, agreeably to *this*, they tell us that Alcibiades, when under the age of twenty, coming to Pericles his tutor, and at that time sole director of the Athenian State, entered into the following conversation with him concerning the laws” (*Memoirs of Socrates*, I, 2, 40).

<sup>78</sup> See Louis-André Dorion, *L'autre Socrate: Études sur les écrits socratiques de Xénophon* (Paris: Les Belles Lettres, 2013), 14. The main differences between the Xenophontic Socrates and the Platonic Socrates are recapitulated in Dorion's avant-propos, xiv–xviii.

<sup>79</sup> See for instance Book I, chapter I of the *Memorabilia* (Socrates presided the Assembly) and Book IV, chapter 4 in which he gives advice to the son of Pericles on the art of war.

<sup>80</sup> Jerry Z. Muller, *The Mind and the Market: Capitalism in Western Thought* (New York: Anchor Books, 2003) 4.

demise, which she proudly signed with her own name on the front page (instead of “by the Author of David Simple”), gave her contemporaries access to an ancient text that most of them could no longer read in the original Greek.

Like latitudinarian divines,<sup>81</sup> taking up the tradition of St. Basil the Great’s *Address to Young Men on the Right Use of Greek Literature*, she thought that Christians, following the rudder of their own conscience, could read profane authors and select in their writings all the words and deeds worthy of remembrance as illustrations of the virtuous life: “For just as bees know how to extract honey from flowers, which to men are agreeable only for their fragrance and color, even so here also those who look for something more than pleasure and enjoyment in such writers may derive profit for their souls”.<sup>82</sup>

Evidently, we cannot conjecture what the third Earl of Shaftesbury would have thought of Sarah’s translation. Still, she shared his love and admiration of Socrates, and, with the help of his nephew, somehow carried out his plan of “put[ting] the “*Memorabilia* of Xenophon into an English version of the language of Madame de la Fayette”.

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81 Latitudinarian divines (such as Isaac Barrow who read all the works of St. John Chrysostom during his stay at Constantinople from 1658 to 1659) enjoyed reading ancient philosophers but also the works of Church Fathers like St. Basil and St. John Chrysostom, see Isabel Rivers, *Reason, Grace and Sentiment* (Cambridge: CUP, 1991), 50 and 35.

82 St. Basil, “Address to Young Men on the Right Use of Greek Literature”, trans. by Frederick Morgan Padelford in *Essays on the Use of Poetry by Plutarch and Basil the Great. Yale Studies in English*, vol XV. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1902, 105. Her brother published *A Journey from this World to the Next* in 1749, a work to which she contributed (by writing the story of Anna Boleyn), and in which are narrated, to name but a few, the burlesque multiple reincarnations of the emperor Julian the Apostate, a contemporary of St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nazianze, and St. John Chrysostom, a character also appearing, albeit in satirical guise, in Henry Fielding’s text. Sarah objects to mockery of Socrates on moral grounds (see annex 1), but probably not of St. John Chrysostom: Anglicans like her do not believe in the veneration of saints, so there is nothing wrong with making fun of them. Sarah thinks that ridicule is not the test of truth; yet those we pick as objects of our satire or our laughter obviously reveal our values, system of beliefs and criteria of truth.

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## ANNEX 1

Socrates in Sarah Fielding's *The Cry* (1754), part the fourth, scene 2.

How justly founded lord *Shaftesbury's* assertion is, that ridicule could not hurt the doctrines of *Socrates*, or the reputation of that philosopher, I will not at present take upon me to determine; but that ridicule was the only implement of mischief in the hands of his malicious adversaries which could have wrought his destruction, appears to me excessively plain; for, if I am not mistaken, thus stood the case with that great man at *Athens*.

*Anytus*, on some private pique, sought to take away the life of *Socrates*; but, on a consultation with his friend *Melitus*, they agreed that the character of *Socrates* was too much honoured and revered, for them to hope success from any slanderous accusation against him. On this they applied to the witty *Aristophanes*, who (it is most likely at their request) wrote the comedy of the *Clouds*, in which he descends to every base and mean artifice adapted to catch the ears of the vulgar, that, by false ridicule, he might depreciate the man whose wisdom soar'd far above his reach. *Socrates* was said in his person to resemble *Silenus*, the softer father of *Bacchus*, who was deified for his debauches. *Aristophanes* therefore clapp'd a fellow into a basket, hung him up in the middle of the stage, gave him the name of *Socrates*, (dress'd no doubt as like him as possible) and made him speak some noted words of *Silenus*, which words by *Socrates* had in truth never been made use of. I appeal to the common experience of mankind, whether such a public false representation would not at any time raise peals of laughter from a vulgar audience, who, wanting judgment to distinguish (altho' the likeness was not a whit more than between an elephant and an ant) would pronounce the man so represented ridiculous? But at the end of the play, when it might be supposed that the *Athenian* mob had sufficiently vented their laughter, malice breaks out in its own true colours. *Socrates* was loaded with false accusations, as being the head of a sect who denied the being of the gods; and now that it was found that *Socrates*, by their buffoon tricks, was become a laughing-stock, the weapons of ridicule were to be changed into firebrands, which were recommended to the mob whilst their hearts were thus inflamed; and the last speech of the play, without disguise, tells them where to direct their fury. The minds of the grinning multitude being caught by buffoonery, were fitted to receive any ill impression against *Socrates*. First, by the power of burlesque they laugh'd at him; then, glad to justify their own buffoonery, they readily lent an ear to any evil accusation that his enemies could propose. Those accusations, which were first swallowed in the form of jesting on the theatre, now became serious in the forum; and thus, by the force of *ridicule*, of *funn*, of *burlesque*, (meant undoubtedly only to make folks merry) was laid the true foundation for the fall of the wisest and best man that ever yet appear'd in the heathen world.<sup>83</sup>

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83 In this passage Sarah Fielding pretends not to be aware that Aristophanes' *Clouds* was written 24 years before Socrates' condemnation. What point does she want to make? Unlike Shaftesbury who thought that Socrates' philosophy was immune to vulgar mockery ("For nothing is ridiculous but what is deform'd: Nor is anything proof against Raillery, but what is handsom and just", *Characteristics*, [London], 1711, vol I, 128), she is sceptical of ridicule as an effective weapon to fight fanaticism and serve the cause of truth. She had probably read John Brown's *Essays on the Characteristics*, a refutation of Shaftesbury dedicated to Ralph Allen, who was a close friend of hers. She is arguing along the same lines as Brown in *Essay I* "On Ridicule, considered as a Test of Truth", (1751; London, 1759), 57–62. It is unsettling that the charges against Socrates that led to his execution are exactly those formulated in Aristophanes' *Clouds*. Aristophanes' vulgar satire of Socrates was a sort of sinister prelude paving the

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way for his physical elimination. If anyone wants to destroy a man, the first thing to do is to destroy his reputation and satirising a just and innocent man like Socrates is a moral fault. Victor Henry Debidour in *Aristophane* (Paris: Seuil, 1961) points out that Aristophanes hated the party of Socrates' accusers (55), and defends him, arguing that laughter cannot hurt truth. The playwright just wanted to make people laugh ("c'est le terrible scandale du rire partout où le rire est roi", 55), and parody actually being a form of homage, his satire serves the cause of wisdom and justice (see pages 57–71). This argument is fallacious for Sarah: how can slanderous satire serve the cause of wisdom and justice? On the contrary, it may serve the enemies of truth, and in this case it may have been instrumental in the condemnation of an innocent man. "Oh! Ridicule, thou great Friend of us the Deceitful! Who givest us more effectual assistance to impose our Fallacies on our Dupes, than all the other Instruments of Deceit in the World" (Sarah Fielding, *Lives of Cleopatra and Octavia*, 82). Ridicule is not harmless, and it should certainly not target the innocent. According to David Konstan, who starts his article with a quotation from Kierkegaard, not exactly an admirer of Xenophon ("Aristophanes has come very close to the truth in his depiction of Socrates"), "Socrates was by any account an eccentric personality, who no doubt invited such mockery", see "Socrates in Aristophanes *Clouds*", in Donald R. Morrison ed. *The Cambridge Companion to Socrates* (Cambridge: CUP, 2011) 76. Sarah's stance here is clearly that of a Christian moralist in the tradition of Addison and Steele; she views ridicule as a sin against Christian love and warns her readers of its negative consequences such as psychological and physical harm. At the end of section III of *A Letter Concerning Enthusiasm*, Shaftesbury holds the opposite view: Socrates could not be hurt by ridicule ("Nor cou'd there be in the world a greater testimony of the invincible goodness of the man, or a greater demonstration, that there was no imposture either in his character or opinions"). Shaftesbury's position is much more subtle than what Sarah Fielding implies in *The Cry*. However, she indicates that she is not discussing the validity of his views, but simply suggesting a hypothesis concerning Aristophanes' role in Socrates' condemnation. On the issue of laughter and ridicule in Shaftesbury, see Laurent Jaffro, "The Passions and Actions of Laughter in Shaftesbury and Hutcheson", *Thinking about the Emotions: A Philosophical History*, soon to be released by OUP. As L. Jaffro points out, there is a doubly self-corrective mechanism in laughter, first because for Shaftesbury we cannot laugh at everything (this would turn us into fools or buffoons) and exercise a form of self-restraint; secondly, because laughter should mainly be directed at ourselves, our misconceptions and prejudices (modern psychology has shown how arduous this is, as our mind often clings to its reassuring fallacies). Consequently, for Shaftesbury this emotion is not malicious and does not necessarily cause harm. It is the spontaneous protest of reason in front of absurd notions and beliefs like predestination, and, we might add, it brings human beings relief, pleasure and comfort. Sarah Fielding thinks laughter is a positive and healthy emotion: Cynthia in *David Simple* (Book II, chapter VI) resists masculine tyranny by laughing in her father's face; in *The Cry* (Part I, scene XI). Sarah's heroine Portia criticises the Hobbesian view of laughter as expressing contempt and a sense of one's own superiority. In sum, without realizing it, Sarah Fielding agrees with Shaftesbury's ideas on laughter, but there is a form of Anglican cognitive bias in her presentation of the Earl's doctrine of ridicule. Moreover, she resorts to ridicule and satire in her novels, usually to denounce a vice or a passion in one of her characters. Laughing at a fictitious character is harmless and helps us improve ourselves by mocking our own passions, errors and misconceptions. Seeing moral faults in others on a stage or in a book may trigger off awareness of our own.

## ANNEX 2

Tobias Smollett's Review of Sarah Fielding's translation  
in *The Critical Review* 13(1762): 176–80.

Sarah Scott mentions Sarah Fielding's response to this review in a letter to her sister Elizabeth Montagu: "the latter [Mrs Fielding] has had the gratification of seeing her translation of Xenophon very highly praised in the *Critical Review*. Panegyric could scarcely run higher, & yet she had no private interest among the writers".<sup>84</sup> The translation is deemed so good that Smollett includes a whole chapter of it in his short contribution. Nonetheless, his review is also tinged with mixed praise and overemphasises Harris's role in this publication. As to the perfidious insinuation of plagiarism, it is unfair and unsubstantiated; it is probably a veiled hint at François Charpentier's translation, which Sarah did not copy at all. Smollett's remark on "the numberless beauties greatly superior to what we could expect from the narrow superficial education of the fair sex" obviously illustrates British women's limited educational opportunities in the 18th century, but, above all, male condescension towards feminine intellectual achievements. We refer our readers to Sylvia Harcstark Myers's remarkable work on the *Bluestockings*, a jewel of a book, which includes many quotations from primary sources such as correspondences, thanks to which we may plunge into the consciousness of these learned ladies and witness their everyday lives, their heartaches, misfortunes, disappointments and frustrations, but, above all, the joys and the pleasures of sweet friendship and mutual support.

ART. II. Xenophon's *Memoirs of Socrates. With the Defence of Socrates, Before his Judges. Translated from the original Greek. By Sarah Fielding.* 8vo. Pr. 71. Millar.

Of all the writings of the chaste and elegant Xenophon, there is none which, in our opinion, more fully evinces the purity of his heart, the solidity of his understanding, and the sublimity of his genius, than this beautiful narrative of the memorable conversations held by the illustrious Socrates. The stile is so simple and ornate, the maxims in philosophy, and for the conduct of life, so judicious, the arguments so artfully, and yet so naturally disposed, the allegories so pertinent, striking, and warmly coloured, and the character of Socrates described in so amiable a light, that while we revere the sage, we cannot but admire the panegyrist and historian. It would be unnecessary to enter upon a critique or review of a performance so universally known and applauded. The *memorabilia* are so much read in the schools, that every person the least tinctured with learning, may be supposed to be acquainted with the subject: not even Plato himself, with all the beauties which the finest imagination could impart, has rendered the example and precepts of Socrates so generally useful, so engaging and attractive, as we here find them painted by the masterly hand of Xenophon, who shone with equal lustre in the camp and the lyceum. We must therefore congratulate the English reader upon so valuable an accession to the literature in his own native language, as we think Mrs. Fielding has happily imitated the easy and unaffected elegance of the Greek original, though, in some, places may be suspected of having copied from a translation. Let the snarling critic find pleasure in pointing out the blemishes of this version; for our own parts, we are satisfied with

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<sup>84</sup> *The Letters of Sarah Scott*, ed. Nicole Pohl, 1: 286–7.

discovering numberless beauties greatly superior to what we could expect from the narrow superficial education of the fair sex. A mere grammarian may be offended with a few liberties taken by the translator; but every reader of sentiment must be delighted to observe how happily she has fallen into the taste and manner of her admirable original. The conversation between Socrates and Aristodemus, concerning the deity, falls nothing short of the Greek; the allegory from Prodicus is no less beautiful; but what we chiefly admire in this translation, is the simplicity preserved through the whole dialogue between Socrates and his son Lamprocles, upon the gratitude due from children to their parents. As we regard this as one of the finest pieces of antiquity, we shall beg leave to quote it, in justice to the talents of the author and translator. (...) [Here chapter 2 of Book II is quoted in extenso, except for the first sentence “Socrates seeing his eldest son Lamprocles, enraged with his mother, spoke to him in the following manner.”]

The ingenious Mr. Harris of Salisbury, so distinguished as a philologist and philosopher by several learned publications, hath enriched this translation with a variety of explanatory notes. We would wish he had likewise taken the trouble of revising the sheets as they came from the press, as we do not find all the mistakes corrected in the table of errata prefixed.

### ANNEX 3

“Literary Remarks and Intelligence”, in *The Library: or, Moral and Critical Magazine, for the Year MDCCLXII*, vol. II, London, 1762, 93–94.

It is an observation of Voltaire that a number of female authors may be considered as a certain proof of a very learned and polished age. This mark of her progress in the arts and sciences Great Britain can at present boast of, in several ladies, who are distinguished ornaments of their sex, and have enriched their country with many agreeable and elegant writings. The last month has favoured us with the productions of two ingenious women whose names are already celebrated in the republic of letters, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs Fielding.

Mrs. Carter undoubtedly claims the first place among the literatæ of England. This precedence she hath especially merited by her *Epictetus*, which is an admirable performance, and puts her on a level with the *Dacier* of France. What she hath lately obliged the world with are her *Poems*, comprised in a small volume. Some of them have formerly been seen and applauded by the public, and particularly the *Ode to Wisdom*, and the *Hamadryad*, which cannot be too much commended. Several others are added to this collection, and they will be read with great pleasure by every person of taste. they are all of them easy and harmonious, and many of them are peculiarly beautiful and excellent. We have, likewise, the satisfaction of beholding poetry here applied to its original purpose, of inspiring the noblest sentiments of piety and virtue.

While Mrs. Carter has only presented us with her less important pieces, Mrs. Fielding, who hath hitherto chiefly been known as a composer of novels, has assumed a higher character, and ventured to come abroad as a translator of *Xenophon*. Her attempt, indeed, is not so arduous as Mrs. Carter’s was, in undertaking *Epictetus*: but yet it is a work of no small merit, to put any valuable Greek writer into a becoming English dress. Mrs. Fielding has been extremely happy in the choice of her author, who is remarkable for the easiness of his language, and is, at the same time, one of the most pleasing and elegant geniuses of antiquity. His memoirs of *Socrates* exhibit a fine display of sentiments, reasonings, and conduct of the wisest, the worthiest, and the most amiable man the pagan world ever produced. In *Plato* this eminent philosopher appears more profound and sublime; but *Xenophon* seems to have fairly represented him as he was in himself, without exaggeration or fiction. Such, therefore, of our readers as cannot have recourse to the original, and are desirous of obtaining a true idea of the opinions and behaviour of *Socrates*, have it now in their power to be gratified in a very instructive and agreeable manner. (...)

## ANNEX 4

“COOPER (Anthony Ashley)”, excerpt from *The New and General Biographical Dictionary*, ed. by William Tooke et al., London, 1798, 3: 244–45.

Lord Shaftesbury is said to have had an esteem for such of our divines (though he treated the order very severely in general) as explained christianity most conformably to his own principles; and it was under his particular inspection, and with a preface of his own writing, that a volume of Whichcot’s sermons was published in 1698, from copies, taken, as it is said, in short hand, as they were delivered from the pulpit.

But his principal study was the writings of antiquity; and those which he most admired, were the moral works of Xenophon, Horace, the Enchiridion of Epictetus, with Arrian’s Commentaries, and Marcus Antoninus. From these he formed to himself the plan of his philosophy: and the idea which he framed to himself of philosophy in general, may be best comprehended from the following words of his, where addressing himself to a correspondent, he says: “Nor were there indeed any more than two real distinct philosophies: the one derived from Socrates, and passing into the old academic, the peripatetic, and stoic; the other derived in reality from Democritus, and passing into the cyrenaic, and epicurean. For as for that mere sceptic or new academic, it had no certain precepts, and so was an exercise of sophistry, rather than a philosophy. The first therefore of these two philosophies recommended action, concernment in civil affairs, religion, &c.; the second derided all this, and advised inaction and retreat. And good reason: for the first maintained, that society, right, and wrong, were founded in nature, and that nature had a meaning, and was herself; that is to say, in her wits, well-governed, and administered by one simple and perfect intelligence. The second again derided this, and made providence and dame nature not so sensible as a doting old woman. So the Epicurean in Cicero treats providence, *Anus fatidica stoicorum πρόνοια*. The first therefore of these philosophies is to be called the civil, social, and theistic: the second the contrary.” Every page of lord Shaftesbury’s writings shews him to have been a zealous assertor of the civil, social and theistic system: and hence the whole of his philosophy seems to have been the inculcating of these two philosophies, viz. that there is a providence, which administers and consults for the whole, to the absolute exclusion of general evil and disorder; and that man is made by that providence a political and social animal, whose constitution can only find its true and natural end in the pursuit and exercise of the moral and social virtues. Numerous have been the adversaries and answerers of Lord Shaftesbury and his principles: such however has been his fate, that, while some, only captivated with his wit and humour, have highly extolled him for things delivered perhaps too freely, though bearing no relation to his philosophy, and others on the opposite side have been wholly employed in censuring these freedoms; his real system and opinions have in a manner been overlooked, or treated at least as a visionary scheme of his own inventing, to idolize moral virtue: though they may be proved in every part to be in fact no other than the concurring sentiments of the best writers among the antients.

## A NOTE ON THE TEXT

Sarah Fielding's translation has not been republished since the 18<sup>th</sup> century. We have used the 1767 corrected edition published in London for Andrew Millar.

The main differences in spelling and punctuation between the first and the second edition are recapitulated below, and the variants in the 1767 edition indicated in parentheses.

Spelling. e're (ere), cou'd (could), truly (truly), surnamed (surnamed), tenant (tenet); sentinel (centinel); acknowlegeth (acknowledgeth); where-with (wherewith); well satisfied (well-satisfied); subsistance (subsistence); avaritious (avaricious); other wise (otherwise); irresistable (irresistible); superiour (superior); orator (oratour); brasier (brazier); discriminate (descriminate); profitted (profited); verbs in 'd are expanded, as in fortify'd (fortified), but not all of them. Some of these modifications are not systematic though.

Punctuation. In pairs of semantically related words most of the times the comma before the conjunction is suppressed, therefore "courtesy, and kindness" become "courtesy and kindness". When speech verbs are used in interpolated clauses, she always replaces the preceding semi-colon with a comma, as in "[n]ot at all; replied Lamprocles" turned into "[n]ot at all, replied Lamprocles". The syntax is clarified by replacing semi-colons by commas in many sentences, and a few interrogative sentences in Socrates' speech are turned into affirmative ones.

The 1767 edition contains a couple of misprints which are the compositor's fault that we have corrected, such as spelling the first name Euthydemus in two different ways (Euthedemus or Euthydemus); "but, say his accusers", for "but, says his accuser", whereas the rest of the chapter, this word accuser is in the singular. Reproducing the order of John Gillman's scholarly edition, it opens with the *Defence of Socrates*, followed by the text of the *Memorabilia*, unlike the 1762 edition. We cannot be sure this inversion is Sarah's decision and not the compositor's. It contradicts the order announced in the title page, and somewhat disrupts the logic and the charm of the initial presentation, by providing Socrates' defence in front of his judges before Socrates' conversations with his friends and disciples. That is why we finally decided to present the two texts in the same order as the 1762 edition.

The original misprint in the title page of the first edition, "translated from the original Greek" (how irritating in the first page of a book to which Sarah devoted so much time and energy!), has mercifully been corrected.

We have not retained the 18<sup>th</sup> century usage of capitalising proper nouns, the initials of common nouns and the first word of sentences.

We hope this edition was one Sarah would have approved of.



**XENOPHON'S MEMOIRS OF SOCRATES**

**WITH THE DEFENCE OF SOCRATES BEFORE HIS JUDGES**

**TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GREEK**

**BY**

**SARAH FIELDING**



## PREFACE

Although the translator of the following memoirs was fully persuaded, that the far greater number of those who favoured her with their names, and assisted her with their interest, were influenced by much nobler motives than the expectation of receiving any thing very extraordinary from her hand; yet, so little did this appear to her any reason for relaxing her endeavours, that, on the contrary, she considered it, as laying her under an additional obligation to do all the justice she possibly could to her author. It was partly, on that account; partly, from sickness; and partly from some other accidents, not more within her power to regulate, than the state of her own health, that the publication of these memoirs hath been deferred beyond the time, first mentioned in the proposals: But if the talk is, at last, discharged tolerably, the mind of the translator will be set much at ease; and the reader find somewhat to repay him for his waiting.

That the Memoirs of Socrates, with regard to the greatest part, are held in the highest estimation, is most certain; and if there are some passages which seem obscure; and of which the use doth not so plainly appear to us at this distance of time, and from the dissimilarity of our customs and manners; yet, perhaps, we might not do amiss, in taking Socrates himself for our example in this particular, as well as in many others; who being presented by Euripides, with the writings of Heraclitus, and afterwards asked his opinion of their merit; —

*What I understand, said he, I find to be excellent; and therefore believe, that to be of equal value, which I do not understand;* —and, certainly, continues the admired modern writer, from whom the quotation above was taken, “This candour is more particularly becoming us in the perusal of the works of ancient authors; of those works which have been preserved in the devastation of cities; and snatched up in the wreck of nations: Which have been the delight of ages; and transmitted as the great inheritance of mankind, from one generation to another; and we ought to take it for granted, that there is a justness in the connexion, which we cannot trace; and a cogency in the reasoning, which we cannot understand.”<sup>85</sup> The translator of the following sheets, would willingly bespeak the same candour, in reading the translations of the ancient writers, which hath above been thought so necessary, for judging right of the originals. In the preface to the Life of Cicero, the celebrated writer of it thus expresses himself: —“Nor has that part of the task, said he, (speaking of the several passages he had translated from the writings of Cicero) been the easiest to me; as those will readily believe who have ever attempted to translate the classical writings of Greece and Rome.”<sup>86</sup> It may perhaps be objected, “That candour alone is not sufficient for the present occasion;” —to which it can only be answered, *That SOMETHING was to be done; —and, that no PAINS hath been spared, to do it as well as possible.*

\*\*\*The translator is sorry to find, that the title affixed to this work hath not been approved of universally: And, in truth, that inundation of trifles, follies, and vices, lately introduced into the world, under the general appellation of memoirs, hath occasioned such an unhappy association of ideas, as doth not well suit with a Zenophon’s giving a relation of what a Socrates once said, and did: But the translator takes shelter for herself, under the respectable

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<sup>85</sup> Ed’s note: Samuel Johnson, *The Adventurer*, 2 vols (London, 1752-54), n°58, 26 May 1753, 1:344.

<sup>86</sup> Ed’s note: Conyers Middleton, *The History of the Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero*, 2 vols (London, 1741), Preface, 1:xxii.

names of Mr. Johnson, and Mrs. Carter; the one having, as she thinks, explained the word, MEMOIR, in a manner consistent with the present application of it; and the other actually made choice of it, for the very same purpose, as is here done.<sup>87</sup>

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<sup>87</sup> “Memoir, *n.f.* [*memoir*, French], I. An account of transactions [i.e. affairs, public or private] familiarly written”, Samuel Johnson, *A Dictionary of the English Language*, 2 vols (London, 1755), vol. 2, “Memoir”. Elizabeth Carter refers to Xenophon’s text as “*Xenophon’s Memoirs of Socrates*”, see *All the Works of Epictetus* (London, 1758), “The Discourses of Epictetus”, note e, chap. 23, 307.

# XENOPHON'S MEMOIRS OF SOCRATES

## BOOK I

### CHAPTER I

I have often wondered by what arguments the accusers of Socrates could persuade the Athenians that he had behaved in such a manner towards the Republic, as to deserve death: For the accusation preferred against him, was to this effect:—

“Socrates is *criminal*; inasmuch as he acknowledgeth not the Gods, whom the Republic holds sacred, but introduceth *other* and *new* Deities:—He is likewise *criminal*, because *he corrupteth the youth*.”

Now, as to the first of these, *that he acknowledged not the Gods whom the Republic held sacred*,—what proof could they bring of this; since it was manifest that he often sacrificed; both at home, and on the common altars? Neither was it in secret that he made use of *divination*; it being a thing *well known* among the people, that Socrates should declare, his *genius* gave him frequent intimations of the future; whence, principally, as it seems to me, his accusers imputed to him the crime of *introducing new Deities*. But surely, herein, Socrates introduced nothing *newer*, or more *strange*,<sup>88</sup> than any other, who, placing confidence in divination, make use of auguries,<sup>89</sup> and omens,<sup>90</sup> and symbols,<sup>91</sup> and sacrifices.<sup>92</sup> For these men suppose not that the birds, or

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<sup>88</sup> The sense of this passage, together with the notes which here follow upon the several particulars contained in it, were obligingly given me by one not more known for his learning, than esteemed for his *candour* and *benevolence*,—Mr. Harris, of Salisbury.

<sup>89</sup> Auguries. In Greek *Oionoi*, which originally signifying birds, was, by metaphor, taken to signify that discovery of futurity to which birds were supposed instrumental.

<sup>90</sup> Omens. In Greek *phēmai*, voices, either declarations of the Gods, by express words of their own, heard in temples, groves, and other places; or incidental expressions dropt by human beings; who, without intending it themselves, were supposed to be made channels of divine communications. Thus, when Paulus Emilius was just returned from the Senate, where the conduct of the war with the Macedonian King Perses had been decreed to his care, he found his little daughter Tertia in tears. On his tenderly kissing her, and demanding the cause: My dear father, says she, *poor Persa is dead*. Persa (according to the Latin idiom for Perses) was the name of her lap-dog. The father, eagerly embracing her, cries out, *Acipio OMEN, mia filia:—My child, I seize the omen*. Æmilius soon after went, and Perses was conquered. *Cic. De Divinat. L. I. C. 46*. According to this idea of the word *omen*, the old etymologists very properly inform us, that it was originally written *Oremen quod sit ex ore*, as being a method of divination *which proceeds from the mouth*.

<sup>91</sup> SYMBOLS. In Greek *Symbola*, or *Symboloi*, signs, symbols, or external types, by which something else more latent was signified, on the explanation of which depended the skill of the diviner. Thus from Cicero, in the same tract above quoted, we learn that when King Midas was a child, the ants, as he was sleeping, filled his mouth with grains of corn; and that when Plato was sleeping in his cradle, the bees came and seated themselves on his lips. These symbols were explained to foretel the future riches of the first, and the future eloquence of the latter. *Cic. De Div. L. I C. 36*. Ed's: Cicero (106-43BC), *De Divinatione* (44BC), in which he argues the pros and cons of divination, book 1 being a stoic defence of it, book 2 a refutation of prophecy as useless superstition (see Robert G. Goar, “The Purpose of *De Divinatione*”, *Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association*, 99 (1968): 241-248. For a modern critical edition, see ed. and trans. David Wardle (Oxford, OUP, 2006).

<sup>92</sup> SACRIFICES. In Greek *Thysiai*. The inspection of the entrails of victims, and the divination thence deduced, are too well known to need explanation.

persons they meet unexpectedly, *know* what is good for them; but that the Gods, by their means give certain intimations of the *future*, to those who apply themselves to divination. And the same also was his opinion; only with this difference; that while the greater part say, they are *persuaded*, or *dissuaded*, by the flights of birds, or some accidental occurrence, —Socrates, on the contrary, so asserted concerning these matters, as he knew them from an *internal consciousness*; declaring it was his *genius* from whom he received his information. And, in consequence of these significations, (communicated, as he said, by his *genius*) Socrates would frequently forewarn his friends, what might be well for them to *do*, and what to *forebear*; and such as were guided by his advice, found their advantage in so doing; while those who neglected it, had no small cause for repentance.<sup>93</sup>

Now, who is there that will not readily acknowledge, that Socrates could have no desire to appear to his friends either as an enthusiast, or arrogant boaster; which, however, would have been unavoidable, had he openly asserted that *notices of the future* had been given him by the Deity; while a failure in the event made the falshood of the assertion notorious to all. Wherefore, it is manifest, Socrates foretold nothing, but what he firmly believed would, hereafter, be fulfilled: —But, *where* could he place this full confidence, exclusive of a *Deity*; and how could one, who *thus* confided, be said to acknowledge *no* Gods?

FARTHER: —Although Socrates always advised his followers to perform the necessary affairs of life in the best manner they were able; yet, with regard to every thing, the event whereof was doubtful, he constantly sent them to consult the oracle, whether it *ought*, or *ought not*, to be undertaken. He likewise asserted, that the science of divination was necessary for all such as would govern, successfully, either cities or private families: For, although he thought every one might chuse his own way of life, and afterwards, by his industry, excel therein; whether architecture, mechanics, agriculture, superintending the labourer, managing the finances, or practising the art of war; yet even *here*, the Gods, he would say thought proper to reserve to themselves, in all these things, the knowlege of that part of them which was of the most importance, since he, who was the most careful to cultivate his field, could not know, of a certainty, who should reap the fruit of it. He who built his house the most elegantly, was not sure who should inhabit it. He who was the best skilled in the art of war, could not say, whether it would be for his interest to command the army: Neither he who was the most able to direct in the administration, whether for his to preside over the city. The man who married a fair wife, in hopes of happiness, might procure for himself a source of much sorrow; and he who formed the most powerful alliances, might come in time, by their means, to be expelled his country. Socrates, therefore, esteemed all those as no other than madmen, who, excluding the Deity, referred the success of their designs to nothing higher than *human prudence*. He likewise

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<sup>93</sup> As an instance of this, it is said, That after the defeat of the Athenians, at the battle of Delium, he told Alcibiades, and those who were with him, “That he had just received intimations from his genius, that they should not take the same road the greatest part of their broken forces had taken, but turn into some other.” By which means, those who paid regard to his admonitions escaped; while the rest, being overtaken by a party of the enemy’s horse, were either killed on the spot, or made prisoners. Neither doth this, or any of the like instances, oppose the opinion of those who say Socrates’s genius was nothing more than sound judgment, or reason, free from all the warpings and mists of passion; improved by experience, and a careful observation of nature and things. Cornelius Nepos called *prudence* a kind of divination. Ed.’s note: Cornelius Nepo (born *c.* 110 BCE—died *c.* 24 BC), Roman historian, friend and correspondent of Cicero, *The Lives of Illustrious Men Written in Latin by Cor. Nepos and Done into English by Several Hands* (Oxford, 1684), “Life of Atticus”, trans. Mr. Morgan of St. John Coll., Oxford, 264.

thought those not much better, who had recourse to divination on every occasion; as if a man was to consult the oracle, whether he should give the reins of his chariot into the hands of one ignorant, or well versed in the art of driving; or place, at the helm of his ship, a skilful, or unskilful pilot. He also thought it a kind of impiety, to importune the Gods with our enquiries concerning things, of which we may gain the knowlege by number, weight, or measure; it being, as it seemed to him, incumbent on man to make himself acquainted with whatever the Gods had placed within his power: As for such things as were beyond his comprehension, for *these* he ought always to apply to the oracle; the gods being ever ready to communicate knowlege to those, whose care had been to render them propitious.

Socrates was, almost, continually in men's sight. The first hours of the morning were usually spent in the places set apart for walking, or the public exercises; and from thence he went to the forum, at the time when the people were accustomed to assemble. The remainder of the day was passed, where might be seen the greatest concourse of the Athenians; and, for the most part, he so discoursed, that all who were willing might hear whatsoever he said: Yet no one ever observed Socrates either speaking or practising any thing impious, or profane; neither did he amuse himself, like others, with making curious researches into the works of nature; and finding out how *this*, which Sophists call the *world*, had its beginning; or what those powerful springs which influence celestial bodies. On the contrary, he demonstrated the folly of those, who busied themselves much in such fruitless disquisitions;—asking, whether they thought they were already sufficiently instructed in *human* affairs, that they undertook, only, to meditate on *divine*? Or, if passing over the *first*, and confining their enquiries altogether to the *latter*, they appeared, even to themselves, to act wisely, and as became *men*. He marvelled they should not perceive, it was not for man to investigate such matters; for those among them who arrogated the most to themselves, because they could with the greatest facility talk on these subjects, never agreed in the same opinion; but like madmen, some of whom tremble when no danger is near; while others fear no harm at the approach of things hurtful: So these philosophers; some of them asserting there was no shame in saying or doing any thing before the people; others sending their disciples into solitude; as if nothing innocent could be performed by us in public. Some regarding neither temples nor altars, nor reverencing any thing whatsoever as divine; while others thought nothing could be found too vile for an object of their adoration.—Even among those who laboriously employed themselves in studying the universe, and the nature of all things, some imagined the whole of Being to be simply *One only*; others, that *beings are in number infinite*. Some, that all things are *eternally moving*; others, that *nothing can be moved at all*: Some, that all things are *generated and destroyed*; others, that there can *never be any generation or destruction* of any thing.<sup>94</sup>

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<sup>94</sup> This passage, with the following note upon it, together with the note marked [95] were given to the translator by Mr. Harris. In this passage Socrates has reference to the speculations, partly physical, partly metaphysical, of the philosophers, who lived before him, and whose writings now are either wholly lost, or only preserved in fragments by Aristotle, Cicero, Simplicius, &c. The names of these ancient sages were Melissus, Parmenides, Anaxagorus, Heraclitus, Democritus, &c. 'Twould be superfluous in this place to say any thing concerning their opinions, the diversity among them is sufficiently set forth by our author, and 'tis *on this diversity* rests the force of his argument. Ed.'s note: Aristotle (384-322 BC), Greek philosopher; Simplicius of Cilicia (flour. c.530), philosopher whose works contain fragments of pre-Socratic philosophers; Melissus (5<sup>th</sup> cent. BC), Greek philosopher and disciple of Parmenides; Parmenides (born c. 515 BC), Pythagorean philosopher; Anaxagorus (born c.500 BC), "Greek philosopher of nature remembered for his cosmology and for his discovery of the true cause of eclipses" (Britannica); Heraclitus (flour. c. 500BC), "best known for his doctrines that things are

He would ask, concerning these busy enquirers into the nature of such things, as are only to be produced by a divine power,—whether, as those artists who have been instructed in some art, believe they are able to practise it at pleasure, so they, having found out the immediate *cause*, believe they shall be able, for their own benefit, or that of others, to produce winds and rain, the vicissitudes of time, or the change of seasons? Or if indeed altogether destitute of this hope, they could content themselves with such *fruitless* knowledge?

In this manner would he reason concerning those people who gave themselves up to such useless speculations. As for himself, *man*, and what related to man, were the only subjects on which he chose to employ himself. To this purpose, all his enquiries and conversation turned upon what was pious, what impious; what honourable, what base; what just, what unjust; what wisdom, what folly; what courage, what cowardice; what a state or political community, what the character of a statesman or politician; what a government of men,<sup>95</sup> what the character of one equal to such government. It was on these, and other matters of the same kind, that he used to dissert; in which subjects, those who were knowing he used to esteem men of honour and goodness; and those who were ignorant, to be no better than the basest of slaves.<sup>96</sup>

That the judges of Socrates should err concerning him, in points wherein his opinion might not be apparently manifest, I marvel not; but that such things as had been spoken *plainly*, and acted *openly*, should have no weight with them, is indeed wonderful; —for, being of the Senate, and having taken, as was customary, the senatorial oath, by which he bound himself to act in all things conformable to the laws, and arriving in his turn to be president of the Assembly of the people,<sup>97</sup> he boldly refused to give his suffrage to the iniquitous sentence which condemned the nine captains,<sup>98</sup> two of whom were Erasmides and Thrasellus, to an unjust death; being neither intimidated with the menaces of the great, nor the fury of the people; but steadily preferring the sanctity of an oath to the safety of his person: For he was persuaded the Gods watched over the actions and the affairs of men, in a way altogether different to what the vulgar imagined; for while *these* limited their knowledge to *some* particulars only, Socrates, on the contrary, extended it to *all*; firmly persuaded, that every word, every

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constantly changing (universal flux), that opposites coincide (unity of opposites), and that fire is the basic material of the world” (Daniel W. Graham, “Heraclitus”, *Stanford Enc. Of Philosophy* online); Democritus (born *c.* 460 BCE—died *c.* 370), an atomist philosopher believed the universe was the result of chance. The thought of these pre-Socratics cannot be adequately summarised in a footnote. See *The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, <<https://plato.stanford.edu/>>, or *The Internet Encyclopedia of Philosophy*: <<https://iep.utm.edu/>>.

<sup>95</sup> He speaks here of the government of *men*, in contradistinction to that of *brutes*, as practiced over sheep by shepherds, over cattle by herdsmen, over horses by horsemen. The brutes all considered as *irrational*, but man as *rational*. See this matter finely illustrated by Xenophon, in the beginning of his *Cyropædia*.

<sup>96</sup> Epictetus confines the study and enquiries of men to yet narrower bounds; for he says,—“as the subject-matter of a carpenter, is wood; of a statuary, brass; so of the art of living, the subject matter is, each person’s *own life*;”—But the more enlarged scheme of Socrates seems more amiable, as more just. Ed’s note: *All the Works of Epictetus*, trans. E. Carter, Bk 1, chap. 15, “What It Is That Philosophy Promises”, 54.

<sup>97</sup> Epistate. Ed.’s note: epistatēs, public official in ancient Greece.

<sup>98</sup> The crime alleged against these men was, their not having taken care to pay the last rights to the dead after a sea-fight with the Lacedæmonians, though they could plead in excuse for the not doing it, the being prevented by a violent storm. Socrates, notwithstanding Theremenes, one of his followers and friends, had preferred the accusation, opposed it strongly; and when called upon to put the judgment in writing, as his office required him, he told them at first he was unacquainted with the law-terms; and at last, absolutely refused to do it.

action, nay even our most retired deliberations, were open to their view;<sup>99</sup> that they were every where present, and communicated to mankind all such knowledge as related to the conduct of human life:—Wherefore, I greatly wonder the Athenians could ever suffer themselves to be persuaded that Socrates retained sentiments injurious to the Deity! He in whom nothing was ever observed unbecoming that reverence so justly due to the Gods; but, on the contrary, so behaved towards them, both in regard to his words and his actions, that whoever shall hereafter demean himself in such a manner, *must* be, in fact, and *ought* also to be esteemed, a man of the truest and most exemplary piety.

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<sup>99</sup> When you have shut your door, saith Epictetus, and darkened your room; remember never to say, You are *alone*. For God is within, and your genius is within, and what need they of light to see what you are doing? —Carter's Epic. Ed's: Epictetus, *All the Works of Epictetus*, trans. Elizabeth Carter, 53.

## CHAPTER II

But it is still matter of more wonder to me, that any one could be prevailed on to believe, that Socrates was *a corrupter of youth!* Socrates, the most sober, and the most chaste of all mankind! Supporting with equal cheerfulness the extreme, whether of heat or cold!<sup>100</sup> Who shrunk at no hardships, declined no labour, and so perfectly how to moderate his desires, as to make the *little* he possessed altogether sufficient for him! Could such a one be an encourager of impiety, injustice, luxury, intemperance, effeminacy?—But, so far from any such thing, that on the contrary he reclaimed many from these vices, by kindling in their minds a love of virtue; encouraging them to think, that by a steadfast perseverance they might make themselves esteemed, by becoming virtuous men: And although he never undertook to be a *teacher of others*; yet, as he practiced the virtues he sought to recommend, those who conversed with him were animated with the hopes of becoming one day wise, from the influence of his example. Not that Socrates ever omitted a due concern for his body; neither did he commend those who did: He would even frequently blame the people whose custom it was to eat to excess, and afterwards use immoderate exercise; saying, that men should only eat 'till nature was satisfied, and then apply themselves to some moderate exercise; which would not only keep the body in health, but set the mind at liberty for the more proper discharge of its peculiar duties.

In his apparel nothing was either delicate or ostentatious; and the same might be said with respect to his whole manner of living: Yet no man ever became avaricious, from having conversed with Socrates: On the contrary, many were reclaimed from this infamous vice, by his example, as they had been already from many others; while they observed him not only to forbear the taking any reward of those who sought his conversation, but heard him earnestly contend it was necessary to do so, for any one who desired to avoid *slavery*: For such, he would say, as submit to receive a pecuniary return for the instructions they bestow, are no longer at liberty to *give*, or *with-hold* them; but, like so many slaves, are at the will of those from whom they are content to receive wages: Therefore he much admired, that the man who professed himself a *teacher of virtue*, should debase himself so far; unless he either understood not, that to gain a virtuous friend was the greatest of all acquisitions; or at least feared, that such as had been made wise and virtuous by his instructions, might yet be wanting in gratitude to their greatest benefactor.

But, far from any such absurdity, Socrates, without setting himself up for an instructor, had full confidence, that all who attended to his discourses, and embraced his doctrines, would never fail in point of friendship, either to him, or to each other:—How then could a man like *this*, be a *corrupter of youth*; unless, haply, the study of virtue should be the way to corrupt the morals, and incline mankind to become more dissolute?

But, says his accuser, “Socrates makes those who converse with him, contemners of the laws; calling it madness, to leave to *chance* the election of our magistrates; while no one would be willing to take a pilot, an architect, or even a teacher of music, on the same terms; though mistakes in such things would be far less fatal than errors in the administration.” With *these*, and the like discourses, he brought (as was said) the youth by degrees to ridicule and contemn

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<sup>100</sup> It was his custom never to drink on his return from his exercises, 'till after having poured abroad the first bucket of water, though ready to die with thirst and heat; and this, as he said, to exercise his patience, and accustom his sensual appetites the better to obey his reason. Ed.'s note: On Socrates' abstemiousness, see also Diogenes Laertius, *Lives*, “The Life of Socrates”, 2.27, 115.

the established form of government; and made them thereby, the more headstrong and audacious.

Now, it seemeth to me, that whoever applies himself to the study of wisdom, in hopes of becoming one day capable of directing his fellow-citizens, will not *indulge*, but rather take pains to *subdue* whatever he finds in his temper of turbulent and impetuous; knowing that enmity and danger are the attendants on force; while the path of *persuasion* is all security and goodwill: For they who are compelled hate whoever compels them, supposing they have been injured; whereas we conciliate the affection of those we gain by persuasion; while they consider it as a kindness, to be applied to in such a manner. Therefore, it is only for those to employ *force*, who possess strength without judgment; but the well-advised will have recourse to other means. Besides, he who pretends to carry his point by *force*, hath need of many associates; but the man who can *persuade*, knows, that he is of himself sufficient for the purpose: Neither can such a one be supposed forward to shed blood; for, who is there would choose to *destroy* a fellow-citizen, rather than make a *friend* of him, by mildness and persuasion?

But, adds his accuser, "Critias and Alcibiades were two of his intimate friends, and these were not only the most profligate of mankind, but involved their country in the greatest misfortunes; for, as among *The Thirty* none was ever found so cruel and rapacious as Critias; so, during the Democracy, none was so audacious, so dissolute, or so insolent, as Alcibiades."

Now I shall not take upon me to exculpate either of these men; but shall only relate at what *time*, and, as I think, to what *end*, they became followers of Socrates.

Critias and Alcibiades, were, of all the Athenians, by nature the most *ambitious*; aiming, at what price soever, to set themselves at the head of the Commonwealth, and thereby exalt their names beyond that of any other: They saw that Socrates lived well satisfied with his own scanty possessions; that he could restrain every passion within its proper bounds, and lead the minds of his hearers, by the power of his reasoning, to what purpose he most desired: Understanding *this*, and being such men as we have already described them, will any one say it was the *temperance* of Socrates, or *his way of life*, they were in love with; and not rather, that by hearing his discourses, and observing his actions, they might the better know how to manage their affairs, and harangue the people?

And, truly, I am thoroughly persuaded, that if the Gods had given to these men the choice of passing their whole lives after the manner of Socrates, or dying the next moment, the last would have been preferred, as by much the most eligible. And their own behaviour bears sufficient testimony to the truth of this assertion; for, no sooner did they imagine they surpassed in knowledge the rest of their contemporaries, who, together with themselves, had attended on Socrates, but they left him, to plunge into business and the affairs of the administration; the only end they could propose, in desiring to associate with him.

But, perhaps, it may be objected, that Socrates ought not to have discoursed with his followers on the affairs of government, 'till he had first instructed them how to behave with temperance and discretion.—Far am I from saying otherwise: And shall only observe, that it is commonly the practice with those who are teachers of others, to perform in the presence of their pupils the things they would recommend; to the end, that while they enforced them on their minds, by the strength of their reasonings, they might set forth, by their example, the *manner* in which they are done.

Now, with respect to *either* of these methods of instruction, I know not of any who went beyond Socrates; his whole life serving as an *example* of the most unblemished integrity; at the same time that he ever reasoned with a peculiar force and energy, on virtue, and those several

duties which are becoming us as men. And it is certain, that even Critias and Alcibiades themselves behaved soberly and wisely all the time they conversed with him; not that they feared punishment; but as supposing a regular conduct would best serve the end they had in view.

Nevertheless, I know there are many, who value themselves on the account of their philosophy; who allow not that a *virtuous man* can ever be any other than *virtuous*; but, that he who is *once* temperate, modest, just, must *always* remain so; because the habits of these virtues being deeply imprinted, cannot afterwards be erased out of the minds of men. But I hold not this opinion; for, as the body from disuse may come in time to be deprived of all its powers, so the mental faculties may lose all their energy, through a neglect of their being exerted *duly*, and *the man* no longer able to act, or not act, in the manner that best becomes him. Therefore, fathers, although otherwise well assured of the good disposition of their children, forget not to warn them against the company of ill men; knowing, that as to converse with the Good, must exercise and improve every virtue; so, to associate with the Bad, must prove no less pernicious and baneful. And to this purpose also the Poet:<sup>101</sup>—

“Although *unconscious* of the pleasing charm,  
The mind still bends where friendship points the way:  
Let *Virtue*, then, thy partner’s bosom warm,  
Lest *Vice* should lead thy soften’d soul astray”.

And that other—

“In the *same* mind, now Good, now Bad, prevails.”

And with these do I agree; for, as we may observe, people who have learnt verses soon forget them, if not frequently repeated; so will it prove with regard to the precepts of philosophy; they slip out of the memory, and along with them we lose the very ideas which kindled and nourished in our souls the *love* of virtue; which ideas once gone, no wonder if the *practice* of it ceases soon after. I have observed farther; that such men as are hurried away with an inordinate love, whether of wine or women, become less capable of attending to what will be for their advantage; or refraining from what is to their harm: So that it hath often happen’d, that many, who before were remarkable for their oeconomy, no sooner became slaves to one or other of these passions, but all things went to ruin; and, having squandered away their substance, were compelled, through want, to submit to such offices, as they themselves thought *shameful*. How then shall we say, that he who is *once* temperate, *cannot* become intemperate; or, that he who acts uprightly, at one time, *cannot*, at another act the very *contrary*?—For myself, I am persuaded, that no none virtue can subsist that is not diligently and duly exercis’d: and temperance more especially; because our sensual desires, being seated with our minds, in the *same* body, are continually soliciting us to a compliance with those appetites nature hath implanted; though at the expence of virtue, and all things virtuous. Wherefore, I can well imagine, that even Alcibiades and Critias could restrain their vicious inclinations, while they accompanied with Socrates, and had the assistance of his example; but being at a distance

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<sup>101</sup> Theognis.—The character of this poet is, “That he rescued poetry from trifling and useless subjects, to employ it in the service of virtue and goodness.” He was born in the 39<sup>th</sup> Olympiad.

 This elegant translation was given me by a kind friend.

from him,—Critias, retiring into Thessaly, *there* very soon completed his ruin, by chusing to associate with libertines, rather than with such as were men of sobriety and integrity;—while Alcibiades, seeing himself sought after by women of the highest rank, on account of his beauty; and at the same time much flattered by many who were then in power, because of the credit he had gained, not only in Athens, but with such as were in alliance with her:—In a word; perceiving how much he was the favourite of the people; and placed, as it were, above the reach of a competitor; neglected that care of himself which alone could secure him: Like the athletic, who will not be at the trouble to continue his exercises, on seeing no one near, able to dispute the prize with him. Therefore, in such an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances as befel these men; puffed up with the nobility of their birth, elated with their riches, and inflamed with their power; if we consider the company they fell into, together with their many unhappy opportunities for riot and intemperance, can it seem wonderful,—separated as they were from Socrates, and this for so long a time too,—if at length they became altogether degenerate, and rose to that height of pride and insolence to which we have been witnesses?

But the crimes of these men are, it seems, in the opinion of his accuser, to be charged upon Socrates; yet allows he no praise for keeping them within the bounds of their duty in that part of life which is generally found the most intemperate and untractable: Nevertheless, on all other occasions, men judge not in this manner. For, what teacher of music, or any other art or science, was ever known to incur censure, because the scholar, whom he had well instructed, forgot all he had been taught, when placed under the care of some other master? Or what father would condemn those companions of his son, with whom the first years of his life had been spent innocently; because afterwards he had been drawn aside into riot and debauchery, by associating himself with very different people?—will he not, rather bestow the greater praise on the *one*, by how much more he sees his son hath been corrupted by the *other*?—Even parents, themselves, are not blamed for the faults of their children, though educated under their own eye, provided they are careful not to set before them an ill example.

Here, then, is the test, whereby to have tried Socrates:—“Hath his life been wicked?—let him be considered, and condemn’d, as a wicked man:—But, if otherwise;—if he hath steadily and invariably persevered in the paths of virtue,—accuse him not of crimes, which his soul never knew.”

“Yet, it may be, he countenanced those vices in others, which in his own person he chose not to commit?”

But far from Socrates were all such compliances!—On the contrary, when Critias was ensnared with the love of Euthydemus, he earnestly endeavoured to cure him of so base a passion; shewing how illiberal, how indecent, how unbecoming the man of honour, to fawn, and cringe, and meanly act the beggar: Before him, too, whom of all others he the most earnestly strove to gain the esteem of; and, after all, for a favour which carried along with it the greatest infamy. And when he succeeded not in his private remonstrances; Critias still persisting in his unwarrantable designs,—Socrates, it is said, reproached him in the presence of many, and even before the beloved Euthydemus; resembling him to a swine, the most filthy and disgusting of all animals. For this cause Critias hated him ever after; and, when one of *The Thirty*, being advanced, together with Charicles, to preside in the city, he forgot not the affront; but, in order to revenge it, made a law, wherein it was forbidden that any should teach *philosophy*

in Athens:<sup>102</sup> By which he meant, having nothing in particular against Socrates, to involve him in the reproach cast by this step on *all* the philosophers; and thereby render him, in common with the rest, odious to the people. For *I* never heard Socrates say that he *taught* philosophy; neither did I know any who ever did hear him: But Critias was stung; and he determined to shew it.—Now after *The Thirty* had put to death many of the citizens, and some of them of the best rank;<sup>103</sup> and had given up the reins to all manner of violence and rapine; Socrates had said somewhere, “that it would astonish him much, if he who lost part of the herd every day, while the rest grew poorer and weaker under his management, should deny his being a *bad* herdsman: But it would astonish him still more, if he who had the charge of the city, and saw the number of his citizens decrease hourly, while the rest became more dissolute and depraved under his administration, should be shameless enough not to acknowledge himself, an *evil* ruler.”—These words, therefore, of Socrates, being told to Critias and Charicles, they sent for him; and shewing him the law, straitly forbid him to discourse any more with the young men. Socrates then asked,—“if it was permitted him to propose some questions, touching some parts of the said law; which he said he could not thoroughly understand;” and being answered it was permitted:—“I am always, said he, most ready to obey the laws; but, to the end I may not transgress unwittingly, inform me, I pray you, whether you take philosophy, as it stands here condemned by you, to consist in reasoning *right*, or reasoning *wrong*; since, if you intend it to imply the first, then must we henceforth beware how we reason *right*; but if the latter is meant, the consequence is plain, then must we endeavour to mend our reasoning.”

At these words, Charicles being much enraged, said to him, “Since you are so ignorant, Socrates, and with all, so dull of apprehension, we will express ourselves in terms somewhat more easy to be understood;—refrain altogether from talking with the young men.”

“It is well, answered Socrates;—but, that nothing of ambiguity may remain in the present case, tell me, I pray you, how long are men called *young*?”

“So long, replied Charicles, as they are refused admittance into the Senate; as supposed not yet arrived at maturity of judgment: Or, in other words, ’till they are thirty.”

“But, suppose I should want to buy something of a merchant, must I not ask the price of it, if the man is under thirty?”

“Who says any such thing? returned Charicles:—But Socrates, said he, it is so much your custom to ask questions, when you are not ignorant of the matter in hand, that I do not wonder at your doing so now: Let us, however, have done for the present with your trifling interrogatories.”

“But what if some *young man*, as he passes along, should ask me in haste, “where lives Charicles? —where’s Critias gone?” must I not answer him?”

“It is hardly intended to prohibit such things,” returned Charicles: When Critias interrupting them; “and *I*, Socrates, *I* can inform thee of something more thou hast to refrain from:—Keep henceforth at a proper distance from the carpenters, smiths, and shoemakers; and let us have no more of your examples from among them: And besides, I fancy they are sufficiently tired with your bringing them in so often in your long discourses.”

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<sup>102</sup> This law was abrogated upon the expulsion of the Thirty Tyrants.—See Potter’s *Grecian Antiquities*, Vol. 1, Chap. 25. Ed.’s: John Potter (1673/74-1747), successively Bishop of Oxford and Archbishop of Canterbury, and the author of *The Antiquities of Greece*, 2 vols (Oxford, 1697-1699).

<sup>103</sup> It is said, that the number of those put to death by these tyrants, were fourteen hundred; and this, without the least form of law: Besides five thousand, who were driven into banishment.

“Must I likewise give up the consequences, said Socrates, deducible from these examples; and concern myself no longer with justice and piety; and the rules of right and wrong?”

“Thou must, by Jupiter! replied Charicles:—And Socrates, said he, to make all sure; trouble not thyself any more with the *herdsmen*; for fear *thou* should’st occasion the loss of more cattle.”<sup>104</sup>

Now, from *this*, it is evident, that what Socrates once said concerning the *cattle*, being told these men, had greatly inflamed their rage against him:—Hence also may be seen, how long Critias continued to associate with Socrates; and what the affection they had for each other. I might here likewise add, how seldom it is we make proficiency under people who are not pleasing to us;—and, that the conversation of Socrates did not render him so either to Critias or Alcibiades, may well be supposed. Even at the very time they followed him, their chief delight was in conversing with such persons as they believed the most skilful in the affairs of state: Their only design being to govern the Republic. And, agreeably to *this*, they tell us that Alcibiades, when under the age of twenty, coming to Pericles his tutor, and at that time sole director of the Athenian State, entered into the following conversation with him concerning the laws.

“My Pericles, said he, can you explain to me what a *law* is?”—“Undoubtedly,” returned the other.—“Then, I conjure you by the immortal Gods! Said Alcibiades, instruct *me* in this point: For when I hear men praised for their strict observance of the laws; it seems to me evident, that he can in no way pretend to that praise, who is altogether ignorant of what a *law* is.”

“Your request, my Alcibiades, is not difficult to be complied with: For that is a law, which the people agree upon in their public assemblies, and afterwards cause to be promulgated in a proper manner; ordaining what *ought*, or *ought not*, to be done.”

“And what do they ordain;—to do *good*, or to do *evil*?”

“*Not* evil, most assuredly, my young man.”

“But what do you call that, said Alcibiades, which in states where the *people* have no rule, is advised and ordained by *the few* who may be then in power?”

“I call *that* likewise a *law*, replied Pericles; for *the laws* are nothing but the injunctions of such men as are in possession of the sovereign authority.”

“But when a tyrant is possessed of this sovereign authority, are the things *he* ordains, to be received as *laws*?”

“As *laws*,” returned Pericles.

“What then is *violence* and *injustice*? Said Alcibiades?—Is it not when the *strong* compel the more weak; not by *mildness* and *persuasion*, but *force*, to obey them?”

“I think it is.”

“Will it not then follow, that what a tyrant decrees, and compels the observance of, not only *without*, but *contrary to* the will of the people; is not *law*, but the very reverse to it?”

“I believe it may, answered Pericles; for I cannot admit that as a *law*, which a tyrant enacts, contrary to the will of the people.”

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<sup>104</sup> Some understand this as referring to a certain coin in use among the Athenians, whereon was stamped the figure of an ox, as if Charicles had threatened Socrates with a fine;—but there are others, and seemingly, with more reason, who think that Charicles aimed his menace, rather at the *life*, than *wealth* of Socrates, when he thus turns his own words upon him; and bids him take care, “that he himself does not occasion the loss of more cattle.”—It seems a witticism too, well suiting such a man.

“And when the *few* impose their decrees on *the many*, not by *persuasion*, but *force*: “—Are we to call *this* also violence?”

“We are;—and truly, I think, said Pericles, that whatever is decreed and enforced, without the consent of those who are hereafter to obey, is not law, but violence.”

“Then ought *that* also, which is decreed by the people, contrary to the will of the nobles, to be deemed violence, rather than law?”

“No doubt of it, replied Pericles:—But, my Alcibiades, continued he; at your age, we were somewhat more acute in these subtilties, when we made it our business to consider them; as we now see you.”

To which, it is said, Alcibiades returned answer,—“would to the Gods then, my Pericles, I might have conversed with you at the time when you *best* understood these sort of things!”—In consequence therefore, of this most ambitious disposition; no sooner did these men suppose they had acquired some advantages over the persons then employed in the administration; but they forbore to associate any longer with Socrates: For, besides that his company was no way pleasing to them, on other considerations; they could still less brook his frequent remonstrances for the many irregularities of their lives:—Therefore, they plunged at once, into business, and the affairs of the Commonwealth;—the only *end*, for which they had ever been among his followers.

But Crito, Chærophon, Chærecrates, Simmias, Cebes, Phædo, and many others, were continually with him ;—not from the hope of becoming by his means, better *orators*, whether at the bar, or before the people; but better *men*: Capable of discharging all those duties which they owed to themselves, to their country, their friends, their fellow-citizens. And, so far were these men from practising what was dishonest, that whether in youth or in age, not one of them ever incurred even the *suspicion* of any crime.

But, saith his accuser, “Socrates encourageth his followers to despise their parents; inasmuch as he persuadeth them, that *he* is able to make them wiser than *they*: Declaring still farther;—That, as it is lawful for a son, to confine his father in chains, when convicted of madness; so ought the ignorant also to be confined by him, who is possessed of superior knowledge.”

Now, whatever his accuser might endeavour to insinuate; it is certain Socrates was very far from being of such an opinion. On the contrary, it was common with him to say;—“That, whoever pretended, to confine another, on the account of his ignorance, might *himself* be thus treated, by those who were still more knowing.” And to this purpose, he would often discourse on the essential difference between *madness* and *ignorance*;—saying, on such occasions, plainly, and clearly;—“That, it was indeed necessary, and for the benefit of *himself*, as well as his *friends*, that the *madman* should be enchained; but, that he who was ignorant, in any thing *useful*, should only be instructed, by such persons as were qualified to give him proper instruction.”

His accuser, however, went on to assert, “That Socrates, not only taught the youth to have a contempt for their parents, but for the rest of their kindred; since he would frequently declare, that when men were sick, or had a law-suit upon their hands, they had not recourse to any of their kindred for relief; but to the lawyer in one case, and the physician in the other. And, with regard to *friendship*, he would likewise say, “That an *useless* good-will, unaccompanied with the power of serving, was little to be accounted of: But, the man to be esteemed and preferred, should be *one*, who not only knows what is for our advantage, but can so explain it, as to make *us* likewise know it;”—thereby insinuating, as was pretended, into the minds of the youth, that *he* himself was the friend to be chosen before any other; as being the best able to

direct in the way of wisdom; while the rest of mankind, in comparison with him, were of small estimation.

Now, that I myself have heard him talk after some such manner, concerning relations, fathers, and friends, is most certain. And I remember him saying, “That, when the soul, in which thought and reason alone reside, retires from the body; although it may be the body of a father, or a friend, we remove it from our sight as speedily as well may be. And, whereas no man can be doubted as to the love he beareth to his *own* body; yet, who is there, would he ask, that scruples to take away from it, the part that is superfluous? to cut the hair, or pare the nails; or remove the *whole* limb, when mortified? For which purpose the surgeon is called in; and the steel and the caustick, not only readily submitted to, but the hand which applies them, liberally rewarded. The spittle, he would say, men were glad to cast from them, because, remaining in the mouth it was both useless and offensive. But, notwithstanding all this, Socrates never intended, though he talked in such a manner, that fathers were to be buried alive; or that he himself should have a limb taken off; but, he intended to let us see, that whatever is *useless*, can be of no estimation; in order to excite in his hearers a desire to improve; and make themselves, as far as may be, serviceable to others; to the end, that if they wished to be regarded by their parents; or respected and honoured by their brethren, or kindred; they might urge their claim on the account of *merit*, and not owe the *whole*, only to *consanguinity*.”—“But, says his accuser, Socrates, the better to *convey*; and, at the same time, *conceal* the malignity of his intentions; hath chosen many passages from our most celebrated poets, whereby to convey his poison to the people; and dispose them, the more readily, to fraud and oppression;”—for having often cited that line of Hesiod’s,

“Employ thyself in *any thing*, rather than stand idle;”

It was pretended he meant to insinuate it, as the poet’s opinion, “That *no* employment, whatever, could be unjust, or dishonourable, from whence profit might arise;”—whereas, in truth, nothing could be farther from the design of Socrates: For, although he constantly maintained, that labour and employment were not only *useful*, but *honourable*; and idleness no less *reproachful*, than *pernicious* to man;—yet, he never concluded without saying,—“That *he*, alone, could be considered as *not* idle, who was employed in procuring some good to mankind;—but that the gamester, the debauchee, and every other, whose end was only evil, were emphatically to be called so;—and, in *this* sense, he might, with good reason, adopt that line of Hesiod’s, “Employ thyself in *any thing*, rather than stand idle.”

But it was still farther alleged, that Socrates frequently introduced these lines of Homer; where, speaking of Ulysses, he says,

Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv’d,  
He fir’d with praise, or with persuasion mov’d:  
“Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom blest,  
By brave examples should confirm the rest:”

But if a clam’rous vile plebeian rose,  
Him with reproof he checkt, or tam’d with blows;  
“Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield;  
Unknown alike, in council and in field!”

Pope.

These words, it was said, he would explain in such a manner, as if the poet hereby meant to recommend roughness, severity, and stripes, as the only proper arguments to be made use of against the vulgar and the indigent. But Socrates was not absurd enough to draw such conclusions;—for how then could he have complained, if he himself had been rudely treated?—But he asserted;—and might strengthen his assertion with these lines from Homer;—“That such as could neither *counsel* nor *execute*;—equally *unfit*, whether for the city, or the camp;—these—and such as these;—and more especially when insolent and unruly, ought to be reduced to reason; without any regard to the extent of their possessions.”

And, it is certain, nothing more could be intended;—for, as to himself, Socrates loved the people: His benevolence even extended to all mankind; insomuch, that although he was sought after by foreigners as well as Athenians, he took no reward from any who applied to him; but *freely* imparted that wisdom he was endued with. Yet, so did not others. On the contrary, many who were become rich, by his liberality, sold, at no mean price, but a small part of that which had cost them *nothing*: While, uninfluenced by his example; and bearing no resemblance to him, in affection to the people, they refused to converse with any who were not able to pay, and, that *largely*, for their instruction.

And, indeed, by this conduct; Socrates had rendered the city of Athens renowned throughout all Greece; so that, if it was said of Lychas, the Lacedemonian, “That he was the *glory* of Sparta,” because he entertained, at his own expence, the strangers who resorted thither at one of the feasts made in honour of Apollo,—much rather might be said of Socrates, “That he was the *glory* of Athens,” whose whole life was one continued largess; and who, dispensing with a liberal hand, his inestimable treasure, sent no one ever away from him, without making him, if willing, a wiser, and a happier man. Wherefore, it should seem, that had Socrates been treated by the Athenians according to his merit; *public honours* would have been decreed him much rather than a *shameful death*. And,—after all,—For whom do the laws appoint this punishment?—Is it not for the thief?—For the assaulter on the high way?—For the underminer of walls, and the committer of sacrilege?—But where, among mankind, shall we find any one at so great a distance from any of these crimes, as Socrates? Who can accuse him of holding intelligence with the common enemy? Of spreading sedition and treason throughout the city? Or of having been the cause of any one public calamity whatsoever?—Where is he, who, in private life, can say, “Socrates hath defrauded me of my possessions; or hath injured me in any kind?”—Nay, when did he incur, even the suspicion of any of these things?—And as to the points whereof he stood accused;—Could *he* be a *denier* of those *very* Gods, whom in so eminent a manner he worshipped?—Could *he* be a *corrupter of youth* whose only employment was to root out of the mind of man every vicious inclination, and plant in their stead a love of that virtue which is so amiable in itself; and so becoming us as men; and which alone hath the power to make, whether cities, or private families, flourishing, and happy? *This*, being so:—Who seeth not how much his country stood indebted to Socrates? and that *honours*, not *ignominy*, should have been his reward?

### CHAPTER III

Now, as I am persuaded, the benefit arising to all those who accompanied with Socrates, was not less owing to the irresistible force of his example, than to the excellency of his discourses;—I will set down whatever occurs to my memory, whether it relates to his words, or his actions.

And first, with respect to sacred rites, and institutions.—In these things, it was ever his practice to approve himself a strict observer of the answer the Pythian Priestess gives to all who enquire the proper manner of sacrificing to the Gods; or paying honours<sup>105</sup> to their deceased ancestors;—“*Follow*, saith the God, *the custom of your country*.” and therefore Socrates, in all those exercises of his devotion and piety, confined himself altogether, to what he saw practiced by the Republic; and, to his friends, he constantly advised the same thing;—saying, it only savoured of vanity and superstition in all those who did otherwise.

When he prayed, his petition was only *this*,—“*That the Gods would give to him those things that were good*.”—And this he did, forasmuch as they alone knew what was good for man. But he who should ask for gold, or silver, or increase of dominion, acted not, in his opinion, more wisely than one, who should pray for the opportunity to fight or game; or any thing of the like nature; the consequence whereof, being altogether *doubtful*, might turn, for ought he knew, not a little to his disadvantage. When he sacrificed,—he feared not his offering would fail of acceptance in that he was poor;—but,—giving according to his ability, he doubted not, but in the sight of the gods, he equalled those men, whose gifts and sacrifices overspread the whole altar. And indeed, he made no scruple to assert, that it would not be agreeable to the nature of the Gods to respect the costly offerings of the rich and the great; whilst the poor man’s gift was altogether disregarded. For, by this means, it might happen,—nor yet unfrequently,—that the sacrifice of the wicked would find the most acceptance: Which,—if so,—he thought *life* itself would not be desirable to a reasonable creature:—But Socrates, always reckoned upon it, as a most indubitable truth; That, the service paid the Deity, by the pure and pious soul, was the most grateful sacrifice; and therefore it was, he so much approved that precept of the Poet, which bids us, “*offer to the Gods according to our power*.” And not only on these, but on every other occasion, he thought he had no better advice to give his friends, than, *that they should do all things according to their ability*. Farther;—whenever he supposed any intimations had been given him by the Deity, concerning what ought, or ought not to be done, it was no more possible to bring Socrates to act otherwise, than to make him quit the guide, clear-sighted, and well-instructed in the road he was to go, in favour of one, not only ignorant, but blind. And, to this purpose, he always condemned the extream folly of those; who, to avoid the ill opinion, and reproach of men, acted not according to the direction of the Gods: Looking down, with

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<sup>105</sup> These honours consisted of sacrifices, libations, and various other rites and ceremonies; and were performed on the 9th and 30th day after burial; and repeated when any of their friends arrived who had been absent at the solemnity; and upon all other occasions which required their surviving relations to have the deceased in memory. On these public days, it was the custom to call over the names of their dead relations, one by one, excepting such as died under age; or had forfeited their title to his honour by dissipating their paternal inheritance, or for some other crimes.—Pott. *Antiq.* Ed.’s note: John Potter, *The Antiquities of Greece*, 2 vols (London, 1706, 2nd ed), “Of the Miscellany Customs of Greece”, chap.8, 2:238.

contempt, on all the little arts of human prudence, when placed in competition with those divine notices, and admonitions, which it is often-times their pleasure to communicate to man.

As to his manner of living, it may be said;—that, whoever is willing to regulate and discipline his body and his mind after the example of Socrates, can hardly fail,—no Deity opposing,—to procure for himself, that degree of health and strength, as cannot be easily shaken. Neither, shall he want large sums for such a purpose. On the contrary, such was his moderation, that I question whether there ever was any man, if able to work at all, but might have earned sufficient to have supported Socrates. His custom was to eat as long as it gave him any pleasure; and a good appetite was to him, what delicious fare is to another: And as he only drank when thirst compelled him; whatever served to allay it, could not fail of being grateful: So that it was easy for him, when present at their feasts, to refrain from excess, which other men find so much difficulty in doing. And as to such persons as gave proof how very little they could command themselves,—to these he would counsel even the not *tasting* of those delicacies which might allure them to eat when they were not hungry, and drink when they were not dry; since the *fruits* (he said) of so doing were not only pains in the head, and loss of digestion; but disorder and confusion in the mind of man: And it was frequent with him to say, between jest and earnest, “That he doubted not its being with charms like these, that Circe turned the companions of Ulysses into swine; while the hero himself, being admonished by Mercury; and from his accustomed temperance, refusing to *taste* the enchanting cup, happily escaped the shameful transformation.”

With regard to Love,—his counsel always was to keep at a distance from beautiful persons; saying, it was difficult to approach any such, and not be ensnared. As for himself, his great continence was known to every one; and it was more easy for him to avoid the most beautiful objects, than for others, *those* who were the most disgusting. But although this was the manner in which Socrates lived; yet could he not be persuaded that he enjoyed less of the pleasures of life than the voluptuous man, who employed all his thoughts in the eager pursuit of them; at the same time that he escaped all that vexation and grief so sure to attend on those who too freely indulge in sensual gratifications.

## CHAPTER IV

Now, should there be any inclined to believe, what some on conjecture have undertaken to advance, both in their conversations and writings, “That Socrates could indeed inflame his readers with the love of virtue; but could never influence them so far, as to bring them to make any great proficiency therein:”—Let these, I say, consider what his arguments were; not only when his design was to refute such men as pretended to know every thing; but even in his retired, and familiar conversation; and then let them judge, whether Socrates was not fully qualified, for the bringing his followers and his friends, to make proficiency in the paths of virtue.

And for this purpose I will now relate the manner in which I once heard him discoursing with Aristodemus, surnamed *The Little*, concerning the Deity. For observing that he neither prayed, nor sacrificed to the Gods; nor yet consulted any oracle; but, on the contrary, ridiculed and laughed at those who did; he said to him;—

“Tell me, Aristodemus,—is there any man whom you admire on account of his merit?”

Aristodemus having answered, “*Many*;”—“name some of them, I pray you.”

“I admire, said Aristodemus, Homer for his epic poetry; Melanippides for his dythrambics; Sophocles for tragedy; Polycletes for statuary; and Zeuxis for painting.”

“But which seems to you most worthy of admiration, Aristodemus;—the artist who forms images void of motion and intelligence; or one who hath the skill to produce animals that are endued, not only with activity, but understanding?”

“The *latter*, there can be no doubt, replied Aristodemus; provided the production was not the effect of *chance*; but of wisdom, and contrivance.”

“But since there are many things,—some of which we can easily see the *use* of, while we cannot say of others, to what purpose they were produced;—which of these, Aristodemus, do you suppose the work of wisdom?”

“It should seem the most reasonable to affirm it of those, whose fitness, and utility, is so evidently apparent.”

“But it is evidently apparent,—that he who at the beginning made man, endued him with senses *because* they were *good* for him;—eyes, wherewith to behold, whatever was visible; and ears, to hear, whatever was to be heard. For say, Aristodemus,—to what purpose should odours be prepared, if the sense of smelling had been denied? Or why the distinctions of bitter and sweet; of savoury and unsavoury, unless a palate had been likewise given, conveniently placed, to arbitrate between them; and declare the difference? Is not that Providence, Aristodemus, in a most eminent manner conspicuous; which, because the eye of man is so delicate in its contexture, hath therefore prepared eye-lids like doors, whereby to secure it; which extend of themselves whenever it is needful; and again close, when sleep approaches?—Are not these eye-lids provided, as it were, with a fence on the edge of them, to keep off the wind, and guard the eye? Even the eye-brow, itself, is not without its office; but, as a pent-house, is prepared, to turn off the sweat, which, falling from the forehead, might enter and annoy, that no less *tender*, than *astonishing* part of us! Is it not to be admired, that the ears should take in sounds of every sort; and yet, are not too much filled by them?—That, the fore-teeth of the animal should be formed in such a manner, as is evidently best suited for the cutting of its food; as those on the side for grinding it in pieces?—That the mouth, through which this food is conveyed, should be placed so near the nose; and the eyes, as to prevent the passing,

*unnoticed*, whatever is unfit for nourishment; while nature, on the contrary hath set at a distance, and concealed from the senses, all that might disgust, or any way, offend them?—And can'st thou still doubt, Aristodemus! Whether a disposition of parts like *this*, should be the work of chance;—or of wisdom, and contrivance?”

“I have no longer any doubt, replied Aristodemus;—and indeed, the more I consider it, the more evident it appears to me, that man must be the *master-piece* of some great artificer; carrying along with it infinite marks of the love and favour of him, who hath thus formed it.”

“And what thinkest thou, Aristodemus, of that *desire* in the individual, which leads to the continuance of the species? Of that tenderness and affection in the female towards her young, so necessary for its preservation?—Of that unremitted love of life, and dread of dissolution, which take such strong possession of us from the moment we begin to be?”

“I think of them, answered Aristodemus, as so many regular operations of the same great and wise artist; deliberately, determining, to *preserve* what he hath once made.”

“But, farther—unless thou desirest to ask me questions?—Seeing, Aristodemus, thou thyself are conscious of reason and intelligence, supposest thou there is no intelligence elsewhere?—Thou knowest thy body to be a small part of that wide-extended earth which thou every-where beholdest:—the moisture contained in it, thou also knowest to be a small portion of that mighty mass of waters whereof seas themselves are but a part; while the rest of the elements, contribute, out of their abundance, to thy formation:—It is the soul then alone;—that intellectual part of us! which is come to *thee* by some lucky chance;—from I know not where; if so be, there is indeed, no intelligence elsewhere; And we must be forced to confess, that this stupendous universe; with all the various bodies contained therein;—equally amazing, whether we consider their magnitude, or number;—whatever their use; whatever their order,—*all* have been produced, not by *intelligence*, but *chance!*”

“It is with difficulty that I can suppose otherwise, returned Aristodemus; for I behold none of those Gods, whom you speak of, as *making* and *governing* all things; whereas I see the artists when at their work here among us.”

“Neither, yet, seest thou thy soul, Aristodemus; which, however, most assuredly *governs* thy body:—Although it may well seem, by thy manner of talking; that it is *chance*, and not *reason*, which governs thee.”

“I do not despise the Gods, said Aristodemus; on the contrary, I conceive so highly of their excellence, as to suppose they stand in no need either of me, or of my services.”

“Thou mistaketh the matter, Aristodemus;—the greater magnificence, they have shewn in their care of *thee*, so much the more honour and service thou owest them.”

“Be assured, said Aristodemus, if I once could be persuaded, the Gods took care of man; I should want no monitor to remind me of my duty.”

“And canst thou doubt, Aristodemus, if the Gods take care of man! Hath not the glorious privilege of walking upright, been *alone* bestowed on him, whereby he may, with the better advantage, survey what is around him;—contemplate, with more ease, those splendid objects which are above; and avoid the numerous ills and inconveniencies which would otherwise befall him? Other animals indeed, they have provided with feet, by which they may remove from one place to another; but to *man* they have also given *hands*, with which he can form many things for his use; and make himself happier than creatures of any other kind. A tongue hath been bestowed on every other animal;—but what animal, except man, hath the power of forming words with it; whereby to explain his thoughts, and make them intelligible to others? And to shew that the Gods have had regard to his very *pleasures*;—they have not limited them

like those of other animals, to *times* and *seasons*; but man is left to indulge in them, whenever not hurtful to him.

But it is not with respect, to the body alone, that the Gods have shewn themselves thus bountiful to man! their most excellent gift, is that *soul* they have infused into him;—which so far surpasses what is elsewhere to be found. For by what animal, except man, is, even the *existence* of those Gods discovered, who have *produced*, and still *uphold*, in such regular order, this beautiful and stupendous frame of the universe?—What other species of creatures, are to be found, that can serve!—that can adore them!—what other animal is able, like man, to provide against the assaults of heat and cold;—of thirst and hunger?—That can lay up remedies for the time of sickness;—and, improve the strength, Nature hath given, by a well-proportioned exercise?—That can receive, like him, information, and instruction; or so happily keep in memory what he hath seen, and heard, and learnt? These things being so;—who seeth not that man, is, as it were, *a God*, in the midst of this visible creation; so far doth he surpass, whether in the endowments of soul and body, all animals whatsoever, that have been produced therein! For, if the *body* of the *ox*, had been joined to the *mind* of *man*, the acuteness of the latter would have stood him in small stead, while unable to execute the well-designed plan; nor would the *human* form have been of more use to the brute, so long as it remained destitute of understanding. But in thee! Aristodemus, hath been joined to a wonderful *soul*, a body no less wonderful;—and sayest thou after *this*,—”the Gods take no thought for me!”—what wouldest thou then, more, to convince thee of their care?”

“I would they should send, and inform me, said Aristodemus, what things I *ought*, or *ought not*, to do; in like manner as thou sayest, they frequently do to thee.”

“And what then, Aristodemus! supposest thou, that when the Gods, give out some oracle to *all* the Athenians, they mean it not for *thee*?—If, by their prodigies, they declare aloud to all Greece,—to *all* mankind,—the things which shall befall them;—are they dumb to *thee* alone?—And art *thou* the only person whom they have placed beyond their care? Believest thou, they would have wrought, into the mind of man, a persuasion of their being *able* to make him happy or miserable, if so be they had no such *power*?—or would not even man himself,—long ere this,—have seen through the gross delusion?—How is it, Aristodemus, thou rememberest, or remarkest not,—That the kingdoms and commonwealths, most renowned as well for their *wisdom* as antiquity, are those whose piety and devotion hath been the *most* observable?—and, that even *man*, himself, is never so well disposed to serve the Deity, as in that part of life, when reason bears the greatest sway; and his judgment supposed in its full strength and maturity. Consider, my Aristodemus! That the soul which resides in thy body can govern it at pleasure; why then may not the soul of the universe, which pervades and animates every part of it, *govern* it in like manner?—If thine eye hath the power to take in *many* objects, and these placed at no small distance from it; marvel not if the eye of the Deity can, at one glance, comprehend *the whole*!—And as thou perceivest it not beyond thy ability to extend thy care at the same time, to the concerns of Athens,—Egypt,—Sicily;—why thinkest thou, my Aristodemus! that the Providence of God may not easily extend itself throughout the whole universe?—As therefore, among men, we make best trial of the affection and gratitude of our neighbour, by shewing him kindness; and discover his wisdom, by consulting him in our distress;—Do thou, in like manner, behave towards the Gods: And, if thou wouldst experience what their wisdom, and what their love,—render thyself deserving the communication of some of those divine secrets, which may not be penetrated by man; and are imparted to those alone, who consult, who adore, who obey the Deity. Then shalt thou, my Aristodemus! understand there is a Being,

whose eye pierceth throughout all nature; and whose ear is open to every sound:—*Extended* to all place;—*extending* through all time;—and whose bounty and care, can know no other bounds, than those fixed by his own Creation!”

By this discourse, and others of the like nature, Socrates taught his friends, that they were not *only* to forbear whatever was impious, unjust or unbecoming before *men*; but even when alone, they ought to have a regard to all their actions; since the Gods have their eyes continually upon us; and none of our designs can be concealed from them.

## CHAPTER V

And now, if temperance be a virtue, conducing to the honour and happiness of man,—Let us see in what manner Socrates endeavoured to stir up his followers to the practice of it.

“My fellow-citizens! Would he say,—when war is declared; and it becomes necessary for you to make choice of a general,—Choose ye the man, enslaved to wine or women;—luxurious in his diet;—intemperate in his sleep;—incapable of labour;—impatient of fatigue?—Can ye, from *such a one*, expect *safety* to yourselves; or—*conquest* over your enemies? Or, when death draweth nigh; and no thought remaineth but for the welfare of your children:—Do ye then enquire for the debauchee wherewith to entrust them? Is it *he* who must direct in the virtuous education of your sons; and guard the chastity of your virgin-daughters; or secure to them the inheritance from the hand of the oppressor?—Do ye entrust your flocks, or your herds, to the conduct of him who is overcharged with drunkenness? Or expect from such a one, dispatch to your affairs?—Would even the slave be received, though sent as a *gift*, who came to us branded with so loathsome a vice?—If, therefore, intemperance appears to us so odious, when seen only in the slave, how should we dread the being ourselves degraded by it!—The rapacious, and covetous, have the pleasure of growing *rich*; and add to their *own* substance what they take from *others*: But the dissolute man injures his neighbour, without profit to himself;—nay, he injures every one, and himself most of all, if the ruin of his family, his health, his body, and his mind, may be term'd *injuries*? Neither can such a one add to the pleasures that arise from social conversation: For what pleasure can *he* give, whose only delight is in eating and drinking; and,—destitute of shame, prefers the company of the common prostitute to that of his *best* friend? Hence, therefore, we may see, how necessary it is to make temperance our *chief* study; since, without *this*,—as its basis— what other virtue can we attain? How can we *learn* what is profitable; or *practise* what is praise-worthy? Neither can we conceive, a state more pitiable, whether in respect to body and mind,—than the voluptuary given up to all the *drudgery* of intemperance. And, certainly, we should wish, no worthy man may be encumbered with a slave of this disposition:—Or however we are sure, all slaves who abandon themselves to such irregularities, ought to intreat the Gods, that they may fall into the hands of mild and gentle masters—Their only chance to save them from utter ruin.”

Thus would Socrates talk concerning temperance;—and if the whole tenour of his discourse, shewed his regard for this virtue; the whole tenour of his life, served more abundantly to confirm it. For he was not only superior to the pleasures of sense, but the desire of gain: It being his full persuasion, that the man who received money, bought himself a master; whose commands, however *humbling*, could not *honestly* be rejected.

## CHAPTER VI

It may not be improper; nor yet to the discredit of Socrates, to relate a conversation he had with Antipho the Sophist.<sup>106</sup> Now, this man having a design to draw to himself the followers of Socrates, came to him one day; and in the presence of many of them, accosted him as follows.

“I always thought, said he, that philosophy served to make men *happier*; but the fruit of your wisdom, Socrates, seems to be the very reverse: For I know not that slave who would tarry with his master a single day, if compelled to live in the manner that you do. You eat and drink the meanest of every thing. Your habit is not only coarser than others, but you make no difference between winter and summer; and *your* feet are always naked. You will take no money; though we find no little pleasure in accumulating wealth; and besides, when a man hath once made his fortune, he hath nothing more to do than live nobly; and go on at his ease. Now if all who attend to your *instructions*, are to follow your *example*, as is commonly the case of pupils with their masters; may we not well say you only teach men how to be miserable?”

To which Socrates—“I perceive, Antipho, you have formed to yourself so woful a picture of my manner of life, as shews you had much rather die, than live as I do: Let us therefore examine what it is you are so much afraid of. You think *I* am to be pitied for not taking money:—Is it because *those* who do, are no longer masters of their own time; but must perform their engagements, however contrary to their inclinations; while *I* am at liberty to talk, or not talk, as best suits my humour?—The manner in which I eat, may not be to your mind:—Doth my dinner afford less nourishment than yours?—Doth it cost more?—Or is it, do you think, more difficult to procure?—And though I allow the things they provide for *your* table, may be more delicious than those on mine,—consider, Antipho,—he who sits down with a good appetite hath no want of rich sauce to give a relish to his food:—Neither will *he* wish, for the high-flavoured wine; who hath already with delight, quenched his thirst with water.—As to my habit:—You know, Antiphon, he who changes his dress; doth it on account of the heat or cold; and puts on shoes, only that the ruggedness of the road may not prevent his passing it:—But tell me, I desire you,—When hath the cold kept me within doors? Or where did you see me contend for the *shade* to avoid the scorching heat of the sun? Or when was I hindered by the anguish of my feet, from going where-ever my fancy led me? Besides; you cannot but know many, whose constitution being naturally weak, have brought themselves by the force of exercise to bear labour and fatigue better than those of a more robust make; who through indolence and sloth have shamefully neglected it. Why then should you not suppose, that *I*, who have always accustomed myself to bear with patience, whatever might fall to my lot; may do it at present, with somewhat more ease than *you*, Antipho, who, perhaps, have not so much as *once* thought of the matter. If I am observed to be not over-delicate in my diet:—If I sleep

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<sup>106</sup> These were a sort of men, who, as Socrates says, pretended to know, and teach every thing: geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, natural philosophy, eloquence, politics, &c. Their promises, however, always ended in giving some slight superficial notions of these several sciences; and they exercised their disciples chiefly in idle disputations, whereby they might learn to defend whatever they had a mind to affirm. Those who studied under them, were filled with pride, and vain conceit of their own abilities; while the sophist, on his side, regarded nothing but his own gain: And it is said that one Protagorus, although there were at that time many others of them in Greece, accumulated by this profession ten times the sum that Phidias, the famous statuary, could ever gain by his trade.

little,—nor *once* taste of those infamous delights which others indulge in;—assign no other cause, than my being possessed of pleasures in themselves far more eligible: Which delight not alone for the moment in which they are enjoyed; but gladden with the hope of yielding perpetual satisfaction. Now, you must have remarked, Antipho, that people who doubt their affairs go ill, are never chearful; while those who think they are in the way to succeed; whether in agriculture, traffic, or whatever it may be, are happy as if they had already succeeded. But suppose you, there can arise, from any of *these*, a pleasure equal to what the mind experiences, while it is conscious of improving in the paths of virtue;—and sees the wise, and the good, add to the number of its friends?—Yet *these*, are the purposes, to which, I think, I employ myself; and *this*, the reward, I have for *my* labour!—Besides,—should we suppose our friends, or our country wanting assistance;—*who* would be judged, the best able to bestow it? He, Antipho, who lives as *I* do; or he who is engaged in that course of life, which seems, to you, so very delightful? Or when called on to bear arms,—which would you think the most likely to discharge the duty of a good soldier;—*he* who sits down dissatisfied to his table unless loaded with delicacies, however difficult to be obtained: Or *he*, who is not only content, but rises *well* pleased from whatever is set before him? And, if the city is besieged,—which will be the *first* to advise the surrendering it up to the enemy?—It should seem your opinion, Antipho, that happiness consisted in luxury and profusion; whereas, in truth, I consider it as a perfection in the Gods that they want *nothing*;—and, consequently, *he* cometh the nearest to the divine nature, who standeth in want of the *fewest* things: And, seeing there is nothing which can transcend the divine nature, whoever approacheth the *nearest* thereto, approaches the *nearest* to sovereign excellence.”

At another time Antipho, disputing with him, said,—“I am willing to acknowledge you a *just* man, Socrates;—but surely not a man of *much* knowlege;—and of this you seem to be yourself aware; since you refuse to receive any reward for your instructions. Now it is certain, you would not give your house, or even your cloak for *nothing*;—nay, nor for less than the full worth of them: Yet you will talk, it is well known, for a whole day gratis;—a plain proof how the case stands with you. Now, it is for this very reason, I commend your honesty; that will not suffer you, through desire of gain, to deceive any: But then you must give up all pretences to knowlege; since you hereby declare you have none worth purchasing.”

To which Socrates—“You know, Antipho, that among us it is imagined, there is no small similarity between *beauty* and philosophy; for that which is praise-worthy in the one, is so likewise in the other; and the same sort of vices are apt to blemish *both*. Now, when we see a woman bartering her beauty for gold, we look upon such a one as no other than a common prostitute; but she who rewards the passion of some worthy youth with it, gains at the same time our approbation and esteem. It is the very same with philosophy: *He* who sets it forth for public sale,—to be disposed of, to the *best* bidder,—is a Sophist,—a public prostitute! But *he* who becomes the instructor of some well-disposed youth, and makes thereby a *friend* of him,—we say of such a one,—he discharges, as he ought, the duty of a good citizen. And besides, Antipho, as there are some who delight in fine horses;—others in dogs; and others in other animals;—my pleasure is, in the company of my friends. If I know any thing whereby they may at all be profited, I communicate it to them—or recommend them to those whom I think better qualified for carrying them on in the paths of virtue. When we are together, we employ ourselves in searching into those treasures of knowlege the Ancients have left us:—We draw from the same fountains;—and running over whatever the Sages have left behind them; where

we find any thing excellent, we remark it for our use; and think ourselves not to have profited a little when we see mutual love begin to flourish among us.”

Thus did Socrates reply:—And truly, when I have heard him talk in this manner, I could not doubt of his being a *happy* man: Nor yet, of his kindling in the minds of his hearers, an ardent love for that virtue, which in him, appeared so amiable.

Being asked at another time by the same man, “Why he who fancied himself so able to make skilful statesmen of others, did not himself engage in state affairs?”—“And by which of these methods, said Socrates, supposest thou I shall most advantage the Commonwealth?—Taking on me some office, which however *well* executed, would only be the service of *one* man:—Or, by instructing *all* I meet, furnish the Republic with many *good* citizens; every one capable, of serving it well?”<sup>107</sup>

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<sup>107</sup> Epictetus talks to the same purpose, concerning his cynic philosopher, but in terms somewhat more haughty than the humble Socrates. “Ask me, if you please, too, whether a cynic will engage in the administration of the commonwealth. What commonwealth do you enquire after, blockhead, greater than what he administers? Whether *he* will harangue among the Athenians, about revenues and taxes, whose business is to debate with all mankind; with the Athenians, Corinthians, and Romans, equally; not about taxes and revenues, or peace and war, but about happiness and misery, prosperity and adversity, slavery and freedom. Do you ask me whether a man engages in the administration of the Commonwealth, who administers such a Commonwealth as this!”—Carter’s *Epic*. Ed.’s note: *All the Works of Epictetus*, trans. E. Carter, Bk 3, chap. 22, “Of the Cynic Philosophy”, §10, 300.

## CHAPTER VII

And now let us examine whether by dissuading his friends from vanity and arrogance, he did not excite them to the practice of virtue. It was his custom to assert, “that the only way to *true* glory, was for a man to be *really* excellent; not affect to appear so:” And to shew this the more plainly, he would often make use of the following example.—“Let us suppose, said he, that one altogether ignorant in music, desires to be thought an excellent musician. To this purpose, he takes care to imitate whatever is imitable in those who are the greatest proficient in the art. He is uncommonly curious in the choice of his instruments; and a crowd must follow him, to cry him up for a wonder wherever he goes, as they do the most admired masters; but for all this, he must never venture the public with a specimen of his skill, lest his ignorance, as well as arrogance, should instantly appear; and *ridicule*, not *fame*, prove the reward of his ill-judged expences. The case, he would say, is the same with the man, who endeavours to pass for an *able* general, or a *good* pilot, without knowing any thing of the matter: If his word is *not* taken, he is displeas’d;—if it *is*,—what will become of him when called to preside at the helm; or command the army? what but shame to himself, and perhaps ruin to his *best* friends, can possibly be the result of the vain undertaking? Neither will he, who foolishly affects the character of valiant, or rich, or strong, be exposed to less danger. By the help of some false appearance, he may be called, indeed, to some honourable employment; but it is an employment exceeding his abilities to perform; and his mistakes will not be pardoned by those whom he imposed on. For, as the man can be deemed no other than a *cheat*, who refuseth to return the money, or the cloak, which, through his fair demeanor, hath been lent him by his neighbour;—much rather ought he to be stigmatized, as such; who, destitute of every talent, necessary for the purpose, shall dare impose himself on the State, as one, well-qualified, to direct in the administration.”

Thus Socrates endeavoured to make vanity and ostentation the more odious to his followers, by shewing clearly, how much folly attended the practice of it.



## BOOK II

### CHAPTER I

It is likewise my opinion that Socrates contributed not a little by his discourses to make his followers more patient of hunger, and thirst, and labour;—contemn heat, and cold;—despise sleep; with every other sensual gratification. For hearing that one of them lived too effeminately, he asked him, saying—“Suppose now, Aristippus, the education of two young men was submitted to your direction; the one intended to bear rule in the State; the other to obey:—What method would you take with them?—Shall we examine the matter, and begin with their food?”

“It will be right to do this, most certainly, replied Aristippus, since food seems to be the support of life.”

“It is probable then, said Socrates, that you will accustom them both to eat and drink, at certain stated hours?”

“Most probably.”

“But which would you teach to relinquish this stated hour of repast, when urgent business called him away from it?”

“He whom I intend for sovereignty, most assuredly, that the affairs of the commonwealth may not suffer from delay.”

“And the power of enduring thirst patiently,—ought not this likewise to be added?”

“Certainly.”

“And *which* of these would you accustom to rise *early*; and go to rest *late*;—or pass, when necessary, whole nights in watching? *Which* to subdue even love itself, with every tender inclination; while fatigue and labour are not *shunned*, but with cheerfulness submitted to?”

“The same, no doubt of it.”

“But if there is an art, teaching us in what manner we may best subdue our enemies, *which* of these young men would you endeavour to make master of it?”

“He whom I intended for rule, replied Aristippus; since without this art, all the rest will be useless.”

“One should suppose then, said Socrates, that a man thus educated, would not so readily fall into the snares that are laid for him as those animals, whereof some, we know, are destroyed by their gluttony, while they rush forward, however timorous by nature, to seize the bait thrown out to allure them. Others, with equal greediness swallow down the liquor which has been prepared, and set for that very purpose; and, intoxicated therewith, are easily taken: While the partridge and quail find their destruction, in running too eagerly after the female’s call.”

Aristippus assenting to this, Socrates went on: —“But is it not then most shameful, Aristippus, when men *do* fall into the same snares with which those foolish animals are taken?—Yet, so doth the adulterer. He meanly submits to be shut up like a prisoner in the chamber of the man whom he is seeking to injure. Neither the rigour of the laws;<sup>108</sup> nor the fear of a discovery, though sensible how many evils besides that of infamy must attend it, are sufficient to restrain him: But, regardless of the danger, and neglecting those many rational

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<sup>108</sup> See Potter’s Antiq. B. 4 ch.12. Ed’s note: *The Antiquities of Greece*, chap. 12 “Of their Divorces, Adulteries, Concubines, and Harlots”, 2:300 (“such offenders ... were usually stoned to death”).

and creditable amusements which are still within his power; and might serve to divert him from so shameful a passion; he rushes headlong to his ruin!—And can any other be said of so wretched a being, but that some fury hath possessed him?”

“So it should seem, said Aristippus.”

“But, continued Socrates, since so many, and those the most important employments of life; as war, husbandry, and others, are of necessity to be carried on in the open fields, from under shelter; do you not think, Aristippus, that mankind are much to blame in neglecting to inure themselves to the inclemencies of the air; and the changes of the seasons? Above all, should not *he* endeavour to bring himself to bear these inconveniencies with patience, who expects, one day, to command others?”

“I believe he should.”

“But if *he* who has thus brought himself to endure pain and inconvenience, is *alone* qualified for command; they who have not done this, ought never to pretend to it?”

This being granted, Socrates went on:—“Seeing then you so well perceive, Aristippus, the rank to which each of these properly belong;—in which would you rather we should place *you*?”

Not with those, Socrates, who are intended to command; I envy not these: And indeed, since men are obliged to take so much pains to provide for their own wants, I see no great wisdom in undertaking to supply the wants of *a whole community*. For while he who does this, is forced to relinquish many of the things he most ardently desires; it will be held highly criminal, if, during his administration, any one wish of the capricious multitude remains ungratified: These behaving towards their governors exactly in the manner I do to my slaves. I expect them to prepare what I am to eat and drink, and all other necessaries; but suffer them to take no part for themselves: The people likewise require, that plenty and abundance should flow in upon them from every quarter, but permit not the person, to whose care they owe this, even to *taste* of those indulgencies he hath so amply provided for others: such therefore, Socrates, as are fond of employment, and have been educated in the manner you mentioned, may do very well to make governors; but as for *me*,—I am for a life of more ease and tranquility!”

Let us see then, Aristippus, which of the two leads a life of the greatest tranquility and ease;—those who *govern*, or they who *obey*?—Among the nations that are known to us; in Asia, the Syrians, Phrygians, and Lydians, are subject to the Persians;—in Europe, the Meotians to the Scythians;—and, in Afric, the Carthaginians lord it over all the rest:—Which of these do you take to be in the most eligible situation? Or, here, in Greece, where you are placed; which seem to you the most happy; they who are possessed of the sovereign power; or those who are compelled to submit to it?”

“I do not desire to be ranked among slaves, returned Aristippus:—But there is a station equally remote from sovereignty and servitude:—*This* is the true path of liberty; and, in this *I* would walk, as the surest road to happiness.”

“This path, replied Socrates; which lieth so equally clear, whether of sovereignty or servitude, might perhaps be supposed to have some existence in nature, could we place it beyond the bounds of human society. But how, Aristippus, to live among *men*, without governing or being governed? Do you not see that the strong will always oppress the weak; and compel them at last, by repeated injuries, both public and private, to fly, as it were, to slavery for refuge? If they refuse to submit, willingly, their lands are ravaged, their trees cut down, their corn ruined: ’Till wearied out at last; by oppression of every kind; they are obliged

to give up, the unequal combat. Also, in private life:—See you not how the bold and strong trample upon such as are weak, or want courage to defend themselves?”

“I do see it, said Aristippus: And, to the end it may not fall out so with me; I confine myself to no one Commonwealth; but move here, and there,—and think it best, to be a *stranger* every-where.”

“Truly, said Socrates, this method of providing for your safety hath something peculiar in it: And it should seem, Aristippus, that since the days of Sinnis, Sciro, and Procrustes,<sup>109</sup> no man hath dared to molest the traveller. What then!—*Those* who remain continually in their own country, have the laws to secure them against violence of every sort;—they have their relations, their friends, their dependents, to assist them;—their cities are fortified; they have arms for their defence;—and, to strengthen them still more, they make alliance with their neighbours; yet shall not all this secure *them* from falling, sometimes, into the snares of bad men:—While *you*,—destitute of all those various advantages;—exposed continually to the many dangers, in a manner, *unavoidable* to those who pass from one place to another;—nor yet can enter *that* city whose very meanest inhabitant doth not surpass you in credit:—*You*, who shall then be seen in that situation wherein all the world would wish the man whom they purposed to betray:—Will they then spare *you*, Aristippus, because you are a *stranger*? Or because the public faith hath been given, that neither at your entrance *into*, or going *from* the city, you shall meet with any molestation?—But, perhaps, you think yourself of so *little* worth, that no one will be found willing to purchase you:<sup>110</sup>—And, in truth, Aristippus, I know not that man who would wish to have such a slave in his family, as would do nothing, and yet expect to live well. But shall we see how masters, generally, manage such sort of people?—If their appetites and passions are very outrageous,—fasting is made use of to reduce them to order. If they are inclined to take what does not belong to them,—every thing valuable is kept carefully out of their way. If escape is meditated—chains shall secure them: And when inclined to be lazy, stripes are called in, to quicken their motions. And you, Aristippus,—if you discovered such a slave among your domesticks;—in what manner would you treat him?”

“I would certainly leave no sort of severity untried, said Aristippus, ’till I had brought him to better manners.—But let us return to our first subject, Socrates; and tell me if you please, wherein the happiness of sovereignty consists; which you make such account of; if pain and fatigue, and hunger and cold, and ten thousand other inconveniencies, not only pave the way to it, but are afterward the *chosen* portion of the man who undertakes to command others? As to my part, I see no great difference between the strokes of the whip which we give ourselves, and those laid on by the order of another: For, if my body is to be tortured, it matters not the hand by which it is done: Except that *folly* may also be added to the account, when the pain appears of our own procuring.”

“It is so, then Aristippus, that you perceive no difference, between the things we submit to *voluntarily*, and those we undergo, compelled to it by some other?—Now, he who through *choice* abstains from his food, may *return* to his food whenever he pleases: and he who endures thirst because he is so minded; may, when minded otherwise, as easily remove it: But the case is not the same, when we have *constraint* to encounter. Besides;—he who of his own accord engages in what may be attended with labour, hath the hopes of success to animate him in the way: And the fatigue of the chace, never discourages the hunter. But, if the prospect of acquiring what he is in pursuit of, however worthless in itself, is sufficient to make him regard

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<sup>109</sup> Famous robbers, who infested Greece in the times of Theseas, and were slain by him.

<sup>110</sup> Those who fell into the hands of robbers, were commonly sold by them for slaves.

neither thirst nor hunger; what may not *he*, whose aim is to procure the friendship of the Good, conquer his enemies; gain the command over himself; and wisely govern his own family:—Benefit his friends; serve his country! will such a one shrink at fatigue and pain! rather will he not court them while they add to the delight arising from his own consciousness, and the united approbation of those who best know him? And, to shew still farther how necessary labour and pain are judged for all who would perform any thing laudable; it is a maxim with those who instruct youth to regard the exercises that are gone through with ease; or give pleasure on their first performance, as of little worth; whether in forming the body, or improving the mind: Whereas those which require patience, application, and labour; *these* are they which prepare the man for illustrious deeds, and noble undertakings: As many, who were excellent judges, have told us; and, among the rest, Hesiod; for he speaks somewhere or other, after the following manner:

“See Vice, preventing ev’n thy wish, appears  
To lead through down-hill paths, and gay parterres,  
Where pleasure reigns: While virtue, decent maid!  
Retires from view, in yon sequester’d shade.  
Craggy and steep the way, that to her leads:  
Fatigue and pain, by order of the Gods,  
Stern sentry keep:—But, if nor pain, nor toil,  
Can check the gen’rous ardor of thy soul;  
Exert thy powers; nor doubt thy labour’s meed;  
Conquest and joy shall crown, the glorious deed.”<sup>111</sup>

Epicharmus saith likewise,

“*Earn* thy reward;—the Gods give nought to sloth.”

And again,

“Seek not the sweets of life, in life’s first bloom;  
They ill prepare us, for the pain to come!”

And the wise Prodicus is also of the same opinion;—for to him is the allegory given.—Now this writer tells us,—to the best of my remembrance,—“That Hercules having attained to that stage of life, when man, being left to the government of himself, seldom fails to give certain indications, whether he will walk in the paths of virtue; or wander through all the intricacies of vice:—Perplexed, and undetermined what course to pursue, retired into a place where silence and solitude might bestow on him that tranquility and leisure, so necessary for deliberation: When two women, of more than ordinary stature, came on towards him. The countenance of the one,—open and amiable,—and elevated with an air of conscious dignity. Her person was adorned with native elegance;—her look, with modesty;—every gesture, with decency;—and her garments were altogether of the purest white. The other was comely, but bloated, as from too high-living. Affecting softness and delicacy, every look, every action was

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<sup>111</sup> These lines were translated by the same hand with those of Theognis in the first book.

studied and constrained; while *art* contributed all its powers, to give those charms to her complexion and shape, which nature had denied her. Her look was bold,—the blush of modesty she was a stranger to,—and her dress was contrived not to *conceal*, but *display* those beauties she supposed herself possessed of. She would look round, to see if any observed her; and not only so, but she would frequently stand still to admire her own shadow. Drawing near to the place where the hero sat musing;—eager and anxious for the advantage of first accosting him—she hastily ran forward; while the person who accompanied her, moved on with her usual pace,—equal, and majestic. Joining him she said, “I know, my Hercules! you have long been deliberating on the course of life you should pursue: Engage with me in friendship, and I will lead you through those paths which are smooth, and flowery;—where every delight shall court your enjoyment; and pain and sorrow shall not once appear. Absolved from all the fatigue of business, and the hardships of war,—your employment shall be to share in the social pleasures of the table; or repose on beds of down;—no sense shall remain without its gratification: Beauty shall delight the eye; and melody the ear; and perfumes shall breathe their odours around you. Nor shall your care be once wanted for the procuring of these things: Neither be afraid lest time should exhaust your stock of joys; and reduce you to the necessity of purchasing new, either by the labour of body or mind:—It is to the toil of *others* that you alone shall owe them!—Scruple not therefore to seize whatever seemeth most desirable;<sup>112</sup> for this privilege I bestow, on *all* who are my votaries.”

“Hercules having heard so flattering an invitation, demanded her name?”—“My friends, said she, call me *Happiness*; but they who do not love me, endeavour to make me odious; and therefore brand me with the name of *Sensuality*.”<sup>113</sup>

By this time the other person being arrived, thus addressed him in her turn.

“I also, o Hercules! am come to offer you my friendship; for I am no stranger to your high descent; neither was I wanting to remark the goodness of your disposition in all the exercises of your childhood; from whence I gather hopes, if you chuse to follow where I lead the way, it will not be long ere you have an opportunity of performing many actions glorious to *yourself*, and honourable to *me*. But I mean not to allure you with specious promises of pleasure;—I will *plainly* set before you, things as they *really* are; and shew you in what manner the Gods think proper to dispose of them. Know therefore, young man!—these wise governors of the universe have decreed, that nothing great, nothing excellent, shall be obtained without care and labour: They give no *real* good, no *true* happiness on *other* terms. If therefore you would secure the favour of these Gods,—adore them. If you would conciliate to yourself the affection of your friends,—be of *use* to them. If to be honoured and respected of the Republic be your aim,—shew your fellow-citizens how effectually you can serve them: But if it is your ambition that all Greece shall esteem you,—let all Greece share the benefits arising from your labours. If you wish for the fruits of the earth,—cultivate it:—If for the increase of your flocks, or your herds,—let your flocks and your herds have your attendance, and your care:—And if your design is to advance yourself by arms;—if you wish for the power of defending your friends, and subduing your enemies; learn the art of war under those who are well acquainted with it; and, when learnt, employ it to the best advantage. And, if to have a body, ready and

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<sup>112</sup> This is finely imagined to shew how closely injustice and oppression are connected with intemperance.

<sup>113</sup> It is hoped the having chosen to denominate this person by the word *sensuality*, rather than *pleasure* hitherto commonly used, may be allowed; as it seemed, that pleasure should always be considered, not as contrary *to*, but a sure attendant on virtue.

well able to perform what you wish from it, be your desire;—subject your's to your reason; and let exercise and hard labour give to it strength and agility.”

At these words, as Prodicus informs us, the other interrupted her;—“You see, said she, my Hercules! the long,—the *laborious* road she means to lead you: But *I* can conduct you to happiness by a path more short and easy.”

“Miserable wretch! replied Virtue! What happiness can'st thou boast of! *Thou*, who wilt not take, the least pains to procure it! Doth not satiety always anticipate desire?—Wilt thou wait 'till hunger invites thee to eat; or stay 'till thou art thirsty before thou drinkest?—Or—rather, to give some relish to thy repast, must not art be called in, to supply the want of appetite; while thy wines, though costly, can yield no delight; but the ice in summer is sought for to cool and make them grateful, to thy palate! Beds of down, or the softest couch, can procure no sleep for *thee*, whom *idleness* inclines to seek for repose; not *labour* and *fatigue*, which *alone* prepare for it. Nor dost thou leave it to nature to direct thee in thy pleasures; but *all* is art, and shameless impurity:—The night is polluted with riot, and crimes; while the day is given up to sloth, and inactivity; And,—though *immortal*,—thou art become an *out-cast* from the Gods; and the contempt and scorn of all good men! Thou boastest of *happiness*,—but what *happiness* can'st thou boast of? Where was it that the sweetest of all sounds,—the music of just self-praise,—ever reached thine ear? Or, when couldst thou view with complacency and satisfaction, *one* worthy deed, of thy own performing?—Is there any who will trust thy word; or depend upon thy promise;—or, if sound in judgment, be of thy society?—For, among thy followers, which of them, in youth, are not altogether effeminate, and infirm of body?—Which of them, in age, not stupid, and debilitated, in every faculty of the mind?—While wasting their prime in thoughtless indulgence, they prepare for themselves, all that pain, and remorse, so sure to attend the close of such a life!—Ashamed of the past;—afflicted with the present;—they weary themselves in bewailing that folly, which lavished on youth all the joys of life; and left nothing to old age, but pain and imbecility!

As for *me*—my dwelling is alone with the Gods, and good men; and, without *me*, nothing great, nothing excellent, can be performed; whether on earth, or in the heavens; so that my praise, my esteem, is, with *all* who know me! I make the labour of the artist pleasant; and bring to the father of his family, security and joy; while the slave, as his lord, is alike my care; In peace, I direct to the most useful counsels;—in war, approve myself a faithful ally; and *I* only can tie the bond of indissoluble friendship. Nor do my votaries even fail to find *pleasure* in their repasts, though small cost is wanted to furnish out their table; for hunger, not art, prepares it for them; while their sleep, which follows the labour of the day, is far more sweet, than whatever expence can procure for idleness; yet, sweet as it is, they quit it unreluctant, when called by their duty, whether to the Gods, or men. The young enjoy the applause of the aged;—the aged, are revered and respected by the young. Equally delighted with reflecting on the past, or contemplating the present, their attachment to me, renders them favoured of the Gods, dear to their friends, and honoured by their country. And when the fatal hour is arrived;—they sink not, like others into an inglorious oblivion; but, immortalized by fame, flourish for ever in the grateful remembrance of admiring posterity! Thus, O Hercules!—thou great descendant of a glorious race of heroes!—thus, mayest thou attain, that supreme felicity, wherewith I have been impowered to reward all those, who willingly yield themselves up to my direction.”

“See here, my Aristippus, continued Socrates,—see here the advice which Prodicus tells us, Virtue gave the young hero. He clothes it, as you may suppose, in more exalted language

than I have attempted; but it will be your wisdom if you endeavour to profit from what he hath said, and consider at present, what may befall you hereafter.”<sup>114</sup>

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<sup>114</sup> One would have thought, this single conversation alone, sufficient to have reclaimed Aristippus; but the badness of his disposition, like to that of Critias and Alcibiades, prevailed over the precepts of Socrates; illustrated as they were by the beautiful picture borrowed from Prodicus. He became afterwards the founder of a sect of philosophers, whose leading tenet was, “that man was born for pleasure; and that virtue is only so far laudable, as it conduces thereto.” One of his disciples taught publicly, that there were *no* Gods: A short and easy transition from vice and sensuality to atheism. Ed.’s note: Aristippus (born *c.* 435 BCE—died *c.* 356), hedonistic philosopher, for whom pleasure and not happiness is the goal of life, discussed by the lady-philosopher Cyllinda in Sarah Fielding’s novel *The Cry* (part IV, sc. 6). This disciple of Aristippus is probably Theodorus of Cyrene (ca. 340–250 BCE), see Diogenes Laertius, *Lives*, 2:98.

## CHAPTER II

Socrates seeing his eldest son Lamprocles, enraged with his mother, spoke to him in the following manner. "Tell me, my son, said he, did you ever hear of any who were called *ungrateful*?"

"Many, replied Lamprocles."

"Did you consider what gained them this appellation?"

"They were called ungrateful, because having received favours, they refused to make any return."

"Ingratitude then should seem one species of *injustice*?"

"Most certainly."

"Have you ever examined thoroughly *this* sort of injustice? Or, do you think, Lamprocles, because we are only said to be unjust when we treat our friends ill, not so when we injure our enemies; therefore, we are indeed unjust when we are ungrateful to our *friends*, but not so, when only ungrateful to our *enemies*?"

"I have considered it thoroughly, replied Lamprocles; and am convinced, that to be *ungrateful*, is to be *unjust*; whether the object of our ingratitude be friend or foe."

"If then, continued Socrates, ingratitude is injustice, it will follow, that the greater the benefit—of which we are unmindful—the more we are *unjust*?"

"Most assuredly."

"But where shall we find the person who hath received from any one, benefits, so *great* or so *many*, as children from their parents? To them it is they owe their very existence; and, in consequence of *this*, the capacity of beholding all the beauties of nature, together with the privilege of partaking of those various blessings, which the Gods have so bountifully dispensed to all mankind. Now these are advantages universally held so inestimable, that, to be deprived of them, excite our very strongest abhorrence: An abhorrence well understood, when the wisdom of the Legislature made death to be the punishment of the most atrocious crimes; rightly judging, that the terror wherewith every one beheld it, would serve the most powerful to deter from the commission of such offences, as they saw must bring upon them this greatest of all evils. Neither should'st thou suppose it sensuality alone, which induceth mankind to enter into marriage;—since, not a *street* but would furnish with other means for its gratification: But our desire is to find out one where-with to unite ourselves, from whom we may reasonably expect a numerous, and a healthful progeny. The husband then turneth his thoughts in what manner he may best maintain the wife whom he hath thus chosen; and make ample provision for his children yet unborn; while she, on her part, with the utmost danger to herself, bears about with her, for a long time, a most painful burthen. To *this* she imparts life and nourishment; and brings it into the world, with inexpressible anguish: Nor doth her talk end here; she is still to supply the food that must afterward support it. She watches over it with tender affection; attends it, continually, with unwearied care, although she hath received no benefit from it; neither doth it yet know to whom it is thus indebted. She seeks, as it were, to divine its wants: night or day; her solicitude and labour know no intermission; unmindful of what hereafter may be the fruit of all her pain. Afterward;—when the children are arrived at an age capable to receive instruction;—how doth each parent endeavour to instil into their minds, the knowlege which may best conduce to their future well-doing: And if they hear of

any, better qualified than themselves for this important task—to these they send them without regard to the expence; so much do they desire the happiness of their children!”

“Certain it is, replied Lamprocles; although my mother had done *this*, and a thousand times more, no man could bear with so much ill-humour.”

“Do not you think it easier to bear the anger of a mother, than that of a wild beast?”

“No; not of such a mother.”

“But what harm hath she done you? Hath she kicked you, or bit you, as wild beasts do when they are angry?”

“No, —but she utters such things as no one can *bear* from any body.”

“And you, Lamprocles,—what have *you* not made this mother *bear*, with your continual cries, and untoward restlessness! what fatigue in the day? what disturbance in the night? and what pangs when sickness at any time seized you!”

“But however I never did, or said any thing to make her ashamed of me.”

“It is well.—But why, Lamprocles, should you be more offended with your mother, than people on the stage are with one another? There is nothing so injurious or reproachful that these do not often say, yet no one becomes outrageous against the man whom he hears threaten and revile him, because he well knows, he intends him no real injury: But you—although you as well know that no hurt is designed you, but, on the contrary, every kindness; you fly out into rage against your mother!—or, perhaps, you suppose, she intended you some harm?”

“Not at all, replied Lamprocles;—I never once suspected any such matter.”

“What! A mother who thus loves you!—who, when you are sick, spareth no means, no pains for your recovery:—Whose care is to supply your every want; and whose vows to the Gods, are so frequent on your behalf! Is she harsh and cruel?—Surely, the man who cannot *bear* with such a mother, cannot *bear* with that which is most for his advantage. But, tell me, continued Socrates, doth it seem to you at all necessary to shew respect or submission to any one whatsoever?—Or, are you indeed conscious of such a degree of self-sufficiency, as makes it needless to pay any regard, whether to magistrate or general?”

“So far from it, said Lamprocles, I endeavour all I can, to recommend myself to my superiors.”

“Perhaps too, you would cultivate the good-will of your neighbour, that he may supply you with fire from his hearth, when you want it; or yield you ready assistance, when any accident befalls you?”

“I would, most surely.”

“And if you were to go a journey, or a voyage with any one;—it would not be indifferent to you, whether they loved, or hated you?”

“No, certainly!”

“Wretch!—to think it right to endeavour to gain the good-will of these people; and suppose you are to do nothing for a mother, whose love for you so far exceeds *that* of any other! Surely you have forgot, that while every other kind of ingratitude is passed over unnoticed by the magistrate,—those who refuse to return good offices, in any other case, being only punished with the *contempt* of their fellow-citizens,—the man, who is wanting in respect to his parents, *for* this man, public punishments are appointed:<sup>115</sup> The laws yield him

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<sup>115</sup> Neither was this confined to their immediate parents, but equally understood of their grand-fathers, grand-mothers, and other progenitors.—Potter’s *Antiq.* Ed.’s note: John Potter, *The Antiquities of Greece*, Bk 4, chap. 15, 2:351.

no longer their protection; neither is he permitted any share in the administration, since they think no sacrifice, offered by a hand so impious, can be acceptable to the Gods, or beneficial to man: And conclude the mind, so altogether degenerate, equally incapable of undertaking any thing *great*, or executing any thing *justly*. For such too as neglect to perform the rites of sepulture for their parents;—for *these*, the same punishments have been allotted by the laws: And particular regard is had to these points, when enquiry is made into the lives and behaviour of those who offer themselves candidates for any public employment.—You, therefore, O my son! will not delay, if wise, to intreat pardon of the Gods; lest they, from whom your ingratitude cannot be hid, should turn away their favour from you;—and be you likewise careful to conceal it from the eyes of men; that you find not yourself forsaken by all who know you: For no one will expect a return to his kindness, however considerable, from *him* who can shew himself unmindful of what he oweth to his parents.”

### CHAPTER III

Socrates having observed that Chærephon and Chærecrates, two brothers, with whom he was acquainted, were at variance; he wished very much to reconcile them to each other. To which end, meeting one of them, he said to him: —“What, are *you* then, Chærecrates, one of those mercenary kind of people, who prefer riches to a brother; and forget that these being only inanimate things, require much vigilance and care to protect them; whereas a brother, endued with reason and reflection, is able to give assistance and protection to you? And besides; *brothers* are somewhat less plentiful than gold! It is strange a man should think himself injured because he cannot enjoy his brother’s fortune? Why not equally complain of injury done him by the rest of his fellow-citizens; because the wealth of the whole community doth not centre in him alone? But in this case they can argue right; and easily see, that a moderate fortune, secured by the mutual aid of society, is much better than the riches of a whole city, attended with the dangers to which solitude would expose them; yet admit not this reasoning in regard to a brother. If rich, they buy slaves in abundance, to serve them: They endeavour all they can, to gain friends to support them; but make at the same time no account of a brother; as if *nearness* in blood disqualified for friendship! But, surely, to be born of the same parents, and educated in the same house, ought rather to be considered as so many powerful cements; since even wild beasts themselves, shew some inclination to animals they are brought up with: And besides, Chærecrates, —he who hath a *brother*, is much more regarded than he who hath none;—his enemies too, will be the less forward to molest him.”

“I will not deny, replied Chærecrates, that a *brother*, when such as he should be is, as you say, an *inestimable* treasure; and therefore we ought to bear long with one another; so far from quarrelling on every slight occasion;—but, when this *brother* fails, in every particular, and is, indeed, the very reverse of all he ought to be,—to keep on terms with such a one, is next to an impossibility.”

“Your brother then, my Chærecrates, is displeasing to every one?—Or are there some, to whom he can make himself very agreeable?”

“Therefore he the more deserves my hatred, said Chærecrates; because, wherever he comes he fails not to make himself pleasing to *others*; whereas, he seems to aim at nothing but displeasing *me*.”

“But may not this happen, Chærecrates, from your not knowing how to converse *properly* with a brother? As the horse, not untractable to others, becomes altogether unmanageable to the unskilful rider.”

“And why should *I*, who well know how to return any kindness shewn me either in words or actions, be supposed ignorant in what manner to behave properly to a brother?—No;—but when I see a man catch at every opportunity to vex, and disoblige me, shall I, after *this*, shew kindness to *such* a one? I cannot, Socrates;—nor will I even attempt it!”

“You surprize me, Chærecrates!—Suppose you had a dog who watched and defended your sheep diligently:—This dog fawns and caresses your shepherds, but snarls at you whenever you come near him. What do you on this occasion?—Fly out into rage?—Or endeavour, by kindness, to reconcile him to you? You acknowledge a brother, when such as he ought to be, an *invaluable* treasure: You say, you are not unacquainted with the arts of conciliating favour and affection; but yet are resolved to employ none of them, to gain the love of Chærephon!”

“I do not believe, Socrates, I have arts sufficient to succeed in such an attempt.”

“And yet I should imagine, said Socrates, no *new* one necessary:—Practise only those you are already master of, and you will find them sufficient to regain his affection;”

“If you know what these are, of favour inform me, replied Chærecrates; for they are unknown to *me*.”

“Suppose, Chærecrates, you wished some friend to invite you to his feast, when he offered sacrifice;—what means would you take to induce him thereto?”

“Invite him to one of mine.”

“And if you wanted him in your absence, to manage your affairs,—what then?”

“I would try what I could to engage his *gratitude*, by first rendering him the service, I wished to receive.”

“But, suppose you desired to secure for yourself an hospitable reception in some foreign country, what would you do?”

“When any of that place came to Athens, I would invite them to my house, said Chærecrates;—and would spare no pains to assist them in dispatching the business they came for; that they, when I went thither, might help me in return, to expedite mine.”

“Is it so then!—replied Socrates;—and are you so well skilled in all the arts of conciliating favour and affection; yet know nothing of the matter?—But you are afraid, Chærecrates, of making the first advances to your brother, lest it should degrade you in the opinion of those who hear it? Yet, surely, it ought not to be less glorious for a man to anticipate his friends, in courtesy and kind offices, than get the start of his enemies in injuries and annoyance! Had I thought Chærephon as well disposed as you towards a reconciliation; I should have endeavoured to have prevailed on him to make the first advances; but you seemed to me the better leader in this affair; and I fancied success the most likely to ensue from it.”

“Nay now, Socrates, cried out Chærecrates, you certainly speak not with your usual wisdom. What! Would you have *me* who am the youngest, make overtures to my brother; when in all nations it is the undoubted privilege of the first-born to lead the way?”

“How, replied Socrates! Is it not the custom every-where for the younger to yield precedency to the elder? Must not he rise at his approach; and give to him the seat which is most honourable; and hold his peace ’till he hath done speaking?—Delay not therefore, my Chærecrates, to do what I advise:—Use your endeavour to appease your brother; nor doubt his readiness to return your love. He is ambitious of honour; he hath a nobleness of disposition: Sordid souls, indeed, are only to be moved by mercenary motives; but the brave and liberal are ever best subdued by courtesy and kindness.”

“But suppose, my Socrates, when I have acted as you advise, my brother should behave no better than he has done?”

“Should it prove so, Chærecrates, what other harm can arise to you from it, than that of having shewn yourself a good man, and a good brother to one whose badness of temper makes him undeserving of your regard?—But I have no apprehension of so unfavourable an issue to this matter: Rather, when your brother shall see it your intention to conquer by courtesy, he himself will strive to excel in so noble a contest. As it is, —nothing can be more deplorable than your present situation; it being no other than as if these hands, ordained of God for mutual assistance, should so far forget their office, as mutually to impede each other:—Or these feet, designed by Providence for a reciprocal *help*, should entangle each other to the hindrance of both. But, surely, it shews no less our ignorance and folly, than works our harm; when we thus turn those things into *evil* which were not created but for our *good*. And, truly, I

regard a brother as one of the best of blessings that God hath bestowed on us;—two brothers being more profitable to each other than two eyes, or two feet; or any other of those members which have been given to us in pairs; for partners, and helps, as it were, to each other, by a bountiful Providence. For whether we consider the hands, or the feet; they assist not each other unless placed at no great distance: And, even our eyes, whose power evidently appears of the widest extent, are yet unable to take in, at one and the same view, the front and the reverse of any one object whatsoever, though placed ever so near them: But no situation can hinder brothers who live in amity, from rendering one another the most essential services.”

## CHAPTER IV

I also remember a discourse that Socrates once held, concerning friendship; which I think could not but greatly benefit his hearers; since he not only taught us how we might *gain* friends; but how to behave towards them when gained. On this occasion he observed; “That although the generality of mankind agreed in esteeming a firm and virtuous friend, an invaluable possession; yet were there very few things about which they gave themselves less trouble: They were diligent, he said, to purchase houses and lands, and slaves, and flocks, and household goods; and when purchased would take no little pains to preserve them; but, were no way solicitous either to purchase or preserve a friend, however they might talk of the advantages of having one. Nay, he had seen people, who, if they had a friend and a slave sick at the same time, would send for the physician; and try every means to recover the slave, while the friend was left to take care of himself; and, if both died; it was easy to see how each stood in their estimation. Of all their possessions, this alone was neglected: They would even suffer it to be lost for want of a little attention.<sup>116</sup> Their estates, here and there, they could with readiness point out to you; but ask them of their friends—how many, and what they are,—and you reduce them to some difficulty: The number, tho’ acknowledged small, is more than they can well make out to you; so little do these people concern themselves about the matter. And yet—what possession shall be placed in competition with a *friend*? What slave so affectionate to our persons, or studious of our interest? What horse able to render us such service? From whence, or from whom, can we at all times, and on every occasion, receive so many, and such essential benefits? Are we at a loss in our own private affairs, or in those the public have intrusted to our management?—A friend will supply every deficiency. Do we wish for the pleasure of giving assistance to some other?—A friend will furnish us with the power. Are we threatened with danger?—He flies to our assistance; for he not only dedicates his *fortune* to our service, but his life to our defence. Do we purpose to persuade?—His eloquence is ever ready to second all we say. Are we compelled to contend?—His arm is ever found among the foremost to assist us. He doubles the joy which prosperity brings, and makes the load of affliction less heavy: Our hands, our feet, our eyes, can yield us small service in comparison to what we receive from a friend: For what we are not able to do for ourselves;—that which we neither *see*, nor *hear*, nor *think* of, when our own interest is the question; a friend will perceive and perform for us.—And yet,—this friend,—whilst the plant that promiseth us fruit shall be carefully cultivated;—this friend, we neglect to nourish and improve; though *where else the tree*, from whence *such* fruit is to be found!”

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<sup>116</sup> One proof we have of this want of attention, even in Pericles himself; and which possibly Socrates might have in his eye, though out of respect to his memory he forbore to mention it; for he suffered Anaxagoras, to whom he stood indebted for so much useful knowledge both in philosophy and politics, to be reduced to such distress, that, partly from want, and partly from vexation, he determined to starve himself to death: And having muffled up his head in his cloke, he threw himself on the ground to expect its coming. Indeed, Pericles no sooner heard of this but he flew to his assistance: Begging him to live; and bewailing his own loss, in case he was deprived of so wise a counsellor. When, opening his cloke, the philosopher, in a feeble and low voice, said to him,—“Ah! Pericles! they who need a lamp, do not neglect to supply it with oil!”—A gentle reproof; but therefore the more piercing to an ingenuous mind. Ed.’s note: An anecdote recounted in *Plutarch’s Lives*, 6 vols, ed. Dacier *et al.* (London, 1758), “Life of Pericles”, 2:26.

## CHAPTER V

I remember likewise another discourse of his, wherein he exhorteth his hearers to look well into themselves and see, in what estimation, they might *reasonably* hope their friends should hold them. For, having observed one of his followers desert a friend when oppressed with penury, he thus questioned Antisthenes in the presence of the man, together with many others: “Pray say, Antisthenes, is it allowable to value our friends as we do our slaves: For one of these we perhaps rate at five mina;<sup>117</sup> while we think another dear at two: These again we will give ten for; and for some, it may be twenty: Nay, it is said that Nicias, the son of Niceratus, gave no less than a whole talent<sup>118</sup> for one he intended to set over his mines. May we estimate our friends in the same manner?”

“I think we may, replied Antisthenes; for, while I know *some* whose affection I would purchase at no mean price, there are *others* whom I would scarcely thank for theirs, if I might have it for nothing.—And there are, my Socrates, whose favour and friendship I should be glad to secure, though at the expence of the last farthing.”

“If this is the case, replied Socrates, it behoves us not a little to consider of how much worth we really are to our friends; at the same time that we use our diligence, to raise our value with them as much as we can, that they may not lay us aside, like useless lumber. For when I hear this man cry out, “my friend hath deserted me;”—and another complain, “that one whom he thought most strongly attached to him, had sold his friendship for some trifling advantage;” I am inclined to ask, whether, as we are glad to get rid of a bad slave at any rate, so we may not wish to do the same by a *worthless* friend? Since, after all, we seldom hear of the *good* friend being forsaken, any more than of the *good* slave wanting a master.”

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<sup>117</sup> The Attic mina, worth three pounds sterling. Ed.’s note: in 2017 money, around £307, or 30 days’ wages of a skilled tradesman, according to the currency converter of the National Archives Website: <<https://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/currency-converter/#currency-result>>.

<sup>118</sup> The talent, worth sixty mina. Ed.’s note: £18,443, or, 1800 days’ wages of a skilled tradesman.

## CHAPTER VI

And here, on the other hand, I will relate a conversation Socrates once had with Critobulus; from whence we may learn to try our friends; and find out such as are worthy of our affection.

“Suppose, said he, Critobulus, we wanted to chuse a worthy friend, what should be our method of proceeding in this matter? Should we not beware of one much addicted to high-living?—To wine, or women;—or of a lazy disposition?—Since, enslaved to such vices, no man could be of use, either to himself, or any other.”

“Certainly.”

“Suppose we met with a man whose possessions being small, he is yet most lavish in his expences;—who stands daily in need of his friend’s purse, as a necessary supply for his own profusion;—with whom however all that is *lent*, is *lost*; yet whom to refuse, is most deadly to offend:—Would not such a one prove rather troublesome, think you?”

“No doubt, Socrates.”

“And if there was a person, provident indeed enough, but withal so covetous, as never to be content unless he hath the advantage on you on every occasion?”

“I think of him, worse than of the other.”

“But what do you say to the man, Critobulus, who is so much bent on making a fortune as to mind nothing but what serves to that end?”

“I say, leave him to himself, returned Critobulus; since it is sure he will never be of use to any other.”

“And suppose one of so turbulent a disposition, as to be daily engaging his friends in some quarrel on his account?”

“I would keep clear of such a one, most certainly, my Socrates.”

“But what if the man were free from these defects; and had only such a sort of selfishness belonging to him, as made him always ready to receive favours; not at all solicitous about *returning* any?”

“Why certainly, replied Critobulus, no person would wish to have any thing to say to such a one:—But, my Socrates, continued he, —since none of these people will serve our purpose,—shew me, I desire you, what sort of man he must be whom we should endeavour to make a friend of?”

“I suppose, said Socrates, he should be the very reverse of all we have been saying:—moderate in his pleasures,—a strict observer of his word,—fair and open in all his dealings;—and who will not suffer even his *friend* to surpass him in generosity; so that all are gainers, with whom he hath to do.”

“But how shall we find such a one, said Critobulus; or make trial of these virtues and vices, without running some hazard by the experiment?”

“When you are enquiring out the best statuary, Critobulus, you trust not to the pretences of any, but examine the performances of all; and conclude, that he who hath hitherto excelled, gives the best grounded assurance of excelling for the future.”

“So you would have us infer, Socrates, that he who hath already discharged the duties of a good friend, towards those with whom he hath been formerly connected; will not fail to do the same, when connected with you?”

“Undoubtedly, my Critobulus: Just as I should infer, that the groom, who hath taken proper care of your horses, will do the same by mine, whenever I send him any.”

“But, my Socrates, when we have found out a man whom we judge proper to make a friend of;—what means may we use to engage his affection?”

“In the first place, returned Socrates, we must consult the Gods; whether it be agreeable to their will, that we engage in friendship with him.”

“But suppose the Gods disapprove not of our choice, what way shall we take to obtain his favour?”

“Not hunt him down, Critobulus, as we do hares; nor catch him by stratagem, as we do birds; neither are we to seize him by force, as we are wont to serve our enemies; for it would prove an arduous task to make a man your friend in spite of inclination. To shut him up like a criminal, might create aversion; but would never conciliate favour and esteem.”

“But what must we do then?”

“I have read, said Socrates, of certain words, that have all the force in them of the most powerful charms.—There are, likewise, other arts, wherewith such as know them seldom fail to allure to themselves whomsoever they please.”

“And where can we learn these words, said Critobulus?”

“You know the song the Syrens used to charm Ulysses?—It begins with,

“O stay, O Pride of Greece, Ulysses stay!”

Pope’s *Odyssey*.

“I do know it Socrates.—But did they not mean to detain others by these charms, as well as Ulysses?”

“Not at all, Critobulus;—Words like *these* are only designed to allure noble souls, and lovers of virtue.”

“I begin to understand you, said Critobulus; and perceive the *charm* which operates so powerfully, is *praise*: But in order to make it effectual, we must bestow it with discretion; lest ridicule should seem intended by us, rather than applause. And, indeed, to commend a man for his beauty, his strength, or his stature, who knows himself to be weak, little, and deformed, would be to incur his resentment, not conciliate his affection; and make mankind not *seek* but *shun* our society.—But do you know of no other charms?”

“No;—I have heard indeed, that Pericles had many, wherewith he charmed the city, and gained the love of all men.”

“By what means did Themistocles procure the affection of his fellow-citizens?”

“By no incantations, most certainly, replied Socrates; if you except that of serving the State.”

“You would insinuate, then, my Socrates, That, in order to obtain a virtuous friend, we must endeavour, first of all, to be ourselves virtuous?”

”Why,—can you suppose, Critobulus, that a *bad* man can gain the affection of a *good* one.”

“And yet, said Critobulus, I have seen many a sorry rhetorician, live, in great harmony, with the best orator in Athens: And a general, perfectly well-skilled in the art of war, shall admit others to his intimacy, who know nothing of the matter.”

“But did you ever see a man, Critobulus, who had no one good quality to recommend him,—for that is the question,—did you ever see such a one gain a friend of distinguished abilities?”

“I do not know I ever did. But if it is so clear, Socrates, that *those* who have much merit, and they who have none, can never unite together in friendship; are the virtuous equally sure of being beloved by all the virtuous?”

“You are led into this enquiry, my Critobulus, from observing that the great and the good, although alike enemies to vice, and equally engaged in the pursuit of glory; are so far from expressing this mutual good-will, that enmity and opposition sometimes prevail among them; and are with more difficulty reconciled to each other, than even the most worthless and vile of all mankind:—This you see, and are concerned at.”

“I am so, replied Critobulus; and the more, as I observe this not confined to particulars, but communities:—Those, too, where vice finds its greatest discouragement, and virtue its best reward;—even *these* shall engage in hostilities against each other! Now when I see this, my Socrates, I almost despair to find a friend! For where shall I seek one?—not among the vicious; for, how can one who is ungrateful, profuse, avaritious, idle, intemperate, faithless, be a friend!—He may hate, but cannot love!—Neither yet is it more possible for the virtuous and the vicious to unite in the bonds of amity; since what concord can subsist between those who commit crimes, and they who abhor them? And if, after this, we are to add the virtuous; If ambition can sow enmity among the best of men; If—*these*, desirous all of the highest places, can envy and oppose each other,—where can friendship be found?—or where the asylum, on earth, for fidelity and affection!”

“My Critobulus, answered Socrates, we shall find it no easy matter to investigate this point. Man is made up of contrarieties. Inclined to friendship from the want he finds in himself of friends, he compassionates the sufferer; he relieves the necessitous; and finds complacency and satisfaction whether his turn is to *receive*, or *confer* an obligation:—But, as one, and the same thing, may be an object of desire to *many*; strife, enmity, and ill-will, become thereby unavoidable:—Benevolence is extinguished by avarice and ambition; and envy fills the heart, which ’till then, was all affection! But, *friendship* can make its way, and surmount every obstacle, to unite the just and good. For virtue will teach these to be contented with their own possessions, how moderate soever: Nay, infinitely prefer them, to the empire of the world, if not to be had without hatred and contention. Assisted by *this*, they willingly endure the extremity of thirst and hunger, rather than injure, or bear hard on any:—Nor, can love itself, even when the most violent, transport them beyond the rules of decency and good order. They are satisfied with whatever the laws have allotted them: And so far from desiring to encroach on the *rights* of others, they are easily inclined to resign many of their own. If disputes arise, they are soon accommodated, to the contentment of each party: Anger never rises so high, as to stand in need of repentance; nor can envy once find admission into the minds of *those*, who live in a mutual communication of their goods; and plead a kind of *right* in whatever a friend possesses. Hence, therefore, we may be very sure, that virtuous men will not oppose, but assist each other in the discharge of the public offices. Those, indeed, who only aim at the highest honours; and posts of the greatest power, that they may accumulate wealth, riot in luxury, and oppress the people, are too profligate, and unjust, to live in concord with any: But he who aspires to an honourable employment, for no other end, than to secure himself from oppression; protect his friends; and serve his country; what should hinder his uniting with those, whose intentions are no other? Would it render *him* less able to accomplish these designs? Or would not his power become so much the more extensive, from having the wise and the good, associated in the same cause with him? In the public games, continued Socrates, we permit not the skilful, and the strong, to unite themselves together, as knowing that in so

doing, they must bear away the prize in every contention: But here, in the administration of the public affairs, we have no law to forbid the honest from joining with the honest; who are generally, too, the most able; and on that account to be chosen, rather for associates, than opponents. Besides—since contentions will arise, confederates should be sought for; and the greater number will be necessary, if those who oppose us have courage and ability. For this purpose, and to make those whom we engage the more zealous in serving us, favours and good offices are to be dispensed with a liberal hand: And even *prudence* will direct us, to prefer the virtuous, as not being many: Besides, evil men are always found insatiable. But however this may be, my Critobulus, take courage; make yourself, in the first place, a virtuous man, and then boldly set yourself to gain the affection of the virtuous: And *this* is a chace wherein I may be able to assist you, being myself much inclined to love. Now, whenever I conceive an affection for any, I rest not 'till it becomes reciprocal; but borne forward towards them by the most ardent inclination, I strive to make my company equally desirable. And much the same management will *you* find necessary, my Critobulus, whenever you would gain the friendship of any: Conceal not, therefore, from me the person whose affection you most desire.—For, as I have made it my study to render myself pleasing to those, who are pleasing to me, I believe I am not ignorant of some of the arts best calculated for such a purpose.”

“And I, replied Critobulus, have long been desirous of receiving some instructions herein; and more especially if they will help me to gain the affection of those who are desirable on account of the beauty of their persons, as well as the graces of their minds.”

“But all compulsion is entirely excluded my scheme, continued Socrates; and I verily believe (says he) that the reason why all men fled the wretched Scylla, was, from her employing no other means; since we see them easily detained by the Syren’s song; and, forgetful of every thing, yield themselves up to the enchanting harmony.”

“Be assured, Socrates, said Critobulus, I shall never think of taking any man’s affection by storm;—of favour, therefore, proceed, I beseech you, to your instructions.”

“You must promise me, likewise, to keep at a proper distance, and not give way to over much fondness.”

“I shall make no great difficulty to promise you this, Socrates, provided the people are not very handsome.”

“And those who are so, will be in less danger,—as far less likely to suffer you than those who are more plain.”

“Well—I will not transgress in this point, said Critobulus, only let me know how I may gain a friend.”

“You must permit me then, said Socrates, to tell him how much you esteem him;—and how great your desire to become one of his friends.”

“Most readily, my Socrates, since I never knew any one displeased with another, for thinking well of him.”

“And that your observation of his *virtue* hath raised in you great affection for his person,—would you think I did amiss; and might hurt you in the man’s opinion?”

“The very reverse, I should imagine;—for I find in myself a more than ordinary affection towards those who express an affection for me.”

“I may go then, so far, in speaking of you to those you love: But will you allow me to proceed, Critobulus; and assure them, that the sweetest pleasure you know, is in the conversation of virtuous friends?—That you are constant in your care of them?—That you behold *their* honourable achievements, with no less satisfaction and complacency than if you,

yourself, had performed them; and rejoice at *their* prosperity, in like manner, as at your *own*?—That, in the service of a friend, you can feel no weariness; and esteem it no less honourable to surpass him in generosity, than your enemy in arms?—By this, or something like this,—I doubt not to facilitate your way to the forming of many very excellent friendships.”

“But why do you ask my leave, Socrates, as if you were not at liberty to say what you please of me?”

“Not so, returned Socrates; for I have often heard Aspasia<sup>119</sup> declare, that match-makers succeed pretty well, if they keep to the truth, in what they say of each party; whereas, if falshood is employed, nothing but vexation can ensue; for they who have been deceived, hate one another; and those most of all, who brought them together. Now, I hold this observation of Aspasia to be right; and not less to concern the point in question: And therefore, I think, I cannot urge any thing in your behalf, Critobulus, which strict truth will not make good.”

“Which is as much as to say, replied Critobulus, that if I have good qualities sufficient to make myself beloved, I may *then* have *your* helping hand: But, otherwise, you are not so *very* much my friend, as to be at the trouble to feign any for me.”

“And by which of these methods shall I best serve you, Critobulus?—Bestowing on you some praise, which, after all, is not your due; or exhorting you to act in such a manner, as may give you a *just* claim to it; and that from all mankind? Let us examine the matter, if you are still doubtful. Suppose I should recommend you to the master of a ship, as a skilful pilot; and on this you were admitted to direct at the helm; must not destruction to yourself, as well as the loss of the ship, be the inevitable consequence? Or suppose I spoke of you everywhere as a great general, or able statesman; and you, on the credit of this false representation, were called to determine causes; preside in the council, or command the army;—would not your own ruin be involved in that of your country?—Nay, were I only to commend you as a good œconomist to my neighbor; and thereby procure for you the management of his affairs, and the care of his family; would not you expose *yourself* to much ridicule, at the same time, that you were exposing *him* to ruin?—But the *surest*, as the *shortest* way, to make yourself beloved and honoured, my Critobulus, is, to be *indeed*, the very man, you wish to appear. Set yourself therefore, diligently, to the attaining of every virtue; and you will find on experience, that no one of them whatsoever but will flourish and gain strength when properly exercised. *This* is the counsel *I* have to give you, my Critobulus: But, if *you* are of a contrary opinion, let me know it, I intreat you.”

“Far from it, replied Critobulus:—And I should only bring shame upon myself by contradicting you, since thereby I should contradict the sure principles of truth and virtue.”

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<sup>119</sup> A person well known on the account of her eloquence, and her illustrious pupils; for both Pericles and Socrates attended her lectures. Her conversation was not more brilliant than solid: Uniting the symmetry arising from art, with the vehemence and warmth which flows from nature. She is generally allowed to have composed the famous funeral oration which Pericles pronounced with so much applause, in honour of those who fell in the Samian war. She was likewise well versed in many other parts of useful knowledge; particularly politics, and natural philosophy.—Plutarch’s *Life of Pericles*. Ed.’s: *Plutarch’s Lives*, “Life of Pericles”, 2:32-34.

## CHAPTER VII

Socrates had the greatest tenderness for his friends. Had ignorance or imprudence, brought them into difficulties, Socrates, by his good advice, would often set them at ease: Or, if sinking under poverty, he would procure to them relief, by pressing upon others, the duty of mutual assistance.

I will give some instances of his sentiments on such occasions.

Perceiving on a time, a deep melancholy on the countenance of one of his friends;—"You seem oppressed, said he, Aristarchus; but impart the cause of it to your friends;—they may be able to relieve you."

"I am indeed, said Aristarchus, oppressed with no small difficulty: For since our late troubles, many of our men being fled for shelter to the Piræus, the women belonging to them have all poured down upon me; so that I have at present, no less than *fourteen* sisters, and aunts, and cousins, *all* to provide for! Now, you know, my Socrates, we can receive no profit from our lands,—for these our enemies have got into their possession: Nor yet from our shops and houses in the city; since Athens hath scarcely an inhabitant left in it. Nobody to be found neither, to purchase our wares;—nobody to lend us money, at what interest soever: So that a man may as well hope to find it in the very streets, as to borrow it any where!—Now, what am I do, my Socrates, in this case? It would be cruel not to relieve our relations in their distress;—and yet, in a time of such general desolation, it is *impossible* for *me*, to provide for so great a number."

Socrates having patiently heard out his complaint:—"Whence comes it, said he, that we see Ceramo, not only provide for a large family, but even become the richer by their very means: While you, Aristarchus, are afraid of being starved to death, because some addition hath been lately made to *yours*?"

"The reason is plain, replied Aristarchus;—Ceramo's people are all *slaves*; whereas those, with me, are every one of them *free*."

"And which, in your opinion, do you rate the highest?—Ceramo's slaves;—or the *free* people your house is filled with?"

"There can be no comparison!"

"But is it not then a shame, said Socrates, that your people, who so far exceed in worth, should reduce you to beggary,—whilst those with Ceramo make him a rich man?"

"Not at all, replied Aristarchus: The slaves with him have been brought up to trades; but those I speak of, had a liberal education."

"May we be said to be masters of some trade when we understand how to make things which are *useful*?"

"No doubt of it."

"Is flour, or bread *useful*?"

"Certainly."

"And clothes,—whether for men or women,—are they *useful*?"

"Who doubts it, said Aristarchus."

"But the people with you, are altogether ignorant in these things?"

"So far from it, replied Aristarchus, that I question not their being able to perform any one of them."

“But of what are you afraid then, my Aristarchus! Nausycides with *one* of these can maintain himself and family; and not only so, but buy flocks and herds; and accommodate the Republic with a round sum on occasion: Cyribes also supports his household in ease and affluence by making bread: Demeas, the Collytensian, his, by making cassocks: Menon his, by making of clokes;—and the Megarensians theirs, by making of short jackets.”

“That is true, interrupted Aristarchus; for the way with *these* is to buy barbarians; whom they can compel to labour: But I can do no such thing with the *women* who live with me;—they are *free*,—they are my *relations*, Socrates!”

“And so, because they are *free*, and *related* to *you*, they are to do nothing but eat, and sleep! Do you suppose, Aristarchus, that such as live in this manner, are more content than others? Or enjoy more happiness than they who, by their labour, earn bread for their families? Suppose you, that idleness and inattention can gain any useful knowlege; or preserve in the memory what hath been already gained?—That *they* can keep the man in health? Add strength to his body; and gold to his stores; or give security to what he hath already in his possession; and shall labour and industry stand him in no stead? To what purpose I pray you, did *your relations* learn any thing?—Did they resolve, at the time, to make no use of their knowlege? Or rather did they not intend from it some advantage to themselves, or benefit to others? Surely, we give small proof of our wisdom when we thus decline all employment! For which is most reasonable? Procuring to ourselves the things that are useful, by exerting the powers which nature hath bestowed? —Or, with arms a-cross—sit listless and musing—considering only the means by which others may provide for us?—And verily,—if I may speak my mind to you, *freely*;—I should suppose, Aristarchus, you cannot have any great love for your guests, in your present situation; nor they for you. *You* think them a burthen; and *they* perceive, you think them so: And it will be well if discontent does not increase daily; ’till all gratitude and affection are compelled to give way. But shew them once in what manner they may become useful; and you will henceforth regard them with complacency and satisfaction; while they, perceiving it, will hardly be wanting in affection to you. They will be able to look back with pleasure, not pain, on all you have done for them: And the sweet familiarity of friendship; together with all the tender charities, arising from the sacred ties of consanguinity, will again be restored to your happy society!—Were the employments indeed of that nature, as would bring shame along with them; death itself, were to be chosen rather than a subsistence so obtained: But such as they are skilled in, are, as I suppose, decent and honourable; to be performed with *pleasure*, since they can perform them with so much *ease*. Delay not then, my Aristarchus, to propose what may be of so much advantage, both to them and you; and doubt not their compliance with what they must perceive to be so very reasonable.”

“O heavens, cried Aristarchus, what truths have I now heard!—But your advice, my Socrates, shall be regarded as it ought: Hitherto I have been afraid to borrow money of my neighbour, as not knowing, when spent, by what means to repay it; but my scruples are now over; this moment I will buy such materials as may be wanted.”

Nor did he at all cool in his resolutions:—Wool, with whatever was necessary for the working of it, were sent in by Aristarchus; and each one was employed from morning to night. Melancholy gave way to continual cheerfulness; and mutual confidence took the place of that mutual suspicion, which, ’till then, had possessed the minds of Aristarchus and his guests. They consider him now as their generous protector; and his love for them increased, in proportion to their usefulness.

Some time afterward, Aristarchus coming to see Socrates, related with much pleasure in what manner they went on: "But my guests, said he, begin now to reproach *me*, for being, as they say, the only idle person in the whole family."

"Acquaint them, answered Socrates, with the fable of the dog. You must know, continued he, that in the days of yore, when brutes could talk, several of the sheep coming to their master,—“Is it not strange, Sir! say they to him; that *we*, who provide you with milk, and wool, and lambs, have nothing at all given us but what we can get off the ground ourselves; while the dog, there, who cannot so much as help you to one of them, is pampered and fed with the very bread you eat of?”—“Peace! cries the dog,—who over-heard their complaint.—it is not without reason, *I* am taken most care of: For *I* secure you from the thief and the wolf; nor would *you*, wretches! dare to eat at all, if *I* did not stand centinel, to watch and defend you.” The sheep, saith the fable, on hearing this, withdrew; convinced that the dog had reason on his side;—and do you, Aristarchus, convince your guests that it is by *your* care they are protected from harm; and enjoy a life of security and pleasure.”

## CHAPTER VIII

At another time Socrates meeting his old friend Eutherus, whom he had not seen for many years; asked him, "Where he came from?"

"From no great distance, at present, replied Eutherus. Towards the end of our late destructive war, I returned indeed, from a long journey: For, being dispossessed of all the estate I had on the frontiers of Attica; and my father dying, and leaving me nothing here, I was obliged to gain a subsistence by my labour, where-ever I could: And thought it better to do so, than beg of any one; and borrow I could not, as I had nothing to mortgage."

"And how long, said Socrates, do you imagine your labour, will supply you with necessaries?"

"Not long."

"And yet age increases the number of our wants, at the same time that it lessens our power of providing for them?"

"It does so."

"Would it not then, be more adviseable, my Eutherus, to seek out for some employment, which might enable you to lay up some little for old age?—What if you were to go to some wealthy citizen, who may want such a person, to assist him in gathering in his fruits; inspecting his affairs; and overlooking his labourers; whereby you might become, a mutual benefit to each other?"

"But slavery, my Socrates! is a thing I can ill submit to."

"Yet magistrates, Eutherus; and those who are employed in public affairs, are so far from being considered as slaves on that account, that, on the contrary, they are held in the highest estimation."

"It may be so, Socrates; but I never can bear the being found fault with."

"And yet, saith Socrates, you will be hard set to do any one thing, whose every circumstance is secure from blame. For it is difficult so to act, as to commit no error;—which yet, if we could; I know of no security against the censure of ill judges: And, truly, I should wonder, Eutherus, if what you are at present employed about, could be performed in such a manner, as to escape all blame. It seems therefore, to me, that all you can do, is only to take care, as far as may be, to keep clear of those people who seem glad to find fault; and seek out such as are more candid. Which done—pursue with steadiness and alacrity whatever you undertake, but beware how you undertake any thing beyond your power. Thus will your indigence find relief, without the hazard of much blame to you;—Certainty shall take the place of a precarious subsistence; and leave you to the full enjoyment of all the peaceful pleasures of old age!"

## CHAPTER IX

I remember one day, Crito complaining, how difficult it was at Athens for a man who loved quiet to enjoy his fortune in security:—"For, said he, I have now several law-suits on my hands, for no other reason, that I can guess at, but because they know I would rather pay my money than involve myself in business and perplexity."

Socrates asked, "If he kept never a dog, to defend his sheep from the wolves?"

"I keep several, said Crito, as you may imagine; and they are of no small use to me."

"Why then, said Socrates, do you not engage some person in your service, whose vigilance and care might prevent others from molesting you?"

"So I would, my Socrates, did I not fear, that this very man might, at last, turn against me."

"But wherefore should you fear this? Are you not pretty certain, that it may be more for the interest of people to keep on good terms with you, than have you for an enemy? Believe me, my Crito, there is many a man in Athens, who would think himself very much honoured by your friendship. Saying this, Archidemus came immediately into their mind;—A man, able, and eloquent; and, with-all, well versed in business: But poor; as being one of those *few*, who are not for having whatever they can lay hands on. He loved honest men;—though he would often say, nothing was more easy than to grow rich by calumny. To this man, Crito, in consequence of what Socrates had said to him, would send corn, or wool, or wine, or oil; or any other produce of his estate, when they brought him those things from the country: And, when he sacrificed to the Gods, he sent for him to the feast; nor ever omitted any opportunity of shewing respect to him.—Archidemus seeing this, began to detach himself from all other dependencies; and consider Crito's house, as the place that would shelter him from every want. He therefore gave himself entirely to him: And discovering that Crito's false accusers were guilty of many crimes; and had made themselves many enemies, he undertook to manage them. He therefore summoned one of them to answer for an offence, which, if proved against him, must subject him at least to a pecuniary mulct, if not to corporal punishment. The man, knowing how little he could defend his male-practices, endeavoured by every art to make Archidemus with-draw his prosecution: But to no purpose; for he would never lose sight of him 'till he had compelled him, not only to leave Crito in peace, but purchased his *own* with no inconsiderable sum of money.—Archidemus having conducted this affair, and many others of the same nature, successfully; Crito was thought not a little happy, in having his assistance: And as the shepherds oft-times avail themselves of their neighbour's dog, by sending their sheep to pasture near him; Crito's friends would intreat him to lend Archidemus to them. He, on his side, was glad of any opportunity to oblige his benefactor; and it was observed that not only Crito himself, but all his friends, lived free for the future, from any molestation. Likewise when any reproached him, with having made his court to Crito for his own interest;—"and which, said he, do *you* think the most shameful? serving the good who have already served *you*; and joining with them, in their opposition to the wicked; or, confederating with the bad, assist them the more effectually to oppress the virtuous; and thereby make every honest man your enemy?"

From this time Archidemus lived in the strictest intimacy with Crito; nor did Crito's friends less honour and esteem him.

## CHAPTER X

I remember Socrates once saying to Diodorus,—“Suppose, Diodorus, one of your slaves ran away from you; would you be at any pains to recover him?”

“Yes, certainly, said the other; and I would even go as far as to publish a reward, for whoever would bring him to me.”

“And if any of them were sick;—you would take care of them, I imagine; and send for a physician, to try to save them?”

“Undoubtedly!”

“But what if a friend;—something of more worth to you than a thousand slaves—were reduced to want; would it not become you, Diodorus, to relieve him?—You know Hermogenes?—You know him for a man incapable of ingratitude;—nay, one who would even blush to lie under an obligation, without endeavouring to return it. You know too, that the service of him who serves from inclination;—who not only can execute what you command; but, of himself, find out many things that may be of use to you;—who can deliberate, foresee, and assist you with good counsel—is infinitely of more value, than many slaves? Now good œconomists tell us, it is right to purchase, when things are most cheap; and we can scarcely recollect the time at Athens, when a good friend might be had such a pennyworth.”

“You are in the right, said Diodorus, therefore you may bid Hermogenes come to me.”

“Not so, neither, returned Socrates; for since the benefit will be reciprocal, it seems just as reasonable, that *you* go to him, as *he* come to you.”

In consequence of this discourse, Diodorus went himself to Hermogenes; and, for a small consideration, secured a valuable friend; whose principal care was to approve his gratitude, and return the kindness shewn him, with many *real* services.

## BOOK III

### CHAPTER I

We will now relate in what manner Socrates was useful to such of his friends as aimed at any honourable employment, by stirring them up to the attainment of that knowledge which alone could qualify them for discharging it properly.

Being told that one Dionysidorus was come to Athens, and there made public profession of teaching the military art; Socrates from thence took occasion to address the following discourse to a young man of his acquaintance, whom he knew at that very time soliciting for one of the principal posts in the army:—"Is it not, said he, a most scandalous thing, for one who aims at commanding the forces of his country, to neglect an opportunity of gaining the instructions necessary for it? And does he not deserve to be more severely treated, than he who undertakes to form a statue, without having learnt the statuary's art? In time of war, no less than the safety of the whole community, is entrusted to the general: And it is in his power, either to procure to it many and great advantages, by a prudent discharge of the duties of his station; or involve his country, through misconduct, in the very deepest distress: And therefore that man must be worthy of no small punishment, who, whilst he is unwearied in his endeavours to obtain this honour, takes little or no thought about qualifying himself properly for executing a trust of such vast importance."

This reasoning wrought so powerfully upon the mind of the young man, that he immediately applied himself to the gaining of instruction. And coming a little time after, where Socrates was standing with other of his friends,—Socrates on his approach, said to them laughing,—“You remember, Sirs, that Homer, speaking of Agamemnon, stiles him, venerable?—Do you not think, our young man here, has acquired new dignity; and looks far more respectable, now he hath learnt the art of commanding?—For, as he who is a master of music, will be a master of music, though he touches no instrument; and he who hath the skill of a physician, will be a physician though not actually employed in the practice of his art: So, no doubt of it, this young man, now that he hath gained the knowledge of a general, is, incontestably, a general, though he never should be chosen to command the army: Whereas it would be to very little purpose for an ignorant pretender to get himself elected, since this could no more make a general of him, than it would make a man a physician, to call him one: But, continued Socrates, turning towards him,—since it may fall out, that some of us may command a company, or a cohort under you; inform us, I pray you; with what point your master began his instructions; that *we* may not be altogether ignorant of the matter?”

“With the very same point with which he ended, replied the other:—The right ordering of an army; whether in marching, fighting, or encamping.”

“Surely, answered Socrates, this is but a small part of the office of a general: For he must likewise take care, that none of the necessaries of war be wanting; and that his soldiers are supplied with every thing needful; as well for their health, as daily subsistence. He should be diligent;—patient;—fruitful in expedients;—quick of apprehension;—unwearied in labour:—mildness, and severity, must each have their place in him:—Equally able to secure his *own*, and take away that which belongeth to *another*. Open, yet reserved;—rapacious, yet profuse;—generous, yet avaricious;—cautious, yet bold:—Besides many other talents; both natural and

acquired; necessary for him who would discharge properly the duties of a good general. Yet I do not esteem the right disposition of an army a slight thing;—on the contrary, said he, nothing can be of so much importance; since,—without order,—no advantage can arise from numbers any more than from stones, and bricks, and tiles, and timber, thrown together at random.—But when these are disposed of in their proper places;—when the stones, and the tiles, as least perishable, are made use of for the foundation and the covering;—the bricks, and timber, each like-wise in their order;—then we may see a regular edifice arising; which afterward becomes no inconsiderable part of our possessions.”

“Your comparison, interrupted the other, makes me recollect another circumstance which we were told the general of an army ought to have regard to,—and that is, to place the best of his soldiers in the front, and in the rear; whilst those of a doubtful character being placed in the middle, may be animated by the one, and impelled by the other, to the performance of their duty.”

“Your master then, said Socrates, taught you how to know a good soldier from a bad one; otherwise this rule could be of no use: For if he ordered you, in the counting of money, to place the good at each end of the table; and that which was adulterated in the middle, without first instructing you by what means to distinguish them; I see not to what purpose his orders could be?”

“I cannot say, replied the other; but it is very sure my master did no such thing:—We must therefore endeavour to find it out ourselves.”

“Shall we consider this point then a little farther, said Socrates, that so we may the better avoid any mistake in this matter. Suppose, continued he, the business was to seize some rich booty;—should we not do well to place in the front, those whom we thought the most avaricious?”

“Certainly.”

“But, where the undertaking is attended with peril, there, surely, we should be careful to employ the most ambitious; the love of glory being sufficient to make men of this stamp, despise all danger: Neither shall we be at a loss to find out these people; since they are always forward enough to make themselves known.—But this master of yours, continued Socrates, when he taught you the different ways of ranging your forces, taught you, at the same time, the different use you were to make of them?”

“Not at all, I do assure you.”

And yet a different disposition of the army should be made according as different occasions require.”

“That may be, replied the other;—but he said, not a word to me of the matter.”

“Then return to him, said Socrates, and question him concerning it; for if he is not either very ignorant, or very imprudent, he will be ashamed of having taken your money, and sent you away so little instructed.”

## CHAPTER II

Meeting with one who had been newly elected General, Socrates asked him,—“Why hath Agamemnon the title of *Pastor of the People* given him by Homer? Must it not be for this reason, think you? That like as a shepherd looks carefully to the health of his flock; and provides them pasture; so *he*, who hath the command of the army; should provide his soldiers with all things necessary; and procure those advantages to them for which they endure the hardships of war;—conquest over their enemies; and to themselves more happiness. Why also doth the same poet praise Agamemnon for being,—

“Great in the war; and great in arts of sway,”

Pope.

but to shew, in him,—that *personal* bravery, however remarkable, is not enough to constitute the *general*, without he animates his whole army with courage; and makes every single soldier, *brave*. Neither,—continued he,—can that prince be celebrated for *the arts of sway*, however successful he may be in regulating his domestic affairs, who doth not cause felicity and abundance to be diffused throughout his whole dominion. For kings are not elected that their cares should afterwards centre in their own *private* prosperity; but to advance the happiness of those who elect them, are they called to the throne. As therefore the only motive for submitting to war, is the hope of rendering our future lives more secure and happy; and commanders are chosen for no other purpose, than to lead the way to this desirable end;—it is the duty of a general, to use his utmost endeavours, not to disappoint the people therein: For, as to answer their expectations will bring them the highest glory; so, to fail, through misconduct, must be attended with the greatest shame.”

We may here see—from what hath been just said—that Socrates designing to give us his idea of a *good* Prince; passing over every other consideration; confines it to him alone, *who diligently promotes the happiness of his people*.

### CHAPTER III

Meeting at another time with a person who had been chosen General of the Horse, Socrates said to him,—“As I doubt not, my young man, your being able to give a good reason why you desired the command of the cavalry; I should be glad to hear it: For I cannot suppose you asked it only for an opportunity of riding before the rest of the army; as the archers on horseback, must go before *you*: Neither could it be, to make yourself the more taken notice of; for madmen will still have the advantage of you there. But your design, I conclude, was to reform the cavalry; in hopes of making them of more service to the Republic.”

“I did design this, most certainly.”

“A noble intention! replied Socrates,—if you can but accomplish it. But your station obliges you to have an eye to your horses, as well as men.”

“Undoubtedly.”

“Pray tell us then, said Socrates, what method you will take to get good horses?”

“O, that, answered the General, belongs not to me:—The rider himself must look to that particular.”

“Very well, said Socrates. But suppose you wanted to lead them on to charge the enemy; and you found some of them lame; and others so weak, from being half-starved, that they could not come up with the rest of the army: While others again were so restive, and unruly, as to make it impossible to keep them in their ranks:—Of what use would such horses be to you? Or you to the Republic?”

“You are in the right, said the other; and I will certainly take care what sort of horses are in my troop.”

“And what sort of men too, I hope, replied Socrates?”

“Certainly.”

“Your first endeavour, I suppose then, will be, to make them mount their horses readily?”

“It shall, said the other, to the end they may stand a better chance to escape, if they are thrown off them.”

“You will likewise take care, said Socrates, to exercise them often: Sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another; particularly there, where it seems the most like to that, in which you expect to meet the enemy; that your troops may be equally dextrous in all: For you cannot, I suppose, when going to engage, order your enemies to come and fight you on the plain, because there, alone, you were accustomed to exercise your army?—You will likewise instruct them in throwing the dart;—and if you would, indeed make good soldiers,—animate them with the love of glory; and resentment against their enemies:—But—above all—be careful to establish your authority; since neither the strength of your horses, nor the dexterity of the riders, can be of much use to you without obedience.”

“I know it, Socrates,—but what must I do to bring them to this obedience?”

“Have you not observed, said Socrates, that all men willingly submit to those whom they believe the most skilful;—in sickness, to the *best* physician;—in a storm, to the *best* pilot;—and, in agriculture, to him whom they consider as the *best* husbandman?”

“I have, replied the other.”

“If so, may we not well conclude, that he who is known to have the most skill in conducting the cavalry, will always find himself the most willingly obeyed?”

“But need I do no more than convince them of my superior abilities?”

“Yes;—you must likewise convince them that both their glory, and safety, depend on their obedience.”

“But how shall I be able to convince them of this?”

“With less trouble, replied Socrates, than you can prove to them, it is better and more for their advantage to be vicious, than virtuous.”

“But at this rate, it will be necessary for a general, to add the study of the *art of speaking*, to all his other cares?”

“And do you imagine, said Socrates, he can discharge his office without *speaking*?—It is by the medium of speech the laws are made known to us, for the regulation of our conduct; and whatsoever is useful in any science, we become acquainted with it by the same means; the best method of instruction being in the way of conversation; and he, who is perfectly master of his subject, will always be heard with the greatest applause. But have you never observed, continued Socrates, that throughout all Greece, the Athenian youth bear away the prize, in every contention, from those sent by any other Republic? Even a chorus of music going from hence to Delos, exceeds, beyond all comparison, whatever appears from any other place. Now the Athenians have not, naturally, voices more *sweet*, or bodies more *strong*, than those of other nations; but they are more ambitious of glory; which always impels to generous deeds, and noble undertakings. Why, therefore, may not our cavalry be brought in time to excel any other; whether in the beauty of their horses and arms; whether in their discipline, order, and courage, were they but shewn that conquest and glory would almost prove the infallible result of it?”

“I see not why, indeed, answered the other, if we could but convince them, this would be the event.”

“Lose no time, then, said Socrates, but go, excite your soldiers to the performance of their duty; that while you make *them* of use to *you*; *they* may likewise make *you* of some use to your country.”

“I certainly shall make the attempt,” replied the general.

## CHAPTER IV

Seeing, at another time, Nichomachides return from the assembly of the people, where they had been chusing the magistrates; Socrates asked, whom they had fixed upon to command the army? "Could you have thought it!—said the other—the Athenians, my Socrates, paid no regard to me who have spent my whole life in the exercise of arms! passed through every degree, from that of common sentinel, to colonel of the horse,—covered with these scars;—shewing them on his bosom;—my whole strength wasted with fighting in defence of them!—while Antisthenes,—one, who never served among the infantry, nor ever did any thing remarkable among the Horse, him they have elected, though all his merit seems to consist in being able to get money."

"No bad circumstance, replied Socrates; we may hope, at least, to have our troops well paid."

"But a merchant can get money as well as Antisthenes; doth it follow from thence that a merchant is a fit man to command an army?"

"You overlook, Nichomachides, that Antisthenes is likewise a lover of glory; and seeks to excel in whatever he undertakes; —a quality of some worth in the commander of an army: You know, whenever he led the chorus, he always took care to carry off the prize."

"But, surely, there is some difference between commanding an army, and ordering the chorus?"

"And yet, replied Socrates, Antisthenes has no great knowlege, himself, either in music, or the laws of the theatre; but, as he had penetration sufficient to find out those who excelled in them, you see how, by their assistance, he came off conqueror."

"He must have somebody then to fight, and give out his orders, when at the head of his army?"

"Be that as it may, returned Socrates, it is certain, that he who follows the counsel of such as are best skilled in any art; let it be war, or music, or any thing else; is pretty sure of surpassing all who are engaged in the same pursuit with him: Neither is it probable, that he who so liberally expends his money, when the affair is no more than to amuse the people; and purchase a victory, which only brings honour to himself, and to his own tribe;<sup>120</sup> will be more sparing, when the point is to gain a conquest far more glorious over the enemies of his country; and in which the whole Republic are equally concerned."

"We are to conclude then, returned the other, that he who knows how to preside, properly at a public shew, knows in like manner how to command an army?"

"It is certain, said Socrates, so much may be concluded; that he who has judgment enough to find out what things are best for him; and ability to procure them; can hardly fail of success, whether his design be to be direct the *stage*, or govern the *state*;—manage his own house, or command the army."

"Truly, replied Nichomachides, I scarcely expected to hear from you, Socrates, that a good œconomist, and a good commander, was the same thing."

"Do you think so? answered Socrates:—Let us enquire then, if you please, into the duty of each; and see what agreement we can find between them. Is it not the business of them both to endeavour, to make the people who are placed under them, tractable and submissive?"

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<sup>120</sup> The citizens of Athens were all divided into tribes; which had their peculiar customs and honours.

“It is.”

“Must they not see, that every person be employed in the business he is most proper for?—Are they not, *each* of them, to punish those who do wrong; and reward those who do right? Must they not gain the love of the people who are placed under their authority; and procure to themselves, as many friends as may be, to strengthen, and stand by them, in time of need?—Should they not know how to secure their own? And, in short, should not *each* of them be diligent and unwearied in the performance of his duty?”

“So far, replied Nichomachides, it may be as you say; but surely the comparison can scarcely hold, when the case is to engage an enemy.”

“Why so, said Socrates;—have they not each of them enemies to engage?”

“Certainly.”

“And would it not be for the advantage of *both*, to get the better of these enemies?”

“No doubt of it, Socrates!—but I still see not of what use *æconomy* can be to a general, when the hour is come for his soldiers to fall on.”

“The very time, said Socrates, when it will be the most:—For, as *æconomy* will shew him, his greatest gain must arise from conquest, his greatest loss from being over-come; he will for that reason be very careful not to take any one step whatsoever, which may hazard a defeat; wisely declining an engagement while in want of any thing; but equally ready to seize the hour, when provided with all that is necessary, victory seems to him no longer doubtful. Thus you see of what use *æconomy* may be to a general; nor do you, Nichomachides, despise those who practice it: Since the conduct of the State, and that of a private family, differ no otherwise than as greater and less; in every thing else there is no small similarity. The business is with men, in either case; neither do we know of one species of these, whereby to manage the affairs of government, and another for carrying on the common concerns of life; but the prince, at the helm, and the head of the family, must serve themselves from the same mass. And—to compleat the parallel;—be assured, Nichomachides, that whoever hath the skill to use these instruments properly, hath also the best secret for succeeding in his design; whether his aim be to direct the State, or limit his care to the concerns of his own houshold: While he who is ignorant of this point must commit many errors, and of course meet with nothing but disappointments.”

## CHAPTER V

Being in company with Pericles, son to the great Pericles; Socrates said to him,—“I hope, my young man, when you come to command the forces of the Republic, the war may be carried on with more glory and success than we have lately known it!”

“I should be glad if it were so, replied the other; but how it is to be done, I cannot easily see.”

“Shall we try, said Socrates, to get some light into this matter?—You know the Beotians are not more numerous than we?”

“I know they are not.”

“Neither are they stronger, or more valiant?”

“They are not.”

“But the Beotians, it may be, are more united among themselves?”

“So far from it, said Pericles, that the Beotians hate the Thebans on account of their oppression; whereas *we* can have nothing of this sort in Athens.”

“But then we must own, said Socrates, that the Beotians are not only the most courteous of all mankind, but the most ambitious; and they, who are so, the love of glory, and of their country, will impel to undertake any thing.”

“But I know not, replied Pericles, that the Athenians are deficient in any of these particulars.”

“It must be acknowledged, said Socrates, if we look back to the actions of our forefathers; and consider, either the lustre, or the number of *their* glorious deeds; no nation can exceed us: And having such examples, taken out too from among ourselves,—they cannot but inflame our courage, and stir us up to a love of valour and of virtue!”

“And yet you see, answered Pericles, how much the glory of the Athenian name is tarnished since the fatal defeat of Lubea; wherein Tolmides lost more than a thousand men! and that other, at Delium, where Hippocrates was slain: For, whereas, ’till then, the Beotians feared to make head against us, though in defence of their own country, without the assistance of the Lacedemonians, and the rest of Peloponesus; they now threaten to invade us; and that, with their own forces *only*: While the Athenians, instead of ravaging, as formerly, Beotia at pleasure, when not defended by foreign troops, are made to tremble in their turn, lest Attica itself should become the scene of slaughter.”

“The case, said Socrates, is, I fear, as you have stated it: But for that reason it seemeth to me, my Pericles, the very time, wherein to desire the command of our armies. It is of the nature of security to make men careless, effeminate, and ungovernable;—while fear, on the contrary, awakens their diligence; renders them obedient; and reduces them to order. We may see this among our seamen. So long as they are under no apprehension of danger, they give themselves over to riot and disorder; but at the sight of a pirate, or the appearance of a storm, become, immediately, other men: Not only diligent in performing whatever is commanded; but even watching, in silence, the master’s eye; ready to execute, as in a well-ordered chorus, whatever the part he shall think proper to assign them.”

“Supposing, replied Pericles, the people of Athens were at present in such a state as might dispose them to obedience;—what way shall we take to rouse them to an imitation of our ancestors: That, with their virtues, we may restore, the happiness and the glory of the times they lived in?”

“Was it our desire, answered Socrates, to stir up any one to regain an inheritance, now in the possession of another, what more should we need, than to tell them it was theirs by long descent from their progenitors? If, therefore, my Pericles, you wish our Athenians to hold the foremost rank among the virtuous; tell them it is their right,—delivered down to them from the earliest ages;—and, that so long as they are careful to maintain this pre-eminence in virtue, pre-eminence in power cannot fail to attend it. You would likewise do well to remind them, how highly the most ancient of their forefathers were esteemed, and honoured, on account of their virtue.”

“You mean, when in the time of Cecrops, the people of Athens, were chosen, in preference to all others, to arbitrate in the dispute, which had arisen among the Gods?”<sup>121</sup>

“I do, said Socrates,—and I would have you go on, and relate to them the birth, and the education of Erictheus;—the wars in his time, with all the neighbouring nations: Together with that undertaken in favour of Heraclides, against those of Peloponnesus.—That also, in the days of Theseus, when our ancestors gained the reputation of surpassing all their contemporaries both in conduct and courage, ought not to be passed over: After which, it may not be amiss to recal to their minds, what the descendants of these heroes have performed, in the ages just before us. Shew them the time, when by their own strength alone, they made head against the man who lorded it over all Asia; and whose empire extended even into Europe itself, as far as Macedonia; inheriting from his forefathers, a formidable army, as well as wide dominions, that had already made itself famous for many noble undertakings. Tell them, at other times, of the many victories both by sea and land when in league with the Lacedemonians; Men, no less famous than themselves, on the account of military courage: And—although innumerable have been the revolutions, throughout the rest of Greece; whereby many have been compelled to change their habitations;—shew them, the Athenians still in possession of their ancient territories; and, not only so, but often-times made arbiters of the rights of other people; while the oppressed, on every side, have had recourse to them for protection.”

“When I think of these things, my Socrates! I marvel, by what means, our Republic hath sunk so low.”

“I suppose, replied Socrates, the Athenians acted in this respect like men, who, seeing themselves exalted above the fear of a competitor, grow remiss, and neglect discipline; and become thereby more despicable than the people whom they once despised: —For, no sooner had our virtue set us above the rest of our contemporaries, but we sunk into sloth; which ended, as you see, in a *total* degeneracy.”

“But how shall we recover the lustre of that ancient virtue?”

“Nothing more easy to point out, replied Socrates: Let but our people call to mind, what were the virtues and discipline of their forefathers; and diligently endeavour, to follow their example; and the glory of the Athenian name, may rise again as high as ever! But, if this is too much for them, let them copy at least the people, whom, at present, they are compelled to consider as far above them: Let them apply themselves with the same diligence, to perform the same things; and let them not doubt of becoming again their equals:—Their *superiors*, if so be, they will but surpass them in virtue.”

“You speak, my Socrates, as if you thought our Athenians, at no little distance from it!—And indeed, continued Pericles,—when do we see them, as at Sparta, reverencing old age? Or,

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<sup>121</sup> Alluding to the fabled contest between Neptune and Minerva for the patronage of Athens; which was determined by the Athenians, in favour of Minerva.

rather,—do we not see them, shewing their contempt of it,—even in the person of a father! Can they be expected to imitate that Republic in the exercises which render the body healthful, who make sport of those who do? Will people, who even glory in *despising* their rulers,—submit, readily, to their commands? Or will concord and unanimity subsist among men, who seek not to help, but to injure one another; and bear more envy to their fellow-citizens, than to any other of mankind? Our assemblies, both public and private, are full of quarrels, and contentions; whilst we harrass each other with perpetual suits at law; choosing by that means some trifling advantage, though with the ruin of our neighbour, rather than content ourselves with an honest gain, whereby each party might be equally profited. The magistrate's aim, is, altogether, his own interest; as if the welfare of the community no way concerned him. Hence that eager contention for places and power;—that ignorance, and mutual hatred among those in the administration;—that animosity and intrigue which prevail among private parties: So that I fear, my Socrates! lest the malady should rise to such a height, that Athens itself, must, ere long, sink under it!”

“Be not afraid, my Pericles, that the distemper is incurable!—You see with what readiness and skill our people conduct themselves in all naval engagements? How regular in obeying those who preside over their exercises?—Lead the dance, or direct the chorus?”

“I am sensible of this, said Pericles: And hence, my Socrates, is the wonder; that being so complying on all such occasions; our soldiers, who ought to be the choice, and flower of this very people, are so frequently disposed to mutiny and disobedience?”

“The Senate of the Areopagus, said Socrates,—is not *this*, likewise composed, of persons of the greatest worth?”

“Most certainly.”

“Where else do we see judges who act in such conformity to the laws; and honour to themselves?—Who determine with so much uprightness between man, and man: Or discharge, with such integrity, whatever business is brought before them?”

“I cannot reproach them, said Pericles, with having failed in any thing.”

“Therefore, let us not give up our Athenians, my Pericles, as a people altogether degenerate!”

“Yet in war, replied Pericles; where decency, order, and obedience are more especially required; they seem to pay no regard, to the command of their superiors?”

“Perhaps, returned Socrates, some part of the blame may belong to those, who undertake to command them? You hardly know of any man, I believe, pretending to preside over a chorus; directing the dance, or giving rules to the athletics, whilst ignorant of the matter. They who take upon them to do any of these things, must tell you *where*, and by *whom* they were instructed in the art they now pretend to teach others; whereas the greater part of our generals, learn the first rudiments of war, at the head of their armies.—But, I know, my Pericles, you are not of that sort of men; but have made it your employment to study the military art; and have gone through all the exercises so necessary for a soldier. In the memorials of your father,—that great man!—I doubt not your having remarked for your own advantage, many of those refined stratagems he made use of; and can shew us many more, or your own collecting. These you study: And, to the end, that nothing may be omitted by one who hopes to command our armies; when you find yourself either deficient, or doubtful, you are not unwilling to own your ignorance; but seek out for such as you imagine more knowing; while neither courtesy of behaviour, nor even gifts are wanting, whereby to engage them to give you assistance.”

“Ah! Socrates, cried Pericles, interrupting him,—It is not that you think I have done these things; but wish me to do them, that you talk in this manner!”

“It may be so, replied Socrates:—But, to add a word or two more;—you know, continued he, that Attica is separated from Beotia, by a long chain of mountains; through which the roads are narrow, and craggy; so that all access to our country from that side, is both difficult and dangerous?”

“I know it, said Pericles.”

“It has been told you too, I imagine, how the Mysians, and Pisidians, having seized for themselves, several considerable places, and a large tract of land, in the territories of the King of Persia, are able, from the advantages of their situation, not only to secure their own liberty, but, with their light-armed horse, greatly annoy their enemies, by making perpetual inroads upon them?”

“Yes, I have heard this, replied the other.”

“Why then may it not be supposed, said Socrates, that if we secured those passes on the mountains, which divide us from Beotia; and sent there our youth, properly armed, for making incursions, we might in our turn, give some annoyance to our enemies; while these mountains, as so many ramparts, secured us from their hostilities?”

“I agree with you, said Pericles, this might turn to our advantage; and that all you have said, hath been much to the purpose.”

“If you think so, replied Socrates; and that my observations may be of service; you have nothing more to do than to carry them into execution. Should success be the consequence; *you*, my friend! will have the honour; and the Republic, much gain. If you fail, through want of power, no great mischief can ensue; Athens will not be endangered; nor shall you, my Pericles, incur either shame or reproach, for having engaged in such an undertaking.”

## CHAPTER VI

Glauco, the son of Aristo, was so strongly possessed with the desire of governing the Republic, that although not yet twenty, he was continually making orations to the people: Neither was it in the power of his relations, however numerous, to prevent his exposing himself to ridicule; though sometimes they would drag him, by very force, from the Tribunal. Socrates, who loved him on the account of Plato and Charmidus, had alone the art to succeed with him. For meeting him, he said,—“Your design then, my Glauco, is to be at the very head of our Republic?”

“It is so,” replied the other.

“Believe me, said Socrates, a noble aim! For this, once accomplished, and you become, as it were, absolute;— you may then, serve your friends;—aggrandize your family;—extend the limits of your country; and make yourself renowned, not only in Athens, but throughout Greece: Nay,—it may be—your fame will spread abroad, among the most barbarous nations, like another Themistocles; while admiration, and applause, attend wherever you go!”

Socrates having thus fired the imagination of the young man, and secured himself a favourable hearing; went on—“But if your design is to receive honour from your country, you intend to be of use to it; for nothing but that can secure its applause.”

“Undoubtedly,” replied Glauco.

“Tell me then, I intreat you, what may be the first service you intend to render the Republic?”

Glauco remaining silent, as not knowing what to answer,—“I suppose, said Socrates, you mean to enrich it? For *that* is, generally, the method we take, when we intend to aggrandize the family of some friend.”

“This is indeed my design,” returned the other.

“But the way to do this, said Socrates, is to increase its revenues?”

“It is so.”

“Tell me then, I pray you, whence the revenues of the Republic arise; and what they annually amount to: Since I doubt not of your having diligently enquired into each particular, so as to be able to supply every deficiency; and when one source fails, can easily have recourse to some other.”

“I protest to you, said Glauco, this is a point I never considered.”

“Tell me then only its annual expences; for, I suppose, you intend to retrench whatever appears superfluous?”

“I cannot say, replied Glauco, that I have yet thought of this affair, any more than of the other.”

“We must postpone then our design of enriching the Republic to another time, said Socrates; for I see not how a person can exert his endeavours to any purpose so long as he continues ignorant both of its income and expences.”

“Yet a state may be enriched by the spoils of its enemies.”

“Assuredly, replied Socrates: But, in order to this, its strength should be superior, otherwise, it may be in danger of *losing* what it hath already. He, therefore, who advises war, ought to be well acquainted, not only with the forces of his own country, but those of the enemy; to the end, that if he finds superiority on his side, he may boldly persist in his first opinion; or, recede in time; and dissuade the people from the hazardous undertaking.”

“It is very true,” returned the other.

“I pray you then tell me what are our forces, by sea and land; and what the enemy's?”

“In truth, Socrates, I cannot pretend to tell you, at once, either one, or the other.”

“Possibly, you may have a list of them in writing? If so, I should attend to your reading it with pleasure.”

“No,—nor this, replied Glauco, for I have not yet begun to make any calculation of the matter.”

“I perceive then, said Socrates, we shall not make war in a short time; since an affair of such moment cannot be duly considered at the beginning of your administration. But I take it for granted, continued he, that you have carefully attended to the guarding our coasts; and know where it is necessary to place garrisons; and what the number of soldiers to be employed for each: that while you are diligent to keep those compleat which are of service to us, you may order such to be withdrawn as appear superfluous.”

“It is my opinion, replied Glauco, that every one of them should be taken away; since they only ravage the country they were appointed to defend.”

“But what are we to do then, said Socrates, if our garrisons are taken away?—How shall we prevent the enemy from overrunning Attica at pleasure? And who gave you this intelligence, that our guards discharge their duty in such a manner?—Have you been among them?”

“No: But I much suspect it.”

“As soon then, said Socrates, as we can be thoroughly informed of the matter; and have not to proceed on conjecture only, we will speak of it to the Senate?”

“Perhaps, replied Glauco, this may be the best way.”

“I can scarcely suppose, continued Socrates, that you have visited our silver mines so frequently, as to assign the cause why they have fallen off so much of late, from their once flourishing condition?”

“I have not been at all there, answered Glauco.”

“They say indeed, answered Socrates, that the air of those places is very unhealthful; and this may serve for your excuse, if the affair at any time should be brought under deliberation.”

“You rally me, Socrates, now,” said the other.

“However, said Socrates, I question not but you can easily tell us how much corn our country produces;—how long it will serve the city;—and what more may be wanted to carry us through the year, that so you may be able to give out your orders in time; that scarcity and want may not come upon us unawares.”

“The man, replied Glauco, will have no little business on his hands, who pretends to take care of such a variety of things.”

“Yet so it must be, my Glauco! Said Socrates: You see even here, in our own private families; it is impossible for the master to discharge the duties of his station properly; unless he not only enquires out what is necessary for those who belong to him; but exerts his utmost endeavours to supply whatever is wanted. In the city there are more than ten thousand of these families to provide for; and it is difficult to bestow upon them, at one and the same time, that attention and care which is necessary for each of them: I therefore think you had better have given the first proof of your abilities in restoring the broken fortunes of one in your own family; from whence, if succeeding, you might afterwards have gone on to better those of the whole community; or, finding yourself unable to do the one, thought no longer of the other; for surely the absurdity of the man is most apparent, who knowing himself not able to raise

fifty pound weight, shall nevertheless attempt the carrying of five thousand.”

But I make no doubt, replied Glauco, of my having been able to have served my uncle, and that very considerably, if he would have followed my advice.”

“Alas! Returned Socrates, if you could not to this hour, prevail on so near a relation as your uncle to follow your counsel; how can you hope that all Athens—this very man too among others—should submit to your direction?<sup>2</sup>—Beware then, my Glauco! Beware, lest a too eager desire of glory should terminate in shame. Consider how much they hazard, who undertake things, and talk on subjects of which they are ignorant. Call to mind those of your acquaintance who have thus talked, and thus done; and see whether the purchase they made for themselves, had not more of censure, than applause in it;—of contempt, than admiration! Consider, on the other hand, with what credit they appear, who have made themselves masters of the point in question: And when you have done this, I doubt not your seeing, that approbation and glory, are alone the attendants of capacity and true merit: While contempt and shame are the sure reward of ignorance and temerity. If therefore, you desire to be admired and esteemed by your country, beyond all others;—you must exceed all others in the knowlege of those things which you are ambitious of undertaking: And, thus qualified, I shall not scruple to ensure your success, whenever you may think proper to preside over the Commonwealth.”

## CHAPTER VII

On the other hand, having observed that Charmidas, the son of Glauco, and uncle to the young man of whom we have been speaking, industriously declined any office in the government, though otherwise a man of sense, and far greater abilities than many who at that time were employed in the administration; Socrates said to him, "I pray you, Charmidas, what is your opinion of one who being able to win the prize at the Olympic Games; and thereby gain honour to himself, and glory to his country; shall, nevertheless, decline to make one among the combatants?"

"I should certainly look upon him, said Charmidas, as a very effeminate and mean-spirited man."

"And suppose there may be one who hath it in his power, by the wisdom of his counsels, to augment the grandeur of the Republic; and raise, at the same time, his own name, to no common pitch of glory; yet timorously refusing to engage in business—should not *this* man be deemed a coward?"

"I believe he should, replied Charmidas; but wherefore this question to me?"

"Because, said Socrates, you seem to be this very man; since, able as you are, you avoid all employment; though, as citizen of Athens, you are certainly a member of the Commonwealth; and, consequently, ought to take some share in serving it."

"But on what do you ground your opinion of my ability?"

"I never once doubted it, said Socrates, since I once saw you in conference with some of our leading men: For, when they imparted any of their designs to you, you not only counselled what was best to be done; but expostulated freely and judiciously, when you thought they were mistaken."

"But surely, there is some difference, said Charmidas, between discoursing in private, and pleading your own cause, before a full assembly."

"And yet, said Socrates, a good arithmetician, will not calculate with less exactness before a multitude, than when alone;—and he, who is a master of music, not only excels while in his own chamber, but leads the concert with applause, in presence of the full audience."

"But, you know, Socrates, the bashfulness and timidity nature hath implanted, operates far more powerfully in us when before a large assembly, than in private conversation."

"And it is possible, said Socrates, that you, who are under no sort of concern when you speak to men who are in power, and men who have understanding, should stand in awe of such as are possessed of neither? For, after all, Charmidas, who are the people you are most afraid of?—Is it the masons, the shoe-makers, the fullers, the labourers, the retailers!—Yet *these* are the men who compose our assemblies. But to converse thus at your ease, before people who hold the highest rank in the administration,—some of them, perhaps, not holding you in the highest estimation; and yet suffer yourself to be intimidated by those who know nothing of the business of the State; neither can be supposed at all likely to despise you, is, certainly, no other than if he who was perfectly well skilled in the art of fencing, should be afraid of one who never handled a file.—But you fear their laughing at you?"

"And do they not often laugh at our very best speakers?"

"They do, replied Socrates; and so do the others;—those great men; whom you converse with daily. I therefore the rather marvel, Charmidas, that you have spirit and eloquence sufficient to reduce even these last to reason, should stand in awe of such stingless ridiculers!"

But endeavour, my friend, to know yourself better: And be not of the number of those who turn all their thoughts to the affairs of others, and are, the mean while, utter strangers at home. Be acquainted with your own talents; and lose no occasion of exerting them in the service of your country; and make Athens, if it may be, more flourishing than it is at present. The returns they bring, will be glorious! Neither is it the Commonwealth alone that shall be advantaged by them;—Yourself, my Charmidas, and your best friends, shall share the benefit.”

## CHAPTER VIII

Aristippus being desirous to retaliate in kind, for having been formerly put to silence by Socrates, proposed a question in so artful a manner, as he doubted not would pose him. Socrates, however, was at no loss for an answer; though regardful, rather, of the improvement of his hearers, than the ordering of his speech. The question was, "If he knew any thing that was *good*?"—Now had it been said of food, money, health, strength, courage; or any thing else of the like nature, that *they* were good; Aristippus could, with ease, have demonstrated the contrary; and shewn that each, and all of them, were often-times evil. But Socrates was better provided with a reply: For, knowing with what eagerness we wish to be relieved from whatever molests us—"What—said he, Aristippus—do you ask me if I know any thing good for a fever?"

"No;—not so," returned the other.

"For an inflammation of the eye?"

"Nor that, Socrates."

"Do you mean any thing good against a famine?"

"No;—nor against a famine."

"Nay, then, replied Socrates, if you ask me concerning a *good*, which is *good* for *nothing*, I know of none such;—nor yet desire it."

Aristippus still urging him, "But do you know, said he, any thing beautiful?"

"A great many, returned Socrates.

"Are these all like one another?"

"Far from it, Aristippus: There is a very considerable difference between them."

"But how can beauty differ from beauty?"

"We want not many examples of it, replied Socrates; for the same disposition of the body which is beautiful in him who runs, is not beautiful in the wrestler; and while the beauty of the shield is to cover him well who wears it; that of the dart is to be swift, and piercing."

"But you return, said Aristippus, the same answer to this question, as you did to the former."

"And why not, Aristippus; for do you suppose there can be any difference, between beautiful and good? Know you not, that whatever is beautiful, is, for the same reason, good? And we cannot say of any thing,—of virtue, for example, that on *this* occasion it is good and on the *other*, beautiful. Likewise,—in describing the virtuous character,—say we not of it, "it is fair, and good?" Even the bodies of men are said to be fair, and good, with respect to the same purposes: And the same we declare of whatever else we meet with, when suited to the use for which it was intended."

"You would, perhaps, then call a dung-cart, beautiful?"

"I would, said Socrates, if made proper for the purpose: As I would call the shield ugly, though made of gold; that answered not the end for which it was designed."

"Possibly you will say too, returned Aristippus, that the same thing is both handsome and ugly?"

"In truth, I will, said Socrates; and I will go still farther, and add, that the same thing may be both good, and evil: For I can easily suppose, that which is good in the case of hunger, may be evil in a fever; since what would prove a cure for the one, will certainly increase the malignity of the other;—and in the same manner will beauty, in the wrestler, change to deformity in him

who runneth. For, whatsoever, continued he, is suited to the end intended; with respect to that end, it is good and fair, and, contrary-wise, must be deemed evil, and deformed, when it defeats the purpose it was designed to promote.

Thus, when Socrates said, that, “*beautiful* houses were ever the most *convenient*,” he shewed us, plainly, in what manner we ought to build. To this end, he would ask, “Doth not the man, who buildeth a house, intend, principally, the making it useful, and pleasant?”

This being granted, Socrates went on, “But to make a house pleasant, it should be cool in the summer, and warm in winter?” This also was acknowledged. “Then, said he, the building which looketh towards the south, will best serve this purpose: For the sun, which by that means, enters, and warms the rooms in winter; will, in summer, pass over its roof. For the same reason, these houses ought to be carried up to a considerable height, the better to admit the winter sun; whilst those to the north, should be left much lower, that they may not be exposed to the bleak winds which blow from that quarter: For, in short, continued Socrates, that house is to be regarded as beautiful, where a man may pass pleasantly every season of the year; and lodge, with security, whatever belongs to him.” As for paintings, and other ornaments, he thought they rather impair, than improve our happiness.

With regard to temples, and altars;—Socrates thought, the places best fitted for these were such, as lay at some distance from the city, and were open to the view: For, when withheld from them, we should pray with more ardour, while in sight of those sacred edifices: And, being sequestered from the resort of men, holy souls would approach them with more piety and devotion.

## CHAPTER IX

Socrates being once asked, “whether he took courage to be an acquisition of our own, or the gift of nature?”—“I think, said he; that, as in bodies, some are more strong, and better able to bear fatigue than others; even so, among minds, may be discerned the same difference; some of these, being by nature endued with more fortitude, are able to face dangers with greater resolution. For we may observe, continued he, that all who live under the same laws, and follow the same customs, are not equally valiant. Nevertheless, I doubt not, but education and instruction may give strength to that gift, Nature hath bestowed on us; for, from hence it is we see, the Thracians and the Scythians fearing to meet the Spartans with their long pikes, and larger bucklers; while, on the contrary, the Spartans are not less afraid of the Scythians with their bows, or of the Thracians with their small shields, and short javelins. The same difference is likewise observable, in every other instance: And so far as any man exceedeth another, in natural endowments, so may he, proportionably, by exercise and meditation, make a swifter progress towards perfection: From whence it follows, that not only the man to whom nature hath been less kind, but likewise he, whom she hath endowed the most liberally, ought constantly to apply himself, with care and assiduity, to whatsoever it may be, he wishes to excel in.”<sup>122</sup>

Socrates made no distinction between wisdom, and a virtuous temper: For he judged, that he who so discerned what things were laudable and good, as to chuse them;—what evil and base, as to avoid them; was both wise, and virtuously tempered. And being asked, “whether those persons who knew their duty, but acted contrary to it, were wise and virtuously tempered;” his answer was, that they ought rather to be ranked among the ignorant and foolish: For that all men whatever do those particular things, which having first selected out of the various things possible, they imagine to be well for their interest. I am of opinion therefore, added Socrates, that those, who do not act right, are, for that very reason, neither wise, nor virtuously tempered.”

Agreeable to this, Socrates would often say, “That justice, together with every other virtue, was wisdom; for that all their actions being fair and good, must be preferred as such by all who were possessed of a *right* discernment: But ignorance and folly could perform nothing fair and good; because, if attempted, it would miscarry in their hands. Whence it follows, that, as whatever is just and fair, must be the result of sound wisdom; and as nothing can be fair and just where virtue is wanting; therefore, justice, and every other virtue, is wisdom.”

And although Socrates asserted that madness was the very reverse of wisdom, yet did he not account all ignorance, madness. But for a man to be ignorant of himself; and erect those things into matters of opinion, belief, or judgment, with which he was totally unacquainted;—this, he accounted a disorder of the mind bordering on madness. He farther said, that “the vulgar never deemed any one mad, for not knowing what was not commonly known: But to be deceived in things, wherein no other is deceived; as when he thinks himself too tall to pass upright through the gates of the city; or so strong as to carry the house on his shoulders: In these, and such like cases, they say at once, “the man is mad,” but pass over unnoticed,

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<sup>122</sup> Though I am sorry to lessen the merit of this excellent philosopher; yet I cannot but wish the reader might see how much more usefully this subject hath been treated by a Christian moralist in number 106 of the *Adventurer*. Ed.’s note: Samuel Johnson, *The Adventurer*, 2 vols (London, 1754), “Insensibility of danger when mistaken for courage”, n<sup>o</sup> 106, Saturday November 10<sup>th</sup> 1753, 2: 211–16.

mistakes that are less striking. For, as they only give the name of love to that which is the very excess of the passion, so they confine their idea of madness to the very highest pitch of disorder that can possibly arise in the human mind.”

Considering the nature of envy, he said, “It was a grief of mind which did not arise from the prosperity of an enemy, or the misfortunes of a friend. But it was the *happiness* of the last, the envious man mourned at.” And when it seemed strange, that any one should grieve at the happiness of his friend;—Socrates shewed them, “It was no uncommon thing for the mind of man to be so fantastically disposed, as not to be able to bear, either the pains, or the pleasures of another; but that while it spared for no labour to remove the first; it would sicken and repine, on seeing the other:—But *this*, he said, was only the punishment of minds ill-formed: The generous soul was above such weaknesses.”

As to idleness,—Socrates said, he had observed very few who had not some employment: For the man who spends his time at dice, or in playing the buffoon to make others laugh, may be said to do *something*: But, with Socrates, these, and such as these, were, in reality no better than idlers, since they might employ themselves so much more usefully. He added, that no one thought himself at leisure to quit a good occupation for one that was otherwise: If he did, he was so much less excusable, as he could not plead the want of employment.”

Socrates likewise observed, that a sceptre in the hand could not make a king; neither were they rulers in whose favour the lot, or the voice of the people had decided; or who by force, or fraud, had secured their election, unless they understood the art of governing. And although he would readily allow it not less the province of the prince to command, than the subjects to obey; yet, he would afterwards demonstrate, that the most skilful pilot would always steer the ship: the master, no less than the mariners, submitting to his direction. The owner of the farm left the management of it, he said, to the servant whom he thought better acquainted than himself with the affairs of agriculture: The sick man sought the advice of the physician; and he, who engaged in bodily exercises, the instructions of those who had most experience.—And whatever there may be, continued Socrates, requiring either skill or industry to perform it; when the man is able, he doeth it himself; but if not, he hath recourse, if prudent, to the assistance of others, since in the management of the distaff, a woman may be his instructor: Neither will he content himself with what he can have at hand; but enquireth out with care for whoever can best serve him.”

It being said by some present, “That an arbitrary prince was under no obligation to obey good counsel:”—“And why so, replied Socrates;—must not he, himself, pay the penalty of not doing it? Whoever rejects good counsel, commits a crime; and no crime can pass unpunished.” It being farther said,—“That an arbitrary prince was at liberty, to rid himself, even of his ablest ministers:”—“He may, returned Socrates,—but do you suppose it no punishment to lose his best supports? Or, think you it but a slight one?—For, which would this be; to establish him in his power? or the most sure way to hasten his destruction?”

Socrates being asked, “what study was the most eligible and *best* for man?”—answered, “TO DO WELL.” And being again asked by the same person, “If *good fortune* was the effect of *study*?”—“So far from it, returned Socrates, that I look upon good fortune and study as two things, entirely opposite to each other: For that is *good Fortune*, to find what we want, without any previous care, or enquiry: While the success, which is the effect of study, must always be preceded by long searching and much labour, and is, what I call DOING WELL: And I think,

added Socrates, that he who diligently applies himself to this study, cannot fail of success;<sup>123</sup> at the same time that he is securing to himself the favour of the Gods; and the esteem of men. They, likewise, most commonly excel all others in agriculture, medicine, the business of the state, or whatever else they may engage in, whereas they who will take no pains, neither can know anything perfectly; or, *do anything* WELL: they please not the Gods; and are of no use to man.”

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<sup>123</sup> “Since but to wish more virtue, is, to gain:”

He has virtually attained his *end*, at the very time that he seems only busied about the *means*. As the term *Eupraxia*, which is here translated, TO DO WELL, is equivocal, and implies in it *rectitude of conduct*, as well as *prosperity* and *success*, as commonly understood by these words;—it seems to be, *chiefly*, in respect to the first of these, *viz. rectitude of conduct*, that Socrates here promises success to those who diligently make it their study and endeavours; not omitting to point out to us, the favourable influence care and industry commonly have on whatever we engage in.

## CHAPTER X

But all the conversations of Socrates were improving. Even to the artists, while engaged in their several employments, he had always somewhat to say which might prove instructive. Being on a time in the shop of Parrhasius the painter; he asked him—"Is not painting, Parrhasius, a representation of what we see?—By the help of canvas, and a few colours, you can easily set before us, hills and caves; light and shade; straight and crooked; rough and plain; and bestow youth and age where, and when it best pleaseth you: And when you would give us perfect beauty,—not being able to find in any one person, what answers your idea; you copy from many, what is beautiful in each, in order to produce this perfect form."

"We do so," replied Parrhasius.

"But can you shew us, Parrhasius, what is still more charming,—a mind that is gentle, amiable, affable, friendly?—Or is this inimitable?"

"And how should it be otherwise than *inimitable*, my Socrates; when it hath neither colour, proportion, nor any of the qualities of those things you mentioned, whereby it might be brought within the power of the pencil?—In short, when it is by no means, visible?"

"Are men ever observed, to regard each other with looks of kindness or hostility?"

"Nothing more frequently observed," replied Parrhasius.

"The eyes, then, discover to us, something?"

"Most undoubtedly."

"And, in the prosperity or adversity of friends,—is the countenance of him, who is anxiously solicitous, the same with theirs who are indifferent about the matter?"

"Far otherwise, Socrates: For he who is solicitous, hath a countenance all cheerfulness and joy, on the prosperity of a friend:—pensive, and dejected, when his friend is in affliction."

"And can this also be represented?"

"Certainly."

"Likewise, where there is any thing noble and liberal, or illiberal and mean,—honest, prudent, modest, bold, insolent, or sordid;—are any of these to be discovered in the countenance and demeanor of a man, when he sits, stands, or is in motion?"

"It may."

"And imitated?"

"Imitated, no doubt of it."

"And which yield the most pleasure, Parrhasius?—The portrait of him on whose countenance the characters of whatever is good, virtuous, and amiable are impressed; or his, who wears in his face all the marks of a base, evil, and hateful disposition?"

"Truly, returned Parrhasius, the difference is too great, my Socrates, to admit of any comparison."

Entering another time into the shop of Clito, the statuary, he said to him;—"I marvel not, my Clito, at your being able to mark out to us the difference between the racer and the wrestler; the pancratiast, and gladiator; but *your* statues are very men!—Tell me, I pray, by what means you effect this?"

Clito hesitating, as at a loss how to reply,—Socrates went on; "But, perhaps, you are particularly careful to imitate persons who are living; and what is the reason, why your statues are so much alive?"

"It is," returned Clito.

“Then you have certainly remarked, and that, with no little exactness, the natural disposition of all the parts, in all the different postures of the body: For, whilst some of these are extended, others remain bent; when *that* is raised above its natural height, *this* sinks below it;—these are relaxed; and those again contracted, to give the greater force to the meditated below: And the more these sort of things are attended to, the nearer you approach to human life.”

“You are right, my Socrates.”

“But it undoubtedly gives us the greatest pleasure, when we see the *passions* of men, as well as their *actions*, represented?”

“Undoubtedly.”

“Then the countenance of the combatant going to engage the enemy, must be menacing, and full of fire? That of the conqueror, all complacency, and joy?”

“They must”.

“Therefore, concluded Socrates, he will ever be deemed the best sculptor, whose statues best express *the inward workings of the mind*.”

Socrates entering the shop of Pistias the armourer, was shewn some corslets that were thought well made.

“I cannot but admire, said Socrates, the contrivance of those things which so well cover that part of the body which most wants defending, and yet leave the hands and arms at liberty: But tell us, Pistias, why you sell your armour so much dearer than any other, when it is neither better-tempered, stronger, nor the materials of it more costly?”

“I make it better proportioned, said Pistias; and therefore I ought to have a better price.”

“But how are we to find out this proportion, Pistias?—Not by weight; or measure: For as you make for different people, the weight and the size must likewise differ; or they will not fit.”

“We must make them to fit, said Pistias; otherwise, the armour would be of little use.”

“And are you aware that all bodies are not justly proportioned?”

“I am.”

“How can you make a well proportioned suit of arms, for an ill-proportioned body?”

“I make it fit, and what fits is well proportioned.”

“Then you are of opinion, that when we declare any thing well-proportioned, it must be in reference to the use for which it was intended: As when we say of this shield, or this cloke, it is well-proportioned, for it fits the person for whom it was made? But I think, added Socrates, there is still another advantage, and that no small one, in having arms made to fit the wearer.”

“Pray what is that?”

“Armour which fits, replied Socrates, doth not load the wearer so much as that which is ill made, although the weight may be the same. For that, which doth not fit, hangs altogether upon the shoulders; or bears hard upon some other part of the body; and becomes, thereby, almost insupportable; whereas the weight of that which is well made, falls equally on all;—the shoulders, breast, back, loins;—and is worn with ease, nor carried as a burthen.”

“It is for this very same reason, said Pistias, that I set such a value on those I make: Nevertheless, my Socrates, there are who pay more regard to the gilding and carving of their arms than to any other matter.”

“And yet, answered Socrates, these people will make but a bad bargain with all their gilding and various colours, if they buy such arms as do not fit easy. But,—continued Socrates,—

since the position of the body is not always the same, being some times stooping, and some times erect; how can the arms that are made with such exactness, be, at all times, easy?"

"Neither can they, replied the other."

"You think then, Pistias, the arms which are well made, are not those which are exact, or fit close to the body, but give the least trouble to him who wears them?"

"*You* think so, said Pistias; and have certainly taken the matter right."

## CHAPTER XI

There was a courtesan, at Athens, called Theodota, of great fame on the account of her many lovers. It being mentioned in company, that her beauty surpassed all description;—that painters came from all parts to draw her picture; and that one was now gone to her lodgings for that very purpose;—“We should do well, said Socrates, to go ourselves, and see this wonder, for we may then speak with more certainty, when we speak from our own knowledge; and do not depend on the report of others.”

The person who first mentioned this, seconding the proposal; they went that instant to the lodgings of Theodota, and found her, as was said, sitting for her picture. The painter being gone; Socrates said to those who came along with him:—“What say you, Sirs!—Which of the two ought to think themselves the most obliged?—We to Theodota, for the sight of so much beauty; or she to us, for coming to see it? Now, if the advantages of shewing herself, are found to be altogether on her side; then, certainly, is she indebted to us for this visit:—If otherwise, indeed;—we must thank her.”

The reasonableness of what was said, being assented to by the rest, Socrates proceeded—“The praises we bestow at present; ought not even *these* to be had in some estimation by Theodota? But when we come to blaze abroad the fame of her beauty; what manifold advantages may not arise to her from it! While all our gain from the sight of so many charms, can terminate in nothing but fruitless longing! We take our leave with hearts full of love and anxiety; and are henceforth no other than so many slaves to Theodota, with whom she has no more to do, than to shew them her pleasure!”

“If this is the case, replied Theodota, I am to thank you for coming to see me.”

Socrates, during this conversation, had observed, how sumptuously she was adorned; and that her mother was the same: her attendants, of whom there was no small number, expensively clothed; and all the furniture of her apartment elegant and costly:—He therefore took occasion from thence to ask her concerning her estate in the country; adding, it must of necessity be very considerable?

Being answered, “she had not any.”

“You have houses then, said he, in the city, and they yield you a good income?”

“No; nor houses, Socrates.”

“You have certainly many slaves then, Theodota; who by the labour of their hands supply you with these riches?”

“So far, replied Theodota, from having many, that I have not one.”

“But, whence then, said Socrates, can all this come?”

“From my friends,” returned Theodota.

“A fair possession, truly! Replied Socrates; and a herd of friends, we find to be a far better thing than a flock of sheep, or a herd of cattle. But tell me pray,—do you trust fortune to bring these friends home to you, as flies fall by chance into the spider’s web; or do you employ some art to draw them in?”

“But where, Socrates, shall I be furnished with this art?”

“You may procure it, said Socrates, with far greater ease than the spider her web. You see how this little animal, who lives only upon her prey, hangs her nets in the air, in order to entangle it?”

“You advise me then, to weave some artificial nets, said Theodota, in order to catch friends?”

“Not so neither, returned Socrates; it is necessary to go a little less openly to work in a pursuit of such importance. You see what various arts are employed by men to hunt down hares; which, after all, are of little value? As these are known to feed chiefly in the night; they provide dogs to find them out at that season: And as they lie concealed in the day, the sharp-scented hound is employed to trace them up to their very forms: Being swift of foot, the greyhound is let loose upon them, as more swift of foot than they: And lest all this should not be sufficient for the purpose, they spread nets in the paths to catch and entangle them.”

“Very well, replied Theodota; but what art shall *I* make use of to catch friends?”

“Instead of the hunter’s dog, said Socrates, you must set somebody to find out those who are rich, and well pleased with beauty; whom afterwards they shall force into your toils.”

“And what are my toils?” replied Theodota.

“You are certainly mistress of many, said Socrates, and those not a little entangling. What think you of that form of yours, Theodota? accompanied as it is with a wit so piercing, as shews you at once what will be most for your advantage. It is this which directs the glance, tunes the tongue, and supplies it with all the shews of courtesy and kindness. ’Tis this which teaches you to receive with transport him who assiduously courts your favour; and scorn such as shew you no regard. If your friend is sick, you spare for no pains in your attendance upon him: You rejoice in all his joy; and give every proof of having bestowed your heart on him, who seems to have given his to you. In short, I make no doubt of your being well versed in all the arts of allurement; and dare venture to say, the friends you have, if *true*, were not gained by compliments, but substantial proofs of kindness.”

“But, said Theodota, I never practise any of the arts you mention.”

“And yet, answered Socrates, some management is necessary; since a friend is a sort of prey that is neither to be caught, nor kept by force: A creature no otherwise to be taken and tamed; but by shewing it kindness, and communicating to it pleasure.”

“You say right, Socrates; but why will you not help me to gain friends?”

“And so I will, said Socrates, if you can find out how to persuade me to it.”

“But what way must I take to persuade you?”

“Do *you* ask that! returned Socrates;—you will find out the way, Theodota, if you want my assistance.”

“Then come to me often.”

Socrates, still joking with her, said laughing;—“But it is not so easy for me to find leisure; I have much business both in public and private; and have my friends too, as well as you; who will not suffer me to be absent night or day, but employ against me the very charms and incantations that I formerly taught them.”

“You are then acquainted with those things?”

“Verily! returned Socrates; for what else can you suppose Theodota, engaged Appolodorus, and Antisthenes, to be always with me? Or Cebes, and Simmias, to leave Thebes for my company, but the charms I speak of?”<sup>124</sup>

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<sup>124</sup> Antisthenes lived at the port Piræus, about five miles from Athens; and came from thence every day to see Socrates. Cebes and Simmias left their native country, for his sake; and, almost the whole of what we know of Appolodorus, is the violence of his affection for Socrates. But the proof which Euclides gave of his, was the most extraordinary: For when the hatred to the Megareans was so great that it was forbidden on pain of death for any one to set foot in Attica; and the Athenians obliged their

“Communicate these charms to me, said Theodota; and the first proof of their power shall be upon you.”

“But I would not be attracted to *you*, Theodota;—I would rather you should come to *me*.”

“Give me but a favourable reception, said Theodota; and I will certainly come.”

“So I will, replied Socrates, provided I have then no one with me whom I love better.”

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generals to take an oath when they elected them, to ravage the territories of Megara twice every year;—Euclides used to disguise himself in the habit of an old woman, and covering his head with a veil, set out in the evening for Megara; and arriving in the night-time at the house of Socrates, staid 'till the next evening with him; and then returned in the same manner; so much stronger was his affection than the fear of death. And when, to friends like these, we may still add many others;—Plato, Chærephon, Crito; and,—to mention no more,—our amiable Xenophon;—almost all of them the wisest as well as the best men of their age;—who can suspect the virtue of Socrates?—Who can doubt his being, a HAPPY MAN!

## CHAPTER XII

Socrates having taken notice how very awkward Epigenes, one of his followers, was in all his actions; and that he was moreover of a sickly constitution; both which he attributed to a neglect of those exercises which make so large a part of a liberal education;<sup>125</sup> he reprov'd him for it; saying—"How unbecoming it was in him to go on in such a manner."—Epigenes only answered, "He was under no obligation to do otherwise."

"At least as much, replied Socrates, as he who hath to prepare for Olympia. Or do you suppose it, Epigenes, a thing of less consequence to fight for your life against the enemies of your country, whenever it shall please our Athenians to command your service, than to contend for a prize at the Olympic Games? How many do we see, who, through feebleness and want of strength, lose their lives in battle; or, what is still worse, save themselves by some dishonourable means? How many, falling alive into the enemy's hand, endure slavery of the most grievous kind for the remainder of their days, unless redeemed from it by the ruin of their families: Whilst a third procures himself an evil-fame; and the charge of cowardice is given to imbecility. But, perhaps, Epigenes, you despise all the ills which attend on bad health; or account them as evils, that may easily be borne?"

"Truly, replied the other, I think them rather to be chosen, than so much fatigue and labour for the purchase of a little health."

"It may be, then, answered Socrates, you equally condemn all the advantages arising from a contrary complexion; yet to me, they seem to be many and great; since he who is possessed of a good constitution, is healthful, strong, and hardy; and may acquit himself with honour on every occasion. By the means of this he oft times escapes all the dangers of war;—he can assist his friends,—do much service to his country;—and is sure of being well received where-ever he shall go. His name becomes illustrious: He makes his way to the highest offices; passes the decline of life in tranquility and honour; and leaves to his children, the fair inheritance of a good example. Neither ought we to neglect the benefits arising from military exercises, though we may not be called upon to perform them in public; since we shall find ourselves not the less fitted for whatever we engage in, from having a constitution healthful, and vigorous: And as the body must bear its part; it imports us much, to have it in good order: For, who knoweth not, continued Socrates, that even *there*—where it seems to have least to do—who knoweth not how much the *mind* is retarded in its pursuits after knowlege, through indisposition of the body; so that, forgetfulness, melancholy, fretfulness; and even madness itself, shall some times be the consequence so far as to destroy even the very traces of all we have ever learned: But, he whose constitution is rightly tempered, need fear none of these evils; and, therefore, he who hath a just discernment, will chuse with pleasure whatever may best secure him from them. Neither doth an inconsiderable shame belong to the man who suffers himself to sink into old age, without exerting to the utmost those faculties nature hath bestowed on him; and trying how far they will carry him towards that perfection, which laziness and despondence can never attain to; for dexterity and strength are not produced spontaneously."

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<sup>125</sup> No slaves were allowed to anoint, or perform exercises in the Palæstra.—Pott. *Antiq.* Ed.'s note: John Potter, *The Antiquities of Greece*, Bk 1, Chap. 10, "Of the Sojourners and Servants in Athens", 1:59.

### CHAPTER XIII

A certain man being angry with another for not returning his salutation,—Socrates asked, “Why he was not enraged when he met one who had less health than himself; since it would not be more ridiculous than to be angry with one who was less civil.”

Another, bemoaning himself because he could not relish his food;—“There is an excellent remedy for this complaint, answered Socrates:—Fast often;—by this means you will not only eat more pleasantly; but likewise better your health; and save your money.”

Another, complaining that the water which ran by his house was too warm to drink—“You are lucky, however, said Socrates in having a bath thus ready prepared for you.”

“But it is too cold to bathe in, replied the other.”

“Do your domestics complain of it when they drink or bathe?”

“So far from it, answered the man, that it is often my wonder to see with what pleasure they use it for both these purposes.”

“Which do you account, saith Socrates, the warmest; this water you speak of, or that in the temple of Esculapius?”

“O, that in the temple, replied the other.”

“And how is it, said Socrates, that you do not perceive yourself more froward and harder to please, not only than your own servants, but even people who are sick?”

Socrates seeing one beat his servant immoderately, asked him, “What offence the man had committed?”

“I beat him, replied the other, because he is not only a drunkard and a glutton, but avaricious and idle.”

“You do well, said Socrates; —but judge for yourself, which deserves the most stripes,—your servant,—or you?”

Another dreading the length of the way to Olympia; Socrates asked him,—“What he was afraid of? for is it not your custom, said he, to walk up and down in your own chamber almost the whole day? You need therefore but fancy you are taking your usual exercise between breakfast and dinner, and dinner and supper, and you will find yourself without much fatigue, at the end of your journey; for you certainly walk more, in five or six days, than is sufficient to carry you from Athens to Olympia. And, as it is pleasanter to have a day to spare, than to want one; delay not, I advise you; but set out in time; and let your haste appear, not at the end, but the beginning of your journey.”<sup>126</sup>

A certain person complaining of being tired with travelling; Socrates asked “if he had carried any thing?”

“Nothing but my cloke, replied the other.”

“Was you alone, said Socrates?”

“No; my servant went along with me.”

“And did *he* carry any thing?”

“Yes, certainly—he carried all I wanted.”

“And how did *he* bear the journey?”

“Much better than I.”

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<sup>126</sup> Many of the circumstances here mentioned, seem as if they should not be so much considered as things spoken by Socrates, as Socrates; but, by Socrates whom Xenophon most tenderly loved.

“What, if *you* had carried the burthen; how then?”

“I *could* not have done it, replied the other.”

“What a shame, said Socrates, for a man who hath gone through all his exercises, not to be able to bear as much fatigue as his servant!”

## CHAPTER XIV

It being generally the custom when they met together for every one to bring his own supper;<sup>127</sup> Socrates observed that whilst some of them took such care of themselves, as to have more than was sufficient; others were compelled to be content with less. He, therefore, so ordered the matter, that the small portion of him who brought little, should be offered about to all the company in such a manner, that no one could, civilly, refuse to partake of it; nor exempt himself from doing the like with what he brought; by which means a greater equality was preserved among them. There was also this farther advantage arising from it; the expences of the table were considerably abridged: For when they saw, that whatever delicacy they brought thither, the whole company would have their share of it; few chose to be at the cost to procure it: And thus luxury was in some degree put a stop to in these entertainments.

Having observed, at one of these meetings, a young man who eat his meat without any bread; and the discourse turning at that time on the cause why *this* or *that* person had procured to themselves some particular appellation—"Can you tell me, Sirs, said Socrates, why they call a man, a gormandizer, since not one of us here but takes part of whatever is set before him; and therefore, we cannot suppose *this* to be the reason."

"I suppose it cannot, replied one of the company."

"But, continued Socrates, when we see any one, greedily swallowing down his meat without mixing any bread with it, may we not call this man a gormandizer?—for, if otherwise—I know not where we shall meet with one." And being asked by another—who was present—what he thought of him who eat a little bread to a great deal of meat?—"The same, answered Socrates, as I did of the others: And while the rest of mankind supplicate the Gods to find them plenty of corn, these men must pay for an abundance of the well-mixed ragout."

The young man whom this discourse glanced at, suspecting it was meant for him, thought proper to take a *little* bread, but, at the same time, continued to cram down his meat as formerly; which Socrates observing, called to one who sat near him to take notice, "whether his neighbour eat his meat for the sake of the bread; or the bread for the sake of the meat."

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<sup>127</sup> The feasts, or entertainments of the Grecians, were of different sorts. In the primitive ages, entertainments were seldom made but on the festivals of their Gods; for it was not customary with them to indulge in the free use of wine, or delicacies, unless they did it on a religious account. Afterwards, when a more free way of living was introduced, they had three distinct sorts of entertainments, of which the marriage entertainment was one. Of the other two; one was provided at the sole expence of one person; the other was made at the common expence of all present. Hither also may be referred those entertainments wherein some of the guests contributed more than their proportion: And that other;—(*which is, I believe, what Socrates had in this place more particularly in his eye*) in which it was the custom for any man, after he had provided his supper, (the Grecian's best meal) to put it in a basket, and go and eat it in another man's house.—Pott. *Antiq.* [Ed.'s note: John Potter, *The Antiquities of Greece*, Bk 4, chap. 17, "Of the Several Sorts of Entertainment", 2:355].

The Greek name for an entertainment, defined by Plutarch, "a mixture of seriousness and mirth; discourses and actions." [Ed.'s: Quoted in Potter, *Antiquities*, Bk 4, chap 20, "Of the Ceremonies at Entertainment", "Plutarch... Sympos. Lib. VII, Quaest. vi", 2:408.]

They, who forced themselves into other men's entertainments, were called, flies; a general name of reproach for such as insinuated themselves into company where they were not welcome. [Ed.'s: a remark taken from John Potter, *Antiquities*, Bk 4, chap. 19, "Of the Customs before Entertainments", 2:366.]

At another time seeing a person dip a piece of bread into several different sauces, Socrates asked—“whether it was possible to make a sauce so costly, and at the same time so little good, as this person had made for himself: For, as it consisted of a greater variety, there could be no doubt of its costing more: And as he had mixed such things together as no cook ever once thought of; who could doubt his having spoiled all? Besides, said Socrates, what folly to be curious in searching after cooks, if a man is to undo at once, all they have done for us?” Moreover, he who is accustomed to indulge in variety, will feel dissatisfied when not in his power to procure it: But the man who generally restrains himself to one dish, will rise well satisfied from every table. He used also to say, that the compound verb, which, in the Attic dialect, signified to *feast*, or *fare well*,<sup>128</sup> meant to *eat*; and that the term WELL, was added to express the eating in such a manner as neither to disorder the body, nor oppress the mind; and with such plainness, that the food could not be difficult to come at; so that this Attic verb was only applicable to such persons as eat with decency and temperance, and agreeably to the nature of social rational beings.

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• <sup>128</sup> The verb here mentioned by Socrates is *Enocheisthai*, to feast, or make one at a banquet, which comes from *Enoxia*, a feast or banquet. Of this last word we have two etymologies; the first deduces it from *En bene*, and *oxi cibus*, because those who attend feasts, are *well fed*; the second deduces it from *En exeiōn bene sese habere*, because those who attend feasts *are well off*, they find their advantage in being there, from *faring so sumptuously and well*. Which-ever etymology we admit, the ingenuity of Socrates remains the same, who by transferring the term *En* in *Enocheisthai*, from its vulgar and gross meaning into a moral and rational one, has the address to transform a verb of luxury and excess, into a verb of temperance and decorum. This method of conveying knowledge, by discussing the meanings of words and their etymologies, was much practised by Socrates. Many instances occur in his work, particularly see Lib. 4. C. 3 where *dialegesthai* is etymologized. Plato wrote an entire dialogue called Cratylus, upon this subject. From these early philosophers the Stoicks took the practice, as may be seen in Cicero de Natura Deor, and also Arrian Lib. I. C. 17. where the learned editor, Mr. Upton, has fully illustrated his author, and given a multitude of similar passages.—*Mr. Harris. Ed.’s*: John Upton (1707-1760), “Church of England clergyman, he published an excellent edition of Arrian’s *Epictetus* in two volumes (1739–41)” (E. C. Marchant, revised by S. J. Skedd, “John Upton”, ODNB online).

## BOOK IV

### CHAPTER I

In this manner would Socrates make himself useful to all sorts of men, of whatsoever employment. Indeed, no one can doubt the advantages arising from his conversation, to those, who associated with him whilst living; since even the remembrance of him, when dead, is still profitable to his friends.—Whether serious or gay, whatever he said carried along with it something which was improving. He would frequently assume the character and the language of a lover; but it was easy to perceive it was the charms of the mind, not those of the body, with which he was enamoured; as the objects he sought after were always such, as he saw, naturally, inclining towards virtue.—Now he thought an aptness to learn, together with a strength of memory, to retain what was already learnt; accompanied with a busy inquisitiveness into such things as might be of use for the right conduct of life, whether as head only of a single family, or governor of the whole State; indicated a mind, well-fitted for instruction; which, if duly cultivated, would render the youth in whom they were found, not only happy in themselves, and their own families, but give them the power of making many others the same; since the benefits arising from thence, would be diffused throughout the whole community. His method, however, was not the same with all; but whenever he found any who thought so highly of themselves on the accounts of their talents, as to despise instruction, he would endeavour to convince them, that of all mankind *they* stood in the greatest want of it: Like to the high-bred horse; which having more strength and courage than others, might be made, for that very reason, of so much the more use, if properly managed; but neglected while young, becomes thereby the more vicious and unruly. Also those dogs which are of the nobler kind;—these, being trained to it, are excellent in the chase; but left to themselves, are good for nothing:—And it is the same, would he say, with respect to men;—such of them to whom nature hath dealt the most liberally; to whom she hath given strength of body, and firmness of mind; as they can execute with greater readiness and facility whatever they engage in, so they become more useful than others, and rise to nobler heights of virtue, if care is taken to give them a right turn: But this not being done, they excel only in vice; and become, by the means of these very talents, more hurtful to society:—For through ignorance of their duty, they engage in a bad cause; and make themselves parties in evil actions; and, being haughty and impetuous, they are with difficulty restrained, and brought back to their duty; so that many and great are the evils they occasion.

As to those men who relied upon their riches, and imagined they stood in no need of instruction; as their wealth would be sufficient to supply all their wants, and procure them every honour:—These, Socrates would endeavour to reduce to reason, by shewing how foolish it was to imagine they could of themselves distinguish between things that were useful, and those which were hurtful, without having first been shewn the difference. Or, wanting this power of discriminating, still vainly supposed, that because they could purchase the things they had a mind to, they could therefore perform whatever would be to their advantage: Or if not, could not live safe and easy, and have all things go well with them. Neither was it, he said, less absurd in them to suppose, that wealth could supply the want of knowlege; and make the

possessor of it pass for a man of abilities: Or at least procure for him that esteem which is only acquired by true merit.

## CHAPTER II

But, on the other hand, when he met with any who valued themselves on account of their education, concluding they were qualified for every undertaking; we see the method Socrates took to chastize their vanity, from the manner in which he treated Euthydemus, surnamed the Fair. —This young man having collected many of the writings of the most celebrated poets and sophists, was so much elated by it, as to fancy himself superiour to any other of the age, both in knowlege and abilities; and doubted not to see himself the very first man in Athens, whatever the business,—whether to manage the affairs of the State, or harangue the people.—Being however as yet too young to be admitted into the public assemblies, his custom was to go into a bridle-cutter's shop which stood near to the forum, when he had any business depending: Which Socrates observing; he also went in thither, accompanied by some of his friends; and one of them asking, in the way of conversation, “whether Themistocles had been much advantaged by conversing with philosophers; or, whether it were not chiefly the strength of his own natural talents, which had raised him so far above the rest of his fellow-citizens, as made them not fail to turn their eyes towards him whenever the State stood in need of a person of uncommon ability?”—Socrates,—willing to pique Euthydemus,—made answer:—“It was monstrous folly for any one to imagine, that whilst the knowlege of the very lowest mechanic art was not to be attained without a master; the science of governing the Republic, which required for the *right* discharge of it all that human prudence could perform, was to be had by intuition.”

Socrates went no farther at that time; but plainly perceiving that Euthydemus cautiously avoided his company, that he might not be taken for one of his followers; he determined to attack him something more openly. To this purpose, when he was next along with him;—Socrates turning to some who were present:—“May we not expect, said he, from the manner in which this young man pursues his studies, that he will not fail to speak his opinion even the very first time he appears in the assembly, should there be any business of importance then in debate? I should suppose too, that the proem to his speech, if he begins with letting them know that he hath never received any instruction, must have something in it not unpleasant. “Be it known to you, will he say, O ye men of Athens! I never learnt any thing of any man:—I never associated with persons of parts or experience; never sought out for people who could instruct me; but on the contrary, have steadily persisted in avoiding all such; as, not only holding in abhorrence the being taught by others, but careful to keep clear of every the least suspicion of it;—but, I am ready, notwithstanding, to give you such advice as chance shall suggest to me:—Not unlike the man, continued Socrates, who should tell the people, while soliciting their voices;—“It is true, gentlemen, I never once thought of making physic my study;—I never once applied to any one for instruction;—and so far was I from desiring to be well versed in this science, I even wished not to have the reputation of it:—But, gentlemen, be so kind as to chuse me your physician; and I will gain knowledge, by making experiments upon *you*.”

Every one present laughed at the absurdity of such a preface; and Euthydemus after this, never avoided the company of Socrates; but still he affected the most profound silence; hoping, by that means, to gain the reputation of a modest man.—Socrates, desirous to cure him of his mistake; took an opportunity of saying to some of his friends—Euthydemus being present—“It is not strange, sirs, that while such as wish to play well on the lute, or mount

dexterously on horseback, are not content with practising in private as often as may be, but look out for masters; and submit willingly to their commands, as the only way to become proficient, and gain fame;—the man whose aim is to govern the Republic, or speak before the people, shall deem himself aptly qualified for either without the trouble of any previous instruction: Yet surely the last must be owned the most difficult; since, out of the many who force themselves into office, so few are seen to succeed therein; and, therefore it should seem, that diligence and study are here the most needful.”

By these and the like discourses, Socrates disposed the young man to enter into farther conference, and give him a patient hearing. Which having observed; he took an opportunity of going on a time *alone*, into the bridle-cutter’s shop; where Euthydemus then was: And sitting down by him, —“It is true, said he, Euthydemus, that you have collected so many of the writings of those men whom we call wise?”

“Most undoubtedly it is true, replied the other; neither shall I give over collecting ’till I have gained as many of them as I well can.”

“Truly, said Socrates, I admire you much for thus endeavouring to accumulate wisdom rather than wealth. For by this, Euthydemus, you plainly discover it to be your opinion, that gold and silver cannot add to our merit; whereas we furnish ourselves with an inexhaustible fund of virtue, when we thus treasure up the writings of these great men.”

Euthydemus was not a little pleased with hearing Socrates speak in such a manner; concluding his method of obtaining wisdom had met with approbation; which Socrates perceiving, he continued the discourse.

“But what employment do you intend to excel in, Euthydemus, that you collect so many books?”

Euthydemus returning no answer, as at a loss what to say:

“You perhaps intend to study physic, said Socrates; and no small number of books will be wanting for that purpose.”

“Not I, upon my word!”

“Architecture, perhaps, then? And for this too, you will find no little knowlege necessary.”

“No, nor that, replied Euthydemus.”

“You wish to be an astrologer, or a skilful geometrician, like Theo?”

“Not at all.”

“Then you possibly intend to become a rhapsodist, and recite verses; for I am told you are in possession of all Homer’s works?”

“By no means, replied Euthydemus, will I do this; for however ready these men may be with their verses, it doth not prevent their being thought troublesome, wherever they come.”

“Perhaps you are desirous of that knowlege, my Euthydemus, which makes the able statesman, or good oeconomist? which qualifies for command, and renders a man useful both to himself and others?”

“*This* indeed is what I sigh for, and am in search of, replied Euthydemus; with no small emotion.”

“Verily! Answered Socrates, a noble pursuit: For *this* is what we call *The Royal Science*, as it belongeth in a peculiar manner to kings!—But have you considered the matter, Euthydemus;—whether it will not be necessary for the man to be *just*, who hopes to make any proficiency therein.”

“Certainly, Socrates;—for I know very well, he who is not *just* cannot make even a good citizen.”

“Then you are a just man, Euthydemus?”

“I think I am as much as any other.”

“Pray say, Euthydemus, may one know when a just man is engaged in his proper work, as we can when the artist is employed in his?”

“Undoubtedly.”

“So that—as the architect for example, can shew us what he is doing; so the just man likewise?”

“Assuredly, Socrates; nor should there be any great difficulty in pointing out what is *just*, or *unjust*, in actions about which we are conversant daily.”

“Suppose, Euthydemus, we should make two marks; an *A*<sup>129</sup> here; and a *D*<sup>130</sup> there; under which to set down the things that belong to *justice* and *injustice*?”

“You may, replied Euthydemus, if you think there wants any such method.”

Socrates having done this, went on,

“Is there any such thing as lying?”

“Most certainly!”

“And to which side shall we place it?”

“To injustice, surely.”

“Do mankind ever deceive each other?”

“Frequently.”

“And where shall we place this?”

“To injustice, still.”

“And injury?”

“The same.”

“Selling those into slavery who were born free?”

“Still the same, certainly.”

“But suppose, said Socrates, one whom you have elected to command your armies, should take a city belonging to your enemies; and sell its inhabitants for slaves?—shall we say of this man, he acts *unjustly*?”

“By no means.”

“May we say he acteth justly?”

“We may.”

“And what, if while he is carrying on the war, he deceiveth the enemy?”

“He will do right by so doing”.

“May he not, likewise, when he ravages their country, carry off their corn and their cattle without being guilty of *injustice*?”

“No doubt, Socrates; and when I seemed to say otherwise, I thought you confined what was spoken to our friends only.”

“So then, whatever we have hitherto placed under our letter *D*, may be carried over, and ranged under *A*?”

“It may.”

“But will it not be necessary to make a farther distinction, Euthydemus, and say, That, to behave in such a manner to our enemies is just; but, to our friends unjust: Because, to these last, the utmost simplicity and integrity is due?”

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<sup>129</sup> Ed.’s note: In the Greek text, A (alpha) for *ἀδικίας* (injustice).

<sup>130</sup> Ed.’s note: In the Greek text, D (delta) for *δικαιοσύνης* (righteousness, justice). Sarah Fielding does not use the corresponding letters in English J (for justice) and I (for injustice).

“You are in the right, Socrates.”

“But how, said Socrates, if this general, on seeing the courage of his troops begin to fail, should make them believe fresh succours are at hand; and by this means remove their fears?—To which side shall we assign this falshood?”

“I suppose to justice.”

“Or, if a child refuseth the physic he stands in need of; and the father deceiveth him under the appearance of food—where shall we place the deceit, Euthydemus?”

“With the same, I imagine.”

“And suppose a man in the height of despair should attempt to kill himself; and his friend should come and *force* away his sword;—under what head are we to place this act of violence?”

“I should think, where we did the former.”

“But, take care, Euthydemus, since it seemeth from your answers, that we ought not *always* to treat our friends with candour and integrity; which yet we had before agreed was to be done.”

“It is plain we ought not, returned Euthydemus; and I retract my former opinion, if it is allowable for me so to do.”

“Most assuredly, said Socrates; for it is far better to change our opinion, than to persist in a wrong one. However, (continued he) that we may pass over nothing, without duly examining it;—which of the two, Euthydemus, appears to you the most unjust; he who deceives his friend wittingly; or he who does it without having any such design?”

“Truly, said Euthydemus, I am not certain what I should answer, or what I should think; for you have given such a turn to all I have hitherto advanced, as to make it appear very different to what I before thought it: However, I will venture so far as to declare, that man the most unjust who deceiveth his friend designedly.”

“Is it your opinion, Euthydemus, that a man must learn to be just, and good, in like manner as he learneth to write, and read.”

“I believe so.”

“And which, said Socrates, do you think the most ignorant,—he who writes, or reads ill, designedly; or he who doth it for want of knowing better?”

“The last, certainly, replied Euthydemus; since the other can do right whenever he pleases.”

“It then follows, that he who reads ill from *design*, knows how to read well;—but the other, doth not?”

“It is true.”

“Pray tell me, continued Socrates, which of the two knoweth *best* what justice is, and what he *ought* to do;—he who offends against the truth, and deceives designedly; or he who does it without having any such design?”

“He, no doubt, who deceives designedly, replied Euthydemus.”

“But you said, Euthydemus, that he who understands how to read, is *more* learned than one who does not.”

“I did so, Socrates; and it is certainly true.”

“Then he who knows wherein justice consists, is more just than he who knows nothing of the matter?”

“So it seems, said Euthydemus; and I know not how I came to say otherwise.”

“But, what would you think of the man, Euthydemus, who, however willing he might be to tell the truth, never tells you twice together the same thing: But if you ask him about the

road, will shew you to-day to the east, and to-morrow to the west; and make the very same sum amount sometimes to fifty, and sometimes a hundred; what would you say to this man, Euthydemus?"

"That it was plain he knew nothing of what he pretended to know."

Socrates still went on, and said, "Have you never heard people called base, and servile?"

"Frequently."

"And why were they so called? For their ignorance, or knowlege?"

"Not for their knowlege, certainly."

"What then?—for their ignorance in the business of a brazier?—building a house?—or sweeping a chimney?"

"Nor *this*, nor *that*, replied Euthydemus; for the men who are the most expert in employments of this nature, are generally the most abject and servile in their minds."

"It should seem then, Euthydemus, these appellatives only belong to those who are ignorant of what is just, and good?"

"So I imagine."

"Doth it not then follow, that we ought to exert our powers to the utmost, to avoid this ignorance, which debases men so low?"

"O Socrates! cried Euthydemus, with no little emotion;—I will not deny to you that I have hitherto believed I was no stranger to philosophy; but had already gained that knowlege so necessary for the man who aspires after virtue.—What then must be my concern, to find, after all my labour, I am not able to answer those questions which most importeth me to know? And the more, as I see not what method to pursue, whereby I may render myself more capable!"

"Have you ever been at Delphos?"

"I have been there twice."

"Did you observe this inscription, somewhere on the front of the temple,—Know THYSELF?"

"Yes, I read it."

"But it seems scarcely sufficient to have read it, Euthydemus: Did you consider it? And in consequence of the admonition, set yourself diligently to find out what you are?"<sup>131</sup>

"I certainly did not, said Euthydemus; for I imagined I must know this sufficiently already:—And, indeed, it will be difficult for us to know anything, if we can be supposed at a loss *here*."

"But, for a man to know himself properly, said Socrates, it is scarcely enough that he knows his own name. He who desires to purchase a horse, doth not imagine he hath made the proper trial of his merit, 'till by mounting him he hath found out whether he is tractable, or unruly;—strong, or weak;—fleet, or heavy;—with every thing else, either good or bad, in him; so likewise we should not say, he knows himself as he ought, who is ignorant of his own powers; or those duties which, as man, it is incumbent upon him to perform."

"It must be confessed, replied Euthydemus, that he who knoweth not his own powers, cannot be said to know himself."

"And yet, who seeth not, continued Socrates, how great the advantage arising from this knowlege;—and what misery must attend our mistakes concerning it!—For he who is possessed of it, not only knoweth himself, but knoweth what is best for him. He perceiveth

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<sup>131</sup> "The subject-matter, says Epictetus, of a carpenter, is wood; of a statuary, brass;—and so of the *art of living*, the subject-matter is, each person's *own* life." See note 96.

what he can, and what he cannot do: He applieth himself to the one:—He gaineth what is necessary; and is happy: He attempts not the other; and, therefore, incurs neither distress, nor disappointment. From knowing himself, he is able to form a right judgment of others, and turn them to his advantage, either for the procuring some good, or preventing some evil. On the contrary,—he who is ignorant of himself, and maketh a wrong estimate of his own powers, will also mistake those of other men: He knows neither what he wants, or undertakes; nor yet the means he maketh use of; so that he not only fails of success, but oft-times falls into many misfortunes; while the man who sees his way before him, most commonly obtains the end he aims at; and not only so, but secures to himself renown and honour. His equals gladly attend to his counsel, and follow his advice; and they who, by wrong management, have plunged themselves into difficulties, implore his help, and found all their hopes of being restored to their former ease, on the prudence of his administration: While they who blindly engage in business,—as they chuse ill, so they succeed worse; nor is the damage they then sustain, the only misfortune they incur; but they are disgraced forever; all men ridiculing, despising, or blaming them. Neither doth it fare any thing better with commonwealths themselves, continued Socrates, when, mistaking their own strength, they engage eagerly in war with their more powerful neighbours; which ends either in the ruin of the State, or the loss of their liberty; compelled to receive their laws, from the hand of the conqueror.”

“Be assured, answered Euthydemus, that I am now fully convinced, of the excellency of the precept which bids us KNOW OURSELVES: But from what point shall the man set out, my Socrates, on so important an enquiry?—To inform me of this, is now what I hope from you.”

“You know what things are good; what evil, Euthydemus?”

“Certainly, replied Euthydemus; for otherwise I should know less, than the very lowest of our slaves.”

“Shew me then, I pray you, what you think good;—what, evil?”

“Most willingly, answered Euthydemus; and truly, I think, the task will not be difficult.—First, then, I count sound health, good; and sickness, evil; and whatever conduces to the one, or the other, are to be estimated accordingly; so that the food and exercise which keep us in health, we may call good; and that which brings on us sickness, and disease, evil.”

“But might it not be as well to say, Euthydemus; that health and sickness are both of them good, when they are the cause of good; and evil, when they are the cause of evil?”

“But when do we see, replied Euthydemus, that health is the cause of evil; or sickness of good?”

“It is certainly the case, answered Socrates, when levies are raising for some unsuccessful expedition; or embarkations made, which afterwards suffer shipwreck: For the healthy and strong being selected on these occasions, they are unhappily involved in the same common misfortune; while the feeble and the infirm remain in safety.”

“That is true, replied Euthydemus; but then, on the other hand, you must own, my Socrates, that the healthful and strong have their share—and that to their no small advantage, in more fortunate undertakings; while the sickly and infirm are entirely excluded?”

“These things being so—as indeed they are,—sometimes profitable, and sometimes hurtful,—we should not do amiss to set them down, said Socrates, as being, in themselves, not more good than evil?”

“So indeed it appears, said Euthydemus, from this way of reasoning:—But, knowlege, my Socrates, must ever remain an indubitable good; since he who hath knowlege, whatever the business, may certainly execute it with far greater advantage than he who wants it.”

“Have you not heard then, said Socrates, how it fared with the wretched Dædalus, on the account of his excelling in so many different arts?<sup>132</sup> This man falling into the hands of Minos, was detained by him in Crete; at once torne from his country, and deprived of his freedom: And when afterwards attempting to escape with his son, he was the cause of the loss of the miserable youth.—Neither was he able to secure himself; but being seized by the barbarians, was compelled to return; again to endure all the evil of slavery.”

“I have heard this,” replied Euthydemus.

“You know too, continued Socrates, the unhappy fate of Palamedes; whose praises all men celebrate:<sup>133</sup> He fell a sacrifice to the envy of Ulysses; and miserably perished, through the insidious artifices of his rival: And how many are now languishing in perpetual bondage; whom the King of Persia caused to be carried away, and still keeps near him, meerly on the account of their superior talents?”

“But granting this to be as you say; yet certainly, replied Euthydemus, we may esteem happiness an undoubted good?”

“We may, answered Socrates, provided this happiness ariseth from such things as are undoubtedly good.”

“But how can those things, which produce happiness, be otherwise than good?”

“They cannot, said Socrates, if you admit not of the number, health, strength, beauty, riches, fame, and such like.”

“But we certainly do admit such things into the number, replied Euthydemus; for how are we to be happy without them?”

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<sup>132</sup> He was the most ingenious artist in the world; and hence the proverb, Dædali Opera, when we would commend the curiousness of the workmanship. He invented the saw, the ax, the plummet, the augre, glue, cement, sails, and sail-yards: And made statues with a device to make the eyes move as if living. Ed.’s note: Sarah Fielding derives all this information from Louis Moréri and Jeremy Collier (1650-1726), non-juring bishop, *The Great Historical, Geographical, Genealogical and Poetical Dictionary*, 2 vols (London, 1701), vol. 1, “Dædalus”. Louis Moréri (1643-1680) was a French scholar and the author of the *Grand Dictionnaire historique, ou Le mélange curieux de l’histoire sacrée et profane* (Lyon, 1674), that Collier translated, adding “new material about English and church history” (Eric Salmon, “Collier, Jeremy”, ODNB). The first edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* would only appear in 1768-71. Moréri’s dictionary featured in Henry Fielding’s library, in a 1717 six-volume edition, (see *Sale Catalogues of Libraries of Eminent Persons. Poets and Men of Letters*, vol. 7, ed. Hugh Amory [London: The Scolar P, 1973], “Sale Catalogue of Henry Fielding’s Library”, n°471, 15), to which his sister had access. So did 63% of the books she quotes in *The Cry: A New Dramatic Fable* (1754). M. Battestin thinks Sarah Fielding lived in her brother’s house from November 1744 to 1747, see *Henry Fielding: A Life* (London: Routledge, 1989), 29. As pointed out by Battestin, her presence in his house in October 1746 is attested by the Reverend Joseph Warton, *Biographical Memoirs of the Late Reverend Joseph Warton*, ed. J. Wool (London, 1806), 215: “I wish you had been with me last week; when I spent two evenings with Fielding and his sister, who wrote *David Simple*, and you may guess I was very well entertained”.

<sup>133</sup> Palamedes invented four Greek letters, and added them to the other sixteen already invented by Cadmus. He was skilful in astrology, and the first who found out the cause of an eclipse; and brought the year to the course of the sun; and the month to the course of the moon: He was skilful in ordering an army, and introduced the use of the watch-word; both which he took the hint of, as was said, from the conduct, and the flying of cranes. Ed.’s note: Palamedes, “in Greek legend the son of Nauplius, king of Euboea and Clymene and a hero of the Trojan War” to whom the ancients attributed a number of inventions (Britannica). Sarah Fielding found this information and all its details, in Louis Moréri and Jeremy Collier, *The Great Historical, Geographical, Genealogical and Poetical Dictionary*, vol. 2, “Palamedes”.

“Rather, how are we to be happy *with* them, returned Socrates, seeing they are the source of so many evils? For how often hath a beautiful form been the cause of defilement? How often, from a persuasion of their strength have men been induced to engage in hazardous undertakings, which overwhelmed them in ruin? How many have sunk into luxury by means of their riches; or fallen into the snares, that were insidiously laid for them, by the people whose interest it was to procure their ruin?—Even, that glory, my Euthydemus! which results from our having well served our country; doth not seldom prove fatal to the man on whom it is bestowed.”

“If I have then erred, in speaking well of happiness, relied Euthydemus; I know not what it is for which I can yet supplicate the Gods?”

“It may be, answered Socrates, you have not duly considered the matter; from thinking you were, already, sufficiently acquainted with it. But,—changing the subject—they tell us, Euthydemus, you are preparing to take upon you the administration of our affairs?—Now, since it is the people, who bear sway in Athens; I doubt not your having thoroughly studied the nature of a popular government.”

”You do right not to doubt it.”

“Pray tell us, may we understand what a popular government is, without knowing who are *the people*?”

’I should suppose not.”

“And who are *the people*?” said Socrates.

“I include under that denomination, replied Euthydemus, all such citizens as are poor.”

“You know those who are so?”

“Certainly.”

“And who rich?”

“No doubt of it.”

“Tell me then I pray you, whom you think rich; whom poor?”

“I consider those as being poor, who have not wherewithal to defray their necessary expences, said Euthydemus; and I esteem those rich, who possess more than they want.”

“But, have you not observed, Euthydemus, there are people who, although they have very little, have not only enough for their necessary expences, but manage in such a manner as to lay up a part;—while others are in want, notwithstanding their large possessions?”

“I own it, said Euthydemus; and recollect some *princes*, whose necessities have compelled them to deal injuriously by their subjects; even so far as to deprive them of their possessions.”

“It will follow then, Euthydemus, that we should place these princes among the poor; and the frugal managers of their little fortune among the rich, since these may truly be said to live in affluence.”

“They may, replied Euthydemus; for I am not able to support any thing against your arguments:—And, indeed, I believe, silence for the future will best become me; since, after all, I begin to suspect, that I know nothing.”

On saying this, he hastily withdrew; full of confusion, and contempt of himself; as beginning to perceive his own insignificancy. But it was not Euthydemus alone, to whom Socrates gave that sort of uneasiness:<sup>134</sup> Many, who were once his followers, had forsaken him

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<sup>134</sup> “The school of a philosopher, says Epictetus, is a surgery. You are not to go out of it with pleasure, but with pain; for you come there not in health: But one of you hath a dislocated shoulder; another, an abscess; a third, a fistula; a fourth, the head-ach: And am I then to sit uttering pretty trifling exclamations, that, when you have praised me, you may go away with the same dislocated shoulder; the

on that account; whom Socrates estimated accordingly: But it was otherwise with Euthydemus, his attachment to him, after this, increased daily; and he thought there was no other way to become a man of business than by conversing with Socrates, so that he never left him, unless compelled to it by affairs of the greatest moment: Carrying his admiration of him so far, as to imitate many of his actions: Which Socrates perceiving, he carefully avoided saying whatever might appear harsh or disgusting; but conversed with him freely; and instructed him without reserve, concerning those things which it most imported him to know, and practise.

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same aching head; the same fistula, and the same abscess that you brought?" Carter's *Epict.* Ed.'s note: *All the Works of Epictetus* (London, 1758), trans. E. Carter, Bk 3, chap. 23, "Concerning Such as Read and Dispute Ostentatiously", §2, 309.

### CHAPTER III

Yet was not Socrates ever in haste to make orators, artists, or able statesmen. The first business, as he thought, was to implant in the minds of his followers, virtuous principles; since these wanting, every other talent only added to the capacity of doing greater harm; and more especially to inspire them with piety towards the Gods;—but seeing many others have already related what they heard him speak upon that subject; I shall content myself with only mentioning in what manner he once discoursed, I being present, with Euthydemus, concerning a Providence: For, turning towards him, he said,—

“Have you never reflected, Euthydemus, how wondrously gracious the Gods have been to men, in providing all things useful for them?”

“I cannot say, replied Euthydemus, that I ever did.”

“And yet, continued Socrates, you want not to be informed how necessary this light is; or, that it is the Gods who have bestowed it upon us.”

“I do not, replied Euthydemus; nor yet that our state would be no better than that of the blind, were we deprived of it.”

“But because we stand in need of rest after our labour, they have likewise given us the night, as the more proper time to repose in?”

“They have, replied Euthydemus; and we ought to be most thankful.”

“But, as the sun, by its light, not only renders each object visible; but points out the hours of the day to us;—so the stars have been ordained, together with the moon, to mark out the time, throughout the darkness of the night season; whilst the last is still of farther use to us, in regulating the months, and distinguishing the several parts of them.”

“It is true, answered Euthydemus.”

“And seeing that nourishment is so necessary for the support of man;—observe you not, Euthydemus, how the earth hath been made to produce it for him? The convenient changings of the seasons, all serving to the same purpose? While such the variety and abundance bestowed upon us; as not only secures from the fear of *want*; but gives us wherewithal, to indulge even to luxury!”

“Undoubtedly, cried Euthydemus, this goodness of the Gods is a strong proof of their care for man.”

“And what think you, continued Socrates, of their having given to us water;—so useful, and even necessary for all the affairs of life? By the means of it, the earth produces its fruits; whilst the dews from above carry them on to perfection. It maketh of itself a part of our nourishment; and is of use in the dressing and preparing our food; rendering it not only more beneficial, but pleasant:—And, seeing our wants of it are evidently so many;—how bountiful are the Gods who have supplied us with it in such profusion?”

“A farther proof, cried Euthydemus, of their great regard for man.”

“Likewise what shall we say, continued Socrates, to their having provided us with fire; which secures from the cold; dispels the darkness; and is altogether so necessary for carrying on the arts of life, that mankind can produce nothing useful without it?—The sun too, Euthydemus,—observe you not how winter being over, it turneth towards us; withering those fruits whereof the season is now past, at the same time it matures others, and brings them to perfection? This service once done, it retires again, that its heat may not annoy us; but having reached that point beyond which it cannot pass without exposing us to the danger of perishing

from its absence; it measureth back its steps to that part of the heavens in which its influence may be of the most advantage. And because we should be unable to bear the extream, whether of heat or cold, when coming upon us suddenly; how can it otherwise than excite our admiration, when we consider those almost imperceptible degrees, whereby it advanceth *to*, and retireth *from* us: So that we can arrive at the highest point of either, without being, in a manner, at all sensible to the change?”

“Truly, said Euthydemus, these things put me in some doubt, *whether* the Gods have any other employment than taking care of man:—*This* however perplexes me;—I see these gifts bestowed upon him only in common with other animals!”

“And see you not, said Socrates, that even all these themselves, are produced and nourished for the service of man? For what animal except himself, can turn to its use, the hog, the goat, the ox, and the horse, together with the rest that every where surround him? So that it seemeth to me, that man is not more indebted to the earth itself, than to these, his fellow-creatures, whether for the conveniencies or necessaries of life; since few of us live on the fruits of the earth, but on milk, cheese, and the flesh of other animals; while we break them for our use, and tame them for our service; and receive assistance from them in war, as well as on other occasions.”

“I own it, answered Euthydemus; for although many of these are much stronger than man, yet is he able to make them so far subservient to him, as to perform readily, whatever he commands.”

“Marvellous, likewise, must we acknowlege the goodness of the Gods, and worthy of our consideration; inasmuch, as having given to man an infinite number of things, all good in themselves, yet still differing in their nature; they have therefore bestowed upon him a variety of senses, each peculiarly form’d for the enjoyment of its proper object. They have likewise endued him with reason, and understanding; by the means of which, he examineth into those things the senses have discovered to him: He retaineth them in his memory; and findeth out their use, whereby they are made to serve many admirable purposes both for his ease, and security from danger. From the Gods likewise it is, that we have received the gift of speech, which enables us to give and receive instruction and pleasure; unite into societies; promulgate laws; and govern communities. And, forasmuch as we are not able to foresee what may happen hereafter; or judge of ourselves what may be the best for us to do; —they readily incline to such as seek to them for assistance; declaring by their oracles the things that are to come; and instruct us so to act as may be the most for our advantage.”

But, said Euthydemus, interrupting him,—“The Gods, my Socrates! deal still more favourably with you; for they stay not to be consulted; but shew of themselves, what things you ought, or ought not to do.”

“But, that I spake not against the truth in so saying, you yourself shall know if you wait not, Euthydemus, ’till the Gods become visible, but it sufficeth you to see and adore them, in their works; since it is by these alone, they chuse to manifest themselves to men: Even among all those deities who so liberally bestow on us good things; not one of them maketh himself an object of our sight:—And He, who raised this whole universe, and still upholds the mighty frame; who perfected every part of it in beauty, and in goodness; suffering none of these parts to decay through age, but renewing them daily with unfading vigour, whereby they are able to execute, whatever he ordains, with that readiness and precision which surpass man’s imagination:—Even he,—the supreme God— who performeth all these wonders, still holds himself invisible;—and it is only in his works, that we are capable of admiring him.—For,

consider, my Euthydemus;—the sun, which seemeth as it were, set forth to the view of all men, yet suffereth not itself to be too curiously examined; punishing those with blindness who too rashly venture so to do: And those ministers of the Gods, whom they employ to execute their bidding,—remain to us invisible: For though the thunder-bolt is shot from on high, and breaketh in pieces whatever it findeth in its way; yet no one seeth it when it falls, when it strikes, or when it retires: Neither are the winds discoverable to our sight, though we plainly behold the ravages they every-where make; and with ease perceive what time they are rising. And, if there be any thing in man, my Euthydemus, partaking of the divine nature; it must surely be the soul; which governs and directs him; yet no one considers this as an object of his sight. Learn, therefore, not to despise those things which you cannot see: Judge of the greatness of the power by the effects which are produced, and REVERENCE THE DEITY.”

“It is very sure, replied Euthydemus, I shall never be wanting in my acknowledgements to the Gods—and it even troubleth me that we cannot make a suitable return for the benefits they have conferred on us.”

“Let not this afflict you, replied Socrates. You know the answer which is given by the oracle at Delphos to those who enquire what they must do to make their sacrifices acceptable?—*Follow*, saith the God, *the custom of your country*.” Now *this* is the custom which prevaieth every where;—that each one should offer according to his ability: And therefore, my Euthydemus, what better can we do to honour the Gods, and shew our gratitude towards them, than by acting in such a manner, as they themselves have commanded? Let us however beware, lest we fall short of that ability wherewith the Gods have endued us; since this would not be to honour, but express our contempt: But, having done all in our power, there is no longer any thing left us whereof to be afraid;—nothing, indeed, which we may not hope for. For, from whom can we reasonably expect the most good, but from those beings who are possessed of the greatest power? Either what better can we do, to secure it to ourselves, than conciliate their favour—but, we best conciliate their favour when we obey their commands.”

In this manner did Socrates instruct his followers in their duty to the Gods: And forasmuch as all his precepts were ever accompanied with the practice of the purest devotion; he greatly advanced the piety of his friends.

## CHAPTER IV

With regard to justice;—no one could doubt what were the sentiments of Socrates concerning it; since all his actions, both public and private, sufficiently declared them. He was always willing to assist whoever wanted his assistance; to observe the laws, and to obey the legal commands of the magistrate; so that, whether in the city or the camp, Socrates distinguished himself above all others, for the readiness and exactness wherewith he executed every order. When it came to his turn to preside in the public assemblies, he would suffer no decree to pass in them which appeared to him contrary to the laws; but stood up alone in defence of them; opposing, on a time, so violent a tumult of the people as, I think, none but himself could possibly have withstood: And when the Thirty imposed upon him things which were unjust; he paid no regard to their injunctions, but continued to discourse with the young men as usual, after the time they had ordered him otherwise; neither would obey, when they commanded him, and three others, to bring a certain person to execution, as knowing he had been condemned by them contrary to all law.—And, whereas it was common for others when on their trial, to talk much with their judges; to flatter, and shamefully solicit their favour, which oft-times they procured, in direct opposition to the laws; Socrates would not avail himself of these arts, however easy it was to have brought himself off by any the smallest compliance with the custom; but chose rather, as he himself said to those friends who counselled him otherwise, to die, continuing stedfast to the laws, than save his life by such indirect practices.

Now, though Socrates talked to several on that subject, yet I particularly remember a conversation he once had with Hippias, the Elean, concerning justice. This man, after having been a long time absent from Athens, happened, on his return, to come accidentally to a place where Socrates was talking with some friends, and saying,—“That if any one wanted to have a person taught the trade of a carpenter, a smith, or a shoe-maker, he need not be at a loss for somebody to instruct him;—Or, if his horse was to be broke to the bit, or his ox to the yoke; many would be ready enough to undertake them: But, if he wanted to learn how he, himself, might become a good man; or have a son, or any other of his family made so; it was not an easy matter to find out whom to apply to.”

Hippias having heard this, said to him jeeringly,—“What, Socrates, still saying the same things we heard you say before I left Athens?”

“I am, replied Socrates; and, what is still more wonderful on the same subject; but you, Hippias, being so very learned, may perhaps do otherwise?”

“You are in the right, said Hippias, for I always endeavour to say something new.”

“Is it possible! Said Socrates. But pray, continued he; suppose you were asked how many letters there were in my name; and what they were called; would you sometimes say one thing, and sometimes another? And would you not always answer, when asked, that five and five make ten?”

“As to such things, said Hippias, I certainly should say the same as you; but we are now talking of justice; or the rule of right and wrong; and I think I have now something to say concerning it, as can hardly be controverted by you, or any other.”

“By the Gods, replied Socrates, the discovery will be most useful! The standard of right and wrong once fixed; all difference of opinion among the judges;—all sedition among the people; all law-suits between citizens;—all wars and contentions among communities, must

be at an end! And truly it would grieve me to leave you, Hippias, without knowing what this inestimable secret may be that you say you have discovered.”

“But is it certain, said Hippias, you will not know it without first telling us your sentiments concerning justice, or this rule of right: For you content yourself, Socrates, with asking questions; and afterwards confuting the answers that are made you, in order to turn those who make them into ridicule; but never advance any thing of your own, that you may not be called upon to support your opinion.”

“How! Said Socrates; perceive you not that I am continually demonstrating to the world my sentiments concerning justice?”

“And in what manner do you demonstrate them, said Hippias.”

“By my actions, replied Socrates;—at least as much deserving of credit, as words.”

“By Jupiter, said Hippias, I should fancy somewhat more; for I have heard many declaim loudly in behalf of justice, who were all the time very far from being just: But he who is upright in his actions, must necessarily be an upright man.”

“But when have you known me, said Socrates, bearing false witness, or slandering any man? Where was it that I sowed dissention between friends? stirred up sedition in the Republic? or, practised any other kind of injustice whatsoever?”

“I cannot say, answered the other.”

“And do you not think, that to refrain from injustice, is to be just?”

“Ay, now Socrates, said Hippias, you are endeavouring to get off; and care not to give us your opinion freely: For you only tell us what a just man should not do; but not one syllable of what he should.”

“I thought, replied Socrates, that a voluntary forbearance of all injustice, was sufficient to denominate a person just: But, if it seemeth not so to you, Hippias; let us see if this will satisfy you better:—I say then, that justice is no other, than a due observance of the laws.”

“Do you mean, that to be just, and to live agreeably to the laws, is the same thing?”

“I do.”

“I CANNOT comprehend you.”

“Know you the laws of the City?”

“Certainly.”

“And what are they?”

“Those things, said Hippias, which the people ordain in a public assembly, after having agreed what ought, or ought not to be done.”

“Then he who lives in the Republic according to these ordinances, lives according to the laws?—And he who doth otherwise, must be deemed a transgressor?”

“He must.”

“And is not he who obeys these ordinances just? He who doth not obey them, unjust?”

“Undoubtedly.”

“But he who doth that which is just, is just: He who doth that which is unjust, unjust?”

“It cannot be otherwise.”

“Therefore, said Socrates, they who observe the laws, are just; they who do not observe them, unjust.”

“But, said Hippias, what good can there be in obeying the laws; or even in the very laws themselves, when we see those who make them, not only continually altering them, but even oft-times abrogating them wholly?”

“Do not cities make war; and then again peace with one another?”

“They do.”

“But may you not as well laugh at your enemies, said Socrates, for putting themselves in a posture of defence in time of war, because a time of peace will come; as blame those who observe the laws; because they may afterwards happen to be abrogated?—Besides, by so doing, you condemn all those who nobly expose their lives in the service of their country. And farther;—can you suppose, continued he, that Lycurgus could have brought the Republic of Sparta to excel all others, if he had not wrought into the very minds of his citizens, a strict observance of his laws? And are not they who shew themselves the most diligent and active to secure this observance, always considered as the best magistrates, seeing it is the certain way to render that city not only the most happy in time of peace; but by far the most formidable in time of war? Neither can you want to be informed, said Socrates, of the benefits arising to the state from unanimity, since the people are daily exhorted thereto: And, even throughout all Greece, it is every where the custom, to tender an oath to each person whereby he engages to live in concord with his fellow-citizens. Now this is not done, as I suppose, for this purpose only, that all should be of the same opinion concerning the chorusses; admire the same actor; praise the same poet; and delight in the same pleasures; but, obey the same laws; as being what alone can give security, strength, and happiness to any nation: a concord, said he, of that necessity, that not only states, but private families, cannot be well governed where it is wanting. For, with regard to our conduct, considered as individuals;—what better means can we employ to avoid the incurring public punishment;—what better, for the procuring public honours and rewards, than a careful and steady observance of all the laws? What so likely to gain a process in our favour when we have law-suits depending before any of our tribunals? To whom do we intrust, with equal confidence, our wealth, our sons and our daughters? or even the whole city deem so deserving of their credit? Who is he that so faithfully dischargeth what he oweth to his father,—to his mother;—to his relations;—to his domestics,—to his friends,—to his fellow-citizens,—to foreigners? With whom would our enemies rather leave their hostages during the truce; or more readily depend upon for the punctual performance of the articles of peace; or more desire to join with in strict alliance? Or to whom do our confederates rather entrust the command of their armies, or the government of their fortresses, than to the man who is careful not to infringe the laws? From whom can they, who bestow favours, be so sure of receiving the proper acknowledgments? And consequently, to whom should we rather chuse to shew courtesy and kindness, than to him who is ever ready to confess the obligation? In short, who is there we should more earnestly desire for a friend, or less wish for an enemy, than he whom few would willingly offend; while many strive to obtain his favour? Now these, Hippias, are the advantages that accrue to us from a careful and diligent observance of the laws: But, with me, to be an observer of the laws, and to be just, imply the same thing:—If it appears otherwise to you; shew us, I beseech you, what may be your opinion.”

“Truly, answered Hippias, I do not see that what you have said of justice is at all different to my own notions of it.”

“Have you never heard, continued Socrates, of certain laws that are not written?”

“You mean such as are in force everywhere?”

“True;—did all mankind concur in making them? ”

“Impossible; since all mankind could not assemble in one place; neither would all have spoken the same language.”

“Whence then do you suppose we had them?”

“From the Gods I should imagine; for the first command every where is, TO ADORE THE GODS.”

“And is it not, likewise, as universally commanded, “THAT PARENTS ARE TO BE HONOURED?”

“It is.”

“AND, THAT THEY OUGHT NOT TO MARRY WITH THEIR CHILDREN?”

“But this last, said Hippias, doth not seem to be from the Gods.”

“And why not?”

“Because, replied Hippias, I see some who transgress it.”

“Neither, perhaps, do they observe the other better,—nevertheless, continued Socrates, it ought always to be remembered, that no one ever violates the laws of the Gods with impunity; the punishment being ever annexed to the commission of the crime; whereas means are often found to elude by fraud, or escape by force, the penalties incurred for the breach of such laws as are only of human institution.”

“But what is this punishment, said Hippias, which you say is not to be avoided by those who marry with their own children?”

“The greatest of any: For what can be worse than not to have *good* children?”

“And from whence do you infer that such must necessarily have bad children; since, if parents are good themselves, what should hinder their having good children?”

“It is not enough, said Socrates, that parents are virtuous: They ought, both of them, to be in the perfection of their age, if they would have their children such as they wish them. For, do you suppose, Hippias, that children, produced by parents not yet arrived to a state of maturity; or, by such as are already past it, can be compared with the offspring of those who are in the prime of life, and perfection of their nature?”

“I suppose they cannot.”

“And which do you take to be the best?”

“Those, no doubt, said Hippias, whose parents are in the perfection of their nature.”

“Then, children, produced by such as are not yet arrived to a state of maturity, or are now far past it; are not good;—or, such as we desire to have them?”

“So it seemeth.”

“People then, who are under either of these circumstances, ought not to have children?”

“They ought not.”

“Those therefore, said Socrates, who indulge themselves in this disorderly manner; what can they else, than produce a miserable offspring?”

“They cannot, Socrates, for even in this point, I am ready to agree with you.”

“But, what think you, Hippias; is not this also an universal law: THAT, WE SHOULD DO GOOD TO THOSE WHO DO GOOD TO US?”

“Certainly.”

“Yet it is transgressed by many, said Socrates; how be it, they go not unpunished, any more than the other; since thereby they lose their most valuable friends; and follow those who must hate them. For, are not they, Hippias, our most valuable friends, from whom we receive the most essential acts of kindness?—But he who neglects to acknowledge the kindness of his friends; or returns it with evil; must be hated for his ingratitude: Yet, because of the advantages he still hopes to receive, he continues to pursue those who shun him; and this, with the meanest, most servile assiduity.”

“Assuredly, said Hippias, these things are of the Gods!—For, when I consider every breach of these laws, as carrying along with it the punishment of the transgressor: I cannot but allow them to proceed from a more excellent legislator, than is to be found among the sons of men.”

“But, what think you, Hippias?—do the Gods make the laws that are unjust?”

“So far from it, said Hippias, that I believe it almost impossible for any but the Gods, to make such, as are perfectly otherwise.”

“Then, certainly, replied Socrates, the Gods themselves shew to us;—that, to OBEY THE LAWS, and to be JUST, is the same thing.”

After this manner would Socrates reason concerning justice:—And, his actions being at all times conformable to his words, he daily increased the love of it in the minds of all his followers.

## CHAPTER V

I shall next relate the arguments which Socrates employed, in order to make his hearers *able* to practise what was right. And, being of opinion, that temperance was absolutely necessary for the well performance of any thing excellent; and having, in the first place, shewn by his manner of living, how far he surpassed all others in the exercise of this virtue; he endeavoured by his discourses, as well as by his example, to excite his friends to the practice of it. And as all his thoughts were only bent on the improvement of mankind, he never lost an opportunity of introducing into his conversation whatever he supposed, might conduce to that end: And it was to this purpose, that he once talked, as I remember, to Euthydemus in the following manner.

“Is it your opinion, said he to him, that liberty is a fair, and valuable possession?”

“So valuable, replied Euthydemus, that I know of nothing more valuable.”

“But he who is so far overcome by sensual pleasure, that he is not able to practise what is the best, and, consequently, the most eligible; do you count this man free, Euthydemus?”

“Far from it, replied the other.”

“You think then, said Socrates, that freedom consists in being *able* to do what is right;—slavery, in *not* being able; whatever may be the cause that deprives us of the power?”

“I do, most certainly.”

“The debauchee then you must suppose in this state of slavery?”

“I do; and with good reason.”

“But doth intemperance, Euthydemus, only withhold from acting right? Or doth it not frequently urge us on to the practice of what is evil?”

“I believe it may do both, said Euthydemus.”

“And what should you say to a master, who not only opposes your applying yourself to any one thing commendable, but obliges you to undertake many that must bring on you dishonour?”

“I should esteem him the worst in the world, replied Euthydemus.”

“And what the worst servitude?”

“To serve such a master.”

“Then it should follow, said Socrates, that he who is intemperate, is the very lowest of all slaves?”

“I believe it, said Euthydemus.”

“Doth not intemperance; continued Socrates, rob us of our reason; that chief excellence of man! and drive us on to commit the very greatest disorders?—Can he, who is immersed in pleasure, find time to turn his thoughts on things that are useful? But, and if he could; his judgment is so far overborne by his appetites, that, seeing the right path, he deliberately rejects it: Neither, continued Socrates, should we expect modesty in such a character; it being most certain, that nothing can well stand at a greater distance from this, than the whole life of the voluptuary.”

“That is certain, replied Euthydemus.”

“But what can be so likely to obstruct either the practice of the knowledge of our duty, as intemperance? What can we suppose so fatally pernicious to man, as that which depriveth him of his understanding; makes him prefer with eagerness the things that are useless; avoid, or reject, whatever is profitable; and act in every respect so unlike a wise man?”

“Nothing, that I know of, said Euthydemus.”

“Must not temperance produce the very contrary effects?”

“Most assuredly.”

“But whatever produceth the contrary effects, should be good?”

“No doubt of it.”

“Then, temperance must be deemed so?”

“I own it, said Euthydemus.”

“But have you thoroughly considered this point, Euthydemus?”

“What point do you mean?”

“That, however intemperance may promise pleasure; it can never bestow any; for this must be the gift of temperance and sobriety.”

“But why not?” answered Euthydemus.”

“Because the intemperate will not endure thirst and hunger; nor submit to any other want of nature; without which, however, no pleasure can arise from any sensual gratification; neither is it possible for that sleep to be sweet, which is not preceded by some degree of watchfulness:—Therefore, my Euthydemus, intemperance must ever be a stranger to the delight which arises from those actions, which are not only necessary, but of daily use; while the temperate man, ever willing to await the call of nature, enjoys them to the full; and tastes pleasures that satiety cannot know.”

“I believe it, replied Euthydemus.”

“Furthermore, continued Socrates; it is this virtue alone, Euthydemus, which places both the body and the mind, in their utmost degree of perfection; qualifying the man for the study, the knowledge and the practice of his duty; whereby he is enabled to govern his house prudently; serve his country and his friends usefully; conquer his enemies gloriously: Neither are they the many benefits arising from such a conduct, that alone recommend it;—the consciousness of being thus employed, must yield perpetual complacency and satisfaction: But it is a complacency and satisfaction which belongeth not to the voluptuous: Indeed, whom do we find at a greater distance from these, than the man whose every faculty is so entirely engaged in the pursuit of present pleasure, as to leave him no liberty for the performance of what is commendable.”

“One would suppose, said Euthydemus, from your manner of speaking, that no one virtue can belong to those who suffer themselves to be led away by sensual gratifications?”

“And where is the difference, said Socrates, between him, who staying not to examine what is the best, eagerly rushes to seize what seems pleasant; and the wolf, or the sheep; or any other animal void of reason? But it is the temperate alone, my Euthydemus, who are able to enquire into the nature of things, and find out their difference; and, carefully consulting both reason and experience, can select what is good; reject what is evil; and become by that means both wise and happy.”

Socrates likewise added, that by a constant exercise of this discriminating power, men were taught to reason well: And that the term, CONFERENCE, given to their assemblies, implied, that the very *end* of their meeting was in order to examine into the nature of things; and class them properly: And he advised his followers to the frequent holding of these conferences; saying, it would be the best means to mature their judgment; making them thereby truly great; and capable of governing both themselves, and others.”<sup>135</sup>

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<sup>135</sup> Socrates in this place lays the greatest stress on dialectic, that is to say, that species of logic which is exercised in society and conversation by reciprocal questioning and answering; where, through the

## CHAPTER VI

I SHALL next endeavour to explain in what manner Socrates improved his friends in his method of reasoning.

Now, he always held, that whoever had acquired clear ideas himself, might, with equal clearness, explain those ideas: But, it was no marvel, he said, if such as were deficient in that particular, should not only be led into error themselves, but mislead others. He therefore was never weary of conferring with his friends; and searching out wherein the peculiar property of all things consisted:—But, as it would be difficult to relate the various subjects he endeavoured to explain; I shall mention no more, than what I think may be sufficient, to make his method of reasoning plainly appear:—And, in the first place, he thus enquired into the nature of piety:—

“Can you tell us, said he, Euthydemus, what piety is?”

“A most excellent thing, replied the other.”

“And what a pious man?”

“One who serveth the Gods, answered Euthydemus.”

“But, may every one serve them in what manner he pleaseth?”

“Not so assuredly, said Euthydemus, since there are certain laws; and according to these laws we ought to serve them.”

“He, then, who observeth these laws, said Socrates, shall *know* in what manner he ought to serve the Gods?”

“So I imagine.”

“But he who *knoweth* the way of serving them;—will he prefer any other to that he *knoweth*.”

“I suppose not.”

“Will he not rather be careful, said Socrates, *not* to serve them, contrary to what he *knoweth*.”

“He will.”

“The man then, Euthydemus, who *knoweth* the laws, that are to regulate his conduct in serving of the Gods; will serve them, according to these laws?”

“No doubt.”

“And he, who serveth them, according to these laws, will serve them as he *ought*?”

“He will.”

“But he, who serveth them as he *ought*, is pious?”

“Assuredly.”

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joint endeavours of the parties conversing, truth is distinguished from falshood, and the former established, the latter rejected. The whole of the work here translated is an exemplification of this practice, as are also the dialogues of Plato, who learnt it, as well as Xenophon, from their common great master, Socrates.

As for the etymology, it appears that Socrates derived *Dialegesthai*, the verb middle, signifying to discourse together upon a subject from *Dialegein*, the verb active, signifying to separate and distinguish, because in discourse things were distinguished according to the several kinds or genera. For the truth of this assertion we may refer (as we have already) to the whole of this work, and in particular to the chapter following, where, by the help of this distinctive or dialectic process, we may find the nature and essence of many beings traced out and ascertained. Mr. Harris.

“Then he, who *knoweth* how he ought to serve the Gods; may rightly be defined, a PIOUS man?”<sup>136</sup>

“So it seemeth.”

“But tell me, added Socrates, are we at liberty to behave towards each other, in what manner we please?”

“Not so, answered Euthydemus: There are also certain laws to be observed by us, with regard to men.”

“And do they who live together according to these laws, live as they ought to do?”

“One can suppose no other.”

“And he who lives as he ought to live, treats mankind *properly*?”

“He does.”

“And they who treat mankind *properly*, execute *properly* all human affairs?”

“One should suppose so.”

“<sup>137</sup>But do you believe, Euthydemus, there are any who obey the laws, without *knowing* what the laws enjoin?”

“I do not believe there are any.”

“But when a man *knows* what he ought to do, will he think he ought to act otherwise?”

“I do not imagine he will.”

“Then such men as *know* the laws to be observed by mankind in their dealings with each other—will observe them?”

“They will.”

“And those who observe to do what the laws command, do that which is just?”

“They do,” replied Euthydemus.

“But those who act justly, are just?”

“There are no other, said Euthydemus, who can be so.”

“May we not be said then to make a right definition, when we call *them* just, who *know* the laws which mankind ought to observe, in their commerce with one another?”

“It seems so to me,” said Euthydemus.

“And what shall we say of wisdom, Euthydemus?—Is it in regard to things they *know*, or do *not* know, that men are *wise*?”

“Certainly, on the account of what they do *know*, said Euthydemus; for how can any one be *wise*, as to things which he understands not?”

“Then it is on account of their *knowledge* that men are wise?”

“Most certainly.”

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<sup>136</sup> How sophistical is this way of reasoning; and how pernicious the notion it is endeavouring to establish! But I can no way so effectually shew the ill tendency of it, as in borrowing, for the purpose, the words of one who will ever be, not only a credit to her sex, but an honour to her country. “The most ignorant persons, says Mrs Carter, in one of her notes on Epictetus, often practice what they know to be evil: And they who voluntarily suffer, as many do, their inclinations to blind their judgment, are not justified by following it. The doctrine of Epictetus therefore, here, and elsewhere, on this head, contradicts the voice of reason and conscience: Nor is it less pernicious than ill-grounded. It destroys all guilt and merit; all punishment and reward; all blame of ourselves and others; all sense of misbehavior towards our fellow-creatures, or our Creator: No wonder that such philosophers did not teach repentance towards God.”—p.62.

<sup>137</sup> As the Greek text, in this part, is somewhat confused, the translation follows Mr. Charpentier.

Ed.’s note: *Trois Ouvrages de Xénophon*, 2 vols, *Les Choses mémorables de Xénophon et la vie de Socrate*(1650), vol. 2, traduit par M. Charpentier (Amsterdam: Aux dépens de la Compagnie, 1758).

“But wisdom is nothing else but the being wise.”

“It is not.”

“Consequently, said Socrates, *knowlege* is wisdom.”

“I grant it, said Euthydemus.”

“But do you think, continued Socrates, that any one man is capable of knowing all things?”

“No;—nor the thousandth part,” returned Euthydemus.

“Then it is impossible for him to be wise in all things?”

“It is.”

“It must follow then, that no one is wise, but in such things as he knoweth?”

“Certainly.”

“But can we, Euthydemus, discover the nature of *good*; by this, our present method of trying and comparing things?”

“What do you mean?” said Euthydemus.

“Is one and the same thing useful for all men; and to every purpose?”

”No, certainly.”

“It may then be useful to one man, and hurtful to another?”

“It may assuredly.”

“Then, to constitute any thing good, it must be found useful?”

“It must.”

“Consequently, replied Socrates, that which is useful, is good for him to whom it is useful?”

“I own it.”

“And *beautiful*,—Euthydemus;—may we not determine the same concerning *this*? for we cannot say of a body or vessel, of what kind soever, that it is beautiful with regard to *every* purpose.”

“We cannot.”

“Perhaps you would say then, continued Socrates, that it is beautiful with respect to that particular thing for which it is proper?”

“I would.”

“But that which is beautiful on the account of its being well suited to one thing; is it also beautiful with respect to every other?”

“Not at all.”

“Then, whatever is well-suited, is beautiful, with regard to that thing to which it is well-suited?”

“It is so,” said Euthydemus.

“Also, courage, Euthydemus;—do you look upon courage as any thing excellent?”

“Most excellent,” answered Euthydemus.

“Is it of much use on occasions of little moment?”

“The advantage of it, said Euthydemus, is chiefly in things of importance.”

“Is it of service to us, said Socrates, not to see our danger?”

“I think not.”

“But not to be frighted, when we see no danger, is scarcely being valiant?”

“It is not, said Euthydemus; for, otherwise, there are madmen, and even cowards, who might be called brave.”

“And what are they, continued Socrates, who fear, where there is nothing to be feared?”

“These, I should think, at a greater distance from courage, than the other.”

“They, therefore, who shew themselves brave, when sensible of their danger, are valiant; those who act otherwise, cowardly?”

“It is true.”

“But do you think, Euthydemus, any one can behave as he *ought*, if he *knows* not in what manner he *ought* to behave?”

“I should imagine not.”

“And, are not they, who behave ill, and they who know not how to behave, the same people?”

“I believe they are.”

“Doth not every man behave as he thinks he ought to behave?”

“Certainly.”

“Can we say, then, that he who behaves ill, *knows* in what manner he ought to behave?”

“We cannot.”

“But he who *knows* how to behave as he ought, *doth* behave as he ought?”

“He is the only man, said Euthydemus, who can do it.”

“We will conclude then, our discourse, my Euthydemus, with saying, That he, who *knows* how to behave, properly, in all cases of difficulty and danger, is brave: He who *knows* it not, is a coward.”

“I agree with you entirely,” replied Euthydemus.

Socrates used to say, “That a regal government, and a tyranny, were each of them of that species of dominion, which is called monarchical; but differed in this particular: That the submission of men, under a regal government, was altogether voluntary; and nothing could be done in it, which was not agreeable to the laws: whereas, under a tyranny, the people were compelled to obey; the will of the Prince being the sole standard of the laws. As to the other forms of government, he would say, “That, when the chief offices of the Commonwealth were lodged in the hands of a small number of the most eminent citizens, it was called an aristocracy;—when with the richest, elected on account of their riches, a plutocracy;—and when the whole people were admitted indifferently into power, this, he said, was a democracy.”

Now, when any one shewed himself of a different opinion to Socrates, without producing a sufficient reason for his dissenting;—as when, for example, on his commending any one, the preference was given to some other, as more valiant, or better skilled in the affairs of the administration;—his custom was, to carry back the argument to the very first proposition; and, from thence, set out in the search of truth;—saying to them,—“You assert then, that the man, whom you speak well of, is a far *better citizen* than he whom I recommend?”—And, being answered, “It was true:”—“We may not do amiss then, said Socrates, to examine first of all, what the office of a *good* citizen is,—and what the man should be, who gains to himself the esteem of the Republic.”

“It is right,” answered the other.

“If the affair then relates to the management of the Treasury, I suppose, it must be one, who, during his administration, is the most careful of the public money?—If, to war;—then, he who renders his country victorious over its enemies, will be held in the highest estimation?”

“Undoubtedly.”

“When treaties are forming, should not he, who, by his address, gains over to the interest of the Republic, those who before were its enemies, be the most sure of our approbation?”

“He should.”

“And,—with regard to the business carried on in our public assemblies;—to calm sedition;—break cabals;—and restore concord and unanimity, should best shew the *good citizen?*”

This likewise being granted—and application made of these several particulars to the point in question; the truth shone forth to the acknowledgement of all; even of the very man, who, before had opposed him. And it was ever his manner, when he intended to examine any thing thoroughly, to begin with such propositions as were self-evident, and universally received; and said, that herein consisted the whole strength of reasoning. Nor have I ever yet known any man who could so readily bring others to admit the truth of what he wished to prove, as Socrates:—And he thought Homer only gave Ulysses the appellation of the *irresistible* orator, because he would lead his argument, step by step, through such paths, as lay obvious to the eyes of all mankind.

Thus have I, as it seemeth to me, made it sufficiently appear, with what sincerity and openness, Socrates conversed with his followers, and shewed them his sentiments on every occasion.

## CHAPTER VII

NEITHER must I omit to mention, how solicitous Socrates always shewed himself to have his friends become capable of performing their own business; that they might not stand in need of others to perform it for them. For this reason, he made it his study, more than any man I ever knew, to find out wherein any of his followers were likely to excel in things not unbecoming a wise and good man: And in such points as he himself could give them any instruction, he did it with the utmost readiness; and where he could not, was always forward to carry them to some more skilful master. Yet was he very careful to fix the bounds in every science; beyond which, he would say, no person, properly instructed, ought to pass. And, therefore, in geometry, for example,—he thought it sufficient if so much of it was known, as would secure a man from being imposed upon in the buying and selling of land;—direct him in the proper distributions of the several portions of an inheritance, and in measuring out the labourer's work:—All which, he said, was so easy to be done, that he who applied himself to this science, though almost ever so slightly, might soon find out in what manner to measure the whole earth, and describe its circumference. But to dive deep into such things; and perplex the mind with various, uncouth figures; and hard to be understood; although he himself had much knowlege therein, he approved not of it, as seeing no use in these nice enquiries; which consume all his time, and engross the whole man; taking off his thoughts from more profitable studies. He also advised his friends to gain such a knowlege of astronomy as to be able to tell by the stars the hours of the night;—the day of the month; and the seasons of the year; that they should not be at a loss when to relieve the centinel;—begin a journey or a voyage; or do any other thing which depends on this science: All which, he said, was easily to be learnt by conversing with sea-faring men, or those whose custom it was to hunt in the night:—But, to go farther, in order to find out what planets were in the same declension;—explain their different motions;—tell their distances from the earth;—their influences;—together with the time necessary for the performance of their respective revolutions:—*These*; and things like *these*, he strongly dissuaded his followers from attempting: Not as being ignorant of them himself; but he judged of this science, as he did of the former,—That to examine deeply into the nature of such things, would rob us of all our time;—divert our thoughts from useful studies; and after all produce nothing that could turn to our advantage. In short—he would not that men should too curiously search into that marvellous art, wherewith the maker of the universe had disposed the several parts of it; seeing it was a subject incomprehensible to the mind of man;—neither yet pleasing to the Gods to attempt to discover the things which they, in their wisdom, had thought fit to conceal. He also said,—“that the understanding, unable to bear these towering speculations, oft-times lost itself in the enquiry; as was the case with Anaxagoras, who gloried not a little in the extent of his knowlege: Yet this very man asserted, “that the sun was the same as fire;” forgetful that the eye can bear the light of the fire; whereas the lustre of the sun is too dazzling for it to behold. Neither did he consider that the rays of the sun change the skin black: which the fire doth not: As also, that its warmth produces, and brings to perfection, trees, and flowers, and fruits of the earth; while it is the property of the fire to wither, and consume them. He said, moreover, “that the sun was no other than a stone thoroughly inflamed;—not perceiving, added Socrates, that the stone shineth not in the fire; neither can remain there any long time, without wasting; whereas, the sun abideth still the same;—an inexhaustible source of light, and warmth to us.”

Socrates also recommended the study of arithmetic to his friends; and assisted them, as was his custom, in tracing out the several parts of it, as far as might be useful: But here, as elsewhere, fixed bounds to their enquiries; never suffering them to run out into vain and trifling disquisitions which could be of no advantage, either to themselves, or others.

He always earnestly exhorted his friends to be careful of their health: And to this end, not only advised them to consult those who were skilful therein; but of themselves to be continually attentive to their diet and exercise; always preferring what would keep them in the best health, since they who did this would seldom, he said, want a better physician.—And when he found any who could not satisfy themselves with the knowlege that lay within the reach of human wisdom; Socrates advised that they should diligently apply to the study of divination: Asserting, that whoever was acquainted with those mediums, which the Gods made use of when they communicated any thing to man, should never be left destitute of divine counsel.

## CHAPTER VIII

And now, if any one should be inclined to conclude, that Socrates asserted a falshood, when he declared himself under the guidance of a good genius, seeing he acted, in such a manner, as to incur the sentence of death;—let such a one, I say, consider that he was now already so far advanced in age, that, if he died not then, he must die soon after; and that he only relinquished that part of life, which is held the most painful; and when the faculties of the mind are greatly impaired: Whereas, he now manifested to all the world the strength and vigour of his soul; and gained to himself immortal honour, by the manner in which he spake while before his judges. And, indeed, no man was ever known to plead his own cause, with that plainness, firmness, and steady regard to truth; at the same time, that he received his condemnation with that meekness and magnanimity, as altogether surpassed the example of former ages; it being, on all hands, universally acknowledged, that no man, ever met death in like manner as Socrates.

After his sentence, he was obliged to live thirty days in prison; the laws forbidding any one to be put to death until the return of the sacred vessel:<sup>138</sup> During which time his friends conversed with him daily, and saw no change in his behaviour, for he still retained that tranquility of mind and pleasing turn of humour, which had made him so justly admired by all mankind. Now, who could give greater proofs of fortitude?—Either, what death could be attended with more honour?—But, the death which is the most honourable, is, likewise, the most happy;—and that which is the most happy, is best pleasing to the Gods.

I shall farther relate, what I heard from Hermogenes, the son of Hipponius, concerning Socrates. This man being along with him, after the time that Melitus had accused him; and observing that he rather chose to discourse on any other subject, than the business of the trial; asked, “Whether it was not necessary to be preparing for his justification?” “And what, answered Socrates, suppose you, my Hermogenes! that I have not, throughout life, been preparing for this very thing?”—Hermogenes then desiring him to explain his meaning;—I have, said he, made it the business of my whole life, to examine what things were just, or unjust; and have as steadily persisted in practicing the one, and refraining from the other; and, *this* I take to be the best way of preparing for my trial.” “But know you not, replied Hermogenes, that here, in Athens, the judges oft-times condemn those to death, who have no way deserved it, only because their manner of speaking was displeasing; while, on the other hand, they not less frequently acquit the guilty?”

‘I do know it, answered Socrates; and, be assured, my Hermogenes, that I did not neglect to take the matter of my defence under consideration;—but the genius opposed me.’

Hermogenes replying, that he talked marvellously;—“But why, said he, should it be marvellous, that God should think *this* the very best time for me to die?—Know you not, that hitherto I have granted to no man, that he hath lived either better, or even more pleasureably than I; if,—as I think it is,—to be alone solicitous after the attainment of virtue be LIVING WELL;—and the consciousness of making some proficiency therein, PLEASANT: And, that I did make some proficiency therein, I well perceived, by comparing myself with others, and

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<sup>138</sup> The ship which was sent away every year from Athens to Delos, in memory of the victory obtained by Theseus over the Minotaur; when it was forbidden by the laws, to put any man to death during the time of its being absent.

from the testimony of my own conscience;—my friends also saying the same concerning me: Not for that they loved me: Since,—if so,—every friend would think the same of *him* whom he was a friend to; but because, as it seemed to them, they themselves became better men, from having much conversed with me. But, if my life should be still prolonged, it can hardly be but the infirmities of old age will likewise come upon me: My sight will fail; my hearing grow heavy; and my understanding much impaired; so that I shall find it more difficult to learn, as less easy to retain what I have learnt already: Deprived too of the power of performing many of those things, which, heretofore, I have excelled in. And if, after all, I should become insensible to these decays; still, life would not be life, but a wearisome burthen: And, if otherwise;—if I, indeed, find, and feel them,—how unpleasant, how afflicting, must a state like *this*, prove! If I die, wrongfully,—the shame must be *theirs*, who put me wrongfully to death:—Since, if injustice is shameful; so, likewise, every act of it;—but no disgrace will it bring on me, that others have not seen that I was innocent. The examples drawn from former ages sufficiently shew us, that those who *commit* wrong, and they who *suffer* it, stand not alike, in the remembrance of men:—And, I am persuaded, that if I now die, I shall be held in far higher estimation by those who come after me, than any of my judges; since posterity will not fail to testify concerning me, that I neither wronged, nor yet, by my discourses, corrupted any man; but, contrary-wise, strove throughout life, to the utmost of my power, to make all those, who conversed with me, HAPPY.

In this manner did Socrates continue to discourse with Hermogenes, and others:—Nor are there any among those who knew him, if lovers of virtue, who do not daily regret the loss of his conversation; convinced how much they might have been advantaged thereby.

As to myself;—knowing him, of a truth, to be such a man as I have described;—so pious towards the Gods, as never to undertake any thing without having first consulted them:—So just towards men, as never to do an injury, even the slightest, to any one; whilst many, and great, were the benefits he conferred on all with whom he had any dealings:—So temperate, and chaste, as not to indulge any appetite, or inclination, at the expence of whatever was modest or becoming:—So prudent, as never to err in judging of good and evil; nor wanting the assistance of others, to discriminate rightly concerning them:—So able to discourse upon, and define with the greatest accuracy, not only those points of which we have been speaking, but likewise of every other; and looking, as it were, into the minds of men, discover the very moment for reprehending vice, or stimulating to the love of virtue:—Experiencing, as I have done, all these excellencies in Socrates; I can never cease considering him as the most virtuous, and the most happy of all mankind. But, if there is any one who is disposed to think otherwise, Let him go, and compare Socrates with any other; and afterwards, let him determine.

FINIS

## The Defence of Socrates, Before his JUDGES

By XENOPHON

I have always considered the manner, in which Socrates behaved after he had been summoned to his trial, as most worthy of our remembrance; and that, not only with respect to the defence he made for himself, when standing before his judges; but the sentiments he express'd, concerning his dissolution. For, although there be many who have written on this subject, and all concur in setting forth the wonderful courage and intrepidity wherewith he spake to the Assembly; so that it remaineth incontestible, that Socrates did thus speak;—yet,—that it was his full persuasion, that death was more eligible for him, than life, at such a season, they have by no means so clearly manifested; whereby the loftiness of his stile, and the boldness of his speech, may wear, at least, the appearance, of being imprudent and unbecoming.

But Hermogenes, the son of Hipponicus, was his intimate friend; and from him it is we have heard those things of Socrates, as sufficiently prove the sublimity of his language, was only conformable to the sentiments of his mind. For, having observed him, as he tells us, chusing rather to discourse on any other subject than the business of his trial; he asked him—“If it was not necessary to be preparing for his defence?” —And “What! Said he, my Hermogenes—suppose you I have not spent my whole life in preparing for this very thing?”—Hermogenes desiring he would explain himself:—“I have, said he, steadily persisted, throughout life, in a diligent endeavour to do nothing which is unjust; and *this* I take to be the best, and most honourable preparation.”

“But see you not, said Hermogenes, that oft-times here in Athens, the judges, influenced by the force of oratory, condemn those to death who no way deserve it; and, not less frequently, acquit the guilty, when soften'd into compassion by the moving complaints, or the insinuating eloquence of those who plead their cause before them?”

“I know it, replied Socrates; and, therefore, *twice* have I attempted to take the matter of my defence under consideration: But the GENIUS<sup>139</sup> always opposed me.”

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<sup>139</sup> Various have been the opinions concerning this genius, or demon of Socrates; and too many for the translator to enumerate. What seems the most probable and satisfactory is, that the genius of Socrates, so differently spoken of, was nothing more than an uncommon strength of judgment, and justness of thinking; which measuring events by the rules of prudence, assisted by long experience, and much observation: unclouded, and unbiassed by any prejudices, or passions, rendered Socrates capable of looking, as it were, into futurity, and foretelling what would be the success of those affairs about which he had been consulted by others, or was deliberating upon for himself. And, in support of this opinion, they urge his custom of sending his friends—Xenophon, for example—to consult the oracle when any thing too obscure for human reason to penetrate, was proposed to him: To which might be added, as no mean testimony, his own practice on all such occasions. But from whence this notion arose, of his being thus uncommonly assisted, is not easy to determine. It might perhaps be from nothing more, as some have imagined, than from his having casually said on some occasion—“My GENIUS would not suffer me.” Alluding to the notion which prevailed with many; that every one had a genius to watch over, and direct him. And although nothing more was at the first either intended, or understood by it, than when we say, “my good angel forbad me;” or, said so and so to me;—yet, being verified by the event, it came at length to be considered, by a superstitious people, as something supernatural: And, as it added much weight to his counsel, and instructions, neither Socrates, nor his

Hermogenes having expressed some astonishment at these words, —Socrates proceeded,—

“Doth it then appear marvellous to you, my Hermogenes! that GOD should think *this*, the very best time for me to die?—Know you not, that hitherto I have yielded to no man, that he hath lived more uprightly, or even more pleasurably than myself; possessed, as I was of that well-grounded self-approbation, arising from the consciousness of having done my duty, both to the Gods, and men:—My friends also bearing their testimony to the integrity of my conversation! But now—if my life is prolonged, and I am spared even to old age;—what can hinder, my Hermogenes! the infirmities of old age from falling upon me?—My sight will grow dim;—my hearing, heavy:—Less capable of learning, as more liable to forget what I have already learnt: And, if to all this, I become sensible of my decay, and bemoan myself on the account of it; how can I say that I still lived pleasantly?—It may be too, continued Socrates,—that GOD, through his goodness, hath appointed for me, not only that my life should terminate at a time which seems the most seasonable; but the manner in which it will be terminated, shall also be the most eligible: For—if my death is now resolved upon; it must needs be, that they who take charge of this matter, will permit me to chuse the means, supposed the most easy; free too from those lingering circumstances which keep our friends in anxious suspense for us; and fill the mind of the dying man, with much pain, and perturbation. And when nothing offensive—nothing unbecoming is left on the memory of those who are present; but the man is dissolved while the body is yet found; and the mind still capable of exerting itself *benevolently*; who can say, my Hermogenes, that so to die is not most desirable?—And with good reason, continued Socrates, did the Gods oppose themselves at what time we took the affair of my escape under deliberation; and determined, that every means should be diligently sought after to effect it; since, if our designs had been carried into execution, instead of terminating my life in the manner I am now going; I had only gained the unhappy privilege of finding it put an end to by the torments of some disease, or the lingering decays incident to old age; when all things painful, flow in upon us together, destitute of every joy, which might serve to soften and allay them.”

“Yet think not, my Hermogenes, the desire of death shall influence me beyond what is reasonable;—I will not set out with asking it at their hands;—but if, when I speak my opinion of myself; and declare what I think I have deserved, both of God and men, my judges are displeased; I will much sooner submit to it, than meanly intreat the continuance of my life, whereby I should only bring upon myself many, and far greater evils, than any I had taken such unbecoming pains to deprecate.”

In this manner Socrates replied to Hermogenes and others, and his enemies having accused him of “*not believing in the Gods, whom the city held sacred; but, as designing to introduce other and new deities; and, likewise, of his having corrupted the youth.*”—Hermogenes farther told me, that Socrates,—advancing towards the tribunal,—thus spake:—

“What I chiefly marvel at, O ye judges! Is this;—whence Melitus inferreth that I esteem not those as Gods, whom the city hold sacred. For, that I sacrificed at the appointed festivals,

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friends, were in haste to discredit such an opinion; not looking upon themselves as obliged to it, by any one duty whatsoever.

Ed.’s note: Indeed, it is mission impossible to be exhaustive on such a topic in a footnote! See John Bussanich and Nicholas D. Smith eds, *The Bloomsbury Companion to Socrates*, London: Bloomsbury, 2006, 284-93. Sarah Fielding’s interpretation resembles Plato’s; later Platonists like Plutarch thought the daemon was a supernatural power.

on our common altars, was evident to all others; and, might have been to Melitus, had Melitus been so minded. Neither yet doth it seem to be asserted with greater reason, that, my design was, to introduce new deities among us, because I have often said, “That it is the voice of GOD which giveth me significations, of what is most expedient;” since they themselves who observe the chirping of birds, or those ominous words spoken by men, ground their conclusion on no other than voices. For, who among you doubteth, whether thunder sendeth forth a voice? or whether it be not the very greatest of all auguries.—The Pythian Priestess herself;—doth not she likewise, from the tripod, declare, by a *voice*, the divine oracles?—And, truly, that GOD foreknoweth the future; and also sheweth it to whomsoever he pleaseth, I am no way singular, either in believing, or asserting; since all mankind agree with me herein; this difference only excepted, that, whereas they say, “It is from auguries,<sup>140</sup> omens, symbols, and diviners, whence they have their notices of the future;—I, on the contrary, impute all those premonitions, wherewith I am favoured, to a GENIUS; and I think, that in so doing, I have spoken, not only more truly, but more piously, than they who attribute to birds, the divine privilege of declaring things to come, and that I lied not against GOD, I have this indisputable proof; that whereas I have often communicated to many of my friends the divine counsels; yet hath no man ever detected me of speaking falsely.”

No sooner was this heard, but a murmuring arose among his judges; some disbelieving the truth of what he had said; while others envied him for being, as they thought, more highly favoured of the Gods than they. But Socrates, still going on; “Mark! Said he, I pray; and attend to what is yet more extraordinary, that such of you as are willing, may still the more disbelieve that I have been thus favoured of the Deity:—Chærephon, enquiring of the oracle at Delphos concerning me, was answered by Apollo himself, in the presence of many people, “That he knew no man more free, more just, or more wise than *I*.”

On hearing this the tumult among them visibly increased; but Socrates, still going on,—“And yet, Lycurgus, the Lacedemonian law-giver, had still greater things declared of him: For, on his entering into the temple, the deity thus accosted him—“I am considering, said he, whether I shall call thee a God, or a man!” Now Apollo compared me not to a God.—This, indeed, he said,—“That I by far excelled man.”—How-be-it, credit not too hastily what ye have heard, though coming from an oracle; but let us thoroughly examine those things, which the Deity spake concerning me.”

“Say then, where have you ever known any one less enslaved to sensual appetite; whom more *free* than the man who submits not to receive gift, or reward, from the hands of any other?—Whom can you deservedly esteem more just, than he who can so well accommodate himself to what he hath already in his own possession, as not even to desire what belongeth to another? Or how can he fail of being accounted wise, who, from the time he first began to comprehend what was spoken; never ceased to seek, and search out, to the very best of his power, whatever was virtuous, and good for man? And, as a proof, that in so doing, I have not laboured in vain; ye, yourselves, know, that many of our citizens; yea, and many foreigners also, who made virtue their pursuit, always preferred, as their chief pleasure, the conversing with me. Whence was it, I pray you, that when every one knew my want of power to return any kind of pecuniary favour, so many should be ambitious to bestow them on me?—Why doth no man call me his debtor, yet many acknowledge they owe me much?—When the city is besieged, and every other person bemoaning his loss, why do *I* appear as in no respect the

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<sup>140</sup> See the learned Mr. Harris’s notes on these several particulars, B. I P. 2 of the *Memoirs of Socrates*.

poorer, than while it remained in its most prosperous state? And what is the cause that when others are under a necessity to procure their delicacies from abroad, at an exorbitant rate, I can indulge in pleasures far more exquisite, by recurring to the reflections in my own mind?—And, now, O ye judges! if, in whatsoever I have declared of myself, no one is able to confute me as a false speaker;—who will say, I merit not approbation; and that not only from the Gods, but men!

“Nevertheless, you, O Melitus, have asserted, that I,—diligently applying myself to the contemplation, and practice, of whatever is virtuous—“*corrupt the youth:*”—And, indeed, we well know, what it is to corrupt them. But shew us, if in your power, whom of pious, I have made impious;—of modest, shameless;—of frugal, profuse?—Who, from temperate is become drunken;—From laborious, idle, or effeminate, by associating with me? Or, where is the man who hath been enslaved, by my means, to any vicious pleasures whatsoever?”

“Nay, verily! Said Melitus, but I know of many, whom thou hast persuaded to obey thee, rather than their *parents.*”

“And, with good reason, replied Socrates, when the point in question concerned education; since no man but knows that I made this my chief study: And which of you, if sick, prefers not the advice of the physician to his parents? Even the whole body of the Athenian people,—when collected in the public assembly,—do not they follow the opinion of him whom they think the most able, though he be not of their kindred?—And, in the choice of a general,—do you not to your fathers, brothers, nay, even to yourselves, prefer the man, whom ye think the best skilled in military discipline?”

“Certainly, returned Melitus; neither can any one doubt of its being most expedient.”

“How then could it escape being regarded even by you, Melitus, as a thing deserving the highest admiration; that, while in every other instance, the man who excels in any employment, is supposed not only entitled to a common regard, but receives many, and those very distinguishing marks of honour;—I, on the contrary, am persecuted even to death, because I am thought by many to have excelled in that employment which is the most noble; and which hath for its aim the greatest good to mankind; by instructing our youth in the knowledge of their duty; and planting in the mind each virtuous principle!”

Now, doubtless, there were many other things spoken at the trial, not only by Socrates, but his friends, who were most zealous to support him; but I have not been careful to collect all that was spoken, yet think I have done enough to shew, and that most plainly, that the design of Socrates in speaking at this time, was no other than to exculpate himself from any thing that might have the appearance of impiety towards the Gods, or of injustice towards men. For, with regard to death, he was no way solicitous to importune his judges, as the custom was with others: On the contrary, he thought it the best time for him to die. And, that he had thus determined with himself, was still the more evident after his condemnation: For when he was ordered to fix his own penalty,<sup>141</sup> he refused to do it, neither would he suffer any other to

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<sup>141</sup> In all cases where the laws had fixed the penalty, one single verdict was thought sufficient; but where the laws were silent, a second was necessary, to declare the punishment the offender had incurred. Before this second sentence was pronounced, the judges were ordered to *value* the crime, as Cicero calls it; and the offender himself was asked, what penalty he thought due to it; and the merits of the case being afterwards debated, the valuation was admitted, or rejected, as the judges saw reason: But Socrates incensed them so much with the answer he made them, that they proceeded, without any delay, to pass the second, or decretory sentence against him, and he was immediately condemned to suffer death. Pott. *Antiq.*

Ed.'s: John Potter, *Antiquities*, chap. 23, “Of Some Other Courts of Justice, their Judicial Process,

do it for him: Saying, that to fix a penalty, implied a confession of guilt:—And, afterwards, when his friends would have withdrawn him privately, he would not consent; but asked them with a smile, “If they knew of any place beyond the borders of Attica, where death could not approach him?”

The trial being ended, Socrates, as it is related, spake to his judges in the following manner:—

“It is necessary, O ye judges! that all they who instructed the witnesses to bear, by perjury, false testimony against me; as well as all those, who too readily obeyed their instructions, should be conscious to themselves of much impiety and injustice: But that *I*, in any wise, should be more troubled and cast down, than before my condemnation, I see not, since I stand here, unconvicted, of any of the crimes whereof I was accused: For no one hath proved against me, that I sacrificed to any new deity; or by oath appealed to, or even made mention of the names of any other than Jupiter, Juno, and the rest of the Deities, which, together with these, our city holds sacred:—Neither have they once shewn, what were the means I made use of to *corrupt the youth*, at the very time that I was enuring them to a life of patience and frugality. As for those crimes, to which our laws have annexed death, as the only proper punishment;—sacrilege, man-stealing;<sup>142</sup> undermining of walls, or betraying of the city,—my enemies do not even *say*, that any of these things were ever once practised by me:—Wherefore, I the rather marvel, that ye have now judged me worthy to die.

“But it is not for *me* to be troubled on that account: For if I die unjustly, the shame must be theirs who put me unjustly to death; since, if injustice is shameful,—so likewise every act of it; but no disgrace can it bring on me, that others have not seen, that I was innocent. Palamedes likewise affords me this farther consolation: For being like me, condemned undeservedly, he furnishes, to this very day, more noble subjects for praise, than the man who had iniquitously caused his destruction:<sup>143</sup>—And, I am persuaded, that *I* also shall have the attestation of the time to come, as well as of that which is past already; that I never wronged any man, or made him more depraved; but, contrariwise, have steadily endeavoured, throughout life, to benefit those who conversed with me: teaching them, to the very utmost of power, and that without reward, whatever could make them WISE, and HAPPY.”

Saying this he departed; the cheerfulness of his countenance, his gesture and whole deportment bearing testimony to the truth of what he had just declared. And, seeing some of those, who accompanied him, weeping,—he asked, “what it meant? And why they were *now* afflicted? For, knew ye not, said he, long ago; even by *that* whereof I was produced, that I was

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&c”, 1:118.

<sup>142</sup> It was the practice of many to steal slaves; or free—mens children, in order to sell for slaves, which was made capital at Athens.—Potter. Ed.’s: Potter, *Antiquities*, 1:179.

<sup>143</sup> When the Grecian kings were to go to the siege of Troy, Ulysses, to save himself from going, counterfeited madness; which Palamedes suspecting, ordered they should lay Ulysses’s son in the furrow where the father was ploughing with an ox and an ass, and sowing salt. Ulysses immediately stayed the plough to save his child; by which, being discovered, he was compelled to go to the wars. For this, and for other reasons—[See *Mem. of Soc.* B. 4. P. 275]—Ulysses hated Palamedes; and artfully contrived his death. Ed.’s note: “During the siege of Troy, Palamedes alternated with two other Greek heroes, Odysseus and Diomedes, in guiding the army in the field, but his ability aroused their envy. In the *Cypria* the other two drowned Palamedes while fishing or persuaded him to seek treasure in a well, which they thereupon filled with stones. In various lost tragedies, Agamemnon, Diomedes, and Odysseus had an agent steal into his tent and conceal a letter that contained money and purported to come from King Priam of Troy. They then accused Palamedes of treasonable correspondence with the enemy, and he was stoned to death” (Britannica).

born mortal?—If, indeed, I had been taken away, when the things which are most desirable, flowed in upon me abundantly; with good reason it might have been lamented; and, by myself, as well as others: But if I am only to be removed, when difficulties, of every kind, are ready to break in upon me; we ought rather to rejoice, as though my affairs went on the most prosperously.”

Appollodorus being present;—one who loved Socrates extremely, though other wise a weak man, he said to him, “But it grieveth me, my Socrates! To have you die so unjustly!” Socrates, with much tenderness laying his hand upon his head, answered smiling,—“And what, my much-loved Apollodorus! would'st thou rather they had condemned me JUSTLY?”

It is likewise related, that on seeing Anytus pass by,—“There goes a man, said he, not a little vain-glorious, on supposing he shall have atchieved something great and noble, in putting me to death, because I once said, “that since he himself had been dignified with some of the chief offices in the city, it was wrong in him to breed up his son to the trade of a tanner:”—But he must be a fool, continued Socrates, who seeth not that He who at all times performs things useful, and excellent, is *alone* the HERO. And, truly, added Socrates as Homer makes some, who were near the time of their dissolution, look forward into futurity; *I*, likewise, have a mind to speak somewhat oraculously: Now it happened, I was once, for a short time, with this same son of Anytus; and plainly perceiving he neither wanted talents nor activity, therefore I said, it was not fitting that the young man should continue in such a station:—But, continuing as he still doth; destitute at the same time of any virtuous instructor, to guide and restrain him within the bounds of duty; he must soon fall a prey to some evil inclination, that will hurry him headlong into vice and ruin.”

And, in thus speaking, Socrates prophesied not untruly; for the young man delighted so much in wine, that he ceased not drinking, whether night or day; whereby he became perfectly useless to his country, to his friends, and even to himself: The memory of Anytus was likewise held in the highest detestation:<sup>144</sup> And that not only on the account of his other crimes, but for the scandalous manner in which he had educated his son.

Now, it cannot be doubted, but Socrates, by speaking thus highly of himself, incurred the more envy; and made his judges still the more eager to condemn him: Yet, I think, indeed, he only obtained that fate, which the Gods decree to those they most love;—a discharge from life, when life is become a burthen; and that, by a means, of all others, the most easy. Yet here, as well as on every other occasion, Socrates demonstrated the firmness of his soul. For although he was fully persuaded, that to die would be the best for him; yet did he not discover any anxious solicitude; any womanish longings for the hour of his dissolution; but waited its approach with the same steady tranquility, and unaffected complacency, with which he afterwards went out of life. And, truly, when I consider the wisdom and greatness of soul, so essential to this man, I find it not more out of my power to forget him, than to remember,

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<sup>144</sup> The Athenians soon became sensible of the mischief they had done, in putting Socrates to death; and so hated the authors of it, that they would not suffer any of them to light fire at their hearths: They would not answer them a question: They would not bathe with them; and if they were seen to touch ever so large a vessel of water, they threw it away as impure; 'till, at last, these men, unable to bear this usage any longer, hanged themselves—Pla. in *Phaed.*

Ed.'s note: The *Phaedo* recounts Socrates' last hours; its main theme is the immortality of the soul. See: <<https://plato.stanford.edu/entries/plato-metaphysics/#2>>. The notion of the Athenians' supposed remorse and suicide after Socrates' death can be read in Plutarch, *De Invidia et odio*, *Plutarch's Morals*, 1684-94, 5 vols, trans.by several hands (London, 1704, 3<sup>rd</sup> ed.), “Of Envy and Hatred”, trans. P. Lancaster, 2:97.

and not PRAISE him. And, if among those who are most studious to excel in virtue, there be any who hath found a person to converse with, more proper than Socrates, for promoting his design,—verily, we may well pronounce him, THE MOST FORTUNATE OF ALL MANKIND.

The cover illustration of this book is featured in *The Works of James Harris, Esq. with an account of his life and character by his son the Earl of Malmesbury*, 2 vols (London, 1801), vol II, p. 274, © Bibliothèque nationale de France.

This version (dated 21 December 2022) revises the text and corrects the misprints of the first edition (whose title was the publisher's decision, not the editor's), released by the Gorgias Press in 2016. It is preceded by the editor's introduction. The notes to the text of Xenophon's *Memorabilia* and the *Apology of Socrates* are Sarah Fielding's. I have attempted to clarify the allusions it contained, whenever possible, and if necessary. This is her critical edition, not mine.

I attributed Sarah Fielding's novel *The Cry: A New Dramatic Fable* to her, as do Sarah Fielding's contemporaries, her publishers and many literary critics. This attribution is here based on the study I published in 2016, *Who Wrote The Cry? New Evidence from NLP Tools*, Saarbrücken: Lambert Academic Publishing, 2016. Jane Collier might have assisted her when proofreading the text before publication.

As to the idea that the *Memorabilia* was a text that any schoolboy in England could translate, it is very much mistaken, as the *Memorabilia* is, by no means, an easy text to translate, according to Laurent Motte, Agrégé de Lettres classiques, and a former student at the ENS of rue d'Ulm, and Isabelle Assan Dhote, professor of ancient Greek at the university of Paris 1 Panthéon Sorbonne whom I consulted on this issue, prior to the release of this book in 2016.