柏拉图著作集

PLATO

（英文本）

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[英] 本杰明·乔伊特 英译/评注

Translated into English with Analyses and Introductions
by Benjamin Jowett

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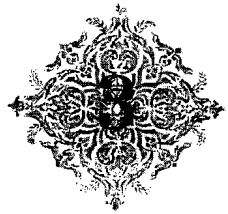

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编者说明

此套英文版《柏拉图著作集》是为适应中国读者阅读、研究柏拉图著作的需要而编辑出版，收录了本杰明·乔伊特（Benjamin Jowett，1817—1893）所译的全部柏拉图著作，以及乔伊特为每篇作品所撰写的导读性文字，共六卷。

尽管柏拉图的著作，尤其是一些名篇，至20世纪出现了不少优秀译文，但一百余年前乔伊特这套完整的英译本仍然具有不可替代的地位和价值。乔伊特典雅、晓畅的文字风格历来为人称道，他避免生僻词和学院化，以其特有的韵律驾驭浅显的文字，为柏拉图在现代赢得了大量读者，这些读者可能不懂古希腊语，甚至母语并非英语，但都可借助这一译本相对完整地了解柏拉图的著作和哲学。

英译本第四版是在乔伊特去世六十年后修订而成，较乔伊特生前的最后一版第三版有较多改动，主要目的是使译文在字面上更忠实于希腊文原著，这方面可参看第四版前言中的说明（各版前言的摘选收入第一卷卷首）。

以下就本版的一些编排处理作以说明：

所有译文内容的修订以第四版为准，并有选择地保留了一部分第四版编者所加的附注（在书中以方括号括出），乔伊特的原注则基本维持不变。

遵照第四版删节了一部分乔伊特的导读性文字，但也依据第三版，保留了一些编者认为仍然有益于中国读者的内容。

在各卷、各篇顺序的编排上大体参照了第四版，但基于本版编者的理解，并照顾到篇幅问题，适当作了一些调整。

作为参考内容，将疑为伪作的《大希庇阿斯》、《小希庇阿斯》、《阿尔希比亚得斯（一）》和《美涅塞努斯》，以及受关注度较高的《第七封信》收作附录。

在第一卷后附有英文版第三、四版均沿用的柏拉图著作索引，是非常有用的资料。

本套书在编辑、排印方面定有不够完善之处，敬请广大读者批评指正，以便改进。

2008年6月

柏拉图著作集（六卷）

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Works of Plato Vol.3

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REPUBLIC

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BOOK I

(Of Wealth, Justice, Moderation, and Their Opposites)

Persons of the Dialogue

SOCRATES, who is the narrator
GLAUCON
ADEIMANTUS
POLEMARCHUS
CEPHALUS
THRASYMACHUS
CLEITOPHON

and others who are mute auditors

The scene is laid in the house of Cephalus at the Peiraeus; and the whole dialogue is narrated by Socrates the day after it actually took place to persons who are never named.

I went down yesterday to the Peiraeus with Glaucon the son of 327
Ariston, that I might offer up my prayers to the goddess;[1] and also
because I wanted to see in what manner they would celebrate the
festival, which was a new thing. I was delighted with the procession
of the inhabitants; but that of the Thracians was equally, if not
more, beautiful. When we had finished our prayers and viewed the b
spectacle, we turned in the direction of the city; and Polemarchus
the son of Cephalus chanced to catch sight of us from a distance
when we had started on our way home, and told his servant to run
and bid us wait for him. The servant took hold of me by the cloak
behind, and said: Polemarchus desires you to wait.

I turned round, and asked him where his master was.

There he is, said the youth, coming after you, if you will only wait.

Certainly we will, said Glaucon; and in a few minutes Polemarchus c
appeared, and with him Adeimantus, Glaucon's brother, Niceratus, the

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① Bendis, the Thracian Artemis.

son of Nicias, and several others who had probably been at the procession.

Polemarchus said to me: I perceive, Socrates, that you and your companion are already on your way back to the city.

You are not far wrong, I said.

But do you see, he rejoined, how many we are?

Of course.

And are you stronger than all these? for if not, you will have to remain where you are.

May there not be the alternative, I said, that we may persuade you to let us go?

But can you persuade us, if we refuse to listen to you? he said.

Certainly not, replied Glaucon.

Then we are not going to listen; of that you may be assured.

328 Adeimantus added: Has no one told you of the torch-race on horseback in honour of the goddess which will take place in the evening?

With horses! I replied: That is a novelty. Will horsemen carry torches and pass them one to another during the race?

Yes, said Polemarchus; and not only so, but a festival will be celebrated lasting throughout the night, which you certainly ought to see. Let us rise soon after supper and see this festival; there will be a
b gathering of young men, and we will have a good talk. Stay then, and do not be perverse.

Glaucon said, I suppose, since you insist, that we must.

Let us do so if you wish, I replied.

Accordingly we went with Polemarchus to his house; and there we found his brothers Lysias and Euthydemus, and with them Thrasymachus the Chalcedonian, Charmantides the Paeanian, and Cleitophon the son of Aristonymus. There too was Cephalus the
c father of Polemarchus, whom I had not seen for a long time, and he now seemed a very old man. He was seated on a cushioned chair, and had a garland on his head, for he had been sacrificing in the court; and there were some other chairs in the room arranged in a semicircle, upon which we sat down by him. When he saw me, he

saluted me eagerly, saying:—

You don't come to see me, Socrates, as often as you ought: if I were still able to go and see you, I would not ask you to come to me. But at my age I can hardly get to the city, and therefore you should d come oftener to the Peiraeus. For let me tell you, that the more the pleasures of the body fade away, the greater to me is the pleasure and charm of conversation. Do not then deny my request, but make our house your resort and keep company with these young men; we are old friends, and you will be quite at home with us.

I replied: There is nothing which for my part I like better, e Cephalus, than conversing with aged men; for I regard them as travellers who have gone a journey which I too may have to go, and of whom I ought to inquire whether the way is smooth and easy, or rugged and difficult. And this is a question which I should especially like to ask of you, who have arrived at that time which the poets call the 'threshold of old age'—Is life harder towards the end, or what report do you give of it?

I will tell you, Socrates, he said, what my own feeling is. Men of 329 my age flock together; we are birds of a feather, as the old proverb says; and at our meetings the tale of my acquaintance commonly is—'I cannot eat, I cannot drink; the pleasures of youth and love are fled away: there was a good time once, but now that is gone, and life is no longer life'. Some complain of the slights which are put upon an old man by his relations, and this sets them going upon a b recital of evils, of which old age is the cause. But to me, Socrates, these complainers seem to blame that which is not really in fault. For if old age were the cause, I too being old, and every other old man, would have felt as they do. But this is not my own experience, not that of others whom I have known. How well I remember the aged poet Sophocles, when in answer to the question, How does love suit c with age, Sophocles, are you still the man you were? 'Peace', he replied; 'most gladly have I escaped the thing of which you speak; I feel as if I had escaped from a mad and furious master.' His words seem as good to me now as at the time when he uttered them. For certainly old age has a great sense of calm, and freedom from the

things he mentions; when the passions diminish and relax their hold,
d then, as Sophocles says, we are freed from the grasp not of one mad master only, but of many. The truth is, Socrates, that these regrets and also the complaints about relations, are to be attributed to the same cause, which is not old age, but men's characters and tempers; for he who is of a calm and happy nature will hardly feel the pressure of age, but to him who is of an opposite disposition youth and age are equally a burden.

I listened in admiration, and wanting to draw him out, that he
e might go on—Yes, Cephalus, I said; but I rather suspect that people in general are not convinced by you when you speak thus; they think that old age sits lightly upon you, not because of your happy disposition, but because you are rich, and wealth, it is often said, brings many consolations.

You are right, he replied; they are not convinced: and there is something in what they say; not, however, so much as they imagine. I might answer them as Themistocles answered the Seriphian who was abusing him and saying that he was famous, not
330 for his own merits but because he was an Athenian: 'If you had been a native of my country or I of yours, neither of us would have been famous.' And to those who are not rich and are impatient of old age, the same reply may be made; for to the good poor man old age cannot be a light burden, nor can a bad rich man ever have peace with himself.

May I ask, Cephalus, whether your fortune was for the most part inherited or acquired by you?

b Acquired! Socrates; do you want to know how much I acquired? In the art of making money I have been midway between my father and grandfather: for my grandfather, whose name I bear, doubled and trebled the value of his patrimony, that which he inherited being much what I possess now; but my father Lysanias reduced the property below what it is at present: and I shall be satisfied if I leave to these my sons not less but a little more than I received.

That was why I asked you the question, I replied, because I see
c that you have no excessive love for money, which is a characteristic

rather of those who have inherited their fortunes than of those who have acquired them; the makers of fortunes have a second love of money as a creation of their own, resembling the affection of authors for their own poems, or of parents for their children, besides that natural love of it for the sake of use and profit which is common to them and all men. And hence they are very bad company, for they insist on measuring the value of things in terms of wealth.

That is true, he said.

Yes, that is very true, but may I ask another question? — What d
do you consider to be the greatest blessing which you have reaped from your wealth?

One, he said, of which I could not expect easily to convince others. For let me tell you, Socrates, that when a man begins to think that his last hour is near, fears and cares enter into his mind which he never had before; the tales of a world below and the punishment which is exacted there of deeds done here were once a laughing-matter to him, but now he is tormented with the thought e
that they may be true: either from the weakness of age, or because he is now drawing nearer to that other place, and has a clearer view of these things, suspicions and alarms crowd thickly upon him, and he begins to reflect and consider any wrongs which he may have done to others. And when he finds that the sum of his transgressions is great he will many a time like a child start up in his sleep for fear, and he is filled with dark forebodings. But to him who has no 331
injustice on his conscience, sweet hope, as Pindar charmingly says, is the kind nurse of his age:

'Hope', he says, 'cherishes the soul of him who lives in justice and holiness, and is the nurse of his age and the companion of his journey; — hope which is mightiest to sway the restless soul of man.'

How admirable are his words! And the great blessing of riches, I do not say to every man, but to a good and upright man, is, that he has b
had no occasion to deceive or to defraud others, even without intention; and that when he departs to the world below he is not in

any apprehension about offerings due to the gods or debts which he owes to men. Now to this peace of mind the possession of wealth greatly contributes. It has, perhaps, many other advantages; but still, setting one thing against another, to a man of sense this is in my opinion the greatest.

c Well said indeed, Cephalus, I replied; but as concerning justice, what is it? to speak the truth and to pay your debts—no more than this? May not these very actions be sometimes justly, and sometimes unjustly performed? Suppose that a friend when in his right mind has deposited arms with me and he asks for them when he is not in his right mind, ought I to give them back to him? No one would say that I ought or that I should be right in doing so, any more than they would say that I ought always to speak the truth to one who is in his condition.

d You are quite right, he replied.

But then, I said, speaking the truth and paying your debts is not a correct definition of justice.

Quite correct, Socrates, if Simonides is to be believed, said Polemarchus interposing.

I fear, said Cephalus, that I must go now, for I have to look after the sacrifices, and I hand over the argument to the company.

Polemarchus, then, is your heir? I said.

To be sure, he answered, and went away laughing to the sacrifices.

e Tell me then, O thou heir of the argument, what did Simonides say, and according to you truly say, about justice?

He said that the repayment of a debt is just, and in saying so he appears to me to be right.

I should be sorry to doubt the word of such a wise and inspired man, but his meaning, though probably clear to you, is the reverse of clear to me. For he certainly does not mean, as we were just now saying, that I ought to return a deposit of arms or of anything else to
332 one who asks for it when he is not in his right senses; and yet a deposit cannot be denied to be a debt.

True.

Then when the person who asks me is not in his right mind, I am by no means to make the return?

That is true.

When Simonides said that the repayment of a debt was justice, it seems he did not mean to include that case?

Certainly not; for he thinks that a friend ought always to do good to a friend, and never evil.

You mean that the return of a deposit of gold which is to the injury of the receiver, if the two parties are friends, is not the b repayment of a debt,—that is what you would imagine him to say?

Yes.

And enemies? Should we restore to them whatever we owe them?

By all means what we owe them, he said, and an enemy, I take it, owes to an enemy that which is due or proper to him, an evil.

Simonides, then, after the manner of poets, would seem to have spoken darkly of the nature of justice; for he really meant to say that c justice is the giving to each man what is proper to him, and this he termed a debt.

That must have been his meaning, he said.

Tell me, pray, I replied, if we asked him what due or proper thing is given by the art named medicine, and to whom, what answer do you think that he would make to us?

He would surely reply that medicine gives drugs and food and drink to human bodies.

And what due or proper thing is given by the art named cookery, and to what?

Seasoning to food. d

And what is that which justice gives, and to whom?

If, Socrates, we are to be guided at all by the analogy of the preceding instances, then justice is the art which gives benefit to friends and injury to enemies.

He means, then, by justice doing good to friends and harm to enemies?

I think so.

And who is best able to do good to his friends and evil to his

enemies in respect of sickness and health?

The physician.

e Or when they are on a voyage, amid the perils of the sea?

The pilot.

And in what sort of actions or with a view to what result is the just man most able to do harm to his enemy and confer benefit upon his friend?

In going to war against the one and in making alliances with the other.

But when a man is well, my dear Polemarchus, there is no need of a physician?

No.

And he who is not on a voyage has no need of a pilot?

No.

Then in time of peace justice will be of no use?

I do not think that is quite true.

333 You think that justice may be of use in peace as well as in war?

Yes.

Like husbandry for the acquisition of corn?

Yes.

Or like shoemaking for the acquisition of shoes,—that is what you mean?

Yes.

And what similar service would you say that justice can render, or what can it help us to acquire, in time of peace?

It serves for making contracts, Socrates.

And by contracts you mean partnerships?

Exactly.

b But is the just man or the skilful player a more useful and better partner at a game of draughts?

The skilful player.

And in the laying of bricks and stones is the just man a more useful or better partner than the builder?

Quite the reverse.

Then in what sort of partnership is the just man a better partner

than the builder and the harp-player, as in playing the harp the harp-player is certainly a better partner than the just man?

In a money partnership, I suppose.

Yes, Polemarchus, but surely not in the use of money when the partners contemplate the purchase or sale of a horse; a man who is c knowing about horses would be better for that, would he not?

Certainly.

And when you want to buy a ship, the shipwright or the pilot would be better?

True.

Then what is that joint use of silver or gold, in which the just man is to be preferred to other partners?

When you want a deposit to be kept safely.

You mean when money is not wanted for use, but allowed to lie?

Precisely.

That is to say, justice is useful when money which it supervises is d useless?

That is the inference.

And when you want to keep a pruning-hook safe, then justice is useful to men severally or in association; but when you want to use it, then the art of the vine-dresser?

Clearly.

And when you want to keep a shield or a lyre, and not to use them, you would say that justice is useful; but when you want to use them, then the art of the soldier or of the musician?

Certainly.

And so of all other things;—justice is useful when they are useless, and useless when they are being used?

That is the inference.

Then justice is not worth much, if it deals only with useless things. But let us consider this further point: Is not he who can best strike a blow in a boxing match or in any kind of fighting best able to ward off a blow?

Certainly.

And he who is skilful in giving protection against a disease, is best

able to implant it without being observed?

True.

334 And the good guard of a camp is also the man who is able to discover the designs of the enemy or forestall his actions?

Certainly.

Then he who is a good keeper of anything is also a good thief?

That, I suppose, is to be inferred.

Then if the just man is good at keeping money, he is good at stealing it.

That is implied in the argument.

Then after all the just man has turned out to be a kind of thief. And this is a lesson which I suspect you must have learnt out of

b Homer; for he, speaking of Autolycus, the maternal grandfather of Odysseus, who is a favorite of his, affirms that

'He was excellent above all men in theft and perjury.'

And so, you and Homer and Simonides seem to be agreed that justice is an art of theft; to be practised however 'for the benefit of friends and for the harm of enemies',—that was what you were saying?

No, certainly not that, though I do not now know what I did say; but I still think that justice is beneficial to friends and harmful to enemies.

c Well, there is another question: By friends and enemies do we mean those who are really good and bad, or only seem so?

Surely, he said, a man may be expected to love those whom he thinks good, and to hate those whom he thinks evil.

Yes, but do not persons often err about good and evil: many who are not good seem to be so, and conversely?

That is true.

Then to them the good will be enemies and the evil will be their friends?

True.

d And in that case they will be right in doing good to the evil and

evil to the good?

Clearly.

But the good are just and would not do an injustice?

True.

Then according to your argument it is just to injure those who do no wrong?

Nay, Socrates; the doctrine is immoral.

Then I suppose that it is just to do good to the just and harm to the unjust?

I like that better.

But see the consequence: —Many a man who has misjudged his fellows has friends who are bad friends, and in that case he ought to c
do harm to them; and he has good enemies whom he ought to benefit; but, if so, we shall be saying the very opposite of that which we affirmed to be the meaning of Simonides.

Very true, he said; and I think that we had better correct an error into which we seem to have fallen in our definition of 'friend' and 'enemy'.

What definition, Polemarchus? I asked.

We assumed that he is a friend who seems to be or who is thought good.

And how is the error to be corrected?

We should rather say that he is a friend who is, as well as seems, good; and that he who seems only and is not good, only seems to be 335
and is not a friend; and of an enemy the same may be said.

You would argue that the good are our friends and the bad our enemies?

Yes.

And instead of saying simply as we did at first, that it is just to do good to our friends and harm to our enemies, you would have us add, 'It is just to do good to our friends when they are good and harm to our enemies when they are evil'?

Yes, it appears to me that with that change our statement would b
be quite correct.

But ought the just to injure anyone at all?