“It is therefore because the good man has these various feelings towards himself, and because he feels toward his friend in the same way as towards himself (for the friend is another self), that friendship also is thought to consist in one or other of these feelings, and the possession of them is thought to be the test of a friend.”
(Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*, 1166a 31, emphasis mine)

**Augustine on the loss of his friend:**

“My heart was utterly darkened by this sorrow and everywhere I looked I saw death. My native place was a torture room to me and my father’s house a strange unhappiness. And all the things I had done with him—now that he was gone—became a frightful torment. My eyes sought him everywhere, but they did not see him; and I hated all places because he was not in them, because they could not say to me, ‘Look, he is coming,’ as they did when he was alive and absent.”
(*Confessions*, 4.4)

“They thus I remained to myself an unhappy lodging where I could neither stay nor leave. For where could my heart fly from my heart? Where could I fly from my own self? Where would I not follow myself?”
(*Confessions*, 4.7)

**Seneca’s loss and the source of his grief:**

“He who writes these words to you is no other than I, who wept so excessively for my dear friend Annaeus Serenus that, in spite of my wishes, I must be included among the examples of men who have been overcome by grief. Today, however, I condemn this act of mine, and I understand that the reason why I lamented so greatly was chiefly that I had never imagined it possible for his death to precede mine. The only thought which occurred to my mind was that he was the younger, and much younger too,—as if the Fates kept to the order of our ages!”
(*Epistle* 63.14)

**Epictetus on grief as a penalty:**

“But I have parted from So-and-so, and he is stricken with grief.’ Yes, but why did he regard what was not his own as his own? Why, when he was glad to see you, did he not reflect that you are mortal, and likely to go on a journey? And therefore he is paying the penalty for his own folly. But why are you bewailing yourself, and to what end? Or did you also neglect to study
this matter, but, like worthless women, did you enjoy everything in which you took delight as though you were to enjoy it for ever, your surroundings, human beings, your ways of life? And now you sit and wail because you no longer lay eyes upon the same persons, and do not spend your life in the same places.” (Discourses, 3.224, 4-5)

**The intransigence of Augustine’s grief:**

For why had that first sorrow so easily penetrated to the quick except that I had poured out my soul onto the dust, by loving a man as if he would never die who nevertheless had to die? What revived and refreshed me, more than anything else, was the consolation of other friends, with whom I went on loving the things I loved instead of thee. This was a monstrous fable and a tedious lie which was corrupting my soul with its “itching ears” by its adulterous rubbing. And that fable would not die to me as often as one of my friends died. And there were other things in our companionship that took strong hold of my mind: to discourse and jest with him; to indulge in courteous exchanges; to read pleasant books together; to trifle together; to be earnest together; to differ at times without ill-humor, as a man might do with himself, and even through these infrequent dissensions to find zest in our more frequent agreements; sometimes teaching, sometimes being taught; longing for someone absent with impatience and welcoming the homecomer with joy. These and similar tokens of friendship, which spring spontaneously from the hearts of those who love and are loved in return—in countenance, tongue, eyes, and a thousand ingratiating gestures—were all so much fuel to melt our souls together, and out of the many made us one.” (Confessions, 4.8)

**Seneca’s advice to Lucilius following a loss:**

“You have buried one whom you love; look about for someone to love. It is better to replace your friend than to weep for him.” (Epistle, 63.12)

**Montaigne revealing friendship's inexplicability:**

“In the friendship I speak of, our souls mingle and blend with each other so completely that they efface the seam that joined them, and cannot find it again. If you press me to tell you why I loved him, I feel this cannot be expressed, except by answering: Because it was he, because it was I.” (“On Friendship,” Essay 28)

**Cicero’s critique of the Stoic view:**

“They take the very sun from the heavens, I should say, when they take friendship from life, for of all the gifts the gods have given us, this is our best source of goodness and of happiness. . . . For it is not in accord with sound principle to refuse to undertake any honorable proposal or course of action. . . for fear one may lose one's peace of mind . . . . If we run away from trouble, we shall have to run away from virtue . . . . One may observe, for example, that it is the just who suffer most deeply at injustice, the brave at submissiveness, the temperate at concupiscence. In short, it is a distinctive characteristic of the well-regulated soul to feel joy at the good, sorrow at the evil . . . . For if we remove all feeling from the heart, what difference is there . . . between a man . . . and a rock or a stump . . . ?” (De Amicitia, xiii, 47-48).