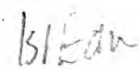
# Selections from the works of Plato / translated from the Greek by Georgiana Lady Chatterton.

Plato.
London : R. Bentley, 1862



# SELECTIONS

FROM

# THE WORKS OF PLATO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY

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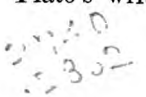
# PREFACE.

My principal motive in bringing this volume before the public is to offer to my own sex, but more especially to those among them who are young in years and undeveloped in mind, such selections from the works of Plato as may encourage to their perusal many who might shrink from them, saying, "Oh, it's too clever for *me*."

My humble efforts aim at conveying in an easy form, and in a small compass, a general understanding of the sentiments prevalent in Plato's writings. Therefore, in order to avoid



all that might distract the mind from the subject-matter, I have endeavoured, in many places, to give the *value* of the words, rather than their scholastic or critically exact meaning —*e.g.* at page 9 I have rendered *νὴ τὸν κύνα*, "by the heavens," rather than adopt the alternative of first distracting the mind of the unprepared reader with the literal meaning, and then farther interrupting the subject-matter by an explanatory note.

It is not so much to Plato as a writer of exquisite Greek, nor merely to Plato as a philosopher, that I ask the reader's attention; it is to Plato as a man ripe for that revelation which he seemed to foresee as if prophetically; it is to Plato, as he shows by his own example how naturally and unavoidably the mind intent on self-purification feels itself predisposed for the reception of Christian Truth; it is to Plato, as the greatest example that God "never left Himself without a witness"—never left man

without a guide pointing truthwards; it is to Plato as an evidence, positive and negative of Christianity—positive in the ratio of truth reached by him through the help of genius taught by earnest humility—negative in the ratio of truth unreached by him, because it could be learnt only from Revelation.

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# PART FIRST.

## THE APOLOGY OF SOCRATES, AND THE CRITO.

I HAVE selected only those portions of Plato's Apology of Socrates which seemed necessary to carry on the outline of his defence; but I have translated and given the entire of the Dialogue which follows it, called "Crito." Also the last—the closing scene of Socrates' life, his discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, called the "Phædo."

After these I have made selections of remarkable passages from Plato's "Gorgias," "The Laws," "Timeus," "Philebus," and "The First Alcibiades."

THE

# APOLOGY OF SOCRATES.

SOCRATES, standing before the Athenian judges to be tried for his life, says, after a short preamble :—

"It is right that I should answer first, O men of Athens, the first of the false accusations brought against me, and those who first accused me ; and then the later charges of the later speakers.

"They said, that there is a certain Socrates, a wise man, whose mind is occupied with things on high, and explores all that is under the earth, and who makes the worst reason appear the strongest."

Let us then take the matter up from the beginning, and consider what accusation this

calumny has been in which Melitus believes, who attacks me in this indictment.

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He says, Socrates is culpable, and shows too great a curiosity in searching out the things under the earth and those in Heaven; and he makes the worst reason appear the better, and he teaches all this to others.

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But there is nothing true in all this, no more than if ye had heard any one say that I undertake to instruct men, in order that I might make money by so doing—for there is no truth in this.

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Some may perhaps object, and say, "But, O Socrates, what is thy case? from whence are these calumnies arisen? for certainly, if nothing more remarkable than others thou hast done, then such a reputation and noise could not have arisen—unless thou hadst done something different from the multitude. Tell us, then, what it is, in order that we may not judge thee with too great daring." It appears to me that he is a just speaker who should say thus; and I will endeavour to show you what it is which has given me this name and this defamation.

Listen, then, and perhaps I shall appear to some of you as if I were in jest; yet know well indeed, that the entire truth I shall tell you. For, O men of Athens, by nothing else, except a certain kind of wisdom, have I obtained this reputation. What kind of wisdom is this? Perhaps it is a human wisdom; for certainly I venture only in that way to be wise; but those persons who lately spoke, are possibly wiser in some greater wisdom than that of mankind. Of that I can say nothing, for certainly I do not know it. Therefore, whoever says that I possess it, lies, and calumniates me.

And, O Athenians, do not complain if I appear to say something extraordinary, for I do not arrogate as my own the words which I will repeat, but shall refer you to an authority worthy of your faith. I shall prove to you that the God who is adored at Delphi, is the witness whether I have any wisdom, and of what kind.

Chirorephon, whom you know, went one day to Delphi, and ventured to consult the Oracle about this; and (O judges, be not offended at what I say), he indeed demanded of the Oracle whether any one was wiser than I; and then the Pythoness answered that no one was wiser.

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Now examine the object I have in saying this, for I ought to show you how the calumnies against me originated. When I heard these words (of the Oracle) I reflected in this manner: What does the God mean, and what does he give me to understand? For, indeed, I am not conscious of being wise either little or much. What then can this saying ever be which proclaims me as the most wise? For assuredly it cannot lie—it would not be permitted. And for a considerable time I was ignorant of the meaning. Then, after much toil in research, I turned towards this line of inquiry. I came to one of the persons who are deemed wise, in order (if it were possible) in any way to refute the Oracle, and say to him, "This person at least is wiser than I. And yet thou hast declared that I am the wisest of men!"

I examined this man, (whose name I need not tell, but he was one of our wise statesmen), on whom casting my eyes, I came to this conclusion, O Athenians! Conversing with him, it seemed to me that this man, who was deemed wise by many other persons, and most of all by himself, was in fact not really wise.

And afterwards I endeavoured to show him that he imagined himself to be wise without

being so. And in this manner I displeased him and many who were present. I reflected therefore, within myself as I went away, that I am, indeed, wiser than that man. For it seems plain to me that neither he nor I know what is really good or beautiful. But indeed, he thinks he does know what is so, while he does not. But I, on the contrary, knowing really nothing, do not imagine that I possess this knowledge. Therefore, it seems that I must be a little wiser than he is, for this same reason, that I do not fancy I know what I do not. I then went to another, who seemed to be even wiser than he, but I arrived at the same conclusion, and therein I displeased him also, and many others besides.

After this I continued then successively my researches, comprehending indeed, and grieved, and dreading, because I was hated. But, nevertheless, it seemed necessary to do more, on account of the Deity's answer, and continue to search what the Oracle meant, by applying to every person who appeared to know anything, And, by the heavens, O Athenians, for I must tell you the truth, I certainly came to this conclusion, when I thus sought according to the Divine Oracle—that those who enjoyed the highest reputation appeared to me to be the most deficient in

wisdom; whereas others, who were deemed the least virtuous, appeared to have advanced farther towards it in a wise manner.

Now I must show you my wanderings, and toils that were toiled, in order that the truth of the Oracle might be completely tested.

After the politicians I went to the poets, the tragedians, and the Dithyrambic poets, and others, that I might surprise myself in the evident fact of being more ignorant than they. I took them the works which it appeared to me they had written the most carefully, and inquired of them what they meant, that at the same time I might learn something from them.

I saw that the poets, on account of their successful poetry, imagined themselves to be the most wise of men in other things, although they were not so. Then I left these also, thinking that I had the same advantage over them as I had over the politicians.

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I ended by going to the artisans. For my own part I was conscious of knowing nothing to speak of, but I was sure that, at least, I should find them knowing many beautiful things. And in this I was not disappointed, for they knew many things which

I did not know, and in this manner they were wiser than I was. But, O men of Athens, they seemed to me to have the same defect as the poets and other good artists. Because they worked well at their own art, each considered himself wiser in the other and more important things ; and this arrogance of theirs spoilt their wisdom. So I asked myself, whether I would rather remain thus as I am, without their knowledge and their ignorance, or have both as they had. And I answered to myself and to the Oracle, that it is more advantageous to be as I am.

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This course of inquiry, O Athenians, caused much animosity, of the most painful kind and most difficult to bear; and it has subjected me to many calumnies, besides this name of being a so-called wise man. For always those who are present when I prove a man to be ignorant, think that I am wise on that subject. But indeed it does appear, O Athenians, that the Deity who gave the Oracle is really wise, and that the Oracle means this—that human wisdom is worth little or nothing, and that it does not mean to speak thus of me (Socrates), in particular, but made use of my name as an

example. It is as if he had said, "He, O man, is the wisest among you who, like Socrates, acknowledges that in truth his wisdom is worth nothing."

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And further, the young men who have most leisure, especially young men of fortune, fell into my company, and enjoyed hearing these my questionings to the people; they often imitated me themselves, and tried to question others. And afterwards, I think, they found a great number of men who think they certainly know something, but who really know little or nothing.

Thereupon those who are convicted by them of ignorance are angry with me rather than with them, and say "there is a certain Socrates, a most perverse man, who corrupts the young men." And then if any one ask them what he teaches, and what he does to corrupt them, they can indeed say nothing, for they do not know.

The cause, I think, they do not like to assign —that they are convicted of pretending to know what they do not. Thus, then, I think, as they are ambitious of renown, and vehement, and numerous, and as they speak against me with great assurance and persuasion, they have

filled your ears with vile calumnies, both formerly and now.

So that it would be wonderful, in the short time allowed me,[1] to remove a calumny which has been such a long time growing. This is the truth, O men of Athens, I speak to you without disguising or concealing anything great or small. Yet I know that I shall find the hatred of these persons undiminished, which is a proof that this is the accusation against me, and that the motives are these; and if either now or at any future time you examine into it, you will find that such is the fact.

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"Tell me this, O Melitus,[2] I conjure you by Jupiter! Is it better to live among good men or bad? Oh, then, answer me, for certainly I ask nothing difficult. Do not wicked persons do some harm to those who are always near them, and good persons do them some good?"

"Most certainly," said Melitus.

"Is there any one who wishes to be harmed by those who are with him, rather than to be helped? Can any one wish to be harmed?"

"No, certainly."

"Well, then, wherefore dost thou drag me

[1] Only that one day! [2] One of his accusers.

here for corrupting young people—voluntarily or involuntarily?"

"I maintain that it is voluntarily."

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"Tell me then, O Melitus, in what manner dost thou assert that I corrupt the young people? Is it by teaching them, according to the accusation thou hast drawn up; do I teach them not to believe the Gods which the State recognises—to believe in other new divinities?"

"Certainly, I maintain this."

"Then by these, O Melitus, by these same Gods of whom we are speaking, explain yourself more clearly to me and to the judges. For I cannot comprehend whether thou meanest that I teach people to believe in *any* Gods, (and most certainly I do believe that Gods exist, for I am not such an Atheist, nor unrighteous in that manner), or dost thou mean that I do not believe in the Gods which are recognised by the State, but in others, and that I teach people to do the same? Is this thy accusation of me?—that I recognised other Gods, or that I am completely without any belief in the Gods whatever, and that I teach this to others?"

*Mel.* "I say that thou art entirely without belief in any of the Gods."

"Oh, most wonderful Melitus, why dost thou say this? do not I think the sun and moon are divine as other men believe?"

*Mel.* "No, by Jupiter! O judges—since he says that the sun is a stone, and the moon an earth."

*Soc.* "Anaxagoras thou accusest of this, not me, O friend Melitus. Dost thou thus despise these judges—to think they are so ignorant in literature as not to know that the books of Anaxagoras, the Clazomenian philosopher, abound in these assertions? And truly then can the young men learn of me what is in books which they can buy at the orchestra for a drachma any day! They would laugh at Socrates if he pretended these doctrines were his, being so absurd as they are. But in Heaven's name, dost thou say that I do not believe that any Gods exist?"

*Mel.* "No, indeed, by Jupiter! not any at all."

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"But are there among men any who believe that human concerns exist, and yet who do not believe that men exist? Then answer this. Is there any one who believes that divine things exist, and yet does not believe that a God exists?"

*Mel.* "No, there is not."

"Well, then, if thou admittest that I believe and teach that divine things (*i. e.* the actions of some divinity or providence), exist whether new or old, then according to thy confession, I must believe in the existence of Gods. Thus, O men of Athens, that I am not guilty of what Melitus accused me in his indictment (disbelief in the Gods), requires no further refutation, as he is convinced of its injustice.

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"But, as I said before, a great animosity has been excited against me in a number of people, and this is what will destroy me. And if Melitus or Amytas do not effect my destruction, the envy and hatred of the public will effect it. For this envy and hatred has destroyed many virtuous men, and will destroy many more; and it is not likely that it will stop at me."

Perhaps some one will say, "Art thou not ashamed, O Socrates, of having followed a course of action from which thou art now in danger of thy life?" To such a person I should reply by this just reasoning: "Thou speakest not well, O man, if thou thinkest that a virtuous man should calculate the chance of living or dying, when not even the smallest good could

result from it, and that he should look to that alone, whether what he is doing is just and right, or whether it is wrong—whether they are the actions of a good or a bad man."

According to thy opinion, then, the heroes who died at Troy were contemptible. Dost think that the son of Thetis cared about the danger and the death? And thus it is, O Athenians, in truth. Wherever a man has placed himself, deeming it to be the best position—or has been placed by a superior, there he ought to remain (it seems to me), and brave the danger, regarding nothing—neither death nor any other evil, except disgrace.

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For me, indeed, O Athenians, it would have been shameful if, when the rulers whom ye appointed to direct me, had assigned me my post at Potidæa and Amphipolis, and at Delium, and that I stood my ground where they had placed me, and faced as other soldiers did the danger of death—it would be shameful if now when the Deity has assigned me my post—as I think and believe, and have consequently endeavoured to cultivate wisdom and search well into my own mind and the minds of others—if

I were now to fear death or any other thing, and to abandon my appointed task.

Cowardly indeed would that be; and with truth any one might then justly drag me before the tribunal, and accuse me of not believing in God, because I disobey the Divine oracle, and fear death, and deem myself wise when I am not.

For to fear death, O men of Athens, is to imagine oneself wise when one is not, because it is imagining that we know something which we do not know. Indeed no one knows for certain what death is, whether it may not be for men the greatest of all good; yet they fear it, as if they knew well that it is the greatest of evils. And is not this a shameful kind of ignorance, to presume to know what we do not? I, indeed, O Athenians, in this respect am different perhaps from most people; and if I venture to say I am wiser than they in anything, it is in this: that as I really know nothing for certain about the departed spirits of men, I do not imagine that I possess any knowledge about them. But I am perfectly convinced, that to act wrongly and to disobey those who are superior and better than ourselves, whether they be God or man, is indeed bad and disgraceful. Therefore I shall never fear and never shrink

from any known or unknown fate, except from an action that I know is wrong—not even if you were to spare my life on this condition, that I should relinquish the efforts I make to do good and to obtain wisdom, and that if I am found doing the same things again, I should die. If then you dismissed me with these conditions, I should say, "O Athenians, I love and revere you, but I must obey God in preference to you: and as long as I breathe and retain my faculties, I shall never, never, cease from seeking wisdom, and from exhorting and proving to you and whoever I may meet, and saying according to my custom: 'O man! art thou not ashamed of only caring to accumulate riches and to obtain reputation and distinction, when thou takest no care whatever to obtain wisdom and truth, and thinkest not at all of what is best for thy soul—that it may become really good?'"

For remember that I am commanded to do this by God, and I do not think that any greater good can come to this city than my obedience to God; for I make it my entire business to go about and exhort and persuade you all, both young and old, not to care for riches or anything else in comparison to your souls, in order that they may become good.

And remember well that if you put me to death, being as I am, you will not do me so much harm as you will to yourselves. Neither Melitus nor Anytus (my accusers) can harm me—it is impossible: a worse man is never permitted to harm a better. He may, indeed, put him to death, or involve him in exile or ignominy; and, perhaps, he thinks these or some such things very great evils. But I do not think so. I think it is a much greater evil, to do as he is now doing—to endeavour to kill a man unjustly.

Therefore know, O Athenians, I am far from pleading for myself, as many persons might think; but I plead for you, lest in disregard of the gift which God has conferred on you, you should harm yourselves by condemning me. For if you kill me, you will not easily find one who (though it seem almost ridiculous to say it) has been fastened on this city by the gods, like a rider upon a horse that is large and high-bred, but heavy and sluggish by reason of its great size, and requiring to be awakened by the spur. I seem to be appointed by the Gods as such a rider to this city, by awaking and counselling and reprehending each one in particular—sitting near you everywhere all day long.

Another like this you will not easily find, O Athenians; therefore, if you will take my advice, you will spare me. But, perhaps, you will be irritated and angry, like persons who are awakened from sleep, and may cast me off as Anytus bids you. It will be very easy to kill me, and then you can pass the rest of your lives in sleep, unless God in his care for you will send such another.

That I am such a person, so given to this city by God, you may judge from this: It is not like human conduct that I should have neglected all my own private concerns for so many years, and, on the other hand, that I should occupy myself with yours, appealing to each man individually, like a father or elder brother, and exhorting him to care for, and to cultivate virtue. If, indeed, I gained anything by so doing, or received any reward for my exhortations, there might be some reason for it; but now, you see yourselves, that the accusers who with so much audacity brought other accusations, had not the effrontery to say or to bring any witnesses to prove that I ever received or ever asked for any recompense. And I can produce a most decisive witness that I speak the truth—my Poverty!

Perhaps some one of you will be angry—remembering that when he himself had a less dangerous cause pending than this, he nevertheless prayed and supplicated his judges with many tears, and brought forward his children and others of his family and numerous friends to excite compassion. As I do nothing of this kind in this danger—even as it seems to me the greatest and last danger—perhaps any one who reflects on this will be still more irritated against me, and becoming angry, may give his vote against me in wrath. Now, if any of you have such a feeling, I do not indeed implore him, but if any one has, I would reason with him thus:—I, too, my friend, have some relations, and I could say with Homer,

> "Not from an oak or stone do I spring,
> But from human parents;"[1]

so that I have kindred and children, O Athenians, three sons—one is already a youth, the other two quite children—but I have brought none of them here, and for this I beseech your forgiveness. Why, then, did I omit to bring them? Not from contemptuous pride or want of respect for you, O men of Athens. Whether I can face death with courage or not is

[1] Odyssey, book xix. ver. 163.

another question—but certainly it is not for my honour and dignity, nor for your's, nor that of the entire city, nor would it appear to me right or good that I should have recourse to such means to excite your compassion.

It would be disgraceful if I were to act now as I have often seen others—who seemed to be of some importance when brought before this tribunal, yet acted with astonishing baseness. It was as if they considered that to be put to death was some dreadful calamity, and that they would be immortal, or, at least, live for ever in this world, if you did not make them die.

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In fact, O Athenians, I believe in the Gods far more than any of my accusers believe in them; and I leave to you and the Gods my judgment, that you may act as may be best for me and for you.[1]

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After his condemnation, Socrates continued as follows:—

That I am not indignant, O men of Athens, at the fact of my condemnation, is because

[1] The votes were then given, and Socrates was condemned to death by a majority of only six votes. Out of 556 judges 281 voted against, and 275 for him.

many circumstances contribute to prevent my feeling surprised at it. I am much more astonished at the number of votes on both sides. I never imagined the division would have been so narrow, as I expected to have been condemned by a much larger majority. Now, it appears that if only three persons had voted differently, I should have been acquitted. If Melitus and Anytus and Lycon had not voted against me, it is evident to every one that Melitus would have been obliged to pay a thousand drachmas for not having obtained the fifth part of the votes.[1]

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He (Melitus) then condemns me to death. So let it be. Then what penalty shall I propose instead, O Athenians? What, then, do I deserve to suffer or to pay—for having all my life endeavoured to learn, without giving way to indolence—for having neglected what most people principally care for, the acquisition of riches, the increase of patrimony—for having refused all offices in the state and in the army, and all other public employments—for never

[1] This was the forfeit an accuser was condemned to pay unless he obtained the fifth part of the suffrages against the person he had accused.

having taken part in conspiracies and factions, such as have often occurred in this state (deeming myself too moderate and honest to escape ruin if I engaged in them)—for never having entered upon any line of conduct which could be of no use to you or to myself—for having sought, whenever it was possible for me, to do the greatest good possible to every one individually—for having, as I told you, presented myself, and endeavoured to persuade every one of you not to attend to any of his concerns so much as to his own inward self, in order that he might become good and wise?

What reward, then, is suitable for a poor man who endeavours to do good, who wishes to make use of his leisure in giving you good advice? There would be nothing else to propose, O Athenians, than that such a man should be supported at the public expense or the Prytaneum. He deserves this reward much more than any of you who had conquered in a horse or chariot race at the Olympic games. For this one only makes you *think* yourselves happy; but I teach you to *be* happy.

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Shall I choose exile?—for perhaps you would

accept that penalty—or a fine, and imprisonment till I pay it? That would come to the same thing, for I have no money wherewith to pay.

Now it is not my habit to judge myself worthy of any condemnation; therefore, certainly, if I had money, I would have proposed such a fine as I could pay—that would not have harmed me; but now, I have none—unless perhaps that I might be able to raise a mina of silver; so I will place the penalty at that. And Plato, here, O Athenians, and Crito, Aristobulus, and Apollodorus, advise me to place the penalty at thirty minas; and they offer to be answerable for that sum. So I propose this sum, and their names will doubtless appear to you sufficient security.[1]

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After this second condemnation, Socrates continued:—

Because ye would not wait for a very short time, O Athenians, you will have to bear the blame of those who wish to speak reproachfully of this city for having put to death Socrates—that wise man—for those who mean to insult you

[1] The votes were then again collected respecting this penalty, and again the punishment of death is carried by the majority.

will call me a wise man, even if I were not. If you had waited only a very short time, the event would have happened naturally. For consider my age, how far advanced I am in life, and near the borders of death. Now I do not say this to all of you, but only to those whose votes condemned me to death.

I have failed in my defence, not from want of words, but from want of impudence and forwardness, and because I was not willing to say such things as you wished to hear—lamentations and tearful appeals, and other things unworthy of me, as I before said, but which you are accustomed to hear from others.

But I did not before think that I ought to do anything beneath the dignity of a free man, nor do I now repent of the manner in which I have made my defence; on the contrary, I much prefer dying after having made that kind of defence, than to live by means of a base apology. For neither before a tribunal of justice, nor in war, ought I, or any one, to use unworthy machinations to escape death. Even in battles it is evident, that often a man might fly from death by throwing down his arms and turning with entreaties towards his pursuers. And there are many ways of escaping danger in other cases,

and avoiding death, if a person has no scruples about what he does or says. But although it is not difficult, O Athenians, to escape death, yet it is much more difficult to escape baseness and wickedness. For wickedness runs faster than death, and therefore we find it is more difficult to escape from its evil influence. I, indeed, old and slow, am overtaken by the slower of these two—Death. But my accusers, although quick and clever, yet are overtaken by the quicker of the two—Wickedness.

And now indeed I go hence, sentenced by you to receive the penalty of death; but they are in truth condemned to receive the penalty of wickedness and injustice. I endure my punishment, and they must endure theirs. All this, indeed, may perhaps be as it ought to be; and I think all is for the best—according to the harmonious designs of Providence.

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If you think that by killing a man such as I am, you can prevent any one from reproaching you that you do not live in a just and right manner, you are quite mistaken. For to avoid blows and admonition in that way is neither very possible nor honourable; but the best and the easiest exemption from them is not

to restrain others from speaking, but to cultivate well our own hearts and minds so as to become good.

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It appears that what has occurred is good for me, and it is not likely that we conjecture right when we imagine that death is a great evil.

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And let us, then, consider that there is great reason to hope that death is a Good. Death must be one of these two things: it must either be that the dead are as nothing—that they have no perception at all of anything—or, according to what is maintained by tradition, a change must occur, and the soul must be transported from its abode here to another place.

If then, indeed, there be no sensation, and death be like sleep when we repose without having any dreams, then death would be a wonderful gain. For I almost believe, that if any one were to select a night when he slept so soundly as not to have any dream, and were to compare it with other days and nights of his life, and then consider whether any of his days and nights had been better or sweeter than that

night, I believe that any private person, or even a great king, would find that those days and nights were few in number. If, then, death were like this, I should reckon it a gain; for then the whole time of it would seem only like one single night. But if, on the other hand, death be like going from here to another place, as our traditions maintain, and that all who have died are there, what good could be greater than this, O judges? For if any one goes into the place of departed spirits, and is delivered from those men who pretend to be judges here, and shall find there as real judges those who are said to administer it (Minos and the others, who were just and good when they lived here), how, then, could this change of place be disadvantageous? What would any of you give to join the society of Orpheus, Hesiod, Homer, etc.? I, indeed, would die many times, if these things are true; and to meet many others one might name, and to converse with and question them, would be an inexpressible pleasure. For there at least men are not put to death for wishing to become wise; and as they are happier than we are here in everything else, so they are in their immortality, if what is said in our traditions be true.

It behoves you then, my judges, to be full of good hopes about death, and to be convinced that the one truth which really exists is, that to a good man no evil can happen, whether living or dying, for his concerns are never uncared for by the Gods. Nor in my case has any event happened by chance or without being appointed by God; and I am convinced, that to die at this present moment, and to be freed from all embarrassments of this world, is most advantageous for me. I feel no anger towards my accusers, nor towards those who have condemned me to death. One thing, indeed, I entreat of my judges. When my sons are grown up, O Athenians, if it appear to you that they take more pains to acquire riches, or anything else, than they do to attain virtue, and if they pretend to be anything when they are nothing, then torment them as I have tormented you, and reproach them as I have reproached you, for not attending to their duties, which alone deserve attention, and for arrogantly deeming themselves to be worthy of receiving praise, when they do not deserve it. If you act thus towards them, both I and my sons shall have experienced what is just and right from you.

And now the time for our separation has arrived. I depart to die; you remain to live. Which of us is going the better way is unknown to every one except God.

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When Socrates had finished his defence, he is said to have departed with a radiant look and a steady step. When he saw that those who accompanied him were weeping, he endeavoured to console them. His young friend Apollodorus said to him, "This is the most difficult thing to bear, Socrates, that I see you put to death wrongfully." Then Socrates stroked his head, and asked, with a smile, "Would you have liked better to see me put to death justly?"

The Delian festival delayed for thirty days the execution of Socrates, which would otherwise have taken place immediately. During the latter part of that time, the following dialogue (called "The Crito") took place in the prison, between Socrates and his friend, "about what is to be done."

# PART SECOND.

## CRITO.

# CRITO.

*Soc.* Wherefore art thou come at this hour, O Crito, for is it not very early morning still?

*Crito.* It is, indeed, *quite.*

*Soc.* About what time?

*Crito.* It is scarcely break of day.

*Soc.* I wonder that the jailer was willing to listen to you, and allow you to come in.

*Crito.* He is already familiar with me, O Socrates, from my frequent visits here, and from some kindnesses that he has received from me.

*Soc.* But art thou arrived just now, or some time ago?

*Crito.* I have been here some time.

*Soc.* Why, then, didst thou not wake me at once, but sat in silence by my side?

*Crito.* No, God forbid, O Socrates; for if it were my own case, I should not wish to be

awakened into such sorrow. But I have been watching with wonder and admiration thy sweet and peaceful sleep, and designedly would not awake thee, that thy time might pass as agreeably as possible. Often, indeed, in the previous course of thy life here I have admired thy happy temper, but never so much as now in thy present calamity, when I see how easily and cheerfully thou endurest it.

*Soc.* Why, indeed, O Crito, it would be very unsuitable if, at my advanced age, I were to be indignant because I must now die.

*Crito.* Yet others, Socrates, at thy age are overtaken by the same misfortunes; but their age does not prevent them being angry with their lot.

*Soc.* It is so. But why then art thou come so early?

*Crito.* News, O Socrates, I bring most sad; not sad to thee, it seems; but to me and to all thy friends the most sorrowful and overwhelming. For my part, the very heaviest I could bear.

*Soc.* What is this? Is the ship arrived from Delos, on whose arrival I must die?

*Crito.* Not indeed yet, but it is probable it will come to-day, from the report given by some

persons who arrived from Sunium, and who saw it there. It is evident from this report that it will be here to-day. And, therefore, inevitably on the morrow's dawn, O Socrates, will thy life end.

*Soc.* Well, O Crito, the report is good; if such be God's pleasure, it shall be for good. It will be so. Still I do not think the ship will arrive to-day.

*Crito.* Whence this conjecture?

*Soc.* I will tell thee. I am to die the day after the ship arrives here—

*Crito.* So, at least, those who rule in these matters say.

*Soc.* I do not think that to-morrow this will happen, but the day after; I conjecture this from a dream I had during the past night, a little while ago—thou didst nearly awaken me at the very time.

*Crito.* Then, what was this dream?

*Soc.* I thought that a woman came to me, beautiful and fair to look upon, attired in white raiment, who called me, and said, "O Socrates, on the third day Phthia the fertile thou wilt reach."

*Crito.* It is strange, that dream, O Socrates.

*Soc.* It augurs what is certain, methinks, O Crito.

*Crito.* For certain, as it seems. But oh, my dear Socrates, still even now be persuaded by me, and save thyself. For to me, if thou diest, it will not be my sole misfortune. Besides being deprived of a friend, such as never could I find again, I shall also be deemed by many persons who do not quite know me and thee, as having had the power to save thee if I had sacrificed riches for it, but neglected to do so. And, surely, can there be anything more disgraceful than the imputation of having seemed to esteem riches of more value than friends? For most people will never be persuaded that thou wouldst not escape from hence when we encouraged thee to go.

*Soc.* But wherefore, O loved Crito, care for the opinion of the many? For the most just persons, and those whose opinions we should chiefly regard, will think all these things were done just as they were in reality performed.

*Crito.* But see now that it is necessary, O Socrates, to care for the opinion of the many. It is shown by thy present position, that these many are capable of inflicting not only small

evils, but even the greatest, if any one is calumniated to them.

*Soc.* I wish it were possible, O Crito, that the multitude were able to inflict the greatest evils, if they were also able to confer the greatest good. That would be well indeed. Now they can do neither the one nor the other. They cannot make a man wise or unwise; but they do just as it happens.

*Crito.* That, indeed, may be so. But tell me, however, Socrates, art thou not anxious on my account, and for thy other friends, lest, if thou escapest from hence, the informers will denounce us as having been accessory to it, and oblige us to lose the whole of our possessions, or great sums, and to suffer in other ways. If this is thy fear, bid adieu to the thought. For it would be only just that we should risk some danger to save thee, and if necessary also much greater. Therefore be persuaded by me, and do not act otherwise.

*Soc.* I do consider these matters, O Crito, and many others.

*Crito.* Do not have such fears, for not large is the sum which is required by those persons who would save and convey thee away from

here. And then, dost thou not see that the informers would be easily paid?—we shall not have much to spend on them. There is my fortune for them, and that, I think, would suffice. And if thou art anxious that I should not spend the entire of it, here are friends from other parts who are ready to sacrifice their's. One of these has brought a large sum of money for this very purpose—Simmias the Theban; and Cebes and others are quite ready to do the same. So that, as I say, do not on account of this fear refuse to save thyself. And do not fear on account of what thou saidst at the trial—that it would be difficult when thou hast left this country for thee to exist without possessing any means; for in many and divers places, wherever thou goest, thou wilt be loved. On the other hand, if thou wilt go into Thessaly, I have friends there who will make much of thee, and entertain thee in security, so that no one could annoy thee in Thessaly.

Still more, O Socrates, I will say that it does not seem to me a right thing that thou shouldst give thyself up when thou couldst be saved, and thus endeavour to bring upon thyself the very misfortunes which thy enemies, in their

wish for thy destruction, are trying and have tried to effect. And besides, thy sons thou seemest to me to desert; when it would be possible for thee to bring them up and educate them, thou goest away to die and abandonest them; and for all thou canst help, they will act according to chance, and they will fare no better probably than most orphans do when they have lost their parents. Either thou oughtest not to have children, or thou shouldst suffer and work in rearing and educating them. It seems to me that thou choosest the easiest course; yet it is necessary that, as a good and courageous man would choose, so must he select who has pretended to make virtue his study all through life.

As it is now, I feel ashamed both for thee and for us thy friends, lest it be thought that the whole concern was conducted in a cowardly manner by us. Thy appearance before the tribunal of justice, which ought never to have taken place, and thy pleading at the trial, and its result, and the termination of the whole affair, which will seem to have resulted from cowardice and baseness on our part—shirking away without saving thee, or making thee save thyself, which we might and ought to have

done, if we were of the smallest use. Thus then, O Socrates, look well, lest to the misfortune be added disgrace, both for thee and us. Consider then the right course—or rather, this is not the hour to consider, but to act as if thou hadst considered. Our resolution should be taken, for during the coming night everything must be accomplished. But if we delay, escape will be no longer possible. At all events, then, O Socrates, listen to my persuasions ; and pray do not act in any other manner.

*Soc.* O loved Crito, thy friendly zeal is worthy of all praise, if it be consistent with rectitude. But if not, its earnestness is the more dangerous. We must examine now whether this is a thing to be done or not. For not only now, but always, I will never put faith in or follow anything else but the reason which appears to me best on mature reflection. And these reasons which I have chosen and declared all my life I cannot reject now since this fate has befallen me. These reasonings appear the same to me—as much deserving of reverence and honour as they did before. And unless I find some better reasons at present, know well that I cannot be prevailed on by thee, nor by the number of

considerations which present themselves to us—such as the power of the multitude threatening us with chains and death and loss of wealth.

*Crito.* How then can we examine this subject with the most reasonable moderation?

*Soc.* First we must consider what thou sayest about opinions—whether it was well said on former occasions or not, that to some opinions we should attend, and to others we should not; or, that before I was condemned to death it was well to say this, but that now it becomes evident that this reasoning was merely held for speaking' sake, and was really only frivolous child's play. Now I wish to examine this well, O Crito, in common with thee—whether it appears otherwise to me since I have fallen into this position, or whether it appears the same—whether we are to renounce this view, or faithfully follow it.

It was said on other occasions, I think, each time by those who considered that they were speaking seriously, just as I have now expressed it, that among the opinions which men form, some are to be highly esteemed, and some not. Now in the name of God, Crito, does not this appear to be well said? Thou, indeed, as far as human appearances go, art in no danger of dying to-morrow, and therefore the impending misfor-

tune need not interfere with thy opinion. Consider well, then—is it not rightly said, thinkest thou, that not *all* opinions of men are to be respected, but that some are to be honoured and some not? What sayest thou? Was not this well said?

*Crito.* Well, indeed.

*Soc.* That we must respect good opinions, and not respect bad ones?

*Crito.* Certainly.

*Soc.* And are not good opinions those of wise persons, and bad opinions those of the unwise?

*Crito.* How can it be otherwise?

*Soc.* Now stay. How again was this carried out? A man who is practising gymnastics, and wishes to excel in it, does he attend to the praise or blame of all men, or only to one person, who happens to be his physician or instructor in gymnastics?

*Crito.* Of that one alone.

*Soc.* Then he ought to fear the reproaches, and desire the praises of that one man—but not those of the multitude?

*Crito.* It is quite clear.

*Soc.* Then we ought to act and practise gymnastics, and eat and drink, in accordance with the

opinion of the master who understands the art, rather than follow the opinion of others in these matters?

*Crito.* It is true.

*Soc.* Well, if a man should disobey this one master or doctor, and despise his opinion and his praise, and then respect the opinions of the multitude who do not understand his case, will he not suffer harm by this?

*Crito.* How could it be otherwise?

*Soc.* What kind of harm will this be? To what will it tend, and what part of him will suffer by his want of confidence in his master?

*Crito.* Evidently his body, which will probably perish.

*Soc.* Thou hast well said. Then is it not the same in all kind of things which we need not individualize? But concerning what is the right or the wrong, the shameful or the beautiful, the good or the bad, about which things we are now deliberating—ought we to regard and to fear the opinions of the multitude, rather than that of one man, if his good intelligence be worthy of all praise? Ought we not to respect it and fear it more than that of all the others put together? And unless we do follow his opinion, do we not destroy or endanger all those things which

become better by justice, but which are annihilated by unrighteousness. Or is all this of no consequence?

*Crito.* I agree with thee, Socrates.

*Soc.* Well, then, if what becomes better by health we destroy by illness, so that it perishes by malady, from our having had no confidence in the opinion of him who was worthy of regard —is it worth living when the body becomes corruption? Yet is it still the body or not?

*Crito.* It is.

*Soc.* And can we go on enduring life, when the body is withered and corrupted?

*Crito.* Not at all.

*Soc.* Then how can we go on living, when injustice causes harm to the parts of us which only thrive on justice? And can we deem that part of us (our souls) which is thus affected by injustice and justice, more to be despised than our bodies?

*Crito.* Certainly not.

*Soc.* On the contrary, are they not more precious?

*Crito.* Much more.

*Soc.* Then, O my loved Crito, we ought not to consider what the multitude will say, but

only that one who is the sole and great judge of good and evil—and that is the Truth itself. Therefore thou didst not counsel right at first, when thou saidst that we should regard the opinion of the many, about what is just, and seemly, and good, or the contrary. Yet some one may say, that the many have it in their power to put us to death.

*Crito.* It is evident that they will at least say this, O Socrates.

*Soc.* Very true. But, O admired friend, that reasoning which we have agreed about seems to me the same as it did before; and if we again examine it, are we not still of opinion that we ought not to care most about living, but only so that we may live well?

*Crito.* We remain in the same opinion.

*Soc.* And to live well, is to live justly and honourably; does that opinion remain or not?

*Crito.* It remains.

Then must we not, in accordance with what we have agreed upon, consider whether it is right that I should endeavour to leave this place, without the consent of the Athenians—or not right? And if it seem right, let us attempt it; but if not, let us discard the thought. As to

what thou sayest about the loss of money, and of reputation, and the education of my children, see whether, in reality, these considerations are not for the multitude, who would easily put us and them to death, and then as carelessly, if they could, would bring us to life again, without any good reason for either. But let us see whether, according to the principles of reason, the only thing to be inquired is—whether we shall do right in paying money and incurring obligations to those persons who are to take me from hence, and taking our own share in the act, or whether in truth we shall not do wrong by joining in this act. And if it appear wrong that we should do this, we ought not to reason any more about whether we are to die by remaining here in quiet, and whether we should suffer every other evil rather than do wrong.

*Crito.* It appears to me, thou speakest well, O Socrates; but let us see what we can do.

*Soc.* We will examine well, O good friend, together; and if thou hast any objections to what I say, make them, and I will attend to thy reasons. But if not, cease, O dear friend, to repeat the same things—that I must go from hence without the consent of the Athenians. I should be very glad if thou couldst persuade me

it was right to do this, but I cannot do it without that. So consider what principles we are to proceed upon, and endeavour to answer my questions as thou thinkest best.

*Soc.* Do we agree, that on no account we may willingly do an injustice? Or, may we in some ways do wrong and not in others? Or is it never good and seemly to do wrong, as we have often before agreed, and have just now said? Or are all the conclusions we have agreed upon during the last few days vanished away? And, O Crito, could all men of our age talk seriously together formerly, and yet deceive ourselves, or each other, as to our own thoughts, or hide our thoughts from ourselves, like children playing at hide-and-seek? Or is it not above all dispute true, what we then said, whether the many agree to it or not—that whether we are to suffer worse evils or less, still to do wrong is an evil and a disgrace every way to the wrong doer?

*Crito.* We agree in this.

*Soc.* To no one, then, should we ever do wrong on any account?

*Crito.* Certainly, never.

*Soc.* Neither are we ever to wrong those who

have wronged us,[1] although most people deem this permissible; for we are never to sin or be unjust.

*Crito.* It appears not.

*Soc.* How then? May we do evil or may we not, O Crito?

*Crito.* No, not on any account, O Socrates.

*Soc.* What then? to do any harm to those who have harmed us—is this right, as many people think, or is it not right?

*Crito.* It is not right.

*Soc.* For to harm any person is the same as to sin or do wrong.

*Crito.* Thou sayest what is true.

*Soc.* Then we must never render evil for evil, or do harm to any man, whatever we may suffer from him. Now look well, O Crito, whilst thou confessest this, lest contrary to thy opinion thou art confessing. For I know that very few persons agree to this opinion, or will ever agree to it. And those who agree to it and those who do not cannot take counsel together, for necessarily they must disapprove of each other from beholding each other's sentiments. Consider then, well, whether thou assentest to this and

[1] One of the sentiments which show how advanced was the judgment and heart-cultivation in those early times.

agreest with my opinion—whether we take it as a principle to start from, that to do an injustice, to render wrong for wrong, to protect oneself from evil by doing evil, can never be good—or whether thou separatest in opinion from me here, and dost not accept this principle? For my part, this formerly seemed to me right; and it does so still. Yet if it appears otherwise to thee, say so, and prove it to me. But if thou adherest to this our old principle, listen to what follows.

*Crito.* I adhere to it, and agree with thee. But say on.

*Soc.* I say to thee again, or rather I will ask, whether, if one has promised another to do a thing, it is right to do it, or to deceive them by not doing it?

*Crito.* One ought to do the thing.

*Soc.* That being agreed, consider this: If we were to fly from this place without the consent of the State, do we do wrong to some, and that to those whom we ought least of all to wrong—or do we not? Do we thus keep our just promises, or not?

*Crito.* I cannot, O Socrates, answer this question, for I do not comprehend it.

*Soc.* Consider it thus: If we were on the point of leaving this place by running away, or whatever name thou choosest to give our flight, and the laws and the state were to meet us and say, "Tell us, O Socrates, what is in thy mind to do? What is this act which thou attemptest? Dost thou wish to destroy the laws, and even to ruin the whole State, as far as it depends on thee? Does it seem to thee still to be a State, and not already overturned, in which sentences of law solemnly pronounced have no longer any power, but may be evaded and disregarded by individuals, and consequently destroyed?"

What shall we say, O Crito, to this and such other appeals? For there would be much to say by one skilful in rhetoric about this abolition of the law which commands that sentences once pronounced should be valid. Or shall we say that the State has treated us unjustly, and has not rightly judged this cause? This, or what shall we say?

*Crito.* This, by Heaven, O Socrates.

*Soc.* And what if the laws should say, "O Socrates, was this the thing agreed upon between thee and us? Or was it that thou shouldst stand

by the judgment which the city should pronounce?" And if we were to seem astonished at their address, they would probably say, "O Socrates, do not wonder at what we say; but answer one question, since thou art wont to make use of questions and answers. Say then, what complaint hast thou to make against us and the State —that thou attempest to destroy us? In the first place, were we not the authors of thy being? It was through us that thy father married thy mother, and gave birth to thee. Say now, dost thou blame these our laws about marriage—are they not good?" "I blame them not, I would say." "Well, but those laws about the training and education of children, by which thou wert brought up—were not those laws good which enjoined thy father to have thee instructed in music and gymnastics?"

"Good," I should say. "And then since thou wert thus born and trained and educated, couldst thou maintain that thou wert not our's as child and as servant, thou and thy forefathers? And if this be so, dost thou think that thy rights are the same as ours, and that what we attempt to do with thee thou mayest equally attempt to retaliate upon us? With regard to thy father thou hadst not equal rights, nor even with

regard to thy master, if thou hadst one : so that thou couldst not return evil for evil to them, nor railing for railing, nor blow for blow. And towards thy country and thy laws can such a proceeding be allowable? so that, if we attempt to destroy thee, thinking it just so to do, thou also mayest endeavour to destroy us and our laws and our country, and say thou art right in doing so—thou who makest virtue and truth thy chief care and study? And thou, who art wise, hast thou forgotten how more precious even than thy mother or thy father, or all thy progenitors, is thy country, and is more to be venerated and honoured, and is held in higher estimation by the gods, and by all reasonable men? And it ought to be revered and listened to with meekness; and thy country's anger should be more soothed than the anger of a father. And thou shouldest either quietly persuade it to alter its determination, or obey its commands, and suffer what it inflicts, and take quietly both its blows and bonds. And if in war it send thee to be wounded or to die, thou must obey; for it has the right to command, and thou art not to shrink or desert thy ranks, but in war and before the tribunal of justice, and everywhere, thou art to do what the State and

the country commands, or else thou must convince it of what the right is. But to constrain it or use violence, is not pious or conformable with that hallowed reverence with which we ought to respect our father and mother, and, most of all, our country." What say we to this, O Crito—that the laws speak the truth or not?

*Crito.* It seems to me that they do.

*Soc.* "Consider then, Socrates," the laws would perhaps say, "If this is truth that we speak, thou art not just towards us in this undertaking of thine. We, having given thee birth, nurture, education, and imparted all the good we had in our power to thee and the other citizens, nevertheless announce to every Athenian that, if, after he has examined into the customs and doings of the city, and ourselves and our laws, he does not then like us, he is at liberty to take his property and go away whithersoever he will. No one of us (the laws) will impede or forbid him, should he wish to emigrate because he is not pleased with us and the city. He may take all that belongs to him; and no one will prevent him from going wherever he chooses, keeping all that belongs to him. But of whoever remains here, seeing the manner

in which we judge causes and direct the business of the city in general, we say at once; This person has, in fact, promised to us that whatever we command he will perform. And if he should not obey us, we say that a threefold wrong he commits by refusing obedience to us who brought him into being, and educated him—us, whom he promised to obey. Nor does he endeavour to persuade us that we are wrong, if we do what is not seemly, although we propose to him without any severity the alternative, either to do what we command, or to persuade us to change our resolution: and he does neither the one nor the other.

"And this we say to thee, O Socrates: Thou wilt be exposed to blame, if thou doest what thou art meditating—thou, more than any other Athenian wilt be blamed." And if I were to ask why? perhaps they would justly attack me by saying that I had made the promise more expressly than any of the others had done; for they would say, "Here, O Socrates, is strong evidence that thou approvest of us and our city; for thou wouldst not more constantly than any other Athenian have remained in it, unless thou

hadst been pleased with our city; nor didst thou ever, even to attend a festival, leave the city except once to the Isthmian games, nor for any journey except with the army—not even to make an excursion, as all other men do. Thou hadst no anxious desire to see other towns and other laws; but we and our city were sufficient for thee, so that thou wert strongly attached to us, and by acknowledging thy approval, undertookest to be governed by our government. Besides this, thou hast begotten children here, which shows that thou art pleased with this city. And further—in the trial it was permitted that thou mightst choose exile for thy punishment, and then thou mightst have done with the State's permission what thou now undertakest without its consent. At that time, indeed, thou madest fine speeches, as if thou hadst no fear of death, choosing, as thou saidst, rather than be exiled, to die. But now, art thou not ashamed of those words, and hast no regard for the laws, that thou attemptest to destroy us? Thou actest as the most despicable slave would act, by attempting to escape in violation of the treaties and conventions by which thou hadst agreed to be governed. First, then, answer: Do we speak the truth by saying that thou dost

agree to be governed by us in fact, and not only in profession? Is this not true?"

What could we say to this, O Crito, except that we agree with it?

*Crito.* It is necessary, O Socrates.

*Soc.* Then, they would continue: "What else art thou doing now, but violating the covenants and promises concluded with us—not even compulsory covenants, nor promises extorted by deceit; nor wert thou obliged to decide in a short time, but having the seventy years (of thy life) to make it in, during which time thou couldst have gone away if not pleased with us, deeming the agreement unjust. But thou didst not prefer Lacedæmon, nor Crete, which often thou hast said were well governed, nor any other Greek city, nor barbarian. No, and even less didst thou leave this city than the lame and the blind and other infirm persons leave it. Much greater was thy contentment evidently in this city than that of other Athenians; and it was evident that our laws pleased thee, for how can a State or city please unless its laws are approved of? And now dost thou not stand by thy promises? Stand by them and have confidence in us, O Socrates, and do not make thyself ridiculous by flying from the city."

"For consider well—by this transgression and by violating thy obligations, what good can accrue to thyself or thy friends? It is almost clear that there is a great danger lest these thy friends will have to fly their country, and lose their home and property. And thou thyself, in the first place, if to any of the nearest cities thou goest, either Thebes or Megara (for both are well governed), as an enemy to this country thou wilt go thither, O Socrates; and whoever cares for the good order of these cities will look on thee with suspicion, deeming thee as a destroyer of the laws; and thou wilt thus confirm the sentence of thy judges, so that they will be deemed to have condemned thee justly. For he who destroys the laws may well be deemed a corrupter of young and unintelligent persons. Wouldst thou, then, avoid the well-governed cities, and those men who lead the best ordered lives, and if thou doest that, will it be worth thy while to live? And if thou shouldst approach such persons, wilt thou have the audacity to discourse with them, O Socrates, in the manner thou dost here, maintaining that virtue and righteousness are the things most worthy of esteem; and established institutions and laws? Dost thou not think that this

conduct of Socrates will appear disgraceful? Thou must think so.

"And then, if thou wilt, avoid these cities, and go into Thessaly, to the friends of Crito—for there the greatest disorder and immunity from punishment prevail. And there, perhaps, they might hear with pleasure in what an absurd and clever manner thou hadst made thy escape from prison, assuming some disguise by clothing thyself in an animal's skin, or using some other trick of fugitive prisoners to alter their appearance.

"And will no one ask how an old man, having probably such a short remnant of time to live, came to be so miserably anxious to prolong his existence as to transgress laws the most sacred? Perhaps no one will ask this unless thou offendest them; but if thou shouldst, thou wilt hear many disagreeable things. Cringing to every one thou wilt live, and be looked down upon as a slave. And what wilt thou do? Feast in Thessaly, as if thou hadst gone there for the sake of good living? And thy discourses about justice and temperance, and all the virtues—what will become of them?

"But, perhaps, on thy sons' account thou wishest to live, that thou mayest bring them up

and educate them? What, then! Wouldst thou take them to Thessaly, and bring them up and teach them there—making them thereby foreigners, in order that they may receive this last benefit from thee, ceasing to be Athenians? Or wilt thou avoid this—and shall they be educated here whilst thou art alive elsewhere—and will they be better brought up because thou art absent? But thy friends will take care of thy children. If thou goest to Thessaly, thy friends will take care of thy children; and if thou went into the other world, would thy friends not take care of them? If their pretended friendship is of any real use, we must certainly think that they will."

"But, O Socrates, be persuaded by us who have brought thee up. Do not deem that either thy children, or thy life, or anything else, is of more importance than to do what is just and right; so that, when thou enterest into the other world, thou mayest render thy account of all thy actions to the Ruler there. For not here wilt thou appear better or more righteous, or more holy, by doing this wrong action; nor when thou arrivest there, in the next world, will it be more advantageous for thee. Now

thou goest, if thou departest from this, unjustly treated (not by us, the laws) but by men. On the other hand—if thou departest, having basely returned wrong for wrong, and having broken thy own promises and covenants, and done evil to those whom thou oughtest least of all to injure—thyself, and friends, and country, and Us—we shall look with anger upon thee whilst thou livest in this world, and our Brothers, the immortal Laws, will not receive thee with favour in the other world, seeing that thou didst endeavour to destroy Us (the laws) as far as depended on thee. Then let not thyself be persuaded by Crito to do as he proposes; but rather follow our advice."

This, O my dear companion Crito, remember, is what I seem to hear. As the Corybantes think they hear the sacred flutes,[1] thus the sound of this booms in my ears, and prevents me from hearing anything else. And know, that since all this appears so to me, vain will be thy words if thou speakest against it. Still, nevertheless, if thou wishest to do more, speak.

[1] Those who were under the inspiration of the goddess Ceres, thought they heard flutes which excluded all other sounds from their ears.

*Crito.* No, O Socrates, I have nothing more to say.

*Soc.* Then let it so be, O Crito ; and we will act in this manner, since it seems to be the way God directs.

# PART THIRD.

## THE PHÆDO OF PLATO.

# THE PHÆDO.

*The scene is at Phlius in Argolis.*

*Echectrates.* Wert thou present thyself, O Phædo, with Socrates, on the day when he drank the poison in his prison; or from some other person didst thou hear of it?

*Ph.* I was there myself, O Echectrates.

*Ec.* What then did that great man say at his death? and how was his end? I should like to hear about it; for none of our fellow-citizens of Phlius have the habit of going to Athens, nor has any stranger come to us from thence for a long time, who could give us any distinct account of what happened—only at least that he drank the poison and died.

*Ph.* Not then about the trial hast thou heard, and in what manner it took place?

*Ec.* Yes, that indeed some one told us about; and we wondered that after the sentence was

pronounced, some time elapsed before it was executed. Wherefore was this, O Phædo?

*Ph.* A particular chance, O Echectrates, occurred. It so happened that the day before the sentence was passed, the ship which the Athenians send every year to Delos completed its preparations for sailing, by having its prow crowned with garlands.

*Ec.* Wherefore is this?

*Ph.* It is the very same ship, say the Athenians, in which Theseus formerly went to Crete, taking thither the twice seven youths when he saved their lives and his own.[1] He had implored Apollo, then, it is said, and made a vow at that time, that if they escaped destruction they would make a solemn procession to Delos every year; and this rite has always been regularly observed every year from that time to this. After the procession has begun, the law is, that during the whole time it continues, the city should be pure and holy, and that no person should be put to death before the ship reached Delos and returned from it again. This —in some years, is a long interval, when the

[1] The Athenians were before obliged to send every ninth year seven youths and seven maidens to be devoured by the Minotaur.

ship is detained by contrary winds. The beginning of this sacred period is when the priest of Apollo crowns with a garland the ship's stern. This had happened, as I said, the day before the judgment was pronounced; and hence the length of time that Socrates was in prison, between his condemnation and his execution.

*Ec.* And about this execution, O Phædo! What was then said and done? and who among the friends of this great man were present? Or did the rulers not allow them to be there, but solitary, without his friends, was he obliged to die?

*Ph.* By no means; some of his friends were present, and indeed many of them.

*Ec.* I hope thou wilt be inclined to tell me about all this as circumstantially as possible, unless thou happenest not to have leisure for it.

*Ph.* I am quite at leisure, and I will endeavour to narrate it all fully; for to remember and to think of Socrates, and to speak about him, and to hear others talk of him, is ever to me the greatest pleasure.

*Ec.* Well, then, O Phædo, indeed those who hear thee have the same feeling; therefore

endeavour to relate all as accurately as thou canst.

*Ph.* I experienced wonderful emotions on that occasion. Not, indeed, the compassion one might have expected to feel at the death of a dear friend. Happy, indeed, the great man appeared to me, O Echecrates, both from his behaviour and his discourse—with such holy calmness and high-born courage did he meet death. He appeared to me as if he were not only going to Hades under the protection of God, but that he would be blissfully happy there, if any one ever was. Therefore I had none of the painful compassion that would seem likely to be felt at being present at such a scene. Neither, on the other hand, did we experience the delight which usually accompanied our philosophical talk, although our discourse was of the same kind. But it was a peculiarly strange feeling which possessed me—a most unusual compound of pleasure commingled with sorrow, when I thought that he was about to die. And all those who were present experienced somewhat of the same feeling—at one moment laughing, at another crying—especially Apollodorus, who continued to weep violently. Thou knowest that man and his habits.

*Ec.* How should I not?

*Ph.* He was entirely overcome by his emotions; and I was much troubled in spirit; and so were the others. Of our fellow-citizens there were present, besides Apollodorus, Critobulus, and his father Crito; and also Hermogenes, and Epigenes, and Æschines, and Antisthenes. And there were Ctesippus the Pæanian, and Menexenus, and some other Athenians. Plato, I believe, was ill.

*Ec.* And were any strangers present?

*Ph.* Yes; Simmias the Theban, and Cebes, and Phædondes; and, from Megara, Euclides and Terpsion.

*Ec.* And tell me; Aristippus and Cleombrotus, were they present?

*Ph.* No, they were not. They were said to be in Ægina.

*Ec.* Were any others present?

*Ph.* I almost think I have mentioned all those who were there.

*Ec.* Well, then, now tell me of what were the discourses?

*Ph.* I will endeavour to relate all from the beginning. We had always, during the preceding days, been in the habit of going to

Socrates constantly—I and others, assembling very early in the mornings in the hall where the trial had been held, which was near the prison. We waited there till the doors of the prison were opened, conversing with one another; for they were not opened very early. As soon as they were opened we went in to Socrates, and remained most part of the day with him.

And on this day we met earlier than usual. For the evening before, after we had quitted the prison, we heard that the vessel was arrived from Delos. So we agreed among ourselves to come earlier than usual to our accustomed place. And when we arrived, the jailor who usually admitted us came and told us to wait, and not advance further until he ordered us. "For," he said, "the eleven are loosening the chains from Socrates, and announcing to him that on this day he must die." Not long after the jailor returned and told us to go in.

On entering we found Socrates, indeed, just loosed from his fetters, and Xantippe his wife (thou knowest her) and her children sitting close to him. As soon as she saw us she began to weep aloud, and lament violently, as women are wont to do; and she cried out, "Here, O

Socrates, are thy friends come to look on thee for the last time, and thou on them."

And Socrates looked on Crito, and said, "O Crito, let some take care[1] of her, and lead her away to her home." And she was carried away by some one belonging to Crito, weeping violently and beating her breast.

Then Socrates rose up, and sat on the side of the bed; then bent his leg and rubbed with his hand the place which the pressure of the chains, lately removed, had hurt; and whilst doing this, he said, "How marvellous, O my friends, is that thing which is called by men pleasure, and how wonderfully it resembles its supposed opposite, pain. Pleasure and pain seldom, indeed, come together to most men; but if any person follows after one and attains it, he is almost sure to attain the other also, as if the two were fastened together at one end. And it seems to me, that if Æsop had noticed this, he would have made a fable to this effect—that a God wished to reconcile these two antagonists, and not being able to do so, fastened together their extremities, and by this means whosoever takes hold of one of necessity has the other after-

[1] To conduct or lead with the care one would bestow on a child seems to be the chief meaning of this word.

wards. And it happens to me now in a similar manner. After the pain caused by the chains which bound my leg, the cessation of suffering which follows, now it is unbound, seems to be pleasure." Whereupon Cebes said, "Then by Heaven, O Socrates, well hast thou done to remind me, about the poems thou hast composed; suggested by thy mention of Æsop, and of the Hymn to Apollo which thou hast written. Some persons have lately asked me (especially Evenus), what was thy motive in writing these things since thou camest to this prison, when never before thou didst employ thyself in that manner. If then I should have to answer Evenus when he again asks me (as well I know he will) tell me what I must say."

"Tell him," said Socrates, "the truth—that with no wish to rival him in his poetical compositions did I do this, for I well know that would not be easy; but I did it, in trying to discover what some dreams meant, and to satisfy my conscience, which had often prompted me to cultivate poetry. It was in this manner:—many times dreams visited me at various periods of my life, assuming different forms, but always conveying the same impression. 'O Socrates,'

they said, 'cultivate the Muses and complete thy work.' And I in former times, when I was doing my work, considered this merely as an encouragement to continue it, and as intended to cheer me on, as racers are cheered onwards with shouts in their course. I thought the dreams encouraged me to go on as I was—pursuing philosophy, as being the highest province of the Muses, and *that* I was doing. But now since my condemnation, and that the holy festival delayed my execution, I deemed myself obliged (if this often-recurring dream really meant that I was to cultivate the Muses in a popular sense) not to disobey, but to act as it directed. It would be more advisable not to leave this world before my conscience was cleared by endeavouring to write poems in obedience to the dream. So I first wrote a hymn to the God whose festival caused the delay. After writing the one to the God I remembered that poets, when they really intended to become poets, ought to write not only true histories, but fables and stories, with a purpose or moral; and I, not being given to compose fiction, took Æsop's fables, as the first that occurred to me, and turned them into verse.

"This, O Cebes, thou mayest relate to Evenus, and tell him that if he is wise he will follow me. For I must depart, it seems, this day: so the Athenians command."

Upon this Simmias exclaimed: "What a message thou sendest, O Socrates, to Evenus! For I have often met the man, and hardly now, from what I know of him, is he at all likely to follow willingly thy advice."

"What then! is not Evenus by way of being a philosopher?"

"So it seems to me," said Simmias.

"Then Evenus will be inclined," said Socrates, "and so will all who are worthy of being called philosophers, to do what I say—not indeed that he should do violence to himself, for that is said to be unlawful."

While he said this, he stretched his legs down from the bed, and placed his feet on the ground; and thus he sat during the remainder of the discourse.

Cebes then asked him, "How is this thou sayest, O Socrates—that it is not lawful to do oneself violence, and yet that a philosopher should be willing to follow him who is about to die?"

"What then, O Cebes! Hast thou not heard—

thou and Simmias, such opinions when in Philolaus' company?"

"Nothing quite clear, at least, O Socrates."

"Why, indeed, I only from hearsay speak of such doctrines. But what I have heard I am not unwilling to tell thee. And indeed, perhaps it is the best employment for a person who is about to depart from this world, to consider and speculate about this departure, and what we think it really is. What employment, indeed, can be better than this—during the time from now till the sun goes down?"

"On what grounds, then, is it said that it is not to be lawful to kill oneself, O Socrates? For certainly, as thou just asked, have I heard it said by Philolaus, when he was living with us, and also by some others—that one ought not to do so; but any clear reason for this I never heard."

"Well, then, proceed to investigate the matter," said Socrates, "and soon thou wilt hear the reason. Perhaps, indeed, it may appear to thee strange, that in this case alone the rule is not universal—that for some men it is better to die, and for others it is better to live. And concerning those for whom it is good to die, thou

wilt wonder, perhaps, why it is not right and holy that they should do this good to themselves, but must wait till this good is done for them by other means."

And then Cebes quietly smiled. "God only knows," he said, with his own peculiar accent.

"It may appear strange and unreasonable," said Socrates, "and yet there is probably some reason in it. Now indeed the traditional saying is, 'that we men are like sentinels, and that we must not of our own accord, and without permission, shrink from our post or run away.' A great saying this appears to me; and it is not easy to fathom its depth. But, however, O Cebes, to me the precept appears good which maintains, that it is God who cares for and rules over us, and that we men are the property (consequently the servants) of God. Dost thou not think so?"

"Certainly," said Cebes.

"Well, then, if any one belonging to thee—any of thy servants—were to kill himself when thou hadst evinced no wish that he should die, thou wouldst be angry; and if it were possible to punish him, wouldst thou not endeavour to do so?"

"Certainly I should."

"Perhaps, then, that is the reason why one should not kill oneself, before God imposes on one the necessity of dying, as he does on me at this present time."

"That is very likely," said Cebes; "at least, it appears so. But what thou hast just said—that philosophers should be the most willing to die, seems strange, if what we have now agreed upon is right—that it is God who cares for us, and that we belong to Him. For that the wisest persons should be unwilling to depart from under the superintending care of God is not unreasonable, if they are convinced that they are cared for by the best of beings—God. No one can think he can take better care of himself by departing from under this guardianship. A foolish person might, indeed, hastily think, that to escape from being under any master is an advantage; and he might not see the reason why it is unwise to fly away from a good master, and most wise to remain; and so an unreasonable person might escape. But a sensible person would desire, above all things, to be always under the guardianship of the best—of one who is wiser than himself; and thus, O Socrates, the result would seem to be

the contrary from what thou saidst—the wise would be sorry to die, while the foolish would be glad."

On hearing this, Socrates appeared to me to be pleased with Cebes' acuteness, and looking up at us, said, "Always, indeed, Cebes finds something new to say, and is not easily induced to follow other people."

Hereupon Simmias said, "But really, O Socrates, I also think there is something in what Cebes says. For why should wise men wish to run away from their masters who are truly better than themselves, or willing to leave them? And it seems to me, that towards this Cebes' discourse tends—that thou bearest easily thy departure from us, thy friends, and those good rulers who thou confessest, are the Gods."

"Justly thou speakest," he said; "and I think thou wilt say, that I ought to make my defence against this accusation, as I did at the tribunal of justice."

"It is quite the case, indeed," said Simmias.

"Well, then," said Socrates, "I will endeavour to defend myself more persuasively than I did to the judges. If, O Simmias and Cebes, I did not expect to go to the abode of God, who is both

wise and good, and be in the company of those among the dead who are better men than any in this world, I should be wrong not to grieve at death. But now, be well assured that I do expect this—that I hope to arrive among men who are good, but I am most confident that I shall be with the Gods who are good, nay, the best of masters. Know well, that if there is anything about which I am confident, it is this. And for this reason I feel no sorrow, but am full of good hopes that those who have left this life are still in being; and that as I formerly said, those who have been good here are now in a much happier state than those who have been bad."

"Well, then, O Socrates," said Simmias; "having this conviction in thy own mind, wilt thou leave this life without imparting the same to us? For it would be a great good to us as well as to thee. And if thou canst give us this conviction, thou wilt have made a most successful defence."

"Then I will try," said he. But first observing that Crito appeared as if he wished to say something, he asked him what he had wished to tell.

"It is nothing else, O Socrates," answered Crito, "than this—that the person who is to give

thee the poison has been saying to me for some time, that thou oughtest to speak and converse as little as possible. For he says that a person becomes more heated by conversing, and thus the poison does not produce its proper effect; and in such cases he is often obliged to make them drink two, or even three, successive doses."

"Let him," said Socrates, "do as it pleases him; let him prepare his potion as if it were for twice, or even for thrice."

"I almost knew what thou wouldst say; but he has been importuning me for some time."

"Leave him alone," said Socrates. "But to you, my judges, I wish to render my reasons why it appears to me that a man who has employed his life about philosophy, or the pursuit of real wisdom, should be of good cheer when he is about to die, and full of good hope that he will enjoy the greatest happiness after his death. And why I have this conviction, O Simmias and Cebes, I will endeavour to explain."

"There is often danger of our forgetting that those persons who apply themselves rightly to the pursuit of real wisdom, are in fact studying nothing so much as how they may be best pre-

pared to die, and best fitted for the state after death. If this is really the case, it would be most absurd that men who have been during their entire lives studying for this, should yet, when the moment arrives for which they have been looking and studying, be grieved at its approach!"

At this Simmias smiled, and said, "By the Heavens, O Socrates, thou hast made me smile when I had no disposition to laugh. I think that many persons would agree with what thou sayest about philosophers, if they heard it—and particularly those in my country, who dislike them, and who do not, at least, forget to deem them worthy of death."

"And they would say truly, O Simmias; except that they have not discovered, either in what way real philosophers seek death, or why it is that they are worthy to die. But let us continue our discourse, and leave persons to themselves to say such things. Now, we deem that death is something, do we not?"

"Certainly," replied Cebes.

"Now, is it anything else but a separation of the soul from the body? And is not this death—when the body is separated from the soul, and is left to itself, and when the soul is freed from

the body, and is separate, by itself? Is death anything but this?"

"Nothing but this," said Cebes.

"Consider then, well, O good friend, whether thou agreest further with me; for I think it will assist us in our inquiry. Does it appear to thee that philosophers are men who are very eager for what are called pleasures, such as the pleasures of eating and drinking?"

"Not in the least, O Socrates," said Simmias.

"Well, then, would such an one be eager for other pleasures of the body—dress and ornaments—more than is necessary for health and propriety? Would he highly esteem such like things, or would he not rather disregard whatever was not necessary to his well-being?"

"The true philosopher would disregard them," said Cebes.

"Would he not, as far as possible, turn his attention from the concerns of his body, and bestow it entirely on the concerns of his soul?"

"Certainly."

"The first desire of a philosopher is to loosen the soul from the influence of the body; and does not this, his great object, distinguish the philosopher from common men?"

"So it appears."

"And it appears then, O Simmias, that most other men, on the contrary, value nothing so highly as pleasures of the body, and think it scarcely worth while to live without them; yet, when death approaches, they can no longer care for these pleasures which have belonged to the body."

"This is quite true."

"Whoever is occupied in the acquirement of knowledge, does he not feel his body rather a hindrance than a help? Can Truth be discovered by the sight or the hearing? Are not the poets always repeating to us, that we can hear and see nothing perfectly? And if these bodily senses are not to be trusted, still less are all the others. Does it not seem to thee that they are all unfit and fallacious?"

"Quite so."

"Then, if the soul aims at the acquirement of wisdom, and the body cannot assist in this search, is it not evident that the body is unfit to help in the acquirement of it?"

"Thou sayest the truth."

"Then is it not by reasoning, if at all, that the real truth is made manifest?"

"Yes."

"And does not the mind reason best when it is not disturbed, either by the ear or the eye, by pain or pleasure? when it acts for itself, and is most free from the influence of the body, and able thus to aim entirely and singly at truth?"

"It is so."

"Then, is not this why the mind of a philosopher does not value the gratification of the body, but flying from its delusive enjoyments, seeks to be independent of them?"

"So it appears."

"Well then, O Simmias, do we maintain that there is such a thing as justice—or do we not?"

"We do indeed."

"And things which are right and good?"

"How can it be otherwise?"

"Yet who has ever seen these things with his eyes? None. And who has ever apprehended them by any other bodily sense? And the same may be maintained of many other things, such as magnitude, health, strength, and all other things or qualities which exist, but are not positively material. Can we perceive their real

nature by means of our bodily senses? Certainly not. In order to understand them best, must we not consider them with our mind, each in its abstract form?"

"We must."

"Now, he who can do this most perfectly is, the person who has his mind turned with the greatest freedom towards these conceptions, unimpeded by sights or sounds or talk, then with the mind alone he grasps real truth. Is not this the case, O Simmias, when we wish to attain the perfect truth?"

"Most certainly thou art right," said he.

"Then is it not quite natural," said Socrates, "that true philosophers should say to one another that, in our researches, we ought to follow reason along a bye-path or footway, because, as long as we travel on the high-road, among the multitudes who are absorbed by the deteriorating influence of their bodily passions, we can never attain the satisfaction for which we long, namely, the Truth? For endless distractions are caused by our bodily wants; the diseases that come upon it are impediments to our research; also, the pursuits of pleasure, and ardent

longings, with all their train of fears, delusions and follies, which so absorb us that we cannot think or reflect with any calmness; also wars, tumults, and quarrels, have no other origin than the body with its immoderate desires. In order to possess gold and property, we quarrel and fight, that we may indulge the cravings of our bodily senses, because we are its servants, and therefore have no leisure for the contemplation of truth. And even at last, if we attain any peaceful leisure, and begin to look around us, then it again interrupts our research, and causes trouble and perplexity, so that we are not able to distinguish the truth. Thus, if we are ever to attain knowledge of what is pure and good, we must be uninfluenced by the body, and look only with our minds or souls on all things. And it is evident that we shall only obtain what we profess to desire—truth and wisdom—after we are dead, as the word or tradition maintains, but not as long as we ar alive (in this world).

If, indeed, it is not possible, while we are in, and influenced by our bodies, to know anythin rightly, one of these two things must be true—either we shall never have the perfect know-

ledge, or we shall attain it after our death. For then will the soul act quite independently of the body, but not before; and as long as we are alive, it is evident that we shall reach nearest to true knowledge if we have as little in common with our body as possible, and are not filled or influenced by its nature, but keep ourselves pure from earthly taint, till God Himself shall free us from it. And then, purified from the follies and contaminations of the body, we shall be in the company, I trust, of others who are in the same state, and be able in peace to know what is to be and is. And this indeed is the truth. But that those who are impure should see or touch the pure, is not permitted. Such, I think, O Simmias, must be the language and opinions of all real philosophers. Dost thou not think so?"

"Most certainly, O Socrates."

"And now," said Socrates, "if this be true, O my friend, there is great hope, that when I arrive where I am going, I shall then, if ever, obtain completely that object to which all my efforts have been directed during the whole of my past life; so that this my appointed journey is replete with good hopes, and may also be

trodden hopefully by every one else who has prepared his mind for purification."

"Certainly," said Simmias.

"And does not that purification, as we have already agreed, mean the separating as much as possible the soul from the body, and the habituating ourselves to be independent of the body and its evil passions and corruptions?"

"Assuredly."

"And is not this liberation and separation of the soul what we call death?"

"Most certainly."

"And thus to render it free is alone true philosophy—is ever the most ardent wish of the philosophers, and their greatest study and aim. Freedom and departure of the soul from the body—is it not?"

"So it appears."

"Consequently, as I said at first—it would be ridiculous that, a man who has prepared himself all through his existence to reach as nearly as possible to the condition of those who are dead and disengaged from the body, should be grieved when death actually approaches him. Would not this be absurd?"

"How could it be otherwise?"

"In fact, now, O Simmias, the true philosopher meditates and studies how to die; and therefore death is to him, of all men, least formidable. Consider this well. If he labour under the weight of his body, desiring to have his soul freed from it, and yet, when this is about to happen, is afraid and shrinks —if he is not willing to go when he hopes to attain that which he has all his life loved and longed for—it would be most unreasonable. He loved wisdom, and desired to be disengaged from whatever opposed it."

"Now many men have, on the death of loved friends, or children, or wife, been willing to encounter death, and visit Hades—drawn by the hope of seeing there those whom they loved, and longed to be united with again. And will a man who really longs for knowledge, and is firmly persuaded that he can never attain it anywhere but in Hades—can he be amazed, and grieve at dying—and not joyfully go to that place where his wishes will be satisfied?"

"That we must indeed believe, O friend, if he be truly a lover of wisdom; for such a mind

must have the strongest belief that he can meet with pure wisdom nowhere else."

"And therefore, if such a man were alarmed at death, would it not be most unreasonable?"

"Most certainly it would."

"And therefore," said Socrates, "is it not clear proof that, if a man is grieved and alarmed at being obliged to die, he is not a lover of wisdom, but a lover of the body and its enjoyments, and a lover of money, and a lover of honours, or some of these things, or all?"

"Certainly this must follow," said he.

"And also, O Simmias, must not such a man (a lover of wisdom) possess what is called courage, in the greatest degree?"

"Necessarily he must."

"And also virtue—not only virtues which by most persons are deemed such, and consist in not being led away by immoderate desires, but those which are attained by disregarding the body, and living alone for wisdom?"

"Certainly," said Simmias.

"For," said Socrates, "if thou considerest the courage, and bravery, and temperance of other

persons (who do not live for wisdom) thou wilt deem them strange or contradictory."

"How is that, O Socrates?"

"Thou knowest that they deem death the greatest of evils."

"Quite so."

"Yet, from fear of still greater evils, those who are deemed brave among them submit to death."

"So it is."

"And because they are afraid of what they dread more (blame or the contempt of mankind), they become what is called courageous, and meet death from cowardice—all except true philosophers."

"It is indeed true."

"And how is it with orderly persons—those who are decent and well-behaved merely for the sake of appearance—are they not in the same case?"

"Owing to some immoderate desire, they are temperate,—they abstain from some pleasures from the love of other pleasures."

"It is called intemperate to be slaves of pleasure; yet if they abstain from any it is only to ensure the greater gratification of those for which they long most; so that, in

fact, they are ruled by their passions, and are only temperate from intemperance."

"That is very likely."

"But oh, my beloved Simmias, that is not the real road to virtue—this barter of an immoderate pleasure for another, or pain for pain, and fears for fears, great against small—as if we would take small change for a large coin, while the only genuine wealth, to obtain which we ought to give up all other, is true wisdom, and that only which can be bought and sold with and for this wisdom—that only is real and true. For that is the only real courage, and temperance, and justice. Real virtues belong to true wisdom, whether pleasures and fears are present or absent; but if these are separated from virtue and wisdom, and only exchanged against each other, the appearance they acquire of virtue is only a shadowy delusion—a sordid game, which contains nothing sound or true. True virtue is a purification of all such passions; and temperance, and justice, and courage, and even knowledge, are only the results of the purity of the soul."

"So that those who instituted the mysteries of consecration and purification were not fools—

for they long ago taught that he who descends into Hades unprepared and unholy, or unconsecrated according to its rites, shall lie in the mire, while those who have been purified and sanctified will live with the Gods. But, as the saying is among those who are conversant with these mysteries, 'Many begin the rites, but few are perfectly purified.' These last are, in my opinion, no other than those persons who have pursued wisdom in the right manner. And to be one of these, has been through life my most earnest and unceasing endeavour, according to my powers in every manner. Whether I have tried in the right way, and how far I have advanced in my efforts, I shall see clearly, if it be God's will, and that very soon, as it seems to me."

"This, then, O Simmias and Cebes, is my defence. This is the reason why, now that I am leaving you and the rulers of this world, I experience no anger or trouble, trusting that I shall find there masters and friends not less good. Most people will not believe this; but my defence has seemed to you more worthy of belief than it did to the Athenian judges—I am satisfied."

When Socrates had said this, Cebes rejoined, "O Socrates, all the rest that thou hast spoken appears to me well said; and yet about the soul many persons disbelieve. They apprehend that, when the soul is separated from the body, it is nothing more; but on the same day that a person dies, the soul immediately perishes, and like a breath or smoke is dissipated and destroyed, and ceases to be. Yet, doubtless, if it continued to exist, and held together, freed from the evils which thou hast described, there would indeed be great hope of the good and happy result which thou, O Socrates, believest is the true one."

"But, perhaps, this requires not a little spiritual sympathy and faith—to make men believe that the soul after death exists and retains power and thought."

"Thou sayest truly, O Cebes," said Socrates. "Well, then, what shall we do? Shall we speak our minds on this subject, and consider whether this is likely or not?"

"For my part," said Cebes, "it would give me pleasure to hear the opinions thou holdest on this subject."

"In truth, I do not think," said Socrates,

"that any one, even a writer of comedies (whose object would be to describe the follies of mankind), would say that I am speaking vainly, or about things which do not concern me! If, then, thou deemest it expedient, we will examine the question whether the souls of dead men live in Hades or not. It is a very ancient tradition to which we have alluded, that those who go from here live there, and will return and be born again from the dead.

"And if this be the case, that the living will again arise from the dead, how can there be any doubt but that our souls must exist there? for they could not return to life if they had ceased to be. To know for certain that the dead arise to life, would be equivalent to having clear proof that souls never cease to exist—that whatever lives has sprung out of what was dead. If this be not so, then we require some other reason."

"Certainly," said Cebes.

"Then look not only on mankind," said Socrates, "if thou wishest to be convinced; but behold all living things and plants, and notice particularly the resurrection there is in all of them; the springing forth of life from its oppo-

site, death. Everything seems to grow out of its opposite, and imply its existence. The opposite of what is good and beautiful, is the shameful and bad. We perceive what is wrong by knowing what is right—and a thousand other things in this manner.

"We also observe it to be a necessary consequence that a thing should spring from nothing else than its own opposite. Do not things grow greater from having been smaller, smaller from having been greater, weaker from having been stronger, slower from quicker? and in all these things do we not know the one by comparing it with its opposite? Do we not know what is worse only by knowing what is better?"

"Certainly."

"And the same with justice and injustice. Thus we see that the perception of everything grows out of our knowledge of its opposite."

"How can it be otherwise?"

"And the act of transition from one to the other—as, for instance, good to bad—is an intermediate process. Greater and less are exchanged by increase and diminution?"

"Yes."

"And also what is joined and separated—

cooled and warmed; and thus it must be with everything, even those things for which we have no name and of which we possess no knowledge?"

"Certainly."

"Now, as sleeping proceeds from its opposite—waking, it is reasonable to judge from the analogy of all other things, that life must also have an opposite—and what is this opposite?"

"Death," said he.

"Well, then, as these two proceed from one another, because they are opposite, the being of each has become exchanged?"

"How can it be otherwise?"

"Then the relation that one of these two states has to the other springs from its opposite; therefore going to sleep necessitates awakening. Have I explained my meaning?"

"Perfectly."

"Then have we not agreed that life is the opposite to death?"

"Yes."

"And consequently, according to analogy with all other things, life must spring from death. Then from him who has died there arises life and the living?"

"So it appears."

"If so, then our souls will be alive in the nether world."

"So it would seem."

"Well, then, as to their existence—is it not sufficiently proved? for what is more sure than death?"

"Nothing, certainly."

"Well, then, cannot we be confident of the opposite of death? or would the laws of nature be lame and imperfect in this single instance? Must we not rather, in this case, accept as a necessity the invariable rule?"

"We must indeed."

"And what would this lead to, but the resurrection from the dead? This resurrection will be the birth again of the souls which have existed in some intermediate place from whence they can return to life."

"It appears, O Socrates, that this is indeed a necessary consequence of the conclusion about which we have agreed."

"Well, then, O Cebes," said Socrates, "thus it is that the living proceed from the dead, not less surely than that living persons die. Therefore, if things did not thus go round in cycles

from opposite to opposite, but went forward in a straight course, from one state to the opposite, without ever coming back to the first, there would then soon be an end of all existence."

"What dost thou mean?" inquired he.

"It is not difficult to understand what I mean," said Socrates, "for if there be such a thing as falling asleep, and yet no such opposite as awakening, the result would be, as thou knowest, that every one would be asleep; and there would be nothing remarkable in Endymion the celebrated sleeper. And if everything were mixed up together, then the doctrine of Anaxagoras (who maintains that originally all elements were mixed up together, and that mind separated them) could not be decided upon.

"And if, O dear Cebes, this were the case, and that every living thing died, and that the dead never returned to life—then the consequence must necessarily be, that at last everything would end in death, and nothing would be left alive?"

"I think, O Socrates, thou sayest what is true."

"It is so indeed, O Cebes, in every point of

view. We do not delude ourselves; but, in truth, there must be a resurrection—a return from death to life—and an existence for the souls of men who have died. And assuredly, for the good there will be a better state, but for the bad a worse."

"And also, indeed," rejoined Cebes, "this accords with the doctrine to which thou hast often alluded—that the knowledge we have learnt is recollected knowledge, and, consequently, that we must in some former state have acquired what we thus remember in this. And such a thing would be impossible, unless our souls had existed somewhere before they assumed this human form. And thus, in another manner, we have evidence of our souls' immortality."

"But, O Cebes," exclaimed Simmias, "what proof is there of what thou speakest? Recall it to my mind—for at this moment I do not remember it."

"One instance, and the most beautiful, I will give thee," said Cebes. "When men are asked questions, they, if properly asked, will answer according to what really exists, and discover

the truth. Now, if they had no previous knowledge on the subject existing in their minds, they would not be able to do this. And by presenting to them geometrical diagrams and things of that kind, it will be plainly seen that this is the case."

"If thou art not answered, O Simmias, by what he says," said Socrates, "then consider whether this will not satisfy thee. Thou doubtest the proposition, that what we call learning can be only recollection?"

"I do not disbelieve it," said Simmias, "only I require to be reminded; and, indeed, what Cebes has here said has made me think; and I remember, and am convinced; yet still I would gladly hear what thou wert beginning to say."

"This was what I was about to say," proceeded Socrates, "We agree, I think, that when a person recollects a thing, he must have known it before?"

"Certainly."

"Do we also agree to this—that there is a particular way in which knowledge comes to us, which implies recollection, or rather preknowledge? When a person sees, or hears, or

obtains any impression, and not only perceives the thing, but connects it in his mind with some other object, should we not then say that he had some previous recollection of this other object?"

"What dost thou mean?"

"In this manner. Has not a man quite a different appearance from a lyre?"

"How can it be otherwise?"

"Yet thou knowest well that lovers when they see a lyre, or a cloak, or anything else which is used by the object of their affection, recognise the lyre, but in their souls they at the same time receive the image of the person to whom it belongs. And this is recollection, in the same manner—when a person sees Simmias and probably thinks also of (his friend) Cebes. And this is the case in thousands of instances."

"Thousands, indeed, by Jupiter," said Simmias.

"And also is it not true that it is recollection which we feel, when we meet with things that we have not seen or thought of for such a long time that we had forgotten them?"

"Most certainly," said he.

"Well—and also when we pass the picture of a horse or a lyre, do we not think of the man to

whom it belongs—and a picture of Cebes does remind us of Cebes?"

"Certainly."

"Also a picture of Simmias reminds us of Simmias. And is it not *true* that in all these kinds of things, recollection is caused sometimes by the likeness, and sometimes by the unlikeness?"

"It is so."

"And when we are reminded of things by their likeness, must it not also happen that we perceive whatever is defective in the likeness—whatever fails to complete the image which we recollect?"

"Certainly," said he.

"Well, then, consider whether this does not follow—we speak of things as being equal or unequal. I do not mean that we consider one stick equal to another stick, or one stone to another stone, but that apart from this we have an *idea* of what is equal or unequal. Do not we know what that is?"

"Most certainly we do."

"Now when do we acquire this knowledge? Not from what we have just spoken of—the sticks and stones—for they are not really equal.

It must be something different from them—for do not two sticks or two stones appear sometimes equal, and sometimes unequal?"

"Certainly."

"Now real equality can never appear unequal: therefore equality is not the same as equal things. And yet when we see equal things, do we not think of equality?"

"Assuredly."

"Then as often as we think of this other thing which we do not see there, must there not be a recollection of some previous knowledge?"

"There must indeed."

"How is this? Do we not experience at the sight of these sticks and stones which seem equal, a perception that they are not entirely equal?"

"Certainly."

"They lack something of perfect equality. Is it not as if they tried to be equal, but are not quite equal? Must we not, then, confess, that when we see things which are thus trying to be something which they are not, we must have a previous knowledge of that thing which they try to be, and yet fail of being?"

"And therefore we must have possessed a

knowledge of equality before that time when we first saw the things, and remarked that they endeavoured to be equal, and yet did not quite attain it?"

"It is so."

"Now we must, then, acknowledge that here (in this life) we could not have remarked this, or acquired this knowledge, except by seeing and touching, or by some other sense, which would be equivalent."

"Certainly they are equivalent, O Socrates."

"But none of our senses suffice to attain the object in question, they only aim at it; consequently, before we began to see and hear or use our other senses, we must have attained the knowledge of real equality; and this is why it is, that when we try to draw parallels between things, we can see that they tend to equality without ever quite attaining it."

"This is the necessary consequence of what we have been saying, O Socrates."

"Now we began immediately after our birth to see, and hear, and use our other senses; and, as we agreed, we must have received this knowledge of equality at some previous period?"

"So it appears."

"If, then, we received this knowledge before our birth, and were born with the possession of it, we must have recognised not only equality, but also the greater and the less. And we must have known also what is beautiful and good, and had the perception of all that is just and holy, and as I say, of all those things which we call realities in our questions and answers when we discourse. So that we must necessarily have received knowledge of all those things before we were born."

"It is so."

"And if we did not forget them after receiving them, we should know them from the time of our birth, and retain the knowledge throughout our lives. For is not this what we call *to know:* The retaining the recollection of knowledge which we have received—and not having lost it? Do not we call it to forget, when we have lost the knowledge of a thing?"

"Undoubtedly we do, O Socrates."

"And if, having received this knowledge before we were born, we lost it at our birth, and then as we began to use our bodily senses we gradually recovered parts of this knowledge, would it not be true that what we call to learn

would be the recovery of a previous knowledge? and ought we not therefore to call this recollection?"

"Certainly."

"For we have seen it to be possible that any impression which we receive either through the eyes or ears, or any other sense, may also give us some other idea or impression, which we had forgotten, but which was connected with the object we see or hear, either from its resemblance or unlikeness to it. Therefore, I maintain that either of these two things must be true. Either we were born with this knowledge, and have it all through our lives; or else we recover the knowledge when we say that we learn it—and thus learning is recollection."

"It seems, indeed, that this must be the case, O Socrates."

"Which, then, wilt thou choose, O Simmias—that we were born with knowledge, or that we remember afterwards what we knew previous to our birth?"

"At this moment, O Socrates, I do not know which to choose."

"How is this? Then what thinkest thou? If a man has this knowledge from his birth,

will he not be able to give an account of such knowledge?"

"He will, certainly, O Socrates."

"And dost thou think that every one will be able to give an account of it?"

"I wish, indeed, that it were so," said Simmias; "but I fear much more that by to-morrow there will be no man found in this world who is capable of doing this."[1]

"Thou thinkest, then, that all cannot do this?"

"Certainly not."

"Then they must remember afterwards what they had known before?"

"Necessarily."

"And when did our souls acquire the knowledge? Not since we were born as men?"

"Certainly not."

"Then before?"

"Yes."

"Therefore our souls must have existed before they entered into the human form—without bodies, and with knowledge."

"Unless, indeed, we receive this knowledge

[1] Simmias was alluding to the approaching death of Socrates, the only man who possessed such insight.

*at* our birth, O Socrates, for that time is still left to us."

"Very good, O my friend; but in that case, at what time did we lose this knowledge? for as we do not seem to possess it when we were born, as we have already agreed, do we lose it at the same time at which we receive it—or dost thou know of any other time when that might happen?"

"Not any, O Socrates; but I did not perceive that I was talking nonsense."

"Then," said Socrates, "thus the matter stands, O Simmias. If there be such realities as we are always talking of—the beautiful and the good, and other existences of this kind—and if we constantly refer these realities to the perceptions which we find in ourselves, and compare them with what seems to have been in our minds before, then it is necessary that our soul must have existed before we were born. If this were not the case we have been talking in vain. But if these ideas really exist in our minds, our souls must have lived no less certainly before we were born."

"Most assuredly this seems to be necessary, O Socrates," said Simmias; "and on a most

secure foundation our argument rests. The soul must be as real as these realities, and therefore must have existed before our birth; for there is nothing which appears to me so clear as that these realities exist of which thou speakest—Beauty, and Goodness. To me, at least, the proof is evident."

"But how is it, then, with Cebes?" said Socrates; "for we must convince Cebes also."

"Certainly he must be satisfied too, I think," said Simmias; "although he is the most difficult man to convince of the truth of another person's reasoning. But of this I think he is fully persuaded—that before we were born our souls existed. Whether, however, after we are dead the soul still lives, appears to me, O Socrates, not quite proved, but remains in doubt. As Cebes just said, it is a very common notion—that when a man dies the soul evaporates and its being ends. For what prevents it from having been made and composed in such a manner, that it may have existed before entering the human body, yet after dwelling there and being liberated therefrom, it (the soul) may come to an end and perish?"

"Well spoken, O Simmias," said Cebes; "for only half the proposition has been proved,

namely, that our souls lived before we were born; but it must also be proved that the soul will not exist less after our death than it did before our birth, if the proof is to be quite perfect."

"It has already been proved, O Simmias and Cebes, if thou wilt remember and put together this proof with the doctrine about which we agreed before, namely, that all living things come from something which has been dead. For if the soul existed before our birth, and necessarily cannot come from any other quarter than from death and the state of the dead—it must necessarily follow that it must exist after we are dead, since it is again to come into life.

"And so I have already given the proof which you required. Still it appears to me that thou and Simmias would gladly have the proof further explained, and that thou seemest to be frightened, as children are, lest the wind should really blow away the soul when it leaves the body, and disperse it entirely—particularly if the weather be not calm, and if there should be a strong wind blowing when a person dies."

At this Cebes laughed, and said, "Continue then, O Socrates, as if we were frightened, and endeavour to convince and encourage us. Or rather not as if *we* were afraid—but that there is a child within us who is frightened. Let us try to convince *him* that death is not to be dreaded as a kind of ghost or fearful apparition."

"Yes—as to this," said Socrates. "We must conjure him every day, and use some charm until his fears are quite banished."

"But where, O Socrates, shall we find any master of such a powerful spell, since thou art about to depart from us?"

"Great indeed is Greece, O Cebes," said he, "and it contains many good men. And there are also many races of foreigners among whom we ought to search, in order to find persons who can perform this charm. And no expense or trouble should be spared in the search. For there is nothing, indeed, on which money and labour could be better bestowed or more successfully. And ye must search among yourselves also for this gift, for perhaps you may not easily find any one who possesses this power more than you yourselves do."

"That must be determined by the future," said Cebes; "but let us return to the point from which our digression began, if agreeable to thee."

"Most agreeable to me. How could it be otherwise?"

"That is well."

"Then in this manner," said Socrates, "we should ask ourselves what are the kind of things which are most liable to experience this fate, (to be destroyed), and for what things we ought to apprehend such destruction, and for what we should not apprehend it. Then we must consider and ascertain for ourselves to which kind the soul belongs; and according to this decision, we shall either rejoice over, or dread the fate of our souls."

"What thou sayest is quite true," said he.

"And is it not true that whatever is compounded of parts is, from its nature, liable to be dissolved in the same manner as it has been compounded? But if there be a thing which has not been put together or compounded of different parts, is not that, if anything, the most likely to be exempt from such a lot?"

"That appears to me so to be," said Cebes.

"Now are not those things which remain always in the same state most likely to be uncompounded things, and those which are ever changing, and never remain in the same state, likely to be compounded things?"

"It appears so at least to me."

"Let us then follow the ideas of which we lately spoke. That Fact or Truth itself, which we believe to exist, and to which we allude in our discussions—is it not always the same, or does it ever change? I mean goodness itself, beauty itself, equality, and such like. Are they not always the same—is not each simple and uniform, never suffering the slightest alteration?"

"It is so, indeed," said Cebes.

"Whereas objects of any kind (material objects), such as beautiful men, beautiful horses or garments, do they always remain the same—or do they not constantly change, and, in fact, never remain the same?"

"Again this is the case," said Cebes. "It seems to follow."

"And these objects," said Socrates, "thou

canst touch, and behold or perceive by other bodily senses. But the constant and permanent qualities or essences of them (goodness, beauty, justness, &c.) cannot be touched or reached except by the thoughts of the soul itself; they have no visible shape, and cannot be seen by the eyes."

"Certainly they cannot," said he; "thou art right."

"Ought we not then to understand that there are two kinds of existences—the one visible, the other without form and invisible?"

"We will do so," said he.

"The one without form, and invisible, always remains without change; while the visible is always changing?"

"That is also the case," said he.

"Well, then," said Socrates; "as we are not anything else but bodies and souls—to which now, of these two essences, does our body belong?"

"Certainly to the visible kind."

"Well, and the soul—is it visible or invisible?"

"To mankind at least it certainly is not visible, O Socrates," said he.

"We mean then that it is not visible to human eyes. Then we agree that the soul is invisible, and also that it has no form."

"It is so."

"Then the soul must belong to those kinds of essences, and resembles in its nature those eternal and unchanging realities of which we spoke."

"Quite true, O Socrates."

"And have we not already said that the soul makes use of the body, in order to perceive anything within, by seeing or hearing, or any other sense?—It is, by contact with the body, drawn towards other things, and disturbed by what does not relate to the object it wishes to contemplate. And then the soul is made to wander and err, and becomes giddy, as if intoxicated, because it is brought into contact with, and disturbed by, changing and inconstant things. But when it contemplates objects by means of itself alone, then it is drawn towards whatever is pure and unchangedly eternal; and, as related to the immortal things, it remains ever with them. When it is given up to itself, its wanderings end, because it is disturbed by nothing else; and therefore it becomes steady and uniform

in its objects; and this condition we call wisdom."

"Certainly, O Socrates, this is well and wisely said."

"Which, then, of the two kinds of existences dost thou think that the soul most resembles—the permanent or the perishable?"

"It appears to me," said he, "that every one—even the most stupid person, must say, when led by this method, that the soul resembles most what is permanent and eternal."

"And how about the body?"

"It resembles the other kind of perishable and changing things."

"Look at the matter also on this side. As long as the body and soul are united, and work together, nature directs that the body should serve and obey, and that the soul should rule and govern: and, in this point of view again—which seems to be the most godlike and immortal, and which the most mortal? For is it not an attribute of divinity to rule and govern, while mortal creatures allow themselves to be ruled and directed?"

"So it appears to me."

"Then which must the soul most resemble?"

"Evidently the soul resembles the immortal, and the body the mortal."

"See now, then, O Cebes, from all we have said, is it not evident that the soul must be classed with what is divine, immortal, reasonable, uniform, indissoluble, everlasting, unchangeable; and the body, with whatever is human, mortal, unreasonable, ever at variance with itself, and dissoluble? Can we say that this is not the case, O loved Cebes?"

"We cannot, indeed."

"How, then, if this be so—is not the body liable to be easily dissolved, while, on the other hand, the soul is in every way indestructible, or very nearly so?"

"How can it be otherwise?"

"And yet we remark that when a man dies, even then the visible part of him, which we call his corpse, and which is appointed to perish and be dissolved in dust, does not immediately evaporate, but remains a considerable time without much alteration, and when the body is healthy and the season favourable, even longer. And if the body be embalmed, as they embalm in Egypt, it will remain without perishing for an almost inconceivable time. Indeed some parts of it,

such as the joints and bones, even when the rest is decayed, remain, so to speak, almost for ever. Is it not so?"

"Yes."

"The soul—then, the part without form, immaterial, is that which goes to inhabit another place, invisible like itself, noble and pure in nature—namely, to Hades, the true world of spirits, near the good and wise God. And there, if God wills, my soul must immediately go. For can the soul, being of a nature so infinitely superior—can it, when separated from the body, at once be dispersed into nothing, and utterly destroyed, as many persons think? Far otherwise, O dear Cebes and Simmias. Much more must it follow that the part which has taken its departure in purity, not encumbered by any of the bad, impure passions of human nature—because it had endeavoured through life to remain uninfluenced by them, and to fly from all that was bad—devoting itself to true philosophy, and aiming chiefly to die happily—(for this is right and true philosophy, is it not?)—how much more likely must it then be that the soul so prepared will depart to its kindred spirits—to the region of the Divine, the Im-

mortal, the Wise, where it must attain true happiness, and be freed from all errors and ignorance and fears and wild desires, and all other human influences, and dwell henceforth with the Gods, as those are taught to expect who have been consecrated in the holy mysteries. Must we not expect this, O Cebes—or will it not be so?"

"So, indeed, by God, it must be," said Cebes.

"But I think that if the soul depart from the body polluted and impure—because it has been always influenced by the body, and has served it, and delighted in its evil passions, and has allowed itself to be deceitfully charmed by its desires and pleasures, so that it believes in nothing that is not material and corporeal, and can put faith in nothing except what can be touched and seen, or drunk, or used for enjoyment—because it darkened its eyes and deafened its ears, and hated and dreaded the invisible and intellectual objects which are the aim of philosophy—dost thou think that such can be pure in itself, or fitted for a region of purity?"

"Not in the least," said he.

"No, for it must be drawn away by the cor-

poreal encumbrance which this habit of living in, and being influenced by the body, must create."

"Certainly."

"And in this case, O my friend, the soul (which survives the body) must be wrapped up in a helpless and earthy covering, which makes it heavy and visible, and drags it down to the visible region, away from the invisible region of the spirit-world—Hades—which it fears. And thus these wandering souls haunt, as we call it, the tombs and monuments of the dead, where such phantoms are sometimes seen. These are apparitions of souls which departed from the body in a state of impurity, and still partake of corruption and the visible world, and, therefore, are liable to be still seen."

"That is very likely, at least, O Socrates."

"Very probable, indeed, O Cebes. And these are not the souls of good men, but of bad, who are thus obliged to wander about, suffering punishment for their former manner of life, which was evil. And thus they wander, until by the longing which clings to them for earthly things, they are again enclosed in a body—chained to one, most probably, with habits re-

sembling those which they had acquired during their former lives."

"What dost thou mean, O Socrates?"

"Those who had indulged in gluttony and contemptuous pride—who had been brutalized by drunkenness, devoid of any feeling of shame or self-restraint, would naturally pass into such bodies as asses and other beasts. Dost thou not think so?"

"That is very probable."

"While those who have had a propensity to injustice—to tyrannize over others and rob them, pass into the bodies of such animals as wolves, hawks and vultures; for where else could such go?"

"Without doubt," said Cebes, "they must."

"And therefore it is probable also of the rest, that each will go into the state which most resembles the condition they had striven to attain, either by indulging in bad propensities, or by omitting to cultivate the better instincts of their nature."

"That is evident," said he; "how can it be otherwise?"

"And most assuredly those are the most blessed, and go into the happiest places, who

have striven to practise those social and public virtues which are called temperance and justice, and have practised them by use and habit, without philosophy and reflection."

"In what manner are these happy?"

"It is probable that they resume their life among such social and political creatures as bees, ants, &c., and then return from these into human bodies, and become good men."

"That is probable."

"But to the godlike condition of souls none can attain, except those who by the pursuit of true philosophy have succeeded in quitting their bodies in a purified condition—in fact, none but the real lover of knowledge and goodness; and on this account, O loved Simmias and Cebes, true philosophers abstain from the indulgence of all immoderate desires of the body, and patiently bear all trials and resist all temptations. They do not shrink from poverty as those do who are enslaved by the love of riches, nor dread the contemptuous treatment poverty receives from many persons, nor the privations it entails—as those do who crave after honours and power. And on this account they keep aloof from those who indulge in such desires."

"They are right, O Socrates, to do this," said Cebes.

"Therefore those who care for their souls take another course, and do not accompany those persons who care only for their bodies, and therefore do not know whither they (their souls) are tending. True philosophers will not run counter to the teachings of wisdom: they aim at the freedom and purification which it gives, and consequently they follow wherever that leads."

"How is that, O Socrates?"

"I will tell thee. Those who really wish for truth acknowledge that philosophy (true wisdom) benefits the soul, but comes to it only, as it were, through the walls of a prison, because the body is so bound up and enclosed that the mind is compelled to look at everything through a dark and indirect medium, and, therefore, gropes about in its efforts to get rid of the foolish desires and passions which form the strong walls of its prison—knowing that the self-indulgence of these passions helps to bind the captive chains still more firmly."

"I say now—Philosophers know that wisdom receives the soul thus ensnared, and con-

soles, and endeavours to liberate it, while she proves that all perceptions through the ears, and eyes, and other senses, are deceitful; and therefore wisdom persuades it to use and trust these as little as possible; and encourages the soul to retire into itself, and as much as possible to make use of itself, and trust to its own innate power of distinguishing realities—to deem nothing real which it apprehends in any other way; for all such things are only the objects of external sense and vision, while whatever the soul contemplates directly by itself is intelligible (full of rational thought) and invisible (not earthly, but really spiritual). This liberation is never opposed by a really philosophical soul; and therefore it shuns all immoderate pleasures and passionate desires, and also excessive grief and fear, as far as possible. For it considers that a person who is overcome by excessive joy or grief, or immoderate wishes, never experiences really so much evil as he imagines, when he suffers from illness or the disappointment of his wishes, while the greatest and worst of all evils which exist he suffers without regarding it."

"What is that, O Socrates?"

"Namely, for the soul of any man to believe that visible things—the objects of these griefs and joys—are the strongest and plainest realities—so that the powers of his soul are subjugated by them. Is not this done by most visible things?"

"Certainly."

"And in this manner are not most souls bound by their bodies?"

"How so?"

"Because every pleasure and grief has each a nail which fastens the soul to the body, makes it hang on to the body, renders it material and like the body, and induces it to deem those things true which the body judges to be so. By having similar views, and rejoicing in the same pleasures, it becomes, I think, obliged to have the same habits and character as the body, so that it can never pass away to the other world in a pure state; but always departs still loaded with the body. Hence it soon again falls into another body, and like a seed that is sown, takes root in the earth, so that it can have no share in the intercourse with the godlike, pure, and simple state of being, for which its better nature was intended."

"Most true is that which thou sayest, O Socrates."

"For these reasons, therefore, O Cebes, the real lovers of truth are orderly, temperate, and courageous—not for the reason which many people assign. Or dost thou think differently?"

"Not I, certainly."

"No, indeed; for the soul of a true philosopher would not think (as they do) that he may make use of philosophy to set himself free, but that when it has done so, he may again give himself up to pleasures and worldly cares, and allow himself to be bound again, and thus undo the work already done, as if he were weaving a companion to Penelope's web. But the true philosopher obtains a calm repose, following reason, ever waiting on it, and living in it, contemplating truth and holiness, and all that is really godlike—not merely what is called so. And thus nourishing himself, he believes that he must live in this holy state as long as this life lasts, and expects when death arrives to join his kindred souls, and be then freed from all earthly evils. With such supporting nourishment as this, it is not wonderful, O Simmias and Cebes,

that the soul should have no fears lest, when separated from the body, it should be dispersed by any wind which might blow, or that it should ever cease to exist."

There was silence for some time after Socrates had said this; for he himself (Socrates) appeared to be entirely absorbed by the thoughts he had uttered, and so also were most of us. Cebes and Simmias, however, began to talk a little together, and when Socrates saw this, he asked—

"How? do you think then that what I have said does not fully explain? No doubt many suppositions and objections might be made, if one should desire to see the matter quite clearly. If you were talking of anything else, I will speak no more; but if you have any doubts on this subject, do not scruple to utter and discuss them, if you think they can be better explained, and to take me with you in the argument, if you think I can be of any assistance."

Then said Simmias, "Well, then, O Socrates, I will tell thee the truth. We have long been moved with some doubt, and have urged each other to ask thee from a wish to hear thy opinion; but we hesitated from the fear of disturbing thee—

thinking it might not be agreeable in thy present unfortunate condition."

When he heard this, he said with a quiet smile, "Alas! O Simmias! surely it will be difficult to convince other men that I do not deem my present condition unfortunate, since I have not convinced thee—seeing thou art afraid that I may now be worse tempered than I was during my former life. And, it appears, you deem that I am even worse than the swans, of whom it is said, as thou knowest, that when they become aware of the approach of death, they sing most sweetly, because they rejoice that they are going to the God whose servants they are. But men, on account of their own terror of death, calumniate the swans, and say that it is a lamentation for their approaching death which they sing so loudly. They do not consider that no birds sing when they are either hungry, or cold, or in pain—not even the nightingale, nor the swallow, nor the hoopoe, although they say that the song of these is a lamentation expressing pain. But to me it does not seem that any of these birds sing from pain, nor do the dying swans, but because they are consecrated to Apollo, and have the gift of fore-

sight; and as they thus anticipate the happiness which awaits them in the other world, they sing more joyfully on that day than they ever did before."

"I also deem that I serve the same power as the swans, and am consecrated to the same God, and that I am not a worse soothsayer, nor have received a smaller gift of foreknowledge from my Master; and therefore I have no more misgivings at leaving this life than they have. Therefore you may on that account continue to say and ask whatever you like until the eleven sent by the Athenians, the executioners, arrive."

"Well then," said Simmias, "I will tell thee what doubt I have; and Cebes will also tell thee how far he does not quite agree to wha thou hast said. I think, O Socrates, about these things much the same as thou dost—that to attain any perfect evidence, or to have any certain knowledge, is very difficult—perhaps impossible while we are in this world; but that if we do not examine all that can be said, and if we ever cease to scrutinize or become weary in our endeavours before we have considered all sides of the question, it would denote great want of courage and perseverance. For we

must come to one of these two results: We must either learn or discover the truth, or, if that be impossible, we must take the best and most plausible doctrine which our human state can afford, and on this, as on a raft, we must venture to float through life, unless we find some more solid and safe vessel—unless some Divine word can be revealed to us on which we may make the passage."

"Therefore, after what thou hast said, I will not now hesitate to inquire; and I shall not then have to reproach myself hereafter for not having said what was in my mind. It is this, O Socrates, since I have looked at what has been said, with my own mind, and also conjointly with Cebes, your conclusion does not appear to me sufficiently evident."

Then Socrates said, "Perhaps, O friend, it appears to thee right; but tell me what part seems not to be satisfactory."

"It is this: It seems to me, that respecting harmony, and a lyre with its chords, one might say the same thing—namely, that the harmony is something invisible and incorporeal, most beautiful and godlike, which exists in the tuned lyre, but that the lyre itself and its strings are

corporeal—things composed and material, related to what is earthly and perishable; and if any person were to break the lyre, and tear the strings, he might reason in the same manner as thou didst, and conclude that the harmony must still exist and not be destroyed; and that although the lyre, when its strings are broken, could no longer exist, because its strings are of a mortal and perishable nature—yet that the harmony, from its Divine and immortal nature, could not cease to exist so soon. Thus he might say that the harmony must necessarily still subsist somewhere, and that the wood and strings must decay sooner than the harmony could possibly die."

"For indeed, O Socrates, I think, thou even must allow that the soul is connected with the body, and that when the body is kept together and balanced by heat and cold, dry and wet, and such like opposite agencies, the soul must be mingled with these elements, and form a kind of harmony of these, resulting from their due and suitable proportions. Now if the soul be a kind of harmony, it is evident that when our bodies are too tightly drawn, or too much relaxed by illness or other ills, the just

balance will be disturbed, and thus the harmony being destroyed, the soul must perish, although it is the most godlike part. And in this manner all harmonies in tones or in works of art perish, when the forms which produced those harmonious effects are broken and defaced, although the fragments which may remain of them may last a long time before they be finally burnt or destroyed. Consider now what we can say against the argument, of one who should maintain that the soul is a mixture of bodily elements, and that in what we call death, it will be the first thing that perishes."

Then Socrates gazed intently on us, as he often did, and said with a smile, "Simmias speaks reasonably, and if any one can give better reasons or advice than I can, let him do so. But I think that before we answer we ought first also to hear what Cebes has to say against our doctrine, in order that we may gain time to consider what we shall say. Then when we have heard both, we can either agree with them, if their argument accords with our views, or if not, we must contend against their words. Then speak, O Cebes, and say what troubled thee and prevented thy belief."

"I will tell thee," said Cebes. "I think we are still at the same point, and still open to the same objection. That our soul lived before it came into this present form has, I do not deny, been ably proved—and I might say in a most satisfactory manner: but that it will continue to exist after our death does not appear to me so sure, although I think that the soul is much stronger and more lasting than the body. Therefore I do not agree with the objection made by Simmias."

"Wherefore then, thou mayest ask me, dost thou doubt? We see that when a man dies, that part which thou allowedst to be the weakest still remains; and dost thou not think that the most durable part must remain still longer? Therefore consider whether I am saying anything to the purpose. To explain my meaning, I require an illustration, as Simmias did. It seems to me that what has been urged is just as if one said the same thing of an old weaver who dies. It is as if any one were to maintain that he (the old weaver) is not dead, but that he must still be somewhere, and to prove this, were to produce the garment which he had woven and worn himself, and to show

that it is still in good order, and not destroyed. And if any one disbelieved the assertion, he should then ask which was by its nature the more durable, a man's body or his garment, particularly when it was being used and worn—and when the answer is given, that a man must certainly be the more durable, he should think he had proved that the man must certainly still be in a state of preservation, because the garment, which is a less durable thing, has not yet perished."

"But yet, O Simmias," continued Cebes, "I do not think it is so. Consider also what I mean. For any one would deem such an argument absurd. The weaver had already woven and worn out many such garments; and then he, indeed, went to decay himself later than any of them, except the last. And yet, it was not because a man is weaker or more perishable than a garment. And this same image I think, may be used to illustrate the comparison of the soul with the body. We may reasonably say that the soul is certainly more durable, and the body more perishable and weaker. But the soul wears out many bodies, particularly when the life lasts long, for the

body is always ebbing and flowing, decaying and repairing the waste all through life, and the soul weaves for itself a new garment as the old one wears away; and so must the soul when it is destroyed, or departs, be still dressed in the last garment, and consequently it remains a shorter time than that one garment only. And only when the soul is gone, can the body show the frailty of its nature, and then it soon falls to corruption."

"Therefore we cannot confidently put faith in the expectation, that after we are dead our soul still survives. And even if we could agree with those who maintain still more firmly than thou dost, that the soul is immortal—if we could allow, that not only did the soul exist before our birth, but that there is nothing to prevent some souls from existing after our death, and being afterwards born again, and again dying, (for they are of such a strong nature that they can last out many bodies)—still it would not follow that the soul might not be worn out in time, and weakened by these numerous births and deaths, and so in the end, be, in one of these deaths, totally destroyed. Yet of this last death, and the dissolution of the body,

which entails the final death of the soul, we might say that no one can know when this will be, because no one can foresee or feel it. But still if this be so, no one can reasonably think of death without fear, unless we can prove that the soul is positively immortal and indestructible—otherwise each person at the approach of death must tremble for his own soul, lest in its separation from the body it may be entirely destroyed."

All we (Phædo continued to relate) on hearing these discourses, experienced, as we afterwards confessed to each other, a disagreeable impression, because we had been strangely convinced by the former discourse of Socrates, and we were now thrown into trouble and doubt again. And not only had we doubts about the arguments which had been urged to prove the soul's immortality, but also misgivings as to what would now be urged. It seemed as if we might not be capable of forming a just judgment on the question, or as if it were impossible to attain a firm faith in the evidence.

*Echecrates.* "By the Gods, O Phædo, I can pardon such a feeling, for even I, on hearing thy relation, have wondered in my mind what

arguments we are to believe. For the reasoning of Socrates, which seemed so entirely convincing, now fails to persuade me. I am much struck, indeed, by this notion, and have been so often—that the soul is a kind of harmony; and now that it is expressed in words, I remember that it seemed to me so before. I am now therefore again in need, as much as at the beginning, of some new evidence that the soul does not die with the body. Speak then, by Jupiter, and tell me how Socrates followed up the argument, and whether he was, as thou sayest of thyself, troubled with anxiety or not—whether he steadily pursued his arguments, and whether they were entirely convincing or not. Tell me all this as accurately as possible."

*Phædo.* "Certainly, indeed, O Echecrates. I had often admired Socrates, but I never beheld him with such admiring astonishment as at that time. That he should be able to answer the objections was not so wonderful; but what now excited my particular admiration was the kind and gentle and loving manner in which he received the objections of those young men, and then how quickly he perceived the impression they had made on us, and then

how well he soothed and healed our depression, and how he raised our drooping courage and rallied our broken ranks, and led us like flying troops back to the discussion."

*Echecrates.* "How then was this done?"

*Phædo.* "I will tell thee. I was sitting on a low stool on the right side of the bed, so that he was a good deal higher than I was. Then he laid his hand down upon my head, and stroked my hair together which lay on my neck, for he used often to play with my hair; and said, To-morrow, I suppose, O Phædo, thou intendest to cut off these beautiful locks (as a sign of mourning)."

"It seems that I shall, O Socrates.

"Not then if thou followest my advice."

"What dost thou mean, I asked?"

"This day, indeed, said he, must thou, and so must I, cut off our locks (in sign of mourning) if our doctrine dies and we cannot bring it to life again. And if I were thou, and that this doctrine of the immortality of the soul were conquered, I should take an oath, as the Argives did, never to let my hair grow until in a glorious contest, I had overcome the arguments of Simmias and Cebes."

"But," said I, "against two, even Hercules was not a match."

"Then call in my assistance as thy Iolaus[1] (the companion of Hercules) as long as the daylight lasts.

"Then I will beseech thine aid; not as Hercules did, but as Iolaus did that of Hercules."

"That is much the same," said he; "But let us first guard against one error."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"That we may not become reason-haters as some persons become men-haters; for there is no greater misfortune than to hate reason."

"And the hatred of reason," he continued, "is acquired in the same manner as misanthropy. The hatred of men proceeds from our having trusted some man entirely, when we do not possess the art of knowing mankind, and have therefore believed him to be true, sound, and worthy of faith; and then we find that he is false and dishonest; and then we do the same thing again; and when this has happened often—particularly if it has occurred to a person who has been disappointed in some of his own intimate and most trusted friends, he

[1] Iolaus. Hercules' charioteer.

ends by hating everybody, and imagines that no one can be honest. Hast thou not remarked that this is wont to happen?"

"Certainly," I said.

"And is it not disgraceful? And is it not evident that the person thus ventures without skill or knowledge of mankind to deal with and place confidence in them? For if he really possessed this knowledge of mankind, he would judge, as the fact really is, that very good and very bad men are both extremely rare, and that those between the two (mediocre men) are the most numerous."

"How dost thou mean?" said I.

"Just," he said, "as it is with the very great and very small. Dost thou not think that an extremely large or extremely small man or dog or other thing is very rarely found? or what is very quick, or very slow—very beautiful, or very ugly—very black, or very white; and hast thou not remarked that in all these the extreme cases are rare, but the intermediate cases are extremely numerous?"

"Certainly," I said.

"And dost thou not think that if there were a prize for badness (utter and complete

worthlessness) few would be found to deserve it?"

"Most likely," said I.

"Likely indeed," said he, "but our argument is not about men. Yet arguments are so far like men, that when a person assents to an argument as true, without possessing sufficient knowledge of the art of reasoning, and then, soon after, he find it to be false—sometimes when it is so, and sometimes when it is not, and then does the same thing of another again and again, thou knowest well that he comes to mistrust all arguments. Those particularly who have the habit of arguing on both sides think at last that they are extremely wise, and that they alone can see—they alone have attained the knowledge that nothing is solid or certain, even in argument, but that everything runs upwards and downwards like the current of Euripus,[1] and that nothing is ever permanent or stable."

"Quite right thou speakest," said I.

"Then, O Phædo, would it not be a sad pity if when an argument were really true, and

[1] Euripus: a channel in the Ægean Sea, between Eubœa and Bœotia. It was famous for its tides. *Vide Smith's Dict. Gr. and Rom. Geo. &c. &c.*

sound, and intelligible, that a person should be sceptical about it because he had been often engaged among inconclusive reasonings which left no stable conviction, and then, instead of blaming himself and his own bad arguments, he should find fault with reason itself? And that he should at last in his ill-humour take to speaking ill of reason, and during the rest of his life hate and shun it, and thus lose all the benefit of truth and knowledge?"

"That would be lamentable indeed," said I.

"Then let us first carefully avoid this error, and guard our souls against the belief that there is no such a thing as certainty and truth and sound arguments. Let us infinitely rather suppose that our own minds are not sound, and that we must therefore endeavour courageously to make them so—thou and these others here because ye have long to live, and I because I am about to die. So that I may behave as becomes a philosopher; and not like many vain-glorious talkers (in fact as a true lover of wisdom φιλόσοφος, and not a mere lover of disputation φιλόνεικος).

"For indeed these last, when they argue, do not care on which side truth lies, but only wish

to persuade the bystanders to adopt the opinions they have asserted. I am, so far, in a different position from these, that my great object is not so much to convince my hearers, as to satisfy myself that my doctrines are true. And I speak, O dear friends, and reason satisfactorily, because, if that be true which I maintain—that the soul is immortal, it is well to be fully convinced of it; but even if the soul could not exist after death, I shall have avoided wearying my companions by complaints or fears whilst I lived. And even if my opinion is wrong, that is an error that cannot last long, but will soon end with me. Thus prepared, O Simmias and Cebes, I come to the argument. And ye, if ye will follow my advice, will care very little about Socrates, but a great deal about truth. And if ye think that I say what is true, then agree with me; but if not, then argue against it in every way —taking care lest I should in my eagerness deceive you as well as myself, and thus, like a bee leaving a sting, I should depart."

"Well, then," he continued, "let us proceed. And first, remind me of what ye said, if I do not remember it rightly. Simmias, I think, is unbelieving, and fearful lest the soul, although

it is more divine and beautiful than the body, may yet perish before it; because it is of the nature of a harmony. And Cebes seemed to agree with me that the soul is more lasting than the body, but yet that no one could know whether the soul, when it had worn out many bodies, might not, when leaving the last body, utterly perish. And that this, he thinks, might be real death—the annihilation of the soul. Is this, O Simmias and Cebes, what we have now to consider?"

They agreed that it was.

"And my former arguments," inquired he, "do you agree with them all, or only with some?"

Some, they said, they agreed with, but not others.

"What, then, do ye say to the doctrine in which we maintained that learning was recollection, and that, if this was the case, the soul must have existed somewhere before it was joined to the body?"

"For my part," said Cebes, "I was then wonderfully convinced of it, and I still hold it as strongly as I can anything."

"And I," said Simmias, "am of the same

mind, and I should be much surprised if I could ever think otherwise."

"Yet thou must think otherwise, O my beloved Theban friend, if thou standest by the doctrine that harmony is a thing composed and put together, and that the soul is such a harmony, arising out of the tuned elements of the body. For thou canst not maintain that the harmony was there before the elements which compose it were put together or existed. Or dost thou assert this?"

"Certainly not, O Socrates," said he.

"Yet, mark well, and thou wilt perceive that this must follow, if thou sayest that the soul existed before it came into a human form, and yet that the soul is a harmony formed by parts of the body which did not then exist. Harmony does not resemble the soul in this manner; for the lyre and the strings and the sounds must be there, first untuned—and last of all comes the harmony; and it is the first thing that is destroyed when the lyre becomes out of tune, or falls to pieces; how, then, can thy two doctrines chime together?"

"They do not, at all, O Socrates."

"And yet," said he, "if any doctrines could

harmonize together, it ought to be those about harmony."

"They should," said Simmias.

"But, at present, they do not. Therefore consider which of these two opinions thou wilt choose—that learning is recollection, or that the soul is a harmony, composed from all the perishing elements of the body."

"Much, O Socrates, do I prefer the former," said he; "for this last I adopted without any proof, and only from its probability, or its apparent appositeness or fitness in the kind of way that most persons come to their conclusions. But I know that the doctrines which are assumed from mere probability, will, if one does not guard against them, lead us astray in geometry and other arts. The doctrine, however, about learning and recollection rests on sound principles, for it was proved that the soul existed before the body, since in its essence is found the perception of all the Realities which exist—such Realities as the Good, or the Bad. This, I am convinced, is rightly and completely proved, therefore I see, it is necessary that I should not say, or allow others to say, that the soul is a harmony."

"And, O Simmias, dost thou think that harmony can be obtained by any other combination except what produces it?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor could it do anything or suffer anything except from the combination of elements which produces it?"

He agreed to it.

"Therefore the harmony has no power of itself to produce or begin what it is composed of, but only to follow and be produced?"

He assented.

"And also harmony is far from being able to move or sound in opposition to itself; nor can it in any way be opposed to the parts which compose it?"

"No, indeed."

"And is not each tone or harmony by its nature exactly such as it has been tuned to become?"

"I do not understand," said he.

"Not that—when it is better tuned, and in a higher degree if possible, more harmony will be produced; and when it is less, and worse tuned there will be less and weaker harmony?"

"It is so."

"Now is this the case with souls; can we say that one soul is more a soul than another?"

"Not in the least."

"And yet," said he, "we say that one soul possesses reason and virtue, and that it is good, and that another is devoid of reason, and is rapacious and bad; and do not we say this with truth?"

"With truth indeed."

"Now how can those who maintain that the soul is a harmony, allow that it can contain both virtue and vice (for all philosophers agree that virtue and wisdom are harmony, and that vice and folly are discord and disharmony); Can it then be a harmony and a disharmony? so that one soul is a harmony and good, and contains in itself what constitutes harmony, while another is not a harmony, because it has none of the elements of harmony in itself?"

"I cannot say that it is," said Simmias; "yet it would seem that it appears so to those who maintain the fact."

"Well, we agreed before that no soul can be more or less a soul than another soul is, and also that no harmony can be a harmony unless it is composed of the elements which produce it?"

"Certainly."

"But whatever is more harmonious or less so is what is better or worse in tune?"

"It is so."

"Yet that harmony, better or worse tuned, is still produced by the same kind of elements which compose it?"

"The same."

"Then when one soul is nothing more or less than another soul, is it not therefore more or less in tune? and if so, is it not thus influenced by harmony?"

"Certainly not."

"Then again, could one soul be more or less composed of what is evil or what is good, if evil is discord, and good is harmony?"

"Not more."

"But much more, indeed, O Simmias, if we look rightly, will it appear that no soul can be evil if it is a harmony; for as harmony is never anything but harmony, so can it never be disharmony, or discord."

"Certainly not."

"Nor can souls, then, thus composed, be evil."

"Yet how can that be?"

"Because if a soul were a harmony, the soul

of every living animal would be equally good.

"And yet we say that the soul of man rules over other animals—at least the souls of those who are wise."

"Certainly."

"And also that it rules over our bodies—or does it only oppose them? I mean in this manner: when a man is thirsty and that he controls himself and abstains from drinking—or when he is hungry and abstains from eating—and in a thousand other instances the soul checks and thwarts the body. Does it not?"

"Assuredly it does."

"Yet have we not agreed that a harmony can never sound (or be a harmony) when there are other elements opposed to it which are not its own component parts—in fact that it must always follow and can never lead? We came to this conclusion, did we not?"

"How could we do otherwise?"

"And farther, does not the soul seem to do exactly the contrary—to rule that part from which it is said to spring, and nearly all through life to oppose and govern it (the body) in

every manner—sometimes holding it in check in a painful manner, as in the case of gymnastics and surgical operations, sometimes threatening and forbidding, with anxiety, with anger, and sometimes with fear, as one person would talk to and persuade another, as Homer described it in the Odyssey, when Ulysses smote on his breast, and rebuked his swelling heart, thus: 'Bear this too, heart; thou hast borne worse than this.' Dost thou think now that he wrote that with the conviction that the soul was a harmony? and that as such it was ruled by the feelings of the body, instead of ruling and controlling them—being itself much more godlike and endowed with more ruling principles than anything like a harmony can be?"

"Certainly, O Socrates, it appears to be so."

"Then, O dear friend, do not think that we can be right in any way, if we say that the soul is a harmony. For as thou seest, we should neither agree with Homer, that divine poet, nor with our own convictions."

"Then let it be so by all means," said he.

"Well then," said Socrates, "we have now agreed about the Theban Harmonia,[1] but how

[1] Harmonia was the wife of Cadmus, who founded Thebes.

shall we now agree with this Cadmus, and in what manner?"

"That, I think," said Cebes, "thou wilt discover. This doctrine about harmony, thou hast at all events, most wonderfully refuted: thy arguments have been far more convincing than I thought they could possibly be. For when Simmias expressed his doubt, I wondered exceedingly what any one could find to say that would dispel it; and yet, at thy first attack, his opinions were defeated, and his doubt removed. Therefore I should not wonder if the same thing were to happen to me in this Cadmian argument."

"Ah! good friend," said Socrates, "let us not boast, for fear that envy may damage our discourse. We are indeed in the hands of God, but we will, as Homer says, walk side by side, and search whether there be any truth in what thou sayest. It seems to me that the great object of thy search is this: Thou longest for clear proof that the soul is indestructible and immortal, and that when a person who has been a true philosopher (a lover of wisdom and goodness) comes to die, he may have good reason to

expect that he will be happy after death. That he will be more happy in his future life than if death had found him leading a different kind of life in this world. Thou thinkest that the evidence that our souls are strong and godlike, and that they existed before our birth, does not prove their immortality—only that the soul is indeed something which lasts a long time, and no one knows how long it may have existed somewhere, and that it has learnt and done a great deal. Yet still even thou thinkest, that although it has performed so much, it may still not be immortal, but that when it first comes into the human body this period may be the beginning of its eventual destruction—that this may be like an illness to the soul, and that it may exist through this mortal life in a state of misery and distress, and at the end will perish in what we call death. And thou thinkest that it makes no difference whether the soul comes into the human body only once, or often, for each person must then fear death. It indeed behoves those to fear it who cannot look with confidence on the soul's immortality, or give any good reason for their hopes of happiness. This I think, O Cebes, is what thou meanest, and I have purposely repeated thy objections, in order

that nothing may escape us, and if any other objections occur to thee, state them."

Then Cebes said, "At present, I have no other objection to make, and thou hast stated exactly what I meant."

After that, Socrates was silent for a little time, as if to consider within himself, and then he said, "It is no trifling matter, O Cebes, that which thou requirest. For we must discuss the general causes of being, and generation, and destruction. I will then, if thou choosest, place before thee the course of my thoughts on these subjects. And if anything that I say tends to convince thee of what thou seekest, then use it."

"Certainly," said Cebes, "I will."

"Then listen to what I say. In my youth, O Cebes, I had a wonderful longing to attain that wisdom which is called the history of nature. It seemed to me delightful beyond measure to know the cause of everything. How and why each thing is produced, and why it is destroyed, and why and in what it exists. I often turned here and there, and searched most diligently. I considered whether heat and moisture by fermentation could, as some have said, give birth to animals; or whether that by which we think is

blood, or the air, or fire—or none of these; but that the brain affords us the means of receiving our sensations, such as hearing, seeing, smelling, and that from these perceptions thought and observation arise, and memory and observation, and when they acquire repose, produce knowledge, or rather acknowledgment and conviction.

"And again, when I contemplated destruction, and the changes in the Heavens and in the earth, I appeared to myself at last so stupid about these matters, that my efforts were useless. I will give thee a proof of this. What I appeared to know thoroughly before, and what others knew also, became so perplexing by this search, that I seemed to be blind, and unable even to see what I saw before, and therefore unlearned what I had known. For instance, I imagined that I knew how a man grows—that every one knew that it was from eating and drinking—that out of his food flesh is added to flesh and bone to bone, and that each organ thus acquires its appropriate substance; then naturally a small body would become a large one, and a little child a great man. Does not all this appear probable?"

"Certainly," said Cebes.

"Reflect also on this. It appeared to me, also, that when a little man was standing near a tall one, that he was taller by a head, and that a larger horse near a small one appeared so too. Then ten seemed to me more than eight, because it contained two more; and that two feet (measure) was more than one foot, because it was double."

"And now," said Cebes, "how does all this seem?"

"That I am indeed very far from thinking that I know the real causes of any of these things. I cannot even comprehend whether, when one is added to one and it makes two, the cause of its being two is the first one or the second one, or the addition. And I wonder why, if neither of the ones were two, they became two by being put near each other.

"As little can I comprehend why, if one is divided into two, the division makes two as addition did before. That would proceed from quite an opposite cause; for the ones became two, because they were brought together, and

added to each other; but now it proceeds from their being separated and taken away from each other. Nor can I trust even myself, nor any one else, to know why anything *is*, or why it goes away, according to this manner or method of research. I tried another plan of speculation, and happened to hear some one read from a book, which he said was by Anaxagoras, that it is Mind which has placed everything in its order, and is the cause of all things. This appeared to me, in some degree, a good notion—that Mind, or Intelligence, was the great cause; and I imagined that, if this were the case, this ruling Mind would place everything where it was most fitted and best to be.

"If, therefore, we wish to find the cause of all things—how they arise and how they perish, we ought to learn how and in what manner it is best for everything to be, or do, or suffer. According to this notion, it behoves us to search nowhere else, but to study what is best and most suitable; and thus having attained the knowledge of how it is best that all things should be, a man would necessarily know all things; he would know what was worst also

by the same means. When I thought of this, I rejoiced that I might believe I had found a teacher of the causes of all things, according to my own notions, in Anaxagoras. I thought that he would now first tell me whether the earth is flat or round, and after that he would inform me of the cause and the necessity, proving to me what was the best manner for it to be, and showing me what that was. And I thought if he affirmed that it was in the middle of the universe, he would thereby show me that it was better to be in the middle; and if he could prove this plainly, I was resolved never to require any other cause.

"I was also resolved to inquire, in the same manner, about the sun and the moon, and the other stars, with regard to the relative speed of their movements and circumlocutions, and all that happens to them, and to ascertain by his (Anaxagoras') means, what and how it is better for them to be, and to move, and to suffer, as they do. For I did not think that after he had once maintained that Mind ruled all things, he would assign any other cause for their arrangement than that it was the best. I also imagined that, as he applied this notion of what

was best for it to each individual thing, it must conduce to the universal good of the whole. I would not have parted with my hopes on any account. I eagerly seized upon his books with all speed, and read them as quickly as possible, in order that I might learn, in the quickest manner, what was the best and the worst.

"From these wonderfully lofty hopes, O friend! I was dashed down as I proceeded, and read, and saw that no use was made of this 'Mind,' nor was it referred to as the source of things, but, that on the contrary, air, and ether, and water, and all manner of marvellous things, were assigned as the causes. And it seemed to me just as if some man were first to say, "Socrates does all he does by means of his mind," and then—when he proceeded to assign the reason why I am sitting here, he should say that. I sat here because my body is composed of bones and muscles; that the bones are solid, and separated from each other by sinews, but that the muscles are so constructed, that they can be drawn together and relaxed, and that they are all inclosed in the flesh and skin which holds them together; that, as the bones are jointed, they can be drawn together

or extended, and that, therefore, I can move my limbs; and that this is the reason why I am sitting here with my knees bent.

"And if, again, he were to assign the same cause for our conversations at this moment, attributing them to the air, and sound, and a thousand such things, quite omitting to state the true causes—namely, that because the Athenians thought it best to condemn me, therefore I thought it best to sit here, and that it was right to remain here, and bear with patience the punishment they have ordained. For most certainly these muscles and bones would long ago have carried me to Megara or Bœotia—moved by the conviction that it was best, if I had not deemed it more just and good not to escape, but to remain and submit to the sentence pronounced by the State. To call such things causes is, therefore, utterly foolish. If, however, any one were to say, that without such things (bones and muscles) I should not be able to do what I wish, he would speak the truth; but that I do what I am doing because of these, and not because I choose to do what is best, would be a great abuse of language.

"It would show that the difference was not understood, which there is between that which is the cause, and that without which the cause could not produce its effects: for many people, groping in the dark, as it were, call that which is a mere condition, a cause. On this account, one man imagines that a vortex from Heaven surrounds the earth, which revolves while the earth stands still; another puts the earth in a large bowl, which incloses the air. But that it remains there because it is best so to be, they never attempt to show. They do not place it on the strongest foundation, namely the greatest good; but they imagine they have found some Atlas that is stronger and more immortal, to hold the universe together. That it is bound together and superintended by goodness and justice, they cannot believe.

"In my anxiety to ascertain the real cause of anything, I would willingly have become every one's scholar; but as I could not discover for myself, or learn from any one else—shall I describe the second voyage I made in search of a satisfactory account of causes, O Cebes?"

"Most gladly would I hear it," said he.

"It seemed to me, after I gave up this view, that in my efforts to see things as they really are, I must guard against what befalls those who look at the sun. Many have destroyed their eyes who have attempted to gaze at it, instead of looking at its image only on the water, or on some other reflector. I considered this then, and feared lest my soul should be blinded, if I attempted to contemplate objects with my eyes, and endeavoured with all my other senses to perceive them. But I thought that I must take refuge in ideas, and with them search into the real truth and origin of existence, and that perhaps the reflections and images of things were not as I imagined they were. For I could not acknowledge, that whoever contemplates spiritual existences truly with his thoughts, sees a less real image of them than when he looks at visible objects with his bodily eyes. Then I proceeded; and whenever I found the strongest conviction that a thought was true, whether about the origin of speech, or anything else, I believed it; but whatever did not produce this clear impression, I deemed not true.

"Shall I explain my meaning more clearly—for I fancy thou dost not understand me?"

"Not fully, indeed," said Cebes.

"I mean this," continued Socrates. "It is not anything new, but what I have always, and also in our late argument, never ceased to maintain. While I endeavour to describe the sort of causes which I have tried to ascertain, I must return again to the first principles on which I insisted, namely, that there exists a beauty in itself, and a goodness, and a greatness, and such like realities. If thou agreest with me in this, and allowest that it is so, then I hope to show the cause, and convince thee of the soul's immortality."

"Then, indeed," said Cebes, "do not delay, for I agreed with thee long ago in this."

"Consider, then," continued Socrates, "the result of this opinion; and whether it seems the same to thee as it does to me. It appears to me, that if anything is beautiful or good, otherwise than from its own intrinsic beauty, it is only beautiful because it partakes of the quality beauty—and the same respecting other realities. Dost thou grant this chain of causes?"

"I grant it," said he.

"Therefore I no longer understand or acknowledge other learned causes; but if any one says

that anything is beautiful because it has a brilliant colour or form, or some such reason, I let it pass, for all this would only perplex me, and I hold simply, and perhaps too unskilfully, to my own solitary opinion, that nothing makes a thing beautiful except the presence of, and intercourse with, beauty. How or whence this comes, I cannot pretend to describe—only that by beauty alone can anything become beautiful. This seems to me the most secure answer for myself and others; and if I hold on firmly to this, I shall never be cast down; but that it is a safe opinion, dost thou not think so?"

"I do."

"Also that by size or greatness things are made larger, and by smallness are things made smaller?"

"Yes."

"In the same way if any one said of a person that he was greater than another by a head, and that the smaller was smaller by a head, thou wouldst not allow *that* to be the cause of the difference, but only because of its real size, and the small one on account of its real smallness. Otherwise thou wouldst imply that the small person is less than the other from the same

cause, namely, size. Would not this be an absurdity?"

At that Cebes laughed, and said, "Certainly it would."

"In the same manner that ten is more than eight by two, and on this account exceeds eight on account of these two; and in the same way, when one is added to one, two is produced on account of its duality, of which duality all must partake when they are two, as of singleness when it is one. The splittings and additions and other apparently learned causes thou wouldst reject, and fearing, as one may say, thy own shadow and inexperience, thou wouldst adhere to the safe hypothesis, and answer accordingly. And if any one should assail this hypothesis, wouldst thou not refrain from answering him until thou hadst considered the consequences resulting from it? But when it would be necessary for thee to give a reason for it, thou wouldst give one in a similar manner, by again asserting the reasons which appear to thee to be most just, and the best on higher principles, until thou arrivest at something satisfactory. At the same time, thou wouldst not confound one thing with another, as many disputants do—

now speaking of the first principles, and now of those which result from them—if thou really desiredst to arrive at the truth of things.

"For they perhaps have no thought or regard, except to please themselves, when they jumble all things together in their wisdom. If, however, thou art a true philosopher, thou wouldst, I think, act as I now describe."

"Most truly thou speakest," said Simmias and Cebes at the same time.

*Ec.* By Jupiter, O Phædo, they were right. It appears to me that he explained these things so clearly, that they must be understood even by persons who have but small powers of reasoning.

*Ph.* Certainly, O Echecrates, and so it seemed to all who were present.

*Ec.* And so it seems to me who was absent, and now hear it related. But what was said afterwards?

*Ph.* As far as I remember, when these things had been agreed upon, and it was allowed that each idea exists in itself, or is a something which exists, and that other things which participate in these ideas receive their denomination from them, he then asked: "If

thou admittest that these things are so, dost thou not, when thou sayest that Simmias is greater than Socrates, but less than Phædo—dost thou not then say that in Simmias there is both magnitude and littleness?"

"Certainly."

"And yet," he said, "thou must confess that Simmias's exceeding Socrates, is not actually true in the way which is expressed by the words; for Simmias does not naturally exceed Socrates because he is Simmias, but in consequence of the magnitude which he happens to have; nor does he exceed Socrates because Socrates is Socrates, but because Socrates possesses smallness in comparison with the other one's largeness."

"True."

"Neither indeed is Simmias excelled by Phædo because Phædo is Phædo, but because he is large in comparison to Simmias's smallness."

"So it is."

"Then also Simmias is called both little and great from being of middle size between them; because he exceeds the smallness of one by his own largeness, and to the other he yields magnitude by his own littleness." At this

Socrates smiled and continued, "I seem to speak with the exactness of a law-writer; however, it is as I say."

Cebes agreed to it.

"But I say this because I wish thee to be of the same opinion as myself. For it seems to me not only that magnitude never wishes (or tries) to be at the same time great and little, but that magnitude in us never admits the little nor wishes to be exceeded: it does either one or the other of these two things—it either flies or withdraws, when its contrary, the little, approaches it—or, when its contrary has actually come, it is destroyed (or ceases to be): but it never by remaining, receives littleness and becomes different from what it was before. Just as I remain, having received and sustained the littleness (by comparison with another who is larger), still continue to be the same that I was, and only the same; while that which is great never wishes to be little. In like manner, the little which is in us never tries to become great, nor does any one, of two things which are contraries to each other, try to be its own contrary, while continuing to be what it was; it either ceases to exist, or departs under this contingency."

"Certainly, that appears to be so in every respect."

Then some one of those who were present, (I do not exactly remember who,) said, on hearing this, "By the Gods, was not the contrary of what is now asserted admitted in the former part of our discussion — namely, that the greater is produced from the less, and the less from the greater—in short, that the very production of contraries is from contraries? And now it seems to me to be asserted that this can never be."

Socrates had leant his head forward, and listened, and now said, "Thou hast reminded me in a manly way—only thou hast not remarked the difference between what is now and what was then asserted. Then it was said that a contrary thing resulted from a contrary; but now, that THE CONTRARY itself will never become its own CONTRARY—either that which is in our own selves or that which is in nature. For at that time, O my friend, we talked of things which have opposites or contraries, and we called such opposites by their names; but now we are speaking of the thing itself—of the quality which gives the thing its name. And of such a thing as this we maintain, that it never

becomes a part, nor is it in any way incorporated with its opposite quality."

At the same time he looked at Cebes, and asked, "Has anything, O Cebes, which he has said disturbed thee?"

"Indeed it has not," said Cebes; "but I will not say that many things do not disturb me."

"Then we have quite agreed about this," said Socrates, "that an opposite (or contrary) can never be its own contrary."

"Most certainly."

"Then consider besides whether thou wilt agree with me in this also. Thou callest heat and cold something?"

"I do."

"The same as snow and fire."

"No, by Jupiter, I do not."

"Then something different from fire is heat, and something different from snow is cold?"

"Yes."

"But I think it must be apparent to thee that snow, while it is snow, can never receive heat (as we before said) and remain as it was: it cannot be snow and hot at the same time, but at the approach of heat it will either depart or cease to be snow."

"Certainly."

"And again we agreed with regard to fire. When cold comes into it, we feel that by becoming cold it ceases to be what it was—fire."

"Assuredly."

"Thou speakest truly," he said.

"Then it happens," continued Socrates, "with respect to some such things, that not only the IDEA itself is thought worthy to be called always by its own and the same name, but likewise some other thing which is not indeed that IDEA itself, but which always retains its form, so long as it exists. Perhaps my meaning will be best explained by the following examples: The Uneven (or the Odd) must always be called by what we now call it; must it not?"

"Certainly."

"But is this the only thing? for I ask whether there is not something else which indeed is not the Odd itself, but must always be called odd, together with its own name, because it is so constituted that by nature it can never be without the Odd? I mean that this is the case with the number three, and many other such things. Consider with respect to the number three—does it not seem to thee that it must always be called

by its own name, as well as by the name "odd," which is *not* the same as the number three? Yet such is the nature of the numbers three, five, and the entire half of the numbers, that although they are not the same as The Odd, yet each of them is always odd. And again two and four, and the other series of numbers—though not the same as The Even, yet, nevertheless, each of them is always even. Dost thou agree to this or not?"

"How could I not?" he said.

"Then observe what I wish to prove. It is this: It seems not only that these opposites do not admit each other, but that some things which are not even contrary or opposite to each other, do yet always possess contraries; and they do not seem to admit that Idea which is contrary to the Idea which exists in themselves, but when it approaches they depart or perish. Shall we not allow that the number three would sooner perish and suffer anything whatever, rather than endure, while it is three, to become even?"

"Most certainly," said Cebes.

"Now the number two is not contrary or opposite to the number three."

"Assuredly not."

"Not only, then, do ideas that are contrary never approach each other, but some other things also do not allow the approach of contraries."

"Quite true," he replied.

"Shall we now then define, if we are able, what these things are?"

"Certainly."

"Would they not, O Cebes, be such things as compel the thing they occupy not only to retain its own idea, but also that of something which is always a contrary?"

"How dost thou mean?"

"As we have just said; for thou knowest that whatever things the idea of three occupies must necessarily be not only three but also uneven?"

"Certainly."

"In such a thing then we maintain that the idea contrary to that form which constitutes this can never come?"

"It certainly cannot."

"And this is caused by the form of the Uneven—*i.e.* the odd made it so?"

"Yes."

"And is the contrary to this the idea of the Even?"

"Yes."

"The idea of Even then can never come to the three?"

"Certainly not."

"Three then has no part in the Even?"

"None at all."

"The number then is uneven?"

"Yes."

"The things, therefore, that I wished to define —are those which, although not contrary to some particular thing, yet do not admit of the contrary itself; as in this case, the number three, though not contrary to the even, yet, nevertheless, does not admit it, for it always brings the contrary with it; just as the number two does to the odd, fire to cold—and many other such things. Consider then whether, if thou wouldst thus determine—not only that an opposite does not admit an opposite, but also that that which brings an opposite or contrary to that which it approaches, will never admit the contrary of that which it brings with it.

"Recall this to thy mind again, for it is not useless to have it often repeated. The number five will not admit the Idea of the even number, neither will its double—ten—admit the Idea of

the uneven. This double, then, though in itself it is contrary to something else (*i.e.* to the single or odd number) will nevertheless never admit the idea of the odd; nor will half as much again, nor other things of that kind, such as the half and third part, ever admit the idea of the whole. Thou followest me and agreest that it is so?"

"Entirely I agree with thee," said he, "and follow thee."

"Tell me again then," said Socrates, "from the beginning; and do not answer me exactly in the same terms in which I ask the question, but in different ones, imitating my example. I say this because, besides that safe mode of answering which I mentioned at first,[1] I see, from what has now been said, another no less safe one.

"For if thou shouldst ask me what that is which, when it dwells in the body, causes it to be hot, I shall not give thee that simply safe answer that it is heat, but I could give thee one more learned from what has just been said—namely, that it is fire. Nor, if thou shouldst ask me what that is which, if it dwells in the body, would cause it to be diseased, should I say that it is disease, but fever. Nor, if thou

[1] See page 167.

shouldst ask me what that is which, if it be in number, will cause it to be odd, shall I say that it is unevenness, but unity—and so on with other things. Consider whether thou understandest sufficiently what I mean?"

"Perfectly," he said.

"Answer me, then," said Socrates; "what is it which, when in the body, causes it to be alive?"

"When the soul is in it," he replied.

"And this is always the cause?"

"How should it not be?"

"Does the soul, then, always bring life to whatever it occupies?"

"It does indeed."

"Is there then anything contrary to life or not?"

"There is."

"What?"

"Death."

"Then the soul will never admit the contrary of that which it brings with it—as has been already clearly proved?"

"Most certainly," said Cebes.

"How then? What do we call that which does not admit the idea of even?"

"That which is uneven."

"And what is that which does not admit the idea of what is just, nor musical?"

"That which is unjust and unmusical."

"Well—and what is that which does not admit the idea of death?"

"That which is immortal."

"Therefore the soul does not admit death?"

"No."

"Then the soul is immortal.

"Now, then, shall we also say that this has been proved—or dost thou think it has not?"

"Most certainly, O Socrates."

"Well, then, O Cebes, if what is uneven were necessarily imperishable, would not the number three be also imperishable?"

"How should it not?"

"And if that which is without heat were necessarily imperishable, would not the snow, as *snow*, withdraw itself safe and unmelted if heat were introduced? For it *as snow* could not perish, nor would it remain and admit heat?"

"That is true."

"And also, I think, if that which is unsusceptible of cold were imperishable, then when anything cold approached the fire itself, it would

neither be extinguished nor perish, but would depart quite safe."

"Necessarily it would," he said.

"Must we not, then, necessarily speak thus of what is immortal? If that which is immortal is imperishable, it is impossible for the soul to perish when death opposes it. For death, according to what has been said already, the soul will not admit, nor can it ever die—just as we said that the number three will never be even, nor will whatever is uneven be even. Nor will fire (as fire) ever be cold, nor will the heat which is in fire.

"But some one may say: 'Although the Odd can never become the Even, by the succession of the Even (as we have agreed), yet if the Odd be destroyed, what hinders the Even from coming in its place?' We could not keep contending with him who says this, that it is not destroyed—for the Uneven is (according to him) not imperishable. But this having been granted to us—that the Uneven is imperishable—we should be able easily to contend (as we have been doing) that on the approach of the Even the Odd and the Three depart out of the way: and we could maintain the same with

regard to fire, and heat, and the like, could we not?"

"Certainly."

"Wherefore, with regard to the immortal, if we have allowed that it is imperishable, then the soul, in addition to being immortal, must be also imperishable; if not, we shall require other arguments."

"But we do not," he said, "as far as that is concerned. For scarcely anything could escape corruption, if that which is immortal and eternal, be liable to perish."

"God, least of all," said Socrates, "could possibly perish; and the idea of life will, indeed, if anything at all is immortal, never be overcome or extinguished by any external cause."

"I believe this indeed of every person, and still more of God," said he.

"And since that which is immortal is also imperishable, would not the immortal soul be also imperishable?"

"Certainly."

"So that when death comes to a man, it seems that what is mortal and perishable in him dies, but what is immortal and incor-

ruptible is drawn safely out of the way of death?"

"So it appears."

"Then most assuredly, O Cebes, is the soul immortal and incorruptible, and, in truth, our souls will live in Hades."

"I, at least, O Socrates," said he, "cannot gainsay this, nor can I doubt the truth of thy arguments. But if our Simmias, or any one else, have any objection to make, he had better declare it. For I do not know what better opportunity they could ever have than the present moment, if they wish to say or hear any more on this subject."

"Assuredly," said Simmias, "I cannot disbelieve or remain unconvinced by thy arguments. Still, from the great importance of the subject we are discussing, and the consideration of the weakness and infirmities of human nature, I am obliged to acknowledge that I have still some doubt about what has been said."

"Not only that, O Simmias," said Socrates, "but as thou hast now truly observed (about the weakness and infirmities of our nature), thou must in every way consider our first propositions, which appeared to thee true (the existence

of goodness and justice as realities, and consequently indestructible); and while thou art quite satisfied with these, thou wilt, I think, be able entirely to follow the argument as far as any man can follow it; and when this becomes clear thou wilt seek no farther."

"This is quite true."

"But this, O friends, must be well remembered—that if the soul indeed be immortal, it requires all our most careful cultivation, not only for this time alone, which we call life, but for all eternity, and that the danger is awful if a person should in any way neglect this most important concern.

"For if death were the end of all, it would be a gain for the wicked to get rid of their body and their wickedness at the same time when they die. But as it is now shown that the soul is immortal, there can be no safety against evil, and no salvation except by its becoming as good and wise as possible. For it can possess nothing else when it enters the other world except the education and cultivation it has received in this world. And this education will be either the greatest happiness or the greatest misery to the person who has died, as

soon as the soul begins its journey to the next world. And each person is said to have his demon, or guardian angel, which takes charge of him during his life in this world, and will lead him after death to the place of universal judgment, and from thence to his allotted abode. After he has become what he is to be, and has remained there the appointed time, another guardian will lead him back again, after the lapse of some great period of time.

"And this journey to the next world is not as the Telephus of Æschylus describes; for he says that one simple footbridge leads to the next world; but I believe that it is neither simple nor single—otherwise we should require no guides, for no one can fail to find the way when there is only one road; but the way is intricate and difficult to find; and this I judge by the tradition in our holy mysteries.

"The well educated and good soul follows the guardian angel gladly, and does not misunderstand, or mistrust, or oppose the guidance of its conductor; but the carnal and ill-educated soul clings tenaciously to bodily things, as I before said; it strives for some time to wander about, haunting its earthly, visible home,

and with difficulty is at last led away by his appointed demon. If this impure soul, polluted by bad deeds, ever arrives where other souls dwell, it is shunned, and will be ever avoided by the souls who have committed the like crime, and who will neither act as guides nor companions. The polluted souls wander about in total insecurity and misery, until at last they are necessarily dragged to their appointed place. But the pure souls, who have led a life of moderation and goodness, have Divine Beings for their companions and guides, and they dwell securely in their appointed place.

"But there are many and wonderful places in the universe, and it is neither in size nor form like what it is generally supposed to be by those who talk about the world."

Then Simmias asked, "What dost thou mean, O Socrates? For I have heard a great deal said on this subject, but not what thou believest; therefore I should gladly hear thy account."

"It will not, indeed, require much art to tell thee this; but, indeed, to give thee a full and accurate account (of the universe) would be more than difficult—partly because I should, perhaps, not be able to do so, and if I understood it all,

my life would not last long enough, O Simmias, for the length of the narration. However, about the form of the earth as I believe it to be, and its different places, I should be able to speak."

"That will suffice," said Simmias, "if thou wilt tell us."

"I have become convinced," said Socrates, "that if the earth is circular, and moves round in the midst of the Heavens, or space, it requires neither air, nor any other such surrounding force, to hold it up; for its own equally-balanced position in the Heavens, and the counteracting weight, (or central gravity) of the earth itself, suffices to its security; for a thing, if equally balanced, and placed in the middle, or at the proper distance from another such thing, will never be able to approach nearer, nor go farther off, and consequently will remain in the same inclination."

"Of this I became persuaded in the first place."

"And with justice," said Simmias.

"In the next place," said Socrates, "I am inclined to think that it is very large, and that the part we inhabit, from Phasis, in the Euxine,

to the Pillars of Hercules, is only a small portion around the sea, on which we live like ants or frogs round a pool. There are many such places round the world where people live; for everywhere round about it there are many hollows, of various forms and sizes, into which water, and vapour, and air have flowed together. But the earth itself lies free from vapour in the pure Heavens, where are also the stars, surrounded by what we call ether, which is above that air in which we live. The air that surrounds us is a mere sediment of the universe, which is collected in the hollows of the earth."

"We who live in these hollows are not aware of this, and imagine that we dwell on the surface of the earth, just as any one who lived at the bottom of the sea might fancy that he lived above it, because he could see through the water the sun and stars. He would think that this was the sky, and, either from infirmity or indolence, might never ascend up to the shore, and rise up out of the sea. But if he were to do so, and look round on our world, he would then discover how much more pure and beautiful it is, and how much more clearly he could see the sun and stars than he could from his dwelling

at the bottom of the sea. This is just the case with us. For we live in a vapoury hollow of the earth, and imagine we are on its surface; and we call our air (or sky) the Heavens, as if it were through this our air that the stars pursued their rythmetical circles. We are too weak and indolent to reach the confines of this our vapoury atmosphere. But if any one could arrive there, or had wings to fly into it, the change would be as great as to him who should rise up out of the foam of the sea. And if his nature had power to stand the dazzling change, and to look around, he would then be able to see the true Heavens and the true light, and the true earth.

"For the earth here, where we dwell, and the stones, and the entire place, is corrupted and corroded, as things in the sea are by the salt water. And as the sea is full of mud and dirt, while objects on our earth are brighter and more beautiful, so the objects in that Heavenly ether above us are brighter and clearer by far than what we have here. And if one might venture to relate a pretty story, O Simmias, it might be worth hearing how the earth came to be under the Heavens."

"It is said, first, O friend, that the earth is a ball, which will appear to any one who could look down upon it, like one of those balls which are made of different coloured leather, with twelve faces; but it is divided into such brilliant hues, that the brightest of the colours used by our painters would be like faint shadows compared to them. But then the earth appears to be entirely composed of much more brilliant colours. One part seems to be purple, of the most exquisitely beautiful hue—another gold colour, another white, but much whiter than either alabaster or snow; and so out of each colour another arises, and of a greater variety and much more beautiful than any we have ever seen. For even these hollows filled with water and air which we inhabit, produce a peculiar kind of colour, which shines when mingled with the more brilliant colour of the higher parts of the earth; and when seen from a distance the entire ball of this world appears to be an uninterrupted brilliancy of beautiful colours.

"In the same manner all the trees and fruits and flowers which are produced in those purer regions of the earth, are much more beautiful than ours; and even the mountains and stones

there have a polish and transparency, and a variety of exquisite colours, of which our most precious gems here are only small specimens. Sardine stones, and jasper, and emeralds, and things more beautiful still, are there the common stones of the earth.

"The reason is—that the stones there, are pure and are neither corrupted nor decayed, as they are here by the dirt and damp which is collected in this place, and which produces all the weeds and deformities and illnesses.

"The earth then is adorned with everything —gold, silver, and all brilliant and beautiful things in the greatest profusion—so that to look on it is a most blessed and divine contemplation. And it has inhabitants—a variety of beings, some of whom live in the centre, and some on the shore, of those seas of air, and some in islands surrounded by air. In a word, our air is as their water, and their ether as our air.

"Their climate is so harmoniously constituted that they have no diseases, and live much longer than we do here; and their senses of sight, hearing and smell, are as much keener than ours as air is superior to water, and ether to air, in regard

to its purity. They have also more splendid temples and Holy sanctuaries for the Gods, in which the Gods really dwell, and oracles, and prophecies, and visions of the Gods—and more direct intercourse with them. They see the sun and moon and stars as they really are, and in all other respects they are equally happy. This is the condition of the earth, and that which surrounds it. There are also many cavities which are deeper and have wider openings than the hollow we inhabit. Others again are deeper, but have narrower openings than ours; and many are flatter and broader.

"All these subterranean cavities communicate in a variety of ways with each other; and water flows as if poured from a goblet through them. Thus the earth is continually supplied with water, both warm and cold. There are also streams of fire and some of mud—like those which flow in Sicily, from whence, and other such places, these streams derive their source. All these streams are kept flowing by a balance, or kind of oscillating movement, under the earth. This oscillation is thus produced somewhat in this manner: One of the chasms of the earth, the largest of all, is bored entirely through

the earth. This is the one of which Homer speaks—

'Far down the deepest gulf that yawns in earth.'

He, and many other poets, call it Tartarus. Into this chasm all the rivers flow, and flow out of it again, and take their course over the world.

"The cause why all these rivers flow in and out is, that this gulf has no bottom. Therefore it hovers and oscillates always up and down, and the air and vapour around it do the same, and follow it when it moves from one side of the earth to the other. Thus there is always a motion like breathing, by which the winds and the waters go in and come out. This breathing in some places is more or less strong, which causes violent storms and torrents. Thus the streams are directed towards different parts of the earth, and some places are supplied, as if by pumps, by this same moving power. And thus all the lakes, and seas, and springs, are produced.

"From thence again they all flow back into the earth by courses of various lengths, some at places much lower than their source, some only

a little lower. Some thus fall back into Tartarus, on the same side as their source, others on the opposite side. There are some also that make the whole circuit of the world in their course, and even wind round it several times like a serpent, and then flow in at last very low down; but they cannot flow lower than the centre of the earth, for after that point they will have to reascend. There are many great rivers of different kinds, and among the number four are particularly remarkable. The largest is Oceanus, which runs all round the world. Acheron runs in the opposite direction, through many desert places, and ends in the Lake Acherusia, where many souls of the dead go, and remain there an appointed time—some longer and some shorter, until they are sent back to receive another trial in living bodies.

"The third river runs between these two, and pours itself out into a larger place, where a mighty fire is burning; and thus it makes an enormous lake, larger than our sea, of boiling water and mud and fire. From thence it moves round the earth, turbid and muddy, and in its course approaches, amongst other places, the shores of the Acheron Lake, but without mingling with

its waters. After it has several times flowed round the earth, it falls low down into Tartarus. This river is what we call Pyriphlegethon, and from its underground course volcanoes or burning mountains are produced, from small portions of its fire being blown up through their craters.

"The fourth river springs again opposite to this—at first in terrific and wild places, and its colour is said to be dark blue. It is called the Stygian, and the marshy lake which the river forms in emptying itself, is the Styx. After this river has attained great strength in its waters, it enters the earth, winds about in it, and comes out again opposite to the Pyriphlegethon, and falls into the Acherusian Lake on the opposite side. This river, also, does not mingle its waters with any other, but goes round in a circular course, and flows back into Tartarus, opposite Pyriphlegethon. It is called by the poets Cocytus."

"This is the condition of those regions: As soon as the souls are taken by the angel to the place where judgement is passed, those who have lived holy and good lives in this world are first separated from those who have not. Those who are found to have lived a medium life are taken to Acheron, and embark

in the boats which await them, and float down to the lake. There they remain to purify themselves, and repent of their misdeeds, until they are dismissed to receive the rewards they may have earned, each according to their merits. But those whose condition is deemed too bad to be healed or purified, on account of the magnitude of their crimes—from having been guilty of sacrilege (robbing holy places), murder, and the like, are destined to be cast into Tartarus, whence they never return.

"Those, however, who are deemed curable, although they may have committed great crimes, such as violence done to parents in anger, or homicide committed in wrath, must also be cast into Tartarus; but when they have passed a year there, the flood casts them out again—the homicides to Cocytus, and those who have sinned against father or mother into Pyriphlegethon. When they have been carried in by the flood to the Acherusian Lake, they cry out, and call to those who have either been killed or ill-used by them. If these answer the call, then they pray and implore for mercy and forgiveness, and to be allowed to rise up from the lake. If they can succeed in obtaining

forgiveness, then they rise up, and their miseries cease; but if not, they are driven into Tartarus, and from that again into the river, and so it goes on continually, until they have obtained forgiveness from those whom they have injured. For this punishment has been ordained for them by the judges.

"Those who are found to have made great progress in holy lives are taken from these places in the earth, and released, as from a prison, and taken up to that pure region above the earth, to have their home there. Amongst these, the souls who have been duly purified by the pursuit of wisdom and goodness live ever afterwards without bodies, and arrive at still more beautiful abodes, which would not be easy to describe, nor would the time suffice. But even for the sake of those I have described, O Simmias, ought we to do all we possibly can to become good and wise while we are in this life. For beautiful is the reward, and great is the hope.

"To assert positively that these things are as I have described would not be the part of a sensible man; but that this, or something very like this, is the condition of our souls and their

dwelling-places, as the soul is evidently immortal—this, methinks, is apparent, and seems to me a most reasonable belief, and we may well venture to place our faith in it. For the risk is overbalanced by the gain, and it is good to find a charm to dispel our fears; therefore I have both before and now prolonged my tale.

"Let him, therefore, take courage as to the destiny of his soul who has during this life shunned bodily indulgences, and deceitful pleasures and riches, as things not belonging to his high nature, and leading to evil, but has sought to adorn his soul with its own proper ornaments—wisdom, justice, courage, freedom (from evil) and truth. Thus he may well wait for his passage to the other world, as for a journey to a beautiful home.

"Ye now," he continued, "O Simmias and Cebes, and the others, will each make this journey another time; but now I am called, as a tragedian would say, by destiny—and it is almost time for me to go to the bath. For it seems to me better to bathe before I drink the poison, and not give the women the trouble of washing the corpse."

When he said this, Crito remarked, "So be it then, O Socrates; but what directions hast thou to give me or thy other friends about thy children—or anything we could do that might gratify thee?"

"What I have always said," he replied, "O Crito—nothing new: That if you take good care of yourselves you will gratify me best, even if you do not promise it now; and that if you neglect your own real well-being, and do not follow zealously the course of life which I have urged, both now and on former occasions, you will do nothing to the purpose, however much you may now promise."

"This, indeed, we will strive most zealously to do," said he. "But in what manner shall we bury thee?"

"In any way thou likest," said he; "if thou shouldst ever have me, and that I do not fly away."

Then he smiled quietly, and said, as he gazed on us, "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that I am that very Socrates himself who am now talking to you and determining each thing I say. He thinks that I am that dead body which he will soon see here, and therefore he asks

how he shall bury me. All the long discourse I have been delivering, to prove that, when I have taken the poison, I shall no longer remain with you, but shall depart to the happiness of the blessed, has been said in vain, as far as he is concerned; for he seems to think that I have only spoken it to comfort you and myself. You must therefore be my security to Crito, in the contrary manner in which he offered to be mine to the judges. For he became my security that I should certainly remain here, but you must be my security to him that I shall certainly *not* remain here when I am dead, but shall depart and go to another place. You must assure him of this, so that he may bear more easily to see my body burnt for burial—and not grieve, as if some dreadful misfortune were happening to me; and that he may not, at the burial, say that *Socrates* is laid on the bier, or carried out, or laid in the grave.

"For be well convinced," continued Socrates, "O loved Crito, that not to speak right and well (namely, to mention a dead body as if it still contained the immortal soul, which no longer dwells there) is not only wrong in itself, but creates a bad feeling in the soul.

Thou must speak encouragingly, and say that it is my *body* which is buried. This thou mayest bury in the manner which is most pleasing to thee, and most conformable to the laws."

When he had said this, he stood up, and went to a room to take the bath. Crito accompanied him, but he ordered us to remain where we were. So we remained, and talked among ourselves about what had been said, and considered it again. We also mourned over the great calamity we were about to suffer. We agreed that like orphans deprived of their father we should pass all the rest of our lives!

After he had bathed, and his children had been brought to him—he had two little young sons and one older—and the women of his family had come, he spoke with them in Crito's presence. He gave them directions about what he wished, and then he begged the women and children to leave him, and he came back to us. It was now nearly sunset, for he had remained a long time within.

And when he came to us after the bath, he sat down, and did not talk much after this. Then came the servant of the eleven, and stood

before him, and said, "O Socrates, I shall not have to complain of thee as I have of others, that they are angry with me, and curse me when I tell them to drink the poison, according to the command of the rulers. For on all other occasions I have found thee the most noble and gentle, and the best of all who have ever been here; and now I am convinced that thou dost not blame me, for thou knowest who are the cause of it—that it is their doing. Now, then, thou knowest what I am come to announce. Farewell! and endeavour to bear as easily as possible what is necessary." And so saying, he wept, and went away.

Socrates looked after him and said, "Farewell to thee, also! and so will we do." Then to us he said, "How courteous is this man! and so has he been during all the time I have lived here; he often came and talked with me, and was the kindest of men. And now how heartily he weeps for me. But come, O Crito, let us obey him, and let some one bring me the poison, if it is ground; if not, let some one grind it."

Crito said, "But I think the sun is still shining on the mountains, and has not yet

set. And I have known others who drank the poison quite late in the evening, and who, after the order came, supped well, and enjoyed the society of the dear friends whom they wished to see. Do not act in haste, for there is yet more time."

Then Socrates said, "Probably those who acted thus considered that it was a gain to do so; but I have equally good reasons for not doing so. For I have nothing to gain by deferring to drink the poison for a little time, except that I should appear ridiculous to myself if I were to cling to life, and could not spare it when it was going away. Therefore go," said he; "do as I say, and not otherwise."

When Crito heard this, he beckoned to the servant who stood near; and the boy went out; and after remaining away some time he, at last, brought in the man who was to administer the poison, which he carried already prepared in a cup.

As Socrates saw the man approach, he said, "Well, O good friend, thou understandest these matters; what am I to do?"

"Nothing else," said he; "but when thou hast drunk it, walk about until thy legs feel heavy, and then lie down; the poison will do the

rest." At the same time he offered the goblet to Socrates. And he took it very calmly, O Echecrates, I assure thee, without the slightest tremble or change of colour or countenance; but, as was his wont, looking steadfastly at the man, he inquired of him, "What thinkest thou about this drink—is there sufficient to spare for a libation: can it be made or not?"

"We prepare only as much as we think necessary for the potion:" he answered.

"I understand," said Socrates; "but at least it is right and proper to implore the Gods; and we ought to do so—that the passage from here to that place may be happy. And thus I pray that it may be." As he said this, he put the cup to his lips, and with the utmost serenity and good humour, drank it off. The greater part of us had up to this time been able to restrain our tears; but when we saw him drink the potion and finish it, we could no longer refrain. As for me, my tears flowed so violently that I was obliged to draw my mantle over my head, and weep in secret—not grieving for Socrates, but for the loss of such a friend. And Crito, even before this, was unable to restrain his tears, and had risen up.

Apollodorus also, even before, had been continually weeping, and now he burst out into a passion of grief, with weeping and lamentations which he could not restrain, so that every one was moved to tears except Socrates himself, and he said, "What are ye doing, O wonderful people! I purposely sent away the women and children on this account, that such unwise doings might not occur; for I have always heard that we ought to die with good sounds or happy voices in our ears. Therefore be calm and courageous."

When we heard that, we were ashamed, and restrained our weeping. But he continued to walk about; and when he remarked that his legs became heavy, he lay down on his back as the man had directed. And the person who administered the poison came near, and from time to time examined his feet and legs. Then he pressed his foot strongly, and asked if he felt the pressure, and he said he did not. After that he felt the knees, and so upwards, and showed us that they had become cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said that when the cold reached his heart he should be gone.

And now the cold had reached already all the

lower part of his body. Then he uncovered his face, for he had lain with it concealed, and said —these were the last words that he spoke—"Ah, Crito," he said, "we owe a cock to Æsculapius; discharge this debt, and do not disregard it."

"That shall be done," said Crito; "but think whether thou hast anything else to say."

When Crito said this, he made no answer; but soon afterwards his body moved. Then the man uncovered him, and his eyes were set.

When Crito saw this, he closed his eyes and his mouth.

This was the end, O Echecrates, of our friend—of the man who, in our opinion, was of all whom we have ever known, the best, and also the wisest and most righteous.

# PART FOURTH.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE "GORGIAS," "THE LAWS," "TIMÆUS," "PHILEBUS," AND "THE FIRST ALCIBIADES."

# PASSAGES FROM THE GORGIAS.

SOCRATES says in the Gorgias, "If for want of flattering oratory I must die, well do I know that thou wouldst see me suffer death calmly; for in fact no man, unless he be wholly brutish and unmanly, fears death itself; but to do ill he does fear. Surely the extreme of all evil misfortune is to arrive in Hades (the other world), soul-burdened with many offences."

Socrates continues to say:—Death is as it seems to me nothing else than the division of two existents, the soul and the body. Hence, when disunited, each still has its own particular nature, with scarcely any diminution; in fact, it is the same as when the man himself was alive, and the body still has its own individual characteristics—its labours, and its sufferings all discernible.

Thus if the living body of a certain man was large, either by reason of natural constitution or training, or both cases combined, the dead body of that man will be large also; and if during life it was fat, in death also will it be fat. Thus it is with all. And if in the living body the hair was luxuriant, it will be the same in the dead body. And if the living body was macerated by frequent scourgings, and bore their visible traces, in death it will still bear scars from the scourgings or from any other kinds of wounds; if the limbs of the living man were maimed or distorted, so will they be in his dead body. In short, whatever peculiarities the body possessed during its lifetime, it preserves for a certain time afterwards.

It seems to me then that precisely the same thing holds good respecting the soul. All such characteristics are manifest in the soul when it is divested of the body—whether they be characteristics bestowed by nature, or acquired by suffering or by habit.

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It is difficult, yet worthy of great praise, for a person to continue to live righteously when he has full power to be unjust or unrighteous. Few are they who have done this.

And often indeed powerful and ruling men become bad.

I truly believe in the words that have been taught us, (concerning a judgment to come); and my chief care is how my soul is to appear in the purest and healthiest manner before the judge. Adieu, then, the objects and honours of most men! At truth aiming, I endeavour to be as virtuous as possible while I live, and afterwards, when death arrives, in a state of virtue to die.

And I beseech all men to do the same, with all my power; and I exhort you to this life and this great conflict, which I maintain is preferable to, and more important than, all other conflicts; otherwise I warn you, that you will not be able to help yourself, when the last day of judgment comes which I have described.

Among the many opinions we have discussed, this alone remains unrefuted—that it is more preferable to suffer wrong than to do wrong, and that above all things, a man should strive, not so much to appear good, as to be so. And after the advantage of being actually good, the next best thing which can happen to us is—to become just through the punishment we

receive for any of our bad qualities. All kinds of flattery both of ourselves and others, and all kinds of self-indulgence, are to be shunned; and we ought never to use our powers of eloquence or any other art to flatter other persons, but always for good and just purposes.

It is a shame for us to give ourselves airs—young in learning, boasters as we are—to swagger as if we were something great, when we cannot agree with each other even about the most important things, so great is our ignorance.

# PASSAGES FROM THE LAWS.

LET us persuade ourselves of this truth—that all things have been disposed for the salvation and goodness of the whole; that either active or passive (acting or suffering) even the very least of them, have their proper position, according to the power of each; and that over every one, even the very smallest, a ruler is placed, who always determines what each is to suffer or do; and that these rulers continue to apportion even to the division and portion of the last or smallest atom. Thou thyself, O insignificant one, thy Being—a mere morsel in immensity—obeys always and submits to this whole or general design. Yet thou complainest or rebellest against this, because unknown to thee are the works in operation for thy good and for that of everyone, according to the laws of all created things.

The great King or Ruler of the universe knows that all our actions proceed from our souls, and that many of them (our actions) are composed of good and many of bad, and that our souls are imperishable, although we have not eternal bodies and souls (*i. e.* without beginning or end), like the Gods, and that no living thing would ever again be born if either the one or the other (either our souls or bodies) could be destroyed or utterly annihilated; and the great Creator also knows that in our souls all that is good is always useful, and conduces to their well-being; but that everything bad is hurtful to them. All this he has considered, and has resolved that by the place and the destiny he should assign to each portion (of good or bad) that virtue should conquer, and that bad should submit or succumb eventually everywhere—thus facilitating the triumph of good.

More than others shall that soul be blessed who changes from bad into good by means of its own will; and by companionship with virtue, or the habit of seeking good, has acquired sufficient strength to attain God-like perfection. Such a soul will be changed into a more entirely holy state, and borne away into a place far more blissful than

its former abode. Whilst on the other hand, those who have remained bad will all go into a condition and place which is far worse than their former state.

Oh, young man, who imaginest that thou art forgotten of God! If thou allowest thy soul to become perverted it will surely go (after death) to seek the bad souls; but if thou forcest it to become better, it will then seek, after death, the companionship of the happiest and best. And in this life as well as in all the deaths which it may be thy fate to die, thou wilt carry on with thee what thou hast gathered up; thy good or ill, happiness or misery, what thou dost, or what thou sufferest there, will depend on what thou dost carry there—on the condition of being thou hast worked out for thy own self.

In vain wilt thou try to hide thy insignificance under the depths of the earth, or to fly upon wings towards heaven; for divine judgment will always overtake and find thee either here or in Hades, or in some still more dreadful place. Judge others then by this law; when thou seest persons of low condition suddenly become great or powerful by sacrilege, or by having committed some other crime—and when thou seest

that these men appear to have exchanged their former misery and poverty for happiness and riches—remember that the actions of these men, like a bad looking-glass, appear to show by distortion the indifference of God—from our not seeing the end of them, nor when and where they will pay the just tribute, and receive punishment for their crimes. Dost thou not know, O most foolhardy of men, that if any one is ignorant of this condition of our lives, he is totally ignorant of life itself, and has not a word to say about what is really good or bad—what leads to a condition of eternal and God-like blessedness, or that which is cursed by evil demons.

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That the Gods exist, and are occupied about mankind, and care for them, I have endeavoured to show thee. But on the other hand, that the Gods should ever accord their protection to those who have acted wickedly, because these persons have offered gifts, or sacrifices at their altars—never believe such a thing, and use every effort to undeceive those who put faith in it.

# PASSAGES FROM THE TIMÆUS.

WHEN the Parent Creator perceived that his created image of the eternal God was moving and living, he admired his work, and in rejoicing over it, considered how it might be elaborated into a still greater resemblance to its model; therefore, as this model, was a living eternity, he willed to make this its image similarly complete. But as this living model was itself eternal, and this nature, to anything subject to generation, could not be entirely adapted, God then resolved to make a movable likeness of eternity; and while placing in order the heavens, he formed out of that eternity, which rests or remains in unity, on the principle of numbers, an eternal image or likeness—and this is what we call time. And days also, and nights, months, and years, which did not exist before the universe was made, rose with it into being when it was formed.

All these are only *measures* or parts of time. And the terms *having been* and *to become*, which are generated forms of time, we have unawares given wrongly to the Eternal Being. For we say, He *was*, and *is*, and *will be*, while the term He *is* alone is true. *Was* and *will be* are only suitable for beings created during time, for these are moving or changeable; whereas the Eternal Being is always the same, unchangeable, never older, never younger, has never been generated, and never is now, and never can be in future. Nor can He be touched by any accidents which generation produces on breathing things or sensible objects. And the times of these breathing things or objects, imitating Eternity, and measured according to number or calculation revolving in a circle, have become forms.

Time then was created together with the heavens or universe, in order that, together having been born, together they may be dissolved—if ever their dissolution shall happen—and, according to the pattern of the Eternal Nature, that it may resemble it as far as possible.

With respect to the movements of heavenly bodies, their choral dances and rhythmical perambulations alongside of each other, the symmetrical march of their revolving circles, where

they separate or meet, the times when they are eclipsed and then again appear, sending terror and affording signs or presages of future events to those who have the power to interpret them—to explain all this without looking thoroughly and accurately contemplating the plan of them, would be a foolish labour.

[The following passage from The Timæus is interesting, from the evidence afforded by it of the sense of individual responsibility—of the power which Plato imagined human beings to possess of attaining a high degree of perfection. His theory is, that by allowing their evil passions to overcome them, their original nature becomes debased, and only fitted to assume the form of some meaner animal in a future state.]

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The Creator announced to the heavenly bodies the laws of fate—reminding them that all generations had one common origin, and that no particular soul should have less than its due portion, and that after they had been dispersed through the several portions of time allotted to each, there would be produced or born a living being, for the purpose of knowing or adoring God.

Of two kinds would be this human race—male and female; and the superior would be afterwards called a man, as their souls then necessarily become engrafted in material bodies, and their bodies progressively grow, improve, and then perish away. They, every one of them, will first inevitably experience by the perception of the senses a consciousness of knowledge produced by violent sensations or emotions, and secondly, love mingled with pleasure and pain, and after these terror and anger, with their consequences and natural opposites. And if they can overcome these passions, they will live justly or righteously, but if they are overcome by them, then they will be unjust or unrighteous, and whoever shall pass well through the time of this mortal life, shall return once more to inhabit his kindred star, and become a blissfully happy Being. But failing in this attempt to be just or good by overcoming his passions, shall he be changed into a woman in his second generation. After a thousand years all of them may choose what their next life shall be; they may assume, if they wish it, the life or form of an animal, with the soul of a man; but if in this they do not then cease from evil, they will take the nature of brutes, as well

as the form—or what corresponds to their different vices. And when changed, they will then never cease to suffer and labour until the period when the bad, turbulent mass composed of gross elements, such as fire, air, and water, shall in turn be conquered by the word, or original law, and return to its first essence and best nature, from which it had been sent away, and shine out with its original excellency and brilliancy.

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No one is voluntarily bad; but by a certain bad habit of body and ill-governed exercise (or education) the man becomes bad. To every one these habits are inimical, and produce a certain degree of evil.

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Moreover, these evils are increased by the vicious manners of cities; and discourses, both private and public, contribute to pervert men; nor is any learning taught in early life, which might serve to counteract or remedy these great evils. We should strive with all our power, by education, and training, and learning, to fly from vice and to attain its contrary—virtue.

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With regard to this contrary, or antidote to vice—in what manner the body may be saved,

and the soul cultivated—It is much more right to hold discourse of good things than of what is bad. For indeed what is good is beautiful; and beauty then is not without what is mete or the right measure; and there can be no beauty without symmetry or due measure or proportion; and a being destined to be beautiful or good must possess this.

And for health or sickness, virtue or vice, nothing is more requisite than the due measure or sympathy of the soul with the body. Yet into this we look but little, and do not remember or consider that when a strong and in every respect large soul dwells in a weak and small form—and again, when these two, on the other hand, are joined or put together, then the being is not entirely beautiful. For it is unsymmetrical in the most important parts of symmetry. But on the contrary, if it possess these, it is, of all the sights we can possibly behold, the most beautiful and happy.

When the soul is much stronger than the body, and preponderates, it agitates throughout the inward parts, filling it (the body) with diseases, and by ardent application to learned pursuits and investigations causes it to waste away. And again, when the soul is employed

in didactic pursuits, making war with words in public and private, from ambition, strife, and love of victory, it inflames the body, and makes it perish, or loosens its constitution, and by producing bad humours in it deceives most of the so-called healers (physicians), and induces them to imagine that these effects are produced by opposite causes.

When on the other hand, also, the body is large, and preponderates powerfully over the soul, to *which* it is joined, the intellect becomes weak and small—there being two kinds of desire in man: that desire which comes from or through the body is for food; that which comes from the God-like or divine part is the desire for wisdom. When this is the case, the stronger of these, by always contending for mastery, enlarges and strengthens what is its own; while that of the soul becomes deaf, unteachable, and oblivious—thus inducing ignorance, that worst of all diseases.

One salvation there is for both—not to exercise the soul without the body, nor the body without the soul; in order that by resisting each other they may be equally balanced, and in perfect health. The mathematician, or those who zealously work their intellects in other

mental studies, should also engage in gymnastic exercises, and thus give back or render what is wanting to the body. Then, on the other hand, he whose care it is to form his body rightly should give back or render what is due, by exercising his soul in music and all kinds of philosophy—that is if he intends to be a person who is justly entitled to be called beautiful, and at the same time good.

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According to this same plan we ought to treat and cultivate also different parts or portions of our bodies and our minds, that they may imitate the whole in appearance.

Now if any one will but imitate what we have called the great Teacher and Mover of the whole universe, and, in particular, never allow the body to rest or stagnate, but shake or exercise it, and always assist its natural motions both within and without, and thus by moderate exercise or agitation bring into good order the wandering passions and parts of the body, according to their relations with each other; he will then—(as we said before when speaking of the universe)—he will then not place enemies against enemies, nor allow war and disease to be engendered in the body; but he will, on the contrary, make friend combine with

friend; he will work it into a state of perfect health. Then again, of all motions, that of itself by its sole act, is the best of exercises—(since this particularly resembles the intellectual movements or exercises of the whole universe)—for that which is done by another is inferior. (That is, the exercise given to one person by another, or that which moves him independently of his own act, is not so good.)

Therefore the best of all modes for purifying and giving stamina to the body is by gymnastics; the second is by going through the air, either in a ship, or other easy conveyance. But the third form of motion, although extremely useful in case of need, yet in other cases should not be used by any one endowed with reason or intellect; it is that of the treatment or healing by medical purgatives. For unless diseases are extremely dangerous, they should not be irritated by medicines; since it usually happens that if diseases are destroyed before the fated or proper time by medicine, a great disease will be produced out of the small, and many out of the few. Therefore we must discipline by proper diet all such maladies, according as each person has leisure and ability, and not irritate by medicines an obstinate complaint.

# PASSAGES FROM THE PHILEBUS.

*Socrates.* Now we are each to indicate that state and disposition of the soul which is most conducive to make the lives of all men happy—are we not? And thou assertest that it is a state of rejoicing—I, on the other hand, that of being wise.

Now consider. We ascribe *pleasure* to uncontrolled self-indulgence, and *pleasure* to the wise act of self-control; pleasure also to folly, mixed with all manner of irrational opinions and hopes; and can any one think these pleasures similar? Thou assertest that all pleasures are good. Now that pleasant things are pleasant, no one denies. But I maintain that many of them, and indeed the greater number, are bad: thou callest them all good; yet thou acknowledgest their dissimilarity when thou art pressed.

*Protarchus.* Nearly true is this, O Socrates; and however highly desirable indeed is universal knowledge to a moderate-minded man, yet the next best thing in default of it is, that his own ignorance should not be unseen or unknown to himself.

Thou assertest, it seems, that what would justly be called a better good than pleasure (or self-indulgence) is to be found in intellect, science, perception, art, and all such kindred things—and that at these we ought to aim, and not at that (self-indulgent pleasure).

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*Soc.* If measure (or moderation) and symmetry are absent from any composition in any degree, the destruction of both the ingredients and the composition is unavoidable. For then it is no composition, but becomes a discordant jumble in deplorable confusion.

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*Soc.* By this time, O Protarchus, we are able to judge whether pleasure or wisdom is most akin to the highest good, and more worthy of honour from men and Gods. Yes! and first take truth, and look well on these three things, Reason, Truth, and Pleasure; and after considering for a long time, answer to thyself

whether pleasure or reason be most akin to truth.

*Pro.* Why require time? Surely there is no comparison. Pleasure is of all things most prone to false exaggeration; whereas reason, on the contrary, is either truth itself, or what most resembles it, and is the most truthful.

*Soc.* Now, after this, let us examine measure (*i.e.* proportion, or rather moderation or just measure): does it belong more to pleasure than to wisdom, or to wisdom than to pleasure?

*Pro.* Easily solved is this problem thou proposest, for I deem that pleasure and over-much joy (or rather voluptuousness) are of all things in the world the most void of moderation; whereas reason and knowledge are the most full of proportion, or moderation, or just measure.

*Soc.* Well hast thou said; but now in the third place—Has reason more of what is beautiful communicated to it than pleasure has? and is reason more beautiful than pleasure, *or* the contrary?

*Pro.* Why surely, O Socrates, reason is the most beautiful. For was there ever at any time, in any country, a person found who either in thought by day, or even in dreams by night,

dared to imagine that wisdom and reason were unseemly? Or did they, or can they, ever appear so either to the eye or to the mind at any time, past, present, or future?

*Soc.* Certainly they never can.

And now listen. Being convinced of what we have now established, and disliking the doctrine of Philebus—a doctrine which not only he, but thousands of others believe, I maintained that reason was by far a higher good than pleasure (or self-indulgent enjoyment) and more salutary to the life of men.

# PASSAGES FROM THE FIRST ALCIBIADES.

*Socrates.* Are not death and cowardice the opposites of life and courage?

*Alcibiades.* Yes.

*Soc.* And the one thou desirest most, and the other least?

*Alc.* Certainly.

*Soc.* Now is not this because the one thou deemest best, and the other worst?

*Alc.* Exactly so.

*Soc.* Well, then, to assist our friends in war (or difficulties) is indeed good, according to the worthy practice of courage, which thou agreest is good.

*Alc.* I agree to this at least.

*Soc.* Then thou art never wavering and uncertain about what thou dost not know, if thou art quite conscious that thou art ignorant about it.

*Alc.* Never, I think.

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*Soc.* Thou acknowledgest then that all the faults we commit are caused by this sort of ignorance, which makes us think we know what we do not know?

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*Soc.* I indeed do not speak more of the necessity for thy education than I do for my own. And I have no advantage over thee except at least one.

*Alc.* What is that?

*Soc.* It is that my instructor, or tutor, is better and wiser than Pericles, who is yours.

*Alc.* Who then is he, O Socrates?

*Soc.* God, O Alcibiades, God—who before this day did permit me to speak to thee; and believing Him, I may tell thee that the distinction or reputation thou desirest can be attained for thee through no one else except through me.

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Thus, O blessed one, obey me, and also the precept inscribed on the gate of the Delphic Oracle, "Know thyself."

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*Alc.* What shall we do then?

*Soc.* Not be indolent or hesitating—neither effeminate nor cowardly, O friend.

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*Soc.* No indeed, but let us search together; and tell me. The saying is that we wish to become as good as possible?

*Alc.* Yes.

*Soc.* For what kind of virtue?

*Alc.* Apparently that which makes men good.

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*Alc.* When conscious of evil, what must one do, O Socrates?

*Soc.* Answer some questions, O Alcibiades; and if this thou doest, with God's help, if my prophecy be true, thou and I will become better than we are.

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*Soc.* How then can we know at all the art of becoming better if we are entirely ignorant of what we are ourselves?

*Alc.* It cannot be.

*Soc.* Is then this self-knowledge a very easy thing to attain or receive? and was it some ignorant person who wrote this precept on the Delphic temple? or is it, on the contrary, difficult, and not attained by every one?

*Alc.* For my part, O Socrates, often indeed I have thought that all men had it, and yet often too that it was extremely difficult to attain.

*Soc.* But, O Alcibiades, whether it is easy or not, still at least it is certain that when we can attain this self-knowledge, we shall immediately know what kind of care to take of ourselves, which we shall never be able to do if we remain in self-ignorance.

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*Soc.* Wert thou not going to ask when we met, why I was the only one who had not deserted thee? Now thou knowest the reason, which was, that I alone loved thyself—the others loved what was thine; and the beauty of what is thine is now passing away, while that of thyself (thy soul) is only beginning to bloom.

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And now, indeed, if not corrupted by this Athenian people, and thus become base, I will

never desert thee—never. But this indeed I greatly fear, lest loving popularity thou shouldst become spoilt. For this has been the ruin of many good Athenians. And above all things, cultivate thy soul with care: look well into it, and leave to others the concern for thy body and thy riches.

I will tell thee what I think the inscription "Know thyself" symbolises. I can explain it best by a comparison with the sight. Thou hast remarked that when thou lookest into an eye, thou seest, as in a mirror, thine own image in the pupil of it.

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Well, and is it not this the same with regard to the soul? To know itself, ought it not to look at itself in a soul, and principally into that part which engenders all the soul's virtue and wisdom—into another which somewhat resembles it? Can we find any part of the soul more divine than that part which contains knowledge and wisdom? Our likeness then is to God, and into Him we should look and learn, to discern all His divinity, that is, we should look into God and wisdom, in order to know ourselves perfectly. At present not knowing our own selves, nor being wise with

this divine wisdom, we are not able to discern our own faults or good qualities.

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*Soc.* If a man acts badly, is he not miserable?

*Alc.* Very much so indeed.

*Soc.* Then it is not possible for those who are neither wise nor good to be blessed with happiness?

*Alc.* There is no doubt of it.

*Soc.* All bad men are then miserable?

*Alc.* Particularly so.

*Soc.* Then it is not by riches that we can be exempted or extricated from misery, but by wise goodness?

*Alc.* Certainly.

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*Soc.* If thou dost act righteously and wisely, thou and thy city—thy actions will be loved of God.

*Alc.* I am sure of it.

*Soc.* And as I before said, thou wilt be enabled to act well by looking into the brilliant light of God, for in this light thou wilt be able to discern thyself and what is good for thee. Thus thou wilt always do justly and well. And if thou always dost this, I will guarantee that

thou wilt be indeed blessed. But if thou actest unjustly and lookest upon that which is without God—into darkness, thou wilt consequently and inevitably do the same (that is, do works of darkness and ungodliness) because thou wilt not see and know thyself.

*Alc.* I am sure of it.

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Therefore it is not imperial dominion that thou requirest, if thou dost wish to be happy or blessed, O Alcibiades, but to acquire virtue?

*Alc.* Thou speakest the truth.

*Soc.* And before thou acquirest this virtue, it is more advisable to be governed by Him who is the most perfect, than to rule over others.

And what is most advisable, is not that the most beautiful? And is not the beautiful that which is most to be preferred?

And is not vice then only suited for slaves, while virtue is what is most noble, and therefore suited to the free man?

*Alc.* Most assuredly, O Socrates.

*Soc.* Dost thou then know how to free thyself from this servitude to vice?

*Alc.* I shall be able to free myself if it please thee, O Socrates—if thou willest that I should do so.

*Soc.* Thou speakest not well, O Alcibiades—thou shouldest say, "if *God* wills it, and if it please Him.

*Alc.* Well then I say—If it please God. And from this day forth I shall begin to apply myself to righteousness or justice.

*Soc.* I wish indeed thou mayest persevere in this resolution. But I am afraid—not that I mistrust the natural goodness of thy disposition, but, seeing the might of political seductions, I dread lest they should overcome thee and me also.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Pages 67, 68, 69, *for* "Echectrates," *read* "Echecrates."