

Phaedon : or, A dialogue on the immortality of the soul. By Plato. Translated from the original Greek by Madam Dacier, with notes and emendations. To which is prefixed the life of the author, by Fenelon ...

Plato.

New-York : W. Gowan, 1833.

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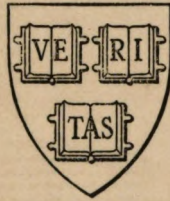
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FROM

Prof. E. C. Pickering

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PHÆDON:
OR,
A DIALOGUE ON THE
IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BY PLATO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GREEK BY MADAM DACIER.

WITH
NOTES AND EMENDATIONS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, BY FENELON,
ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

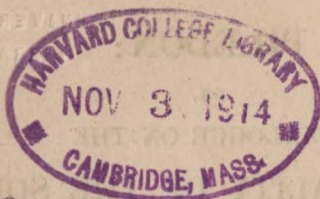
Plato thou reason'st well,
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction;
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man. *Addison's Cato.*

Dr. Roger Ascham, on a visit to the family of the Marquis of Dorset, at his seat at Broadgate, found on his arrival that Lady Jane Grey was alone, the rest of the family being engaged in a hunting party: to his great surprise he found her reading the Phædon of Plato. She observed to him that the sport which her friends were enjoying, was but a shadow compared with the pleasure she received from this sublime author. *Miss Aikin.*

FIRST AMERICAN, FROM THE RARE LONDON EDITION.

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Prof. E. C. Pickering

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TO

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.,

At once the Plato and Addison of the New World ;
the Author of Knickerbocker, the Sketch Book, and
other works of lasting renown ; whose productions,
as Plato's now are, will be read in future ages with
delight and undiminished applause, on the banks of
the Ganges, the Wolga, the Niger, and Columbia
rivers.

As a token of admiration for your great talents as
an Author, and the many hours pleasure and delight
he has derived from reading your works, this edition
of the immortal Phaedon of Plato is most

Respectfully inscribed

By the

EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE scarcity of the work, the importance of the subject, and the celebrity of the author, who while alive procured from his countrymen universal admiration; and after his death, was regarded almost as a god.— These united reasons seem sufficiently to warrant the publication of the sublime *Phaedon* of Plato for the first time in the Western World. What pleasure would it have given him to know that his works would be read with pleasure and admiration by the citizens of that happy republic beyond the straits of *Hercules*, concerning which he wrote so enthusiastically and beautifully, almost with prophetic knowledge; the blessings of which, although he might be anxious they should exist, yet he never could suppose that they were to be realized at least two thousand years after his death, and five thousand miles distant from his *Academy*.

THE

LIFE OF PLATO.

PLATO, the sublimity of whose doctrine has procured him the appellation of *the Divine*, was born in the eighty-eighth Olympiad. He was descended from one of the most illustrious families in Athens; by his father, whose name was Aristo, he was descended of Codrus; and by his mother, Perictione, of Solon.

As to himself, his name was at first Aristocles; but being tall and robust, and especially, as he had a large forehead and broad shoulders, he was afterwards named Plato, (*a*) by which he was afterwards distinguished.

It is said, that, whilst yet in his cradle, bees shed honey on his lips; which was considered as a presage of that astonishing eloquence, by which he afterwards distinguished himself above all the Greeks.

During his youth, poetry was his favourite study; and he then composed two tragedies and several elegies, all of which, when he resolved to devote himself to philosophy, he threw into the fire.

When his father presented him to Socrates to form his mind, he was twenty years of age. The night prior to this Socrates had a dream, in which he seemed to have in his bosom a young swan, which, when the feathers were come upon it, displayed its wings; and, singing with inexpressible sweetness, with intrepid flight raised itself to the highest regions of the air. That philosopher did not doubt but it referred to Plato, to whom he applied it; considering it as a presage of that unbounded fame which his pupil was destined one day to enjoy.

He adhered inviolably to Socrates while the latter lived; but after his death he attached himself to Cratylus, who followed the opinions of Heraclitus, and to Hermogenes, who entertained those of Parmenides. (b)

At the age of twenty-eight, he, with the other followers of Socrates, went to Megara, to study under Euclid; (c) he next went to Cyrene, where he studied mathematics under Theodorus; from

that place he passed into Italy, to hear the lessons of Philolaus, Archytas of Tarentum, and Euritus, the three famous Pythagoreans of that time. Not contented with all he could learn from these great masters, he travelled into Egypt, to receive the instructions of the doctors and priests of that country; and he had formed the design of going to India also, but was prevented by the wars by which Asia was at that time convulsed.

Upon his return to Athens (*d*) after all his travels, he settled in a quarter called the *Academy*, an unwholesome place, which he purposely chose as a necessary corrective to that overgrown state of body, with good health, which he then possessed. The remedy had the desired effect; for he there had a quartan ague, which lasted a year and a half; but by temperance and proper regimen he managed so well that he recovered from that fever, which confirmed his health and strengthened his constitution.

On three different occasions he served as a soldier: the first time at Tanagra, the second at Corinth, and the third at Delos, in which last expedition his party was victorious. He was three times in Sicily also; on the first occasion he was induced by curiosity to visit that island, that he

might see the volcano of Mount Ætna; he was then forty years of age. He appeared at this time at the court of Dionysius the elder, tyrant of Sicily, who had expressed a desire to see him.

The freedom with which Plato spoke against tyranny would have cost him his life, had it not been for the good offices of Dion and Aristomenes. Dionysius put him, notwithstanding, into the hands of the Lacedæmonian ambassador Polides, to whom he gave orders to sell him for a slave; by this ambassador he was brought to Egina, where he was sold. There was in Egina a law by which all Athenians were prohibited, on pain of death, from coming into that island. Under pretence of enforcing this law, one Charmander accused him as worthy of being put to death; but some having alleged that the law was made against men, and not against philosophers, it was thought fit to profit by the distinction, and, accordingly, to sell him. Happily for him, Anniceris of Cyrene, who was then at Egina, bought him for twenty minæ; sent him back to Athens, and thus restored him to his friends.

Polides, the Lacedæmonian who first sold him, was defeated by Chabrias and afterwards perished by sea, as a punishment for what he had made

the philosopher Plato suffer, as, it was pretended, a demon had declared to himself.

Dionysius the elder, knowing that he had returned to Athens, and fearing lest he should avenge himself by aspersing his character, condescended to write to him, and, in some measure, to beg his pardon. Plato, in his answer, assured him that he might keep himself perfectly at ease on that head; for that philosophy gave him too much employment to leave him any time to think of him. Some of his enemies having reproached him for having been abandoned by the tyrant Dionysius, "It is not," said he, "Dionysius that has abandoned Plato; it is Plato who has abandoned Dionysius."

He went a second time into Sicily, in the reign of Dionysius the younger, in the hope of inducing that tyrant to restore their liberty to his fellow-citizens, or, at least to govern his subjects with mildness; but seeing that the tyrant, so far from profiting by his lessons, had banished Dion, and was continuing to exercise the same despotism as his father had done, he returned to Athens after a stay of four months, notwithstanding the urgency of the tyrant, who paid him every

attention, and who exerted himself to the utmost to detain him.

He returned to the tyrant of Syracuse a third time, urging him to permit the return of Dion, and pressing him to divest himself of the sovereign power; but as Dionysius, after granting his request, failed in carrying it into effect, he reproached him with breaking his word, and irritated him to such a degree that he was in danger of his life, which he might have perhaps lost, had not Archytas of Tarentum sent an ambassador with a ship for the express purpose of redemanding him from the tyrant. At the request of Archytas, Dionysius not only permitted him to return, but furnished the vessel with all provisions necessary for the voyage.

Plato now set off for Athens, with the resolution never again to leave it. He was received there with uncommon marks of distinction; but though strongly urged to take a share in the government, he refused it, thinking it impossible to do any good in it amid the general depravation of manners which then prevailed.

But nothing is a stronger proof of the high estimation in which he was held in Greece, than

what happened to him at the Olympic games. He was received as a god descended from heaven; and all the different nations of Greece, though ever eager to gaze upon spectacles, and though the magnificence of the Olympic games had drawn them together from every quarter, left the chariot-races and the combats of the Athletæ to pay their undivided attention to Plato, and to express the pleasure which they felt on seeing a man whom they had heard utter so many wonderful things.

He spent his life in celibacy, observed the strictest rules of decorum, and never transgressed the laws of continence. Such was his self-command, that even in his youth he was never observed to laugh immoderately; and so completely had he the mastery over his passions, that he was never observed to be angry. Connected with this, is the account given us of a young man who had been brought up with him; this youth having been afterwards brought home by his parents, was one day surprised at seeing his father in a rage, and could not refrain remarking, "that he had never seen any thing like this in Plato's house." It never happened but once, that he was a little irritated against one of his slaves, who

had committed a considerable fault; he made him be corrected by another, saying, that "as he was a little angry, he himself was not in a capacity to punish him."

Though he was naturally of a melancholy and studious turn of mind, as we are informed by Aristotle, (e) he was possessed of affability and a certain degree of pleasantry, and amused himself on some occasions with innocent raileries. He sometimes advised Xenocrates and Dion, whose characters he thought too much tinged with severity, "to sacrifice to the Graces," in order to become more gentle and affable.

He had several scholars, of whom the most distinguished were Speusippus, his nephew, by Potona his sister, who had married Eurimedon; Xenocrates of Chalcedon, and the celebrated Aristotle. It is alleged that Theophrastus also was among the number of his auditors, and that Demosthenes always considered him as his master. This last, indeed, having taken sanctuary to save himself from the hands of Antipater, when Archias, whom Antipater had sent to seize him, promised him his life to induce him to leave his asylum; "Forbid it, Heaven!" said he, "that, after hearing Xenocrates and Plato on the immortality of the soul, I

should prefer a shameful life to an honourable death."

Two women likewise have been reckoned among the number of his disciples. The one was Lasthenia of Mantinea, and the other Axiothea of Phylisia, both of whom used to dress like men, as more suited to the dignity of philosophy, which they professed.

So highly did he value geometry, and so necessary did he deem it to philosophy, that he caused this inscription to be written on the entrance into the academy: "Let no one enter here who is not conversant in geometry."

All the works of Plato, (except his letters, of which twelve only are now extant,) are in the form of dialogues. These dialogues may be divided into three kinds: those in which he refutes the sophists; others, in which the instruction of youth is his object; and the third kind consists of those which are adapted to persons arrived at maturity. There is still another distinction to be made in these dialogues; for all that Plato says in his own character, in his letters, in his books concerning laws, and in his *Epinomis*, he delivers as his own real and proper doctrine; but what he delivers under borrowed

names, as that of Socrates, Timæus, Parmenides, or Zeno, he gives as probable only, without warranting the truth of what is affirmed.

What is said in the character of Socrates, however, in these dialogues, though quite in the style and method which Socrates followed in disputation, we are not to consider as always the true sentiments of that philosopher; since Socrates himself, on reading the dialogue entitled *Lysis* on Friendship, which Plato had written while his master was alive, could not help charging him with misrepresentation, by exclaiming: "Immortal gods! how many things this young man represents me as saying, of which I never so much as thought!"

The style of Plato, according to the testimony of his scholar Aristotle, kept a mean distance, so to speak, between the elevation of poesy and the simplicity of prose. So admirable was it in the eyes of Cicero, that he makes no hesitation in saying, that were Jupiter to converse in the language of men, he would express himself exactly in Plato's phrase. Panætius used to style him the Homer of philosophers, which coincides very much with the judgment afterwards passed on him by Quintilian, who treats him as divine and Homeric.

He formed a system of doctrines, composed of the opinions of three philosophers. In what regards physics and sensible objects, he follows the sentiments of Heraclitus. In metaphysics, and those subjects which are addressed exclusively to the intellect, he has taken Pythagoras for his guide. In politics and morals he considered Socrates to be superior to all, and followed him exclusively as his model.

Plato (as Plutarch relates in chap. iii. book 1. On the Opinions of Philosophers,) admitted three first principles: *god*, *matter*, *idea*. *God*, as the universal intelligence; *matter*, as the substratum or first requisite in generation and corruption; *idea*, as an incorporeal substance, resident in the divine mind.

He indeed acknowledged the world to be the work of a God who created, but did not by that term understand creation in its strict and proper sense; for he supposed that God had only formed or built it, so to speak, out of matter which had eternally pre-existed; so that this God is the creator of the world in so far only as he has destroyed the chaos, and given form to brute, inactive matter; as architects and masons, by cutting and arranging in a certain order inactive

stones, may thus be called the *makers* or *builders* of the house. (*f*)

It has always been supposed that Plato had some knowledge of the true God, the result either of his own reason or of the writings of the Hebrews, to which he might have had access; (*g*) but it must at the same time be granted, that Plato is one of those philosophers of whom Paul speaks when he says: "Knowing God, they glorified him not as God, but indulged the vanity of their own imaginations." (*h*)

In fact, he acknowledges, in his *Epinomis*, three kinds of gods; superior, inferior, and intermediate. The superior gods, according to him, inhabit the heavens, and by the excellence of their nature, and by the place in which they reside, are so far exalted above us, that, except by the intervention of the intermediate gods, who inhabit the air, and whom he styles *dæmons*, mankind can hold no intercourse with them.

These *dæmons* the superior gods commission as ministers to the human race. They carry the commands of the gods to men; and to the gods, the offerings and vows of men. Each has his own department in the government of the world: they preside over oracles and divinations; and are the

authors of all the miracles which are performed, and of the prodigies which happen.

There is every reason to believe that Plato's notions of the second species of gods were founded on what is said of angels in scripture, of which he had some knowledge; but besides these, he admits a third kind of gods, inferior to the second; these he places in rivers. He contents himself by qualifying them with the title of demi-gods, and assigning them the power of sending dreams, and performing other wonders, like the intermediate gods. He says farther, that all the elements and all the parts of the universe are full of these demi-gods, who, according to him, sometimes appear and then vanish from our view. Here you have, in all probability, the origin of sylphs, salamanders, the elves, (*ondains*,) and the gnomes of the Cabala. (i)

Plato also taught the doctrine of Mytempsy- chosis, which he had borrowed from Pythagoras and adapted to his own system; as may be seen in his Dialogues entitled Phædon, Phædrus, and Timæus, &c.

Though Plato has composed an excellent dialogue on the immortality of the soul, yet he has fallen into gross errors on this subject, both in re-

Cicero

lation to the substance of the soul, which he believed to be composed of two parts,—the one spiritual, the other corporeal; and, in regard to its origin, considering souls as pre-existing, and derived from heaven, to animate different bodies in succession; and that, after having been purified, they shall return to heaven, from which, at the end of a certain number of years, they shall be again employed to animate, successively, different bodies; so that there would be nothing but a continual round of defilement and purification, of returns to heaven and dismissions to earth, to animate bodies.

As he thought that these souls did not forget entirely what they had experienced in the different bodies which they had animated, he pretended that the knowledge which they acquire is reminiscence of what they had formerly known, rather than new knowledge; and on this gratuitously assumed reminiscence he founded his dogma of the pre-existence of souls. (*j*)

But, without dilating any more on the opinions of this philosopher, which he has considerably involved in mysticism, suffice it to say, that his doctrines on many points appeared so novel and so sublime, that during his life they procured him

the epithet Divine; and after his death made him be regarded almost as a god.

He died on his birthday, in the first year of the hundred and eighth Olympiad, aged eighty-one years.

NOTES

TO THE

LIFE OF PLATO.

(a) That is broad, Πλατων, being derived from πλατυς.

(b) Parmenides flourished about the ninety-ninth Olympiad. Plato has testified his regard for him, by having inscribed his dialogue concerning Ideas with his name.—*Vide Diog. Laert.*

(c) This was a step which, in their situation, prudence would dictate to Plato, as well as to the other scholars of Socrates; for, if vengeful odium burst on the head of the venerable Socrates, how much more might it on his followers?—*Vid. Rollin, Anc. His.* vol. iii. book ix. c. 4. § 7.

(d) Things had now taken a turn at Athens: "Melitus was condemned to die, and the rest of Socrates's enemies banished. Plutarch observes, that all those who had any share in this black calumny against Socrates, were held in such abomination among the citizens, that no one would

give them fire, answer them any question, or go into the same bath with them, and had the place cleansed where they had bathed, lest they should be polluted by touching it; which drove them to such despair, that many of them killed themselves."—*Rollin, ubi supra.*

(e) Aristotle was a scholar of Plato.

(f) None of the ancient heathen philosophers ever entertained any sublime notions of the Deity or creation. That *from nothing, nothing can be produced*, was received as an axiom which it would be madness to dispute; and measuring the power of the Deity by their own, they were in a great measure ignorant of both. Revelation represents the Deity calling existence *out of nothing*, and creating the world *by the word of his power*. This is an idea that transcends, in sublimity, all that heathen poets ever sung, or heathen philosophers ever taught. Longinus, who had seen the Scriptures, says, that the most sublime expression that ever he had seen or heard was that of the Jewish lawgiver:—"God said let there be light; and there was light."

(g) Some parts of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament in Greek might have been seen by Plato while in Egypt, though it was certainly not completed till at least seventy years after his death; for it is most probable, that the version now in question was the production of different, and considerably distant periods; and that it was completed and collected, under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about A. M. 3727, or before Christ 276 years. (Vid. *Stackhouse, Hist. of Bible*, vol. 1. *Apparat.* p. 87. *Rollin, Anc. Hist.* vol. vii. (10 vol. cop.) p. 276. and *Bos. edit. of LXX. proleg.*) At the same time, the advocates of Divine Revelation have very little temptation to claim the doctrines of Plato as peculiar

to the Scriptures. Vid. *Shuckford's Connexions*, vol. i. pref. p. 51. edit. Lond. 1743.

(h) Rom. i. 21. Instead of adopting our English translation, I have followed Fenelon.

(i) Vid. *Le compte de Gabalis*, and Pope's *Rape of the Lock*.

(j) The reasoning here exhibited, on which Plato founded the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, comes under that species of sophism styled by logicians *reasoning in a circle*. Thus, the very light of the heathens was darkness, and the foundation of their confidence was nothing more stable than doubt. (Vid. *Tusc. Quæst.* lib. i.) It was reserved for Jesus Christ "to bring life and immortality to light by the gospel."

Plato supposed the human soul to be an emanation from the divinity: "*Divine particulam aure;*" and that after purification by various transmigrations, it was again re-absorbed into the divine essence. But this hypothesis, instead of proving, would disprove the immortality of the soul. The emanation from the divinity, for instance, that constituted the soul of Plato, was a distinct individual whilst it animated his body, or any other body into which it might afterwards enter; its enjoyments and sufferings were referable to the individual called *self*, by an unavoidable impulse or spontaneity of nature; or, to speak more philosophically, by a continuity of consciousness, linked together by memory and producing an invincible conviction of personal identity; but when re-absorbed into the divine essence, its personal identity and appropriating consciousness must cease with its separate existence; and, to the individual, this is equal to annihilation.

Again, on the supposition that the soul was created, (the only rational or tenable doctrine,) Plato and his disciples

allowed that it must perish, "*Volt enim (Panætius scil.) quod nemo negat, quicquid natum sit, interire.*"—*Tusc. Disput. lib. i. 32.* The natural tendency of Plato's doctrine, then, is to prove the soul to be mortal, and the Deity mutable and perishable, by an indefinite number of emanations. It is only by considering the acquisitions of the ancients that we can ascertain our own advantages; and in the case to which we have now been attending, we see how true it is, that even the wisest of them, "by wisdom knew not God;" and that their most laboured arguments to prove the immortality of the soul, went no farther than "a fond desire and longing after immortality."

For a specimen of beautiful confusion, in explaining Plato's doctrine of the immortality of the soul, see CICERO'S *Somnium Scipionis*; and, for a proof of its incapability to convince his own mind, see his *Tusculan Questions, Lib. 1. sub. init.*

THE
INTRODUCTION

TO
PHÆDON.

SOCRATES, in his Apology and in his Crito, teaches us how we ought to form our lives; and here he instructs us how to die, and what thoughts to entertain at the hour of death. By explaining his own views and designs, which were the spring of all his actions, he furnishes us with a proof of the most important of all truths, and of that which ought to regulate our life. For the immortality of the soul is a point of such importance, that it includes all the truths of religion, and all the motives that ought to excite and direct us. So that our first duty is to satisfy ourselves on this point; self-love and mere human interest ought to spur us up to understand it; not

to speak, that there is not a more fatal condition than to be ignorant of the nature of death, which appears as terrible as unavoidable. For, according to the notion we have of it, we may draw consequences directly opposite, for managing the conduct of our lives and the choice of our pleasures. Socrates spends the last day of his life in discoursing with his friends upon this great subject. He unfolds all the reasons that require the belief of the immortality of the soul, and refutes all the objections they moved to the contrary, which are the very same that are made use of at this day. He demonstrates the hope they ought to have of a happier life, and lays before them all that this blessed hope requires to make it solid and lasting, to prevent their being deluded by a vain hope; and, after all, meeting with the punishment allotted to the wicked instead of the rewards provided for the good.

This conference was occasioned by a truth that was casually started, viz: that a true philosopher ought to desire to die, and to endeavour it. This position, taken literally, seemed to insinuate that a philosopher might lay violent hands on himself. But Socrates makes it out that there is nothing more unjust; and that for

so much as man is god's creature and property, he ought not to remove out of this life without his orders. What should it be then that made the philosopher have such a love of death? (It could be nothing but the hope of the good things he expected in another life.) What is the ground of this hope? Here we are presented with the grounds assigned by a heathen philosopher, viz: man is born to know the truth, but he can never attain to a perfect knowledge of it in this life, by reason that his body is an obstacle. Perfect knowledge is reserved for the life to come.

Then the soul must be immortal, since after death it operates and knows. As for man's being born for the knowledge of truth, that cannot be called in question, since he was born to know God. From thence it follows, that a true philosopher hates and contemns his body, which stands in the way of his union to God; that he wishes to be rid of it, and looks upon death as a passage to a better life. This solid hope gives being to that true temperance and valour which is the lot of true philosophers; for other men are only valiant through fear, and temperate through intemperance; their virtue is only a slave to vice.

They object to Socrates, that the soul is nothing

but a vapour, that vanishes and disperses itself at death. Socrates combats that opinion with one that has a great deal of strength in his mouth, but becomes much stronger when supported by the true religion, which alone can set it in its full light. The argument is this: in nature, contraries produce their opposites; so that death, being an operation of nature, ought to produce life, that being its contrary; and by consequence, the death must be born again. The soul, then, is not dead, since it must revive the body.

Before we proceed farther, it is fit to take notice of an error that is couched under this principle, which only the Christian religion can at once discover and refute: this is what Socrates and all other philosophers are infinitely mistaken in—making death a natural thing, there is nothing more false. Death is so far from being natural, that nature abhors it; and it was far from the design of God in the state in which man was first created. For he created him holy; innocent, and by consequence immortal; it was only sin that brought death into the world. But this fatal league betwixt sin and death could not triumph over the designs of God, who had created man for immortality. He knew how to snatch the victory out

of their hands, by bringing man to life again, even in the shades and horrors of death itself. Thus shall the dead revive at the resurrection, pursuant to the doctrine of the Christians, which teaches that death must give up those it has swallowed down. So that the principle which Socrates did not fully comprehend, is an unshaken truth, which bears the marks of the ancient tradition that the heathens had altered and corrupted.

The third argument alleged by Socrates as a proof of the immortality of the soul, is that of remembrance; which likewise bears the marks of that ancient tradition corrupted by the heathens. To find out the truth couched under this argument, I advance the following conjectures.

It seems the philosophers grounded this opinion of remembrance upon some texts of the Prophets that they did not well understand; such as that of Jeremiah, "before I formed thee in the belly, I knew thee;" and perhaps their opinion was fortified by the ideas and instinct we have for several things that were never learned in this world. In short, we meet with unquestionable marks of certain resentments that revive some lights within our minds, or the remains of a past grandeur that we have lost by sin. And from whence do these pro-

III

ceed? that inexplicable cypher has no other key but the knowledge of original sin. Our soul was created so as to be adorned with all manner of knowledge suitable to its nature; and now is sensible of its being deprived of the same. The philosophers felt this misery, and were not admitted to know the true cause; in order to unriddle the mystery, they invented this creation of souls before the body, and a remembrance that is the consequence thereof. But we, who are guided by a surer light, know that if man were not degenerated he would still enjoy the full knowledge of the truths he formerly knew; and if he had never been any other than corrupted, he would have had no idea of these truths. This unties the knot. Man had knowledge before he was corrupted, and after his corruption forgot it. He can recover nothing but confused ideas, and stands in need of a new light to illuminate them. No human reason could have fathomed this. It faintly unravelled part of the mystery, as well as it could, and the explication it gave discovers some footsteps of the ancient truth; for it points both to the first state of happiness and knowledge, and to the second of misery and obscurity. Thus may we make a useful application of the

doctrine of remembrance, and the errors of philosophers may oftentimes serve to establish the most incomprehensible truths of the Christian religion, and shew that the heathens did not want traditions relating to them.

The fourth argument is taken from the nature of the soul. Destruction reaches only compound bodies : but we may clearly perceive that the soul is simple and immaterial, and bears a resemblance of something divine, immortal and intelligent ; for it embraces the pure essence of things ; it measures all by ideas, which are eternal patterns, and unites itself to them when the body does not hinder it ; so that it is spiritual, indissoluble, and consequently immortal, as being not capable of dissolution by any other means than the will of him who created it.

Notwithstanding the force of these proofs, and their tendency to keep up this hope in the soul, Socrates and his friends own, that it is almost impossible to ward off doubts and uncertainties, for our reason is too weak and degenerate to arrive at the full knowledge of truth in this world. So that it is a wise man's business to choose from amongst those arguments of the philosophers, for the immortality of the soul, that which to him

IV

seems best and most forcible, and capable to conduct him safely through the dangerous shelves of this life, till he obtains a full assurance either of some promise, or by some divine revelation; for that is the only vessel that is secure from danger. By this the most refined paganism pays homage to the Christian religion, and all colour or excuse for incredulity is taken off; for the Christian religion affords promises, revelations, and, which is yet more considerable, the accomplishment of them.

They move two objections to Socrates: one, that the soul is only the harmony resulting from the just proportion of the qualities of the body; the other, that though the soul be more durable than the body, yet it dies at last, after having made use of several bodies; just as a man dies after he has worn several suits of clothes.

Socrates, before he makes any answer, stops a little and deplores the misfortune of man, who, by hearing the disputes of the ignorant that contradict every thing, persuade themselves that here is no such thing as clear, solid, and sensible reason; but that every thing is uncertain. Like as those who, being cheated by men, become men-haters; so they being imposed upon by arguments, become haters of reason; that is, they take up an

absolute hatred against all reason in general, and will not hear any argument. Socrates makes out the injustice of this procedure. He shows that when two things are equally uncertain, wisdom directs us to choose that which is most advantageous with the least danger. Now, beyond all dispute, such is the immortality of the soul, and therefore it ought to be embraced. For if this opinion prove true after our death, are we not considerable gainers? and if it prove false, what do we lose?

Then he attacks that objection which represents the soul as a harmony, and refutes it by solid and convincing arguments, which at the same time prove the immortality of the soul.

His arguments are these: harmony always depends upon the parts that conspire together, and is never opposite to them; but the soul has no dependence upon the body, and always stands on the opposite side. Harmony admits of less and more, but the soul does not; from whence it would follow that all souls should be equal, that none of them are vicious, and that the souls of beasts are equally good, and of the same nature with those of men; which is contrary to all reason.

In music, the body commands the harmony;

but in nature, the soul commands the body. In music, the harmony can never give a sound contrary to the particular sounds of the parts that bend or unbend, or move; but in nature, the soul has a contrary sound to that of the body; it attacks all passions and desires; it checks, curbs, and punishes the body; so that it must needs be of a very different and opposite nature; which proves its spirituality and divinity. For nothing but what is spiritual and divine can be wholly opposite to what is material and earthly.

The second objection was: That the soul might outlive the body, yet that does not conclude its immortality; since we know nothing to the contrary, but that it dies at last, after having animated the body several times.

In answer to this objection, Socrates says we must trace the first original of the being and corruption of Entities. If that be once agreed upon, we shall find no difficulty in determining what things are corruptible and what not. But what path shall we follow in this enquiry? must it be that of Physicks? These Physicks are so uncertain, that, instead of being instructive, they only blind and mislead us. This he makes out from his own experience, so that there is a ne-

cessity of going beyond this science, and having recourse to metaphysics, which alone can afford us the certain knowledge of the reasons and causes of beings, and of that which constitutes their essences. For effects may be discovered by their causes; but the causes can never be known by their effects. And upon this account we must have recourse to the divine knowledge, which Anaxagoras was so sensible of that he ushered in his treatise of Physics by this great principle, that knowledge is the cause of being. But, instead of keeping up to that principle, he fell in again with that of second causes, and by that means deceived the expectations of his hearers.

In order to make out the immortality of the soul, we must correct this order of Anaxagoras, and sound to the bottom of the above-mentioned principle; which, if we do, we shall be satisfied that God placed every thing in the most convenient state. Now this best and most suitable state must be the object of our inquiry, to which purpose we must know wherein the particular good of every particular thing consists, and what the general good of all things is. This

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discovery will make out the immortality of the soul.

In this view Socrates raises his thoughts to immaterial qualities and eternal ideas ; that is, he affirms that there is something that is in itself good, fine, just, and great, which is the first cause ; and that all things in this world that are good, fine, just, or great, are only such by the communication of that first cause, since there is no other cause of the existence of things but the participation of the essence proper to each subject.

This participation is so contrived, that contraries are never found in the same subject. From which principle it follows by a necessary consequence, that the soul, which gives life to the body, not as an accidental form that adheres to it, but as a substantial form, subsisting in itself, and living formally by itself, as the corporeal idea, and effectually enlivening the body, can never be subject to death, that being the opposite to life ; and that the soul, being incapable of dying, cannot be worsted by any attack of this enemy ; and is in effect imperishable, like the immaterial qualities, justice, fortitude, and temperance ; but with this difference, that these immaterial qualities subsist independently and of themselves, as

being the same thing with God himself; whereas the soul is a created being, that may be dissolved by the will of its creator. In a word, the soul stands in the same relation to the life of the body, that the idea of God does to the soul.

The only objection they could invent upon this head, was, that the greatness of the subject, and man's natural infirmity, are the two sources of man's distrust and incredulity upon this head. Whereupon Socrates endeavours to dry up these two sources.

He attacks their distrust, by shewing that the opinion of the soul's immortality suits all the ideas of God. For by this mortality, virtue would be prejudicial to men of probity, and vice beneficial to the wicked; which cannot be imagined. So that there is a necessity of another life for rewarding the good and punishing the bad. And the soul, being immortal, carries along with it into the other world its good and bad actions, its virtues and vices, which are the occasion of its eternal happiness or misery. From whence, by a necessary consequence, we may gather what care we ought to take of it in this life.

To put a stop to the torrrnt of incredulity, he

has recourse to two things, which naturally demand a great deference from man, and cannot be denied without a visible authority. The first is, the ceremonies and sacrifices of religion itself, which are only representations of what would be put in execution in hell. The other is the authority of antiquity, which maintained the immortality of the soul; in pursuit of which, he mentions some ancient traditions that point to the truth published by Moses and the prophets, notwithstanding the fables that overwhelm them. Thus we see a Greek philosopher, and no Christian, supplies the want of proof, which is too natural to man, and silences the most obstinate prejudices by having recourse to the oracles of God, which they were in some measure acquainted with; and by so doing, makes answer to Simmias, who had objected that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul stood in need of some promise or divine revelation to procure its reception. Though some blinded Christians reject the authority of our Holy Writ, and refuse to submit to it; yet we see the good Socrates had so much light as to make use of it to support his faith, if I may so speak, and to strengthen this sweet hope of a blessed eternity. He shows

that he knew how to distinguish the fabulous part of tradition from the truth, and affirms nothing but what is conformable to the Scriptures, particularly the last judgment of the good and the bad; necessary purgation of those who depart this life under a load of sin; the eternal torments of those who committed mortal sins in this life; the pardon of venial sins after satisfaction and repentance; the happiness of those who during the whole course of their lives renounced the pleasures of the body, and only courted the pleasure of true knowledge, that is, the knowledge of God; and beautified their souls with proper ornaments, such as temperance, justice, fortitude, liberty, and truth. He does not joke upon the groundless Metempsychosis, or return of souls to animate bodies in this life; but speaks seriously, and shows that after death all is over; the wicked are thrown forever into the bottomless abyss, and the righteous conveyed to the mansions of the blessed. Those who are neither righteous nor wicked, but commit sins in this life which they always repented of, are committed to places of torment till they are sufficiently purified.

When Socrates made an end of his discourse,

his friends asked what orders he would give concerning his affairs. The only orders I give, replied he, is to take care of yourselves, and to make yourselves as like to God as possible. Then they asked him, how he would be interred? This question offended him. He would not have himself confounded with his corpse, which was only to be interred. And though the expression seems to import little, he shewed that such false expressions gave very dangerous wounds to the souls of men.

He goes and bathes ; his wife and children are brought to him ; he talks to them a minute, and then dismisses them. Upon his coming out of the bath, the cup is presented to him. He takes it, collects his thoughts within himself, prays, and drinks it off with an admirable tranquillity of mind. Finding that he approaches his end, he gives them to know that he resigned his soul into the hands of him who gave it, and of the true physician who was coming to heal it. This was the exit of Socrates. Paganism never afforded such an admirable example ; and yet a certain modern author is so ignorant of its beauty, that he places it infinitely below that of Petronius, the famous disciple of Epicurus. He did not em-

ploy the last hours of his life, says that author, in discoursing on the immortality of the soul, but chose a more pleasant death in imitating the sweetness of the swan, and causing some agreeable and touching verses to be recited to him. This was a fine imitation; it seems Petronius sung what they read to him. But this was not all. Nevertheless, continues he, he reserved some minutes for thinking of his affairs, and distributed rewards to some of his slaves and punished others. Let them talk of Socrates, says he, and boast of his constancy and bravery in drinking up the poison! Petronius is not behind him; nay, he is justly entitled to a preference upon the score of his forsaking a life infinitely more delightful than that of the sage of Greece; and that too, with the same tranquillity of mind and evenness of temper.

We have no need of long dissertations to make out the vast difference between the death of Socrates and that of this Epicurean, whom Tacitus himself, notwithstanding his paganism, did not dare to applaud. On one side we are presented with the view of a man that spent his last moments in making his friends better; recommending to them the hope of a blessed eternity; and shew-

ing what that hope requires of them ; a man that died with his eyes intent upon God, praying to him, and blessing him, without any reflections upon his enemies who condemned him so unjustly. On the other side, we meet with a voluptuous person, in whom all sentiments of virtue are quite extinguished ; who, to be rid of his own fears, occasioned his own death ; and in his exit would admit of no other entertainment but agreeable poems and pleasant verses ; who spent the last moments of his time in rewarding those of his slaves ; who doubtless had been the ministers and accomplices of his sensualities, and seeing those punished who perhaps had shewn an aversion to his vices. A good death ought to be ushered by a good life. Now, a life spent in vice, effeminacy and debauchery, is much short of one entirely taken up in the exercise of virtue, and the solid pleasure of true knowledge, and adorned with the venerable ornaments of temperance, justice, fortitude, liberty, and truth. One of Socrates' dying words was, that those who entertained bad discourses upon death, wounded the soul very dangerously ; and what would not he have said of those who scruple not to write them ?

But it is probable this author did not foresee

the consequences of this unjust preference. He wrote like a man of this world, that never knew Socrates. Had he known him, he would certainly have formed a juster judgment; and, in like manner, if he had known Seneca or Plutarch, he would not have equalled or preferred Petronius to them. Had he made the best use of his understanding, he would have seen reasons to doubt, that the Petronius now read is the Petronius of Tacitus, whose death he so much admires; and would have met with some just objections, which at least gave occasion to suspect its being spurious. But to return to Socrates.

His doctrine of death's being no affliction, but, on the contrary, a passage to a happier life, made considerable progress. Some philosophers gave such lively demonstrations of it in their lectures, that the greatest part of their disciples laid violent hands on themselves in order to overtake that happier life. Ptolemæus Philadelphus prohibited Hegisias of Cyrene to teach it in his school, for fear of dispeopling his kingdom; and the poets of that prince's court, siding with him, as they commonly do, used all means to decry that doctrine and those who were prevailed upon to embrace it. It was their pernicious complai-

sance that occasioned what we now read in Callimachus against the immortality of the soul; and, above all, that famous epigram Cicero alledges to have been written against Cleombrotus of Ambracia, but was certainly designed likewise against Plato. It is to this purpose Cleombrotus of Ambracia, having paid his last compliment to the sun, threw himself headlong from the top of a tower into hell; not that he had done any thing worthy of death, but only had read Plato's Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul. (1)

But, after all, it redounds to the glory of Socrates and Plato, and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, that none but such enemies as those oppose it.

THE PHÆDON

PHÆDON:

OR

A DIALOGUE

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Echecrates and Phædon.

Ec. (2) Phædon, were you present when Socrates (3) drank the poison? or did any body give you an account how he behaved in that juncture?

Ph. (4) I was present.

Ec. What were his last words then, and how did he die? You will oblige me much with the relation: for the Phliasians (5) have but little correspondence with the Athenians, and it is a great while since we had any stranger from Athens to acquaint us how things went. We only heard that he died after drinking the poison, but could not understand any particulars relating to his death.

Ph. What! did you not hear how he was arraigned?

Ec. Yes, truly, somebody told us that; and we thought it strange that his sentence was so long in being put into execution after his trial.

Ph. That happened only by chance: for the day before his trial, the stern of the sacred ship which the Athenians send every year to Delos, was crowned for the voyage.

Ec. What is that sacred ship?

Ph. If you believe the Athenians, it is the same ship in which Theseus transported the fourteen young children to Crete, and brought them safe back again; and it is said the Athenians at that time vowed to Apollo, that if the children were preserved from the impending danger, they would send every year, to Delos, presents and victims aboard the same vessel: and this they do ever since. As soon as the ship is cleared and ready to put to sea, they purify the city, and observe an inviolable law for putting none to death before the return of the ship. Now sometimes it stays long out, especially if the winds be contrary. This festival, which is properly called Theoria, commences when the priest of Apollo has crowned the stern of the vessel. Now, as

I told you, this happened on the day preceding the trial of Socrates; and it was upon that account that he was kept so long in prison, after his being committed.

Ec. And during his imprisonment what did he do? What said he? Who was with him? Did the judges order him to be kept from visits? And did he die without the assistance of his friends?

Ph. Not at all; several of his friends remained with him to the last minute.

Ec. If you are at leisure, pray relate the whole story.

Ph. At present I have nothing to do, and so shall endeavour to satisfy your demands. Besides, I take the greatest pleasure in the world in speaking, or hearing others speak, of Socrates.

Ec. Assure yourself, Phædon, you shall not take more pleasure in speaking than I in hearing. Begin, pray; and, above all, take care to omit nothing.

Ph. You will be surprised when you hear what a condition I was then in. I was so far from being sensibly touched with the misfortune of a friend whom I loved most tenderly, and who died before my eyes, that I envied his circumstances, and could not forbear to admire the

goodness, sweetness, and tranquillity, that appeared in all his discourses, and the bravery he shewed upon the approach of death. Every thing that I saw furnished me with a proof that he did not pass to the shades below without the assistance of some Deity, that took care to conduct him, and put him in possession of the transcendent felicity of the blessed. But as, on one hand, these thoughts stifled all the sentiments of compassion that might seem due at such a mortifying sight; so, on the other hand, they lessened the pleasure I was wont to have in hearing all his other discourses, and affected me with that sorrowful reflection, that in the space of a minute this divine man would leave us for ever. Thus was my heart tossed with contrary motions that I could not define. It was not properly either pleasure or grief, but a confused mixture of these two passions, which produced almost the same effect in all the by-standers. One while we melted into tears, and another while gave surprising signs of real joy and sensible pleasure. Above all, Apollodorus (6) distinguished himself upon this occasion; you know his humour.

Ec. Nobody knows it better.

Ph. In him was the difference of these motions most observable; as for me and all the rest, our behaviour was not so distinguishing, as being mixed with the trouble and confusion I spoke of just now.

Ec. Who was there besides yourself?

Ph. There were no other Athenians but Apollodorus, Critobulus (7) and his father Crito, Hermogenes, Epigenes, Æschines, Antisthenes, Ctesippus, Menexemus, and a few more. Plato was sick.

Ec. Were there no strangers?

Ph. Yes; Simmias the Theban, and Cebes and Phedondes; and from Megara, (8) Euclides and Terpsion.

Ec. What! were not Aristippus (9) and Cleombrotus there?

Ph. Certainly not, (10) for it is said they were at Ægina.

Ec. Who was there besides?

Ph. I believe I have named most of those that were there.

Ec. Let us hear then what his last discourses were.

Ph. I shall endeavour to give you a full account, for we never missed one day in visiting

Satire

Socrates. To this end, we met every morning in the place where he was tried, which was joined to the prison, and there we waited till the prison doors were open; at which time we went straight to him, and commonly passed the whole day with him. On the day of his execution we came thither sooner than ordinary, having heard, as we came out of the city, that the *ship* was returned from Delos. When we arrived, the gaoler that used to let us in, came out to us, and desired we should stay a little, and not go in till he came to conduct us; for, says he, the eleven magistrates (11) are now untying Socrates, and acquainting him that he must die this day. When we came in, we found Socrates unbound, and his wife Xantippe, you know her, sitting by him with one of his children in her arms; and as soon as she espied us, she fell crying and making a noise, as you know women commonly do on such occasions. Socrates, said she, this is the last time your friends will see you. Upon which, Socrates, turning to Crito, says, Crito, send this woman home. Accordingly it was done. Crito's folks carried Xantippe off, who beat her face and cried bitterly. In the mean time Socrates, sitting upon the bed, softly stroked the place of his leg

where the chain had been fastened, and says, to my mind, what men call pleasure is a pretty odd sort of a thing, which agrees admirably well with pain; the people believe it is quite contrary because they cannot meet in one and the same subject; for whoever enjoys the one, must unavoidably be possessed of the other, as if they were naturally joined.

Had Æsop been aware of this truth, perhaps he had made a fable of it, and told us that God, designing to reconcile these two enemies, and not being able to accomplish the end, contented himself with binding them to one chain; so that ever since the one follows the other, according to my experience this minute: for the pain occasioned by my chain is followed by a great deal of pleasure.

I am infinitely glad, replies Cebes, interrupting him, that you have mentioned Æsop, for by so doing, you have put it in my head to ask you a question that many have asked me of late, especially Evenus.(12) The question relates to your poems in turning the fables of Æsop into verse, and making a hymn to Apollo. They want to know what moved you, who never made verses before, to turn poet since you came into the

prison? If Evenus asks the same question of me again, as I know he will, what would you have me say?

You have nothing to do, says Socrates, but to tell him the plain matter of fact as it stands, viz. That I did not at all mean to rival him in poetry, for I know such an attempt was above my reach; but only to trace the meaning of some dreams, and put myself in a capacity of obeying, in case poetry happened to be the music that they allotted for my exercise. For you must know, that all my lifetime I have had dreams, which always recommended the same thing to me, sometimes in one form and sometimes in another. Socrates, said they, apply yourself to music. This I always took for a simple exhortation, like that commonly given to those who run races, ordering me to pursue my wonted course of life, and carry on the study of wisdom; that I made my whole business, which is the most perfect music. But since my trial, the festival of Apollo having retarded the execution of my sentence, I fancied these dreams might have ordered me to apply myself to that vulgar and common sort of music; and since I was departing from this world, I thought it safer to sanctify myself by obeying

the Gods, and essaying to make verses, than to disobey them. Pursuant to this thought, my first essay was a hymn to the God whose festival was then celebrated; after that, I considered that a true poet, ought not only to make discourses in verse, but likewise fables. Now, finding myself not disposed to invent new fables, I applied myself to those of Æsop, and turned those into verse that came first into my mind. This, my dear Cebes, is the answer you are to give Evenus, assuring him that I wish him all happiness; and tell him, that if he be wise he will follow me, for in all appearance I am to make my exit to-day, since the Athenians have given orders to that effect.

What counsel is that you give to Evenus? replies Simmias; (13) I have seen that man often, and from what I know of him, I can promise you he will never follow you with his will.

What, says Socrates, is not Evenus a philosopher?

I think so, says Simmias.

Then, replied Socrates, he and all others that are worthy of that profession, will be willing to follow me. I know he will not kill himself, for that, they say, is not lawful. Having spoken

these words, he drew his legs off the bed and seated himself on the ground, in which posture he entertained us the whole remaining part of the day.

Cebes (14) put the first question to him, which was this: How do you reconcile this, Socrates, that suicide is unlawful, and at the same time that a philosopher ought to follow you?

What, says Socrates, did neither you nor Simmias ever hear your friend Philolaus (15) discourse upon that point?

No, replied they, he never explained himself clearly upon that point.

As for me, replies Socrates, I know nothing but what I have heard; and shall not grudge to communicate all that I have learned. Besides, there is no exercise so suitable for a man upon the point of death, as that of examining and endeavouring to know thoroughly that voyage we must all make, and in giving his opinion upon it.

Where is the ground of that assertion, says Cebes, that suicide is unlawful? I have often heard Philolaus and others say, that it was a bad action, but I never heard them say more.

Have patience, says Socrates, you shall know

more presently, and perhaps you will be surprised to find it an eternal truth which never changes; whereas most other things in this world alter according to circumstances: this is still the same, even in the case of those to whom death would be more agreeable than life. Is it not a surprising thing that such men are not allowed to possess themselves of the good they want, but are obliged to wait for another deliverer?

Jupiter only knows that, replied Cebes, smiling.

This may appear unreasonable to you, says Socrates, but, after all, it is not so. The discourses we are entertained with every day in our ceremonies and mysteries, viz. *that God has put us in this life, as in a post which we cannot quit without his leave, &c.* These, I say, and such like expressions, may seem hard, and surpass our understanding; but nothing is easier to be understood, or better said, than this, *That the Gods take care of men, and that men are one of the possessions of the Gods.* Is not this true?

Very true, replies Cebes.

Would not you, continues Socrates, be angry if one of your slaves (16) killed himself without your order, and would you not punish him severely if you could.

Yes, doubtless, replies Cebes.

By the same reason, says Socrates, a man should not kill himself, but wait for an express order from God for making his exit, like this sent me now.

That is granted, says Cebes; but your saying, that a philosopher ought nevertheless to desire to die, is what I think strange, and I cannot reconcile these two opinions; especially if it be true, what you said but now, that the Gods take care of men, as being their property: for that a philosopher should not be troubled to be without the Gods for his guardians, and to quit a life where such perfect beings, the best governors of the world, take care of him, seems very unreasonable to me. Do they imagine they will be more capable to govern themselves when left alone? I can easily conceive that a fool may think it his duty to flee from a good master at any rate, and will not be convinced that he ought to stick to what is good, and never lose sight of it: but I affirm that a wise man will never desire to quit a dependence upon a more perfect being than himself. From whence I infer the contrary of what you advanced, and conclude that the wise are sorry to die, and fools are fond of death.

Socrates seemed to be pleased with Cebes'

wit; and turning to us, told us that Cebes has always something to object, and takes care not to assent at first to what is told him.

Indeed, says Simmias, I must say I find a great deal of reason in what Cebes has advanced. What can the sages pretend to gain, by quitting better masters than themselves and willingly depriving themselves of their aid? Do you mind that; it is you alone that he addressed himself to, meaning to reprove you for your insensibility in being so willing to part with us, and quit the Gods, who, according to your own words, are such good and wise governors.

You are in the right of it, says Socrates; I see you mean to oblige me to make formal defences, such as I gave in at my trial.

That is the very thing, replies Simmias.

Then, says Socrates, you must satisfy yourselves, so that this my last apology may have more influence upon you than my former had upon my judges. For my part, if I thought I should not find in the other world Gods as good and as wise, and men infinitely better, than we are, it would be a piece of injustice in us not to be troubled at death. But, be it known to you, Simmias, and to you Cebes, that I hope to arrive at

the assembly of the just. Indeed, in this point I may flatter myself: but as for my finding in the world masters infinitely good and wise, that I can assure you of as much as things of that nature will bear; and therefore it is that death is no trouble to me, hoping that there is something reserved for the dead after this life; and that the good meet with better treatment in the world to come than the bad.

How, replies Simmias, would you have quitted this life without communicating these sentiments to us? This, methinks, will be a common good; and if you convince us of all that you believe with reference to this point, you have made a sufficient apology.

That is what I design to try, says Socrates; but I would first hear what Crito has to say; I thought he had a mind to offer something some time ago.

I have nothing to say, replies Crito, but what your executioner has been pushing me on to tell you for some time, that you ought to speak as little as possible for fear of overheating yourself, since nothing is more contrary to the operation of poison, insomuch that if you continue to speak so you will be obliged to take two or three doses. (17)

Let him do his office, says Socrates ; and make ready two or three doses if he chooses.

I knew you would give me that answer, replies Crito ; but still he importunes me to speak to you.

Pray let that alone, says Socrates, and suffer me to explain before you, who are my judges, for what reasons a man enlightened by philosophy ought to die with courage, and a firm hope that in the other world he shall enjoy a felicity beyond any thing in this. Pray do you, Simmias and Cebes, listen to my arguments.

True philosophers make it the whole business of their lives to learn to die. Now it is extremely ridiculous for them, after they run a whole course incessantly, in order to compass that one end, to shrink and be alarmed when it comes up to them, when they are just in a capacity of obtaining it after a long and painful search. Whereupon Simmias laughed, and told him in earnest, Socrates, you make me laugh, notwithstanding the small occasion I have to laugh in this juncture ; for I am certain the greatest part of those who hear you talk so, will say you talk much better of the philosophers than you believe. Above all, the Athenians would be glad if every philosopher would learn that lesson so well as to die in effect ;

and they will be ready to tell you, that death is the only thing they are worthy of.

Simmias, says Socrates, our Athenians would so speak the truth, but without knowing it to be such: for they are ignorant in what manner philosophers desire to die, or how they are worthy of it. But let us leave the Athenians to themselves, and talk of things within our own company. Does death appear to be any thing to you?

Yes, without doubt, replies Simmias.

Is it not, continues Socrates, the separation of soul and body; so that the body has one separate being and the soul another?

Just so, says Simmias.

Let us try then, my dear Simmias, if your thoughts and mine agree.

By that means we shall set the object of our present inquiry in a clearer light. Do you think a philosopher courts what the world calls pleasure, as that of eating, drinking, &c.?

Not at all, Socrates.

Nor that of love?

By no means.

Do you think they pursue or mind the other pleasures relating to the body, such as good clothes, handsome shoes, and the other ornaments

of dress? Whether do you think they value or slight those things, when necessity does not enforce their use?

In my opinion, replies Simmias, a true philosopher must needs condemn them.

Then you believe, continues Socrates, that the body is not at all the object of the care and business of a philosopher: but, on the contrary, that his whole business is to separate himself from it, and mind only the concerns of his soul.

Most certainly.

Thus, continues Socrates, it is plain, upon the whole, that a philosopher labours in a more distinguished manner than other men to purchase the freedom of his soul, and cut off all commerce between it and the body. I am likewise of opinion, Simmias, that most men will grant, that whoever avoids those corporeal things, and takes no pleasure in them, is not worthy to live; and that he who does not use the pleasures of the body, is near to death.

You speak truth, Socrates.

But what shall we say of the acquiring of prudence? Is the body an obstacle or not when employed in that work? I will explain my meaning by an example.

Have seeing and hearing any thing of truth in them, and is their testimony faithful? Or are the poets in the right in saying that we neither see nor hear things truly? For if these two senses of seeing and hearing are not trustworthy, the others, which are much weaker, will be far less such. Do you not think so?

Yes, without doubt, replies Simmias.

When does the soul then, continues Socrates, find out the truth? We see, that while the body is joined in the inquiry, this body plainly cheats and seduces it.

That is true, says Simmias.

Is it not by reasoning that the soul embraces truths? And does it not reason better than before, when it is not encumbered by seeing or hearing, pain or pleasure? When shut up within itself, it bids adieu to the body, and entertains as little correspondence with it as possible; and pursues the knowledge of things without touching them.

That is well spoken.

Is it not, especially upon this occasion, that the soul of a philosopher despises and avoids the body, and wants to be by itself?

I think so.

What shall we say then, my dear Simmias, of all the objects of the soul? For instance, shall we call justice something or nothing?

We must certainly give it the title of something.

Shall we not likewise call it good and fine?

Yes, doubtless.

But did you ever see these objects with the eyes of your body?

No, certainly not.

Or with any other sense? Did you ever touch any of these things I now speak of, such as magnanimity, health, fortitude; and, in a word, the essence of all other things? Is the truth of them discovered by the body? Or is it not certain, that whoever puts himself in a condition to examine them more narrowly, and trace them to the bottom, will better compass the end and know more of them?

That is very true.

Now the simplest and purest way of examining things, is to pursue every particular by thought alone, without offering to support our meditations by seeing, or backing our reason by any other corporeal sense; by employing the naked thought without any mixture, and so endeavour-

ing to trace the pure and genuine essence of things without the ministry of the eyes or ears : the soul being, if I may so speak, entirely disengaged from the whole mass of body, which only cumpers the soul, and cramps it in the quest of wisdom and truth, as often as it is admitted to the least correspondence with it. If the essence of things be ever known, must it not be in the manner above-mentioned ?

Right, Socrates ; you you have spoken incomparably well.

Is it not a necessary consequence from this principle, continues Socrates, that true philosophers should have such language among themselves ? This life is a road, that is apt to mislead us and our reason in all our inquiries ; because while we have a body, and while our soul is drowned in so much corruption, we can never attain the object of our wishes, *i. e.* truth. The body throws a thousand obstacles and crosses in our way by demanding necessary food ; and then the diseases that ensue do quite disorder our inquiry ; besides, it fills us with love, desires, fears, and a thousand foolish imaginations, insomuch that there is nothing truer than the common saying, *that the body will never conduct us to wisdom.*

What is it that gives rise to wars, and occasions seditions and duelling? Is it not the body and its desires? In effect, all wars take their rise from the desire of riches, which we are forced to heap up for the sake of the body, in order to supply its wants, and serve it like slaves. It is this that cramps our application to philosophy; and the greatest of all our evils is, that when it has given us some respite, and we are set upon meditation, it steals in and interrupts our meditations all of a sudden. It cumpers, troubles, and surprises us in such a manner, that it hinders us from discovering the truth. Now we have made it out, that in order to trace the purity and truth of any thing, we should lay aside the body and only employ the soul to examine the objects we pursue; so that we can never arrive at the wisdom we court till after death. Reason is on our side. For if it is impossible to know any thing purely while we are in the body, one of these things must be true:—either the truth is never known, or it is known after death; because the soul will then be left to itself and freed from its burden, and not before. And while we are in this life, we can only approach to the truth in proportion to our removing from the body, and renouncing

all correspondence with it that is not of mere necessity, and keeping ourselves clear from the contagion of its natural corruption, and all its filth, till God himself comes to deliver us. Then indeed, being freed from all bodily folly, we shall converse in all probability with men that enjoy the same liberty, and shall know within ourselves the pure essence of things, which, perhaps, is nothing but the truth. But he who is not pure, is not allowed to approach to purity itself. This, my dear Simmias, as I take it, should be the thought and language of the true philosopher. Are not you of the same mind?

Most certainly, Socrates.

Then, my dear Simmias, whoever shall arrive where I am now going, has great reason to hope that he will there be possessed of what we look for here with so much care and anxiety; so that the voyage I am now sent upon fills me with a sweet and agreeable hope. And it will have the same effect upon all who are persuaded that the soul must be purged before it knows the truth. Now, the purgation of the soul, as we are saying but just now, is only its separation from the body, its being accustomed to retire and lock itself up, renouncing all commerce with it as possible, and

living by itself, whether in this or the other world, without being chained to the body.

All that is true, Socrates.

Well! what we call *death*; is not that the disengagement and separation of the body from the soul?

Most certainly.

Are not the true philosophers the only men that seek after this disengagement? and is not that separation and deliverance their whole business?

So I think, Socrates.

Is it not a ridiculous fancy, that a man that has lived in the expectation of death, and during his whole lifetime has been preparing to die, upon his arrival at the point of desired death, should think to retire and be afraid of it? Would not that be a very scandalous apostacy?

How should it be otherwise?

It is then certain, Simmias, that death is far from being terrible to true philosophers, that it is their whole business to die; which may be easily inferred thus: If they slight and contemn their body, and passionately desire to enjoy their soul by itself, is it not a ridiculous way of belying themselves to be afraid when that minute comes?

And is it not a piece of extravagance to decline going to that place, where those who get to it hope to obtain the good things they have wished for all their life-time? For they desired wisdom, and a deliverance from the body, as being a burden, and the object of their hatred and contempt. Do not many, upon the loss of their mistresses, wives, or children, (18) willingly cut the thread of life, and convey themselves into the other world, merely 'upon the hope of meeting them and enjoying the company of those they love? and shall a true lover of wisdom, and one that firmly hopes to attain the perfection of it in the other world, shall he be startled by death, and be unwilling to go to the place that will furnish him with what his soul loves? Doubtless, my dear Simmias, if he be a true philosopher, he will go with a great deal of pleasure; as being persuaded that there is no place in the regions below which can furnish him with that pure wisdom which he is in quest of. Now, if things stand thus, would it not be a piece of extravagance in such a man to fear death?

To be sure, says Simmias, it would be so in reality.

And, consequently, continues Socrates, when a

man shrinks and retires at the point of death, it is a certain evidence that he loves not wisdom, but his own body, or honour, or riches, or perhaps all three together.

It is so, Socrates.

Then, Simmias, ^{does} is not that which we call fortitude belong in a peculiar manner to philosophers? and does not temperance, or that sort of wisdom that consists in controlling our desires, and living soberly and modestly, suit admirably well with those who condemn their bodies and live philosophically?

That is certain, Socrates.

Were you to inspect the fortitude and temperance of other men, you would find them very ridiculous.

How so, Socrates?

You know, says he, all other men look on death as the greatest affliction.

That is true, says Simmias.

When those you call brave suffer death with some courage, they do it only for fear of some greater evil.

I must grant that.

And of consequence, all men, except the philosophers, are only brave and valiant through fear.

And is it not ridiculous to believe a man to be brave and valiant that is only influenced by fear and timorousness?

You are right, Socrates.

Is not the case the same with your temperate persons? It is only intemperance makes them such. Though at first view this may seem impossible, yet it is no more than what daily experience shews to be the result of that foolish and ridiculous temperance; for such persons disclaim one pleasure only through fear of being robbed of other pleasures that they covet, and which have an ascendancy over them. They will cry out to you as long as you will, that intemperance consists in being ruled and overawed by our passions; but at the same time that they give you this fine definition, it is only their subjection to some predominant pleasures that makes them discard others. This I have said, that they are only temperate through intemperance.

That is very clear, Socrates.

Let us not be imposed upon, my dear Simmias; the straight road to virtue does not lie in shifting pleasure for pleasure, fear for fear, or one melancholy thought for another, and imitating those

who change a large piece of money for many small ones. But wisdom is the only true and unalloyed coin, for which all others must be given in exchange. With that piece of money we purchase all fortitude, temperance, justice. In a word, that virtue is always true which accompanies wisdom, without any dependence upon pleasures, grief, fear, or any other passions. Whereas all other virtues, stript of wisdom, which run upon a perpetual change, are only shadows of virtue. True virtue is really and in effect a purgation from all this sort of passions. Temperance, justice, fortitude and prudence, are wisdom itself; are not exchanged for passions, but cleanse us from them. And it is pretty evident that those who instituted the purifications, called by us *Teletes*, i. e. perfect expiations, were persons of no contemptible rank, men of great genius, who in the first ages meant by such riddles to let us know (19) that whoever enters the other world without being initiated and purified, shall be hurled headlong into the vast abyss; and that whosoever arrives there after due purgation and expiation, shall be lodged in the apartments of the Gods. For, as the dispensers of these expiations say, there are many who bear the

Thyrsus, (20) but few that are possessed by the spirit of God. Now, those who are thus possessed, as I take it, are the true philosophers. I have tried all means to be enlisted in that number, and have made it the business of my whole life to compass my end. If it please God, I hope to know in a minute that my efforts have not been ineffectual, and that success has crowned my endeavours. This, my dear Simmias, and my dear Cebes, is the apology which I offer to justify my not being troubled or afflicted for parting with you, and quitting my governors in this life; hoping to find good friends and rulers there as well as here. This the vulgar cannot digest. However, I shall be satisfied if my defences take better with you than they did with my judges.

Socrates having thus spoken, Cebes took up the discourse to this purpose. Socrates, I agree to the truth of all you have said. There is only one thing that men look upon as incredible, viz. what you have advanced of the soul. (21) For almost every body fancies, that when the soul parts from the body it is no more; it dies along with it; it vanishes like a vapour or smoke, which flies off and disperses, and has no existence. For if it

subsisted by itself, were gathered and retired into itself, and freed from all the above-mentioned evils; there were a fair and promising prospect, ascertaining the truth of what you have said. But that the soul lives after the death of a man that it is sensible, that it acts and thinks; that, I say, needs both insinuation and solid proofs to make it go down.

You say right, Cebes, replies Socrates; but how shall we manage this affair? Shall we in this interview examine whether it is probable or not?

I shall be highly pleased, says Cebes, to hear your thoughts upon that subject.

At least, says Socrates, (22) I cannot think that any man hearing us, though he were a comedian, would upbraid me with raillery, and charge me with not speaking of such things as concern us very much. If you have a mind that we should trace this affair to the bottom, my opinion is that we should proceed in the following manner, in order to know whether the souls of the dead have a being in the other world or not.

It is a very ancient opinion, that souls quitting this world repair to the infernal regions, and afterwards return to live in this world. If it be so,

that men return to life after death, it follows, necessarily, that during that interval their souls are lodged in the lower regions : for if they had not a being, they could not return to this world ; and this be will a sufficient proof of what we affirm, if we be convinced that the living spring from the dead ; if otherwise, then we must look out for other proofs.

That is certain, says Cebes.

But to assure ourselves of this truth, replies Socrates, it is not sufficient to examine the point upon the comparison with men ; but likewise upon that with other animals, plants, and whatever has a vegetable principle. By that means we shall be convinced that all things are born after the same manner ; that is, whatever has a contrary owes its first rise to its contrary. For instance, handsome is the opposite to ugly, and just to unjust ; and the same is the case of an infinite number of other things. Now, let us see if it be absolutely necessary that whatever has a contrary should spring from that contrary. As when a thing becomes larger, of necessity it must formerly have been less before it acquired that magnitude ; and when it dwindles into a less form, it must needs have been greater before its

diminution. In like manner, the *strongest* arises from the *weakest*, and the *swiftest* from the *slowest*.

That is a plain truth, says Cebes.

And pray, continues Socrates, when a thing becomes worse, was it not formerly better? and when it grows just, is it not because it was formerly unjust? Yes surely, Socrates.

Then it is sufficiently proven that every thing is generated by its contrary.

Sufficiently, Socrates.

But is not there always a certain medium between these two contraries? There are two births or two processions, one of this from that, another of that from this. The medium between a greater and a less, is increase and diminution. The same is the case of what we call mixing, separating, heating, cooling, and all other things *in infinitum*. For though it sometimes falls out that we have not terms to express those changes and mediums, yet experience shews that, by an absolute necessity, things take rise from one another, and pass reciprocally from one to another through a medium.

There is no doubt of that. And what, continues Socrates, has not life likewise its contrary, as awaking has sleeping?

Without doubt, says Cebes.

What is that contrary?

Death.

Since these two things are opposite, do they not take rise one from the other? And between these two, are there not two generations or two processions?

Why not?

But, says Socrates, I am about to tell you how the above-mentioned combination stands, and to shew you the original and progress of each of these two things which make up the compound. Pray tell me how waking and sleeping are related? Does not sleep beget watchfulness, and watching beget sleep? and is not the generation of sleep, the falling asleep? and that of watching, the awaking?

All very clear.

Now, pray view the combination of life and death.

Is not death the opposite of life?

Yes.

And does not one breed the other?

Yes.

What is it that life breeds?

Death.

What is it that death breeds ?

It must certainly be life.

Then, says Socrates, all living things, and man, are bred from death.

So I think, says Cebes.

And therefore, continues Socrates, our souls are lodged in the infernal world after death.

The consequence seems just.

But of these two generations, one, viz. death, is very palpable ; it discovers itself to the eye, and is touched by the hand.

Most certainly.

Shall not we then attribute to death the virtue of producing its contrary, as well as to life ? Or shall we say that nature is lame and maimed on that score ?

There is an absolute necessity, replies Cebes, of ascribing to death the generation of its contrary.

What is that contrary ?

Reviving, or returning to life.

If there is such a thing as returning to life, it is nothing else than the birth of the dead, and returning to life. And thus we agree that the living are as much the product of the dead as the dead are of the living ; which is an incontestible proof

that the souls of the dead must remain in same place or other whence they may return to life.

That, as I take it, says Cebes, is a necessary consequence, from the principles we have agreed on.

And I look upon it, Cebes, these principles are well grounded: consider them yourself. (23) If all these contraries had not their productions and generation in their turn, which form a circle; and if there were nothing but one birth, and one direct production from one to the other, contrary without the return of the last contrary to the first that produced it; were it not so, all things would terminate in the same figure, and be affected in the same manner, and at last cease to be born.

I do not perfectly understand you, Socrates.

There is no difficulty in conceiving what I now mean. If there were nothing but sleep, and if sleep did not produce watching, (24) it is plain that every thing would be an emblem of the fable of Endymion, and nothing would be seen any where; because the same thing must happen to them that happened to Endymion, viz. they must always sleep. If every thing were mingled without any subsequent separation, we should soon see the doctrine of Anaxagoras fulfilled, and all things jumbled together. At the same rate, my

dear Cebes, (25) if all living things died, and, being dead, continued so without reviving, would not all things unavoidably come to an end at last, insomuch that there would not be a living thing left in being? For if living things did (26) not arise from dead ones, when the living ones die, of necessity all things must at last be swallowed up by death and entirely annihilated.

It is necessarily so, replies Cebes; all that you have said seems to be perfectly obvious.

In my opinion, Cebes, there is no objection made against these truths, neither are we mistaken in receiving them; for it is certain that the living rise out of the dead; that the souls departed have a being; and upon their return to this life, the good souls are in a better, and the bad ones in a worse, condition.

What you now advance, says Cebes, interrupting Socrates, is only a necessary consequence of another principle that I have often heard you lay down, viz. that all our acquired knowledge is only remembrance; for if that principle be true, we must necessarily have learned at another time what we call to mind in this. Now that is impossible, unless our soul had a being before its

being invested with this human form ; so that this same principle concludes the immortality of the soul.

But, Cebes, says Simmias, interrupting him, what demonstration have we of that principle ? Pray refresh my memory with it, for at present it is out of my head.

There is a very pretty demonstration for it, replies Cebes. All men being duly interrogated, find out all things of themselves ; which they never could do without knowledge and right reason. Put them at unawares upon the figures of geometry, and other things of that nature, they presently perceive that it is correctly stated.

Simmias, says Socrates, if you will not rely upon this experience, pray try whether the same method will not bring you over to our sentiments. Do you find great difficulty in believing that learning is only remembering ?

I do not find very much, replies Simmias, but I would gladly learn that remembrance you speak of. By what Cebes has said, I almost remember it, and I begin to believe it ; but that shall not hinder me from hearing with pleasure the arguments you can offer for it.

I argue thus, replies Socrates: we all agree, that in order to remember, a man must have known before what he then recalls to mind.

Most certainly.

And let us likewise agree upon this, that knowledge coming in a certain manner is remembrance. I say, in a certain manner: for instance, when a man by seeing, hearing, or perceiving a thing by any of the senses, knows what it is that thus strikes his senses, and at the same time imagines to himself another thing, independent of that knowledge, by virtue of a quite different knowledge, do we not justly say that the man remembers the thing that comes thus into his mind?

What do you say, replies Simmias?

I say, replies Socrates, for example, that we know a man by one sort of knowledge, and a harp by another.

That is certain, says Simmias.

Well then, continues Socrates, do not you know what happens to lovers when they see the harp, habit, or any other thing that their friends or mistresses were accustomed to use? It is just as I said but now; upon seeing and knowing the harp, they form in their mind the image of the person to whom the harp belongs. This is re-

membrance. Thus it often happens, that one seeing Simmias, thinks of Cebes. I could cite a thousand other instances. This then is remembrance, especially when the things called to mind are such as had been forgotten through length of time or being out of sight.

That is certain, says Simmias.

But, continues Socrates, upon seeing the picture of a horse or harp, may not one call to mind the man? And upon seeing the picture of Simmias, may not one think of Cebes?

Undoubtedly, says Simmias.

Much more, continues Socrates, upon seeing the picture of Simmias, will he call to mind Simmias himself.

Yes, with ease.

From all these instances we infer, that remembrance is occasioned sometimes by the things that are like the object remembered, and sometimes by things that are unlike; but when one remembers any thing by virtue of a likeness, does it not necessarily follow that the mind, at first view, discovers whether the picture resembles the object designed, partially or perfectly?

It must be so, replies Simmias.

Then pray mind whether your thoughts of

what I am about to say agree with mine. Is not there something that we call equality? I do not speak of the equality between one tree and another, one stone and another, and several other things that are alike: I speak of the abstract equality of things. Shall we call that something or nothing? Surely we should call it something; but that will only come to pass when we mean to speak philosophically, and of marvellous things.

But then do we know this equality?

Without doubt.

From whence do we derive that knowledge? Is it not from the things we mentioned just now? It is upon seeing equal trees, equal stones, and several other things of that kind, that we form the idea of that equality, which is neither the trees nor the stones, but something abstracted from all these objects. Do not you find it so? Pray take notice, the stones and the trees are always the same, and yet do not they sometimes appear unequal?

Yes, certainly.

What! do equal things appear unequal? or does equality take up the form of inequality?

By no means, Socrates.

Then equality, and the thing which is equal, are two different things.

Most certainly.

But, after all, these equal things, which are different from equality, furnish us with the idea and knowledge of that abstracted equality.

That is true, says Simmias.

The case is the same, whether this equality bears a resemblance to the thing which occasioned the idea of it, or not.

Most certainly.

When upon seeing one thing, you call to mind another, it is no matter if it be a resemblance or not; still it is remembrance.

Without doubt.

But what shall we say to this, continues Socrates, when we behold trees or other things that are equal; are they equal according to the equality of which we have the idea, or not?

Very far from it.

Then we agree upon this: when a man sees any thing before him, and thinks it would be equal to another, but at the same time is so far from being so perfectly equal as the equality of which he has the idea: then, I say, he who thinks thus,

must necessarily have known beforehand this intellectual being, which the object resembles, but imperfectly.

That is necessarily the case?

And is it not the same when we compare things equal with the equality?

Certainly, Socrates.

Then of necessity we must have known that equality before the time in which we first saw the equal things, and thereupon thought that they all tended to be equal as equality itself, but could not reach it.

That is correct.

But we likewise agree upon this, that this thought can be derived from nothing else but one of our senses; from seeing, touching, or feeling one way or other: and the same conclusion will hold good of all beings, whether intellectual or sensible.

All things will equally conclude for what you design.

Then it is from the senses themselves that we derive this thought; that all the objects of our senses have a tendency towards this intellectual equality, but come short of it: is it not?

Yes, without doubt, Socrates.

In effect, Simmias, before we begin to see, feel, or use any of our senses, we must have had the knowledge of this intellectual equality; else we could not be capable of comparing it with the sensible objects, and perceive that they have all a tendency towards it, but fall short of its perfection.

That is a necessary consequence from these premises.

But is it not certain, that, immediately after our birth, we saw, we heard, and made use of other senses?

Very true.

Then it follows, that before that time we had the knowledge of that equality?

Without doubt.

And of course we were possessed of it before we were born.

I think so.

If we possessed it before we were born, then we knew things before we were born and immediately after our birth; knew not only what is great, what is small, what is equal, but all other things of that nature.

For what we now advance of equality is equally applicable to goodness, justice, sanctity; and, in a word, to all other things that have

a real existence; (27) so that we must of necessity have known all these things before we came into this world. ?

That is certain.

And being possessed of that knowledge, if we did not forget apace every day, we should not only be born with it, but retain it all our lifetime. For to know, is only to preserve the knowledge we have received, and not to lose it. And to forget, is to lose the knowledge we enjoyed before.

True, Socrates.

Now if, after having possessed that knowledge before we were born, and having lost it since, we come to retrieve it by the ministry of our senses, which we call learning, shall not we justly entitle it remembrance?

Yes, with good reason, Socrates.

For we have agreed upon this; that it is very possible that a man seeing, hearing, or perceiving one thing by any of his senses, should frame to himself the imagination of another thing that he had forgotten, to which the thing perceived by the senses has some relation, whether it resembles the other or not; so that one of two things must necessarily follow: either we were born

with that knowledge, and preserved it all along; or else retrieved it afterwards by remembrance. Which of these two do you pitch upon, Simmias? Are we born with that knowledge, or do we call it to mind, after having had it and forgotten it?

Indeed, Socrates, I do not know which to choose at present.

But mind what I am to say to you, and then let us see which you will choose. A man that knows any thing, can he give a reason of his knowledge or not?

Doubtless he can, Socrates.

And you think all men can give a reason for what we have been speaking of?

I wish they could, replies Simmias; but I am afraid to-morrow we shall have no one here that is capable of doing it. (28.)

Then you think all men have not this knowledge?

Certainly not.

Do they call to mind then, the things they have known?

That may be.

At what time did our souls learn that knowledge? It cannot be since we were men.

Certainly not.

Then it must be some time before that ?

Yes, without doubt.

And, of course, Simmias, our souls had a being before that time ; that is to say, before they were invested with a human form ; while they were without the body, they thought, they knew, and they understood.

Unless you will allow, Socrates, that we learned it at the instant of our birth ; there is no other time left.

Be it so, my dear Simmias, but at what other time did we lose it ? For we did not bring it into the world with us, as we concluded just now. Did we lose it at the same instant that we obtained it ? Or can you assign any other time ?

No, Socrates ; I did not perceive that what I said was to no purpose.

Then, Simmias, this must be a standing truth,—that if the objects of our daily conversation have a real existence ; I mean, if justice, goodness, and all the essence with which we compare the objects of our senses, and which having an existence before us, proves to be of the same nature with our essence, and is the standard by which we measure all things ; I say, if all these things have a real existence, our soul is likewise entitled

to existence, and that before we were born; and if these things have no being, then all our discourses are useless. Is it not a standing truth, and withal a just and necessary consequence, that the existence of our souls, before our birth, stands and falls with the proof of those things?

That consequence, replies Simmias, seems to me to be equally just and wonderful; and the result of the whole discoursé affords something very glorious and desirable on our behalf, since it concludes, that before we were born, our souls had an existence as well as that intelligible essence you mentioned before. For my part, I think there is nothing more evident and more sensible than the existence of all these things, viz. goodness, justice, &c. and you have sufficiently made it out.

— Now for Cebes, says Socrates; for he must likewise be convinced.

I believe, replies Simmias, that although he is one of the most unyielding men upon earth, and almost proof against arguments, yet he will own your proof to be convincing. In the mean time, though I am sufficiently convinced that our souls had a being before we were born, I have not yet heard sufficient proof for its continuing to exist

after our death. For that popular opinion which Cebes mentioned just now remains in all its force, viz. that after the death of man, the soul disperses and ceases to be. And indeed, I cannot see why the soul should not be born, or proceed from some part or other, and have a being before it animates the body in this life; and when it removes from the body, cease to be, and make its exit as well as the body.

You speak well, Simmias, says Cebes; to my mind Socrates has only proven the half of what he proposed. It is true, he has demonstrated that the soul has a being before the body; but to complete his demonstration, he should have proven that our soul has an existence after death as well as before this life.

But I have demonstrated it to you both, replies Socrates, and you will be sensible of it if you join this last proof with what you acknowledged before, viz. that the living rise from the dead. For if it is true that our soul was in being before we were born; then, of necessity, when it comes to life, it proceeds, so to speak, from the bosom of death; and why should it not lie under the same necessity of being after death, since it must return to life? Thus what you speak of is made

out ; but I perceive both of you desire to sound this matter to the bottom, and are apprehensive, like children, that when the soul departs the body, the winds run away with it and disperse it ; especially when a man dies in a ⁿopen country in a place exposed to the winds.

Whereupon Cebes smiling, replied, pray then, Socrates, try to dispel our fears, or rather convince us as if we feared nothing ; though indeed there be some among us who lie under these childish apprehensions ; persuade us then not to fear death as a vain phantom.

As for that ; says Socrates, you must employ spells and exorcisms every day until you be cured.

But pray, Socrates, where shall we meet with that excellent conjurer, since you are going to leave us ?

Greece is large enough, replies Socrates, and well stored with learned men. Besides, there are a great many barbarous nations, which you must scour in order to find out the conjuror, without sparing either labour or expense ; for you cannot employ your money in a better cause. You must likewise look for one among yourselves ; for it is possible there may be none found more

capable to perform those enchantments than yourselves.

We shall obey your orders, Socrates, in looking out for one; but in the mean time, if you please, let us resume our former discourse.

With all my heart, Cebes.

Well said, Socrates.

The first question we ought to ask ourselves, says Socrates, is, what sort of things they are that are apt to be dissipated; what things are liable to that accident, and what part of those things? Then we must inquire into the nature of the soul, and form our fears or our hopes accordingly.

That is very true.

Is it not certain that only compound things admit of being dissipated at the same rate that they were compounded? If there are any uncompounded beings, they alone are free from this accident, and naturally incapable of dissipation.

I think that is very clear, replies Cebes.

Is it not very likely, that things which are always the same, and in the same condition, are not at all compounded; and that those which are liable to perpetual changes, and are never the same, are certainly compounded?

I am of your opinion, Socrates.

Let us betake ourselves to the thing we were speaking of just now, the existence whereof is never contested either in question or answer: Are these things always the same, or do they sometimes change?—equality, beauty, goodness, and every singular thing, that is the essence itself: do these receive the least alteration, or are they so pure and simple that they continue always the same without undergoing the least change?

Of course, replies Cebes, they must continue the same without alteration.

And all these fine things, says Socrates; such as men, horses, habits, moveables, and a great many other things of the same nature, are entirely opposite to the former, that they never continue in the same condition, either with reference to themselves or others, but are subject to perpetual alterations?

They never continue in the same condition, replies Cebes.

Now these are the things that are visible, tangible, or perceptible by some other sense; whereas the former, which continue still the same, can only be reached by thought, as being immaterial and invisible.

That is true, Socrates.

If you please, continues Socrates, I will instance, in two things, one visible, the other invisible; one still the same, and the other betraying continual alterations.

With all my heart, says Cebes.

Let us see, then; are we not compounded of a body and a soul? Or are there any other ingredients in our composition?

Certainly not.

Which of the two things does our body most resemble?

All men own that it is most conformable to the visible sort.

And pray, my dear Cebes, is our soul visible or invisible?

It is invisible to men, at least.

But when we speak of visible or invisible things, we mean with regard to men, without minding any other nature.

Once more, then, is the soul visible or not?

It is not visible.

Then it is invisible or immaterial?

Yes.

And of course the soul is more conformable

than the body to the invisible kind of things ; and the body suits better with the visible ?

That is self-evident.

*soul
immortal
+
immutible*

When the soul makes use of the body, in considering any thing by seeing, hearing, or any other sense ; that being the sole function of the body, to consider things by the senses ; should not we then say that the body draws the soul upon mutable things ? In this condition, it strays, frets, staggers, and is giddy like a man in drink, by reason of its being engaged in matter. Whereas, when it pursues things by itself, without calling in the body, it betakes itself to what is pure, immortal, immutable ; and, as being of the same nature, dwells constantly upon it when it is master of itself ; then its errors are at an end, and it is always the same, as being united to what never changes ; and this passion of the soul is what we call wisdom or prudence.

That is admirably well spoken, Socrates, and a great truth.

After all, then, which sort of things does the soul seem to resemble most ?

In my mind, Socrates, there is no man so stupid and stiff as not to be obliged, by your method

of arguing, to acknowledge that the soul bears a greater resemblance and conformity to the immutable being than to that which is always upon the change.

And as for the body?

It bears a greater resemblance to the other.

Let us try another way. During the conjunction of body and soul, nature orders the one to obey and be a slave, and the other to command and hold the empire. Which of these two characters are most suitable to the Divine Being, or to that which is mortal? Are not you sensible that the divine is only capable of commanding and ruling; and what is mortal is only worthy of obedience and slavery?

Most certainly.

Which of these two, then, agrees best with the soul?

It is evident, Socrates, that our soul resembles what is divine, and our body what is mortal.

You see, then, my dear Cebes, the necessary result of all is, that our soul bears a strict resemblance to what is divine, immortal, intellectual, simple, indissoluble; and is always the same, and always like it: and that our body does perfectly

resemble what is human, mortal, sensible, compounded, dissoluble; always changing, and never like itself. Can any thing be supposed to destroy that consequence, or make out the contrary?

Certainly not, Socrates.

Does not it then suit with the body to be quickly dissolved, and with the soul to be always indissoluble or something very near it?

That is a standing truth.

Accordingly, you see every day, when a man dies, his visible body, that continues exposed to our view, and which we call the corpse, that alone admits of dissolution, alteration, and dissipation. This, I say, does not immediately undergo any of these accidents, but continues a long time in its flower, if I may so speak, especially in this season. Bodies embalmed after the manner of those in Egypt, (29) remain entire for an infinity of years; and even in those that corrupt, there are always some parts, such as the bones, nerves, or the like, that continue in a manner immortal. Is not this true?

Very true.

Now, as for ~~as~~ the soul, which is an invisible being, that goes to a place like itself, marvellous,

pure, and invisible, in the infernal world; and returns to a God full of goodness and wisdom, which I hope will be the fate of my soul in a short time if it please God. Shall a soul of this nature, and created with all these advantages, be dissipated and annihilated as soon as it parts from the body, as most men believe? No such thing, my dear Simmias and Cebes. I will tell you what will rather come to pass, and what we ought steadfastly to believe. If the soul retains its purity without any mixture of filth from the body, as having entertained no voluntary correspondence with it; but, on the contrary, having always avoided it, and recollected itself within itself, in continual meditations; that is, in studying the true philosophy and effectually learning to die; for philosophy is a preparation for death: I say, if the soul depart in this condition, it repairs to a being like itself,—a being that is divine, immortal, and full of wisdom; in which it enjoys an inexpressible felicity, in being freed from its errors, its ignorance, its fears, its amours, that tyrannized over it, and all the other evils pertaining to human nature: and, as it is said of those who have been initiated in holy mysteries, it truly passes a whole course of eternity

with the gods. Ought not this to be the matter of our belief?

Most certainly, Socrates.

But if the soul depart full of uncleanness and impurity, as having been all along mingled with the body, always employed in its service, always possessed by the love of it, decoyed and charmed by its pleasures and lusts; insomuch that it believed there was nothing real or true beyond what is corporeal,—what may be seen, touched, drank, eaten, or what is the object of carnal pleasure; that it hated, dreaded, and avoided what the eyes of the body could not descry, and all that is intelligible, and can only be enjoyed by philosophy. Do you think, I say, that a soul in this condition can depart pure and simple from the body?

No, Socrates, that is impossible. On the contrary, it departs stained with corporeal pollution, which was rendered natural to it by its continual commerce and too intimate union with the body at a time when it was its constant companion; and was still employed in serving and gratifying it,

Most certainly.

This pollution, my dear Cebes, is a gross, heavy, earthly, and visible mass; and the soul,

loaded with such a weight, is dragged into that visible place, not only by the weight, but by its own dreading the light and the invisible place; and, as we commonly say, it wanders in the church-yards, round the tombs, where dark phantoms and apparitions are often seen; such as these souls that did not depart the body in purity or simplicity, but polluted with that earthly and visible matter, and makes them degenerate into a visible form.

That is very likely, Socrates.

Yes, without doubt, Cebes; and it is also likely that it is not the good but the bad souls that are forced to wander in those places of impurity; where they suffer for their former bad life, and continue to wander, till, through the love they have to this corporeal mass, which always follows them, they engage again in a new body, and, in all probability, plunge themselves into the same manners and passions as was the occupation of their first life.

What do you say, Socrates?

I say, Cebes, that, for instance, those who made their belly their God, and loved nothing but indolence and impurity, without any shame, and without any reserve; those enter into the bodies

of asses or such like creatures. Do not you think this very probable ?

Yes, Socrates.

And those souls which loved only injustice, tyranny, and rapine, are employed to animate the bodies of wolves, hawks, and falcons. Where else should souls of this stamp go ?

No where else, Socrates.

The cause of all the rest is much the same ; they go to animate the bodies of beasts of different species, according as they resemble their first courses.

According to these principles it cannot be otherwise.

The happiest of all these men, whose souls are sent to the most agreeable place, are those who have always made a profession of popular and civil virtues, which are called temperance and justice ; to which they have brought themselves only by habit and exercise, without any assistance from philosophy and the mind.

How can they be so happy, then ?

It is probable that, after death, their souls are joined to the bodies of politic and meek animals ; such as bees, wasps, and ants : or else return to human bodies, and become temperate and wise

men ; but as for approaching to the nature of God, that is not at all allowed to those who did not live philosophically, and whose souls did not depart with all their purity. That great privilege is reserved for the lovers of true wisdom ; and it is upon the consideration of this, my dear Simmias and my dear Cebes, that the true philosophers renounce the desires of the body, and keep themselves up from its lusts. They are not apprehensive of the ruin of their families, or of poverty, as the vulgar are, and those who are wedded to their riches : they fear neither ignominy nor reproach, as those who court only dignities and honours. In a word, they renounce all things, and even themselves.

It would not be suitable for them to do otherwise, replied Cebes.

No, continued Socrates : in like manner, all those who value their souls, and do not live for the body, depart from all such lusts, and follow a different course from those insensible creatures that do not know where they go. They are persuaded that they ought not to do any thing contrary to philosophy, or harbour any thing that destroys its purifications and retards their liberty ;

and accordingly resign themselves to its conduct, and follow it whithersoever it leads them.

What do you say, Socrates?

I will explain it to you. The philosophers, finding their souls tied and chained to the body, and by that means obliged to employ the body in the pursuit of objects which it cannot follow alone, so that it still floats in an abyss of ignorance, are very sensible that the force of this bond lies in its own desires, insomuch that the prisoner itself helps to lock up the chains. They are sensible that philosophy, coming to seize upon the soul in this condition, gently instructs and comforts it, and endeavours to disengage it, by giving it to know that the eye of the body is full of illusion and deceit, as well as all its other senses; by advertising it not to use the body farther than necessity requires; and advising it to recollect and shut up itself within itself; to receive no disposition but its own, after it has examined within itself the intrinsic nature of every thing, and strip it of the covering that conceals it from our eyes; and to continue fully persuaded, that whatever is tried by all its other senses, being different from the former discovery, is certainly false. Now, what

ever is tried by the corporeal senses, is visible and sensible; and what it views by itself without the ministry of the body, is invisible and intelligible; so that the soul of a true philosopher, being convinced that it should not oppose its own liberty, disclaims, as far as it is possible, the pleasures, lusts, fears, and sorrows of the body: for it knows that when one has enjoyed many pleasures, or given way to extreme grief or timorousness, or given himself to his desires, he not only is afflicted by the sensible evils known to all the world—such as the loss of health or estate, but is doomed to the last and greatest of evils; an evil that is so much the more dangerous and terrible, because it is not obvious to our senses.

What evil is that, Socrates?

It is this: that the soul being forced to rejoice or be afflicted upon any occasion, is persuaded that what causes its pleasure or grief is a real and true thing, though at the same time it is not: and such is the nature of all sensible and visible things that are capable of occasioning joy or grief.

That is certain, Socrates.

Are not these passions then, the chief instruments particularly that imprison and mew up the soul within the body? How is that, Socrates?

Every pleasure, every melancholy thought, being armed with a strong and keen nail, nails the soul to the body with such force that it becomes material and corporeal, and fancies there are no real and true objects but such as the body accounts so: for as it entertains the same opinion, and pursues the same pleasures with the body, so it is obliged to the same actions and habits: for which reason it cannot descend in purity to the lower world, but is daubed all over with the pollution of the body it left, and quickly enters another body; where it takes root, as if it had been sown, and puts a period to all commerce with the pure, simple, and divine essence.

That is very true, Socrates.

These are the motives that oblige the true philosophers to make it their business to acquire temperance and fortitude, and not such motives as the vulgar think of. Are not you of my opinion, Cebes?

Yes, certainly.

All true philosophers will still be of that mind. Their soul will never entertain such a thought, as if philosophy should disengage it, to the end that, when it is freed, it should follow its pleasures and give way to its fears and sorrows; that it should

put on its chains again, and always want to begin again: like Penelope's web, on the contrary, it continues in a perfect tranquillity and freedom from passion, and always follows reason for its guide, without departing from its measures; it incessantly contemplates what is true, divine, immutable, and above opinion, being nourished by this pure truth: it is convinced that it ought to follow the same course of life while it is united to the body; and hopes that after death, being surrendered to that immortal being as its source, it will be freed from all the afflictions of the human nature. After such a life, and upon such principles, my dear Simmias and Cebes, what should the soul be afraid of? Shall it fear that, upon its departure from the body, the winds will dissipate it and run away with it, and that annihilation will be its fate?

Socrates having thus spoken, he paused for a considerable time, seeming to be altogether intent upon what he had said. Most of us were in the same condition, and Cebes and Simmias had a short conference together. At last, Socrates perceiving their conference, asked them what they were speaking of?

Do you think, says he, that my arguments are

lame? I think, indeed, there is room left for a great many doubts and objections, if any will take the pains to retail them out. If you are speaking of any thing else, I have nothing to say; but though you have no doubts, pray, tell me freely, if you think of any better demonstration, and make me a companion in your inquiry, if you think I can assist you to compass your end.

I will tell you, says Simmias, the naked truth. It is some time since Cebes and I thought of the same doubts, and being desirous to have them resolved, pushed on one another to propose them to you. But we were both afraid to importune you, and propose disagreeable questions in this unseasonable hour of your present misfortune.

Oh! my dear Simmias, replies Socrates, smiling, certainly I should find great difficulty in persuading other men that I find no misfortune in my present circumstances, since I cannot get you to believe it. You think that, upon the score of foreknowledge and divining, I am infinitely inferior to the swans. When they perceive approaching death, they sing more sweetly than before, because of the joy they have in going to the God they serve. But men, through the fear of death, reproach the swans, in saying that they lament

their death, and tune their grief in sorrowful notes. They forget to make this reflection,—that no bird sings when it is hungry, or cold, or sad; nay, not the nightingale, the swallow, or the lapping, whose music, they say, is a true lamentation, and the effect of grief; but, after all, these birds do not all sing out of grief, and far less the swans; which, by reason of their belonging to Apollo, are diviners, and sing more joyfully on the day of their death than before, as foreseeing the good that awaits them in the other world. And as for me, I think I serve Apollo as well as they do; I am consecrated to that god as well as they; I have received from our common master the art of divining as well as they have; and I am as little concerned for making my exit as they are; so that you may freely propose what doubts you please, and put questions to me as long as the eleven magistrates suffer me to be here.

You say well, Socrates, replies Simmias; since it is so, I will propose my doubts first, and then Cebes shall give in his. I agree with you that it is impossible, or at least very difficult, to know the truth in this life; and that it is the property of a lazy and a dull head not to weigh exactly what he says, or to supersede the examination be-

fore he has made all his efforts, and be obliged to give over by insurmountable difficulties. For one of these two things must be done: we must either learn the truth from others, or find it out ourselves. If both ways fail us, amidst all human reasons, we must pitch upon the strongest and most forcible, and trust to that as to a ship while we pass through this stormy sea, and endeavour to avoid the tempests and shoals till we find out one more firm and sure; such as a promise or revelation, upon which we may happily accomplish the voyage of this life, as in a vessel that fears no danger. I shall therefore not be ashamed to put questions to you now that you allow me; and shall avoid that reproach I might one day cast upon myself, of not having told you my thoughts upon this occasion. When I survey what you spoke to me and to Cebes, I must own I do not think your proofs sufficient.

Perhaps you have reason, my dear Simmias; but where does their insufficiency appear?

In this: that the same things might be asserted of the harmony of a harp. For one may reasonably say, that the harmony of a harp, well stringed and well tuned, is invisible, immaterial, excellent, and divine; and that the instrument

and its strings are the body, the compounded, earthly, and mortal matter ; and if the instrument were cut in pieces, or its strings broken, might not one with equal reason affirm, that this harmony remains after the breaking of the harp, and has no end ? For, since it is evident that the harp remains after the strings are broken ; or that the strings, which are likewise mortal, continue after the harp is broken or dismantled ; it must needs be impossible, might one say, that this immortal and divine harmony should perish before that which is mortal and earthly ; nay, it is necessary that this harmony should continue to be without the least damage, when the body of the harp and its strings are gone to nothing. For, without doubt, Socrates, you are sensible that we hold the soul to be something that resembles a harmony ; and that as our body is a being composed of hot and cold, dry and moist, so our soul is nothing else but the harmony resulting from the just proportion of these mixed qualities. Now, if our soul is only a sort of harmony, it is evident that when our body is overstretched or unbended by disease, or any other disorder, of necessity our soul, with all its divinity, must come to an end, as well as the other harmonies which consist in sounds, or

are the effects of instruments ; and that the remains of every body continue for a considerable time, till they be burnt or mouldered away. This, you see, Socrates, might be alleged in opposition to your arguments ; that if the soul be only a mixture of the qualities of the body, it perisheth first in what we call death. Then Socrates looked upon us all, one after another, as he did often, and began to smile : Simmias speaks with reason, says he ; his questions are well put ; and if any one of you have a greater dexterity in answering his objections than I have, why do you not do it ? for he seems thoroughly to understand both my arguments and the exceptions they are liable to. But, before we answer him, it is proper to hear what Cebes has to object ; that while he speaks, we may have time to think upon what we are to say ; and, after we have heard them both, that we may yield if their reasons are uniform and valid ; and if otherwise, may stand by our principles to the utmost. Tell us, then, Cebes, what it is that hinders you from agreeing with what I have laid down ?

I will tell you, says Cebes : your demonstration seems to be lame and imperfect ; it is faulty upon the same head that we took notice of before.

That the soul has a being before its entrance into the body, is admirably well said, and, I think, sufficiently made out; but I can never be persuaded that it has likewise an existence after death. At the same time I cannot subscribe to Simmias's allegation,—that the soul is neither stronger nor more durable than the body; for to me it appears to be infinitely more excellent. But why then, (says the objection,) do you refuse to believe it? Since you see with your eyes, that when a man is dead, his weakest part remains still, is it not therefore absolutely necessary that the more durable part should last yet longer? Pray take notice if I answer this objection right; for, to let you into my meaning, I must use resemblance or comparison as well as Simmias. Your allegation, to my mind, is just the same as if, upon the death of an old tailor, one should say this tailor is not dead; he has a being still some where or other; and, for a proof of that, here is the suit of clothes he wore, which he made for himself; so that he is still in being. If any one should not be convinced by this proof, he would not fail to ask him whether the man or the clothes he wears is most durable? To which, of necessity, he must answer that the man is; and upon

this footing your philosopher would pretend to demonstrate, that since the less durable possession of the tailor is still in being, by a stronger consequence he himself is so too. Now, my dear Simmias, the parallel is not just: pray hear what I have to answer to it.

It is evident, at first view, that the objection is ridiculous. For the tailor having used several suits of clothes, died after them, and only before the last suit, which he had not time to wear; and though this suit survived the man, (if I may so speak,) yet we cannot say the man is weaker or less durable than the suit of clothes. This simile is near enough,—for as the man is to his suit of clothes, so is the soul to the body; and whoever applies to the soul and body what is said of the man and his suit of clothes, will speak to the purpose. For he will make the soul more durable, and the body a weaker being, and less capable to hold out for a long time. He will add that every soul wears several bodies, especially if it lives several years; for the body wastes while the man is yet alive, and the soul still forms to itself a new habit of body out of the former that decays; but when the last comes to die, it has then its last habit on, and dies before

its consumption ; and when the soul is dead, the body quickly betrays the weakness of its nature, since it corrupts and moulders away very speedily ; so that we cannot put such confidence in your demonstration, as to hold it for a standing truth that our souls continue in being after death. For, supposing it were granted that our soul has not only a being antecedent to our birth, but that, for any thing we know, the souls of some continue in being after death, and it is very possible they may return again to this world, and be born again, so to speak, several times, and die at last ; for the strength and advantage of the soul beyond the body consists in this,—that it can undergo several births, and wear several bodies one after another, as a man does suits of clothes : supposing, I say, that all this were granted, still it cannot be denied but that in all those repeated births it decays and wastes, and at last comes to an end in one of the deaths. However, it is impossible for any man to discern in which of the deaths it is totally sunk : since things stand thus, whoever does not fear death must be senseless ; unless he can demonstrate that the soul is altogether immortal and incorruptible. For otherwise every dying man must of necessity be afraid of his soul,

Stoic
Man

for fear the body it is quitting be its last body, and it perish without any hopes of return.

Having heard them propose these objections, we were very much troubled, as we afterwards told them that at a time when we were just convinced by Socrates' arguments, they should come to amuse us with their objections, and throw us into a fit of unbelief and jealousy, not only of all that had been said to us by Socrates, but likewise of what he might say for the future; for he would always be apt to believe that either we were not proper judges of the points in debate, or else that his propositions were in themselves incredible.

Ech. Indeed, Phædon; I can easily pardon your trouble on that account. For I myself, while I heard you relate the matter, was saying to myself, what shall we believe hereafter, since Socrates' arguments, which seemed so valid and convincing, are become doubtful and uncertain? In effect, that objection of Simmias, that the soul is only a harmony, moves me wonderfully, and always did so. It awakens in me the memory of my being formerly of the same opinion; so that my belief is unhinged, and I want new proofs to convince me that the soul does not die with the body. Wherefore, prithee, tell me, Phædon,

in the name of God, how Socrates came off; whether he seemed to be as much nettled as you; or if he maintained his opinion with his wonted temper; and, in fine, whether his demonstration gave you full satisfaction, or seemed chargeable with imperfection.

Pray tell me the whole story, without omitting the minutest circumstances.

Phædon. I protest to you, Echecrates, I admired Socrates all my lifetime, and upon this occasion admired him more than ever. That such a man as he had his answers in readiness, is no great surprise; but my greatest admiration was to see, in the first place, with what calmness, patience, and good humour, he received the objections of these youths; and then how dexterously he perceived the impression they had made upon us, and cured us of the same. He rallied us like men put to flight after a defeat, and inspired us with a fresh ardour, to turn our heads and renew the charge.

Ech. How was that?

Ph. I am about to tell you. As I sat at his right hand, upon a little stool lower than his, he drew his hand over my head, and taking hold of my hair that hung down upon my shoulders,

as he was wont to do for his diversion ; Phædon, says he, will you cut this pretty hair to-morrow ? It is probable I shall, said I. If you take my advice, said he, you will not stay so long. What do you mean ? said I. Both you and I, continues he, ought to cut our hair, if our opinion be so far dead that we cannot raise it again. Were I in your place, and defeated, I would make a vow, (30) as the men of Argos did, never to wear my hair till I conquered these arguments of Simmias and Cebes. But, said I, Socrates, you have forgotten the old proverb, that Hercules himself is not able to engage two ; and why, says he, do you call on me to assist you as your Iolas, while it is yet time ? And accordingly I do call on you, said I ; not as Hercules did, Iolas, but as Iolas did Hercules. It is no matter for that, says he ; it is all one. Above all, let us be cautious to avoid one great fault. What fault ? said I. That, said he, of being reason-haters ; for such there are, as well as man-haters. The former is the greatest evil in the world, and arises from the same source with the hatred of man. For the latter comes from one man's plighting his faith for another man, without any precaution or inquiry, whom he always took for a true-hearted, solid, and trusty

man; but finds him at last to be a false and faithless cheat: and thus, being cheated in several such instances by those whom he looked upon as his best friends, and at last weary of being so often deceived, he equally hates all men, and is convinced there is not one that is not wicked and perfidious. Are not you sensible that this man-hating is formed at this rate by degrees? Yes, certainly. Is it not a great scandal, then continued he, and a superlative crime, to converse with men without being acquainted with the art of trying and knowing them? for if one were acquainted with this art, he would see how things stand, and would find that the good and the wicked are very rare; but those in the middle region swarm in infinite numbers.

What do you say, Socrates?

I say, Phædon, the case of the good and bad is much the same with that of very large or very little men. Do not you see that there is nothing more uncommon than a very big or a very little man? The case is the same with reference to dogs, horses, and all other things; and may likewise be applied to swiftness and slowness, handsomeness and deformity, whiteness and blackness. Are not you convinced, that in all these matters

the two extremes are very uncommon, and the medium is very common?

I perceive it very plainly, Socrates.

If a match were proposed for wickedness, would there not be very few that could pretend to the first rank?

That is very likely, Socrates.

It is certainly so, replies he; but upon this score the case of reason and man is not exactly the same. I will follow you step by step. The only resemblance of the two, lies in this, that when a man, unskilled in the art of examination, entertains a reason as true, and afterwards finds it to be false, whether it be so in itself or not; and when the same thing happens to him often, as indeed to those who amuse themselves in disputing with the Sophists that contradict every thing; he at last believes himself to be extraordinarily well skilled, and fancies he is the only man that has perceived there is nothing true or certain, either in things or reasons; but that all is like Eurypus, in a continual flux and reflux, and that nothing continues so much as one minute in the same state.

This is the pure truth, Socrates.

Is it not then a very deplorable misfortune, my

dear Phædon, that while there are true, certain, and very comprehensible reasons, there should be men found who, after they have suffered them to pass, call them again in question upon hearing these frivolous disputes, where sometimes truth and sometimes falsehood comes uppermost; and, instead of charging themselves with these doubts, or blaming their want of art, cast the blame at last upon the reasons themselves; and, being of a sour temper, pass their life in hating and calumniating all reason, and by that means rob themselves both of truth and knowledge?

That is certainly a most deplorable thing, said I.

We ought to be very cautious, continues he, that this misfortune be not our lot, and that we are not prepossessed by this thought,—that there is nothing solid or true in all arguments whatsoever. We should rather be persuaded that it is ourselves who are wanting in solidity and truth, and use our utmost efforts to recover that solidity and justness of thought. This is a duty incumbent upon you, who have time yet to live, and likewise upon me who am about to die; and I am much afraid, that upon this occasion I have been so far from acting the part of a true philosopher, that I

have behaved myself like a disputant, overborn with prejudice; as all those ignorants do, who in their disputes do not mind the perception of the truth, but mean only to draw their hearers over to their opinions. The only difference between them and me is, that convincing my audience of the truth of what I advance, is not my only aim; indeed, I shall be infinitely glad if that come to pass: but my chief scope is to persuade myself of the truth of these things; for I argue thus, my dear Phædon, and you will find that this way of arguing is highly useful. If (31) my propositions prove true, it is well done to believe them; and if, after my death, they be found false, I still reap that advantage in this life, that I have been less affected by the evils which commonly accompany it. But I shall not remain long under this ignorance; if I were, I should reckon it a great misfortune; but by good luck it will quickly be dispelled. Being fortified by these thoughts, my dear Simmias and Cebes, I make account to answer your objections; and if you take my advice, you will rely less upon the authority of Socrates than that of the truth. If what I am about to advance appear to be true, embrace it; if otherwise, attack it with all your force. Thus I shall nei-

ther deceive myself nor impose upon you by the influence of zeal and good-will, or quit you like a wasp that leaves its sting in the wound it has made.

To begin, then, pray see if I remember right what was objected. Simmias, as I take it, rejects our belief only because he fears our souls, notwithstanding their being divine and more excellent, will die before our bodies, as being only a sort of harmony; and Cebes, if I mistake not, granted that the soul is more durable than the body; but thinks it possible that the soul, after having used several bodies, may die at last when it quits the last body, and that this death of the soul is a true death. Are not these the two points I am to examine, my dear Simmias and Cebes?

When they had all agreed that the objections were justly summed up, he continued thus: do you absolutely reject all that I have said, or do you acknowledge part of it to be true? They answered, that they did not reject the whole. But what, says he, is your opinion of what I told you? viz. that learning is only remembrance, and that, by a necessary consequence, the soul must have an existence before its conjunction with the body.

As for me, replies Cebes, I perceive the evidence of it at first view; and do not know any principles of more certainty and truth. I am of the same mind, says Simmias, and should think it very strange if ever I changed my opinion.

But, my dear Theban, continues Socrates, you must needs change it; if you retain your opinion that harmony is compounded, and that the soul is only a sort of harmony arising from the due union of the qualities of the body: for it is presumed you would not believe yourself if you said that harmony has a being before those things of which it is composed.

Sure enough, replies Simmias; I would not believe myself if I did.

Do not you see, then continues Socrates, that you are not of a piece with yourself when you say the soul had a being before it came to animate the body, and at the same time that it is compounded of things that had not then an existence? Do not you compare the soul to a harmony? and is it not evident that the harp, the strings, and the very discordant sound, exist before the harmony, which is an effect that results from all these things, and perish sooner than they? Does this latter part of your discourse suit with the first?

Not at all, replies Simmias.

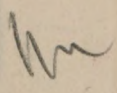
And yet, continues Socrates, if ever a discourse be all of a piece, it ought to be such when harmony is its subject.

That is right, says Simmias.

But yours is not so, continues Socrates. Let us hear, then, which of these two opinions you side with:—whether is learning only remembrance, or is the soul a sort of harmony?

I side with the first, replies Simmias.

And that opinion, says Socrates, I have explained to you, without having any recourse to demonstration full of similes and examples, which are rather colours of the truth, and therefore please the people best; but as for me, I am of opinion that all discourses proving their point by similes, are full of vanity, and apt to seduce and deceive, unless one be very cautious, whether it relate to geometry or any other science: whereas the discourse that I made for proving that knowledge is remembrance, is grounded upon a very creditable hypothesis; for I told you that the soul exists as well as its essence, before it comes to animate the body. By essence I mean the principles from which it de-



rives its being, which has no other name, but that which is; and this proof I take to be good and sufficient.

By that reason, says Simmias, I must not listen either to myself or others, who assert the soul to be a sort of harmony.

In earnest, Simmias, replies Socrates, do you think that a harmony, or any other piece of composition, can be any thing different from the parts of which it is compounded?

By no means, Socrates.

Or can it do or suffer what those parts do not?

Simmias answered it could not.

Then, says Socrates, a harmony does not precede but follow the things it is composed of: and it cannot have sounds, motions, or any thing else contrary to its parts.

Certainly not, replies Simmias.

But what, continues Socrates, is not all harmony only, such in proportion to the concord of its parts?

I do not fully understand you, says Simmias.

I mean, according as the parts have more or less concord, the harmony is more or less a harmony,—is it not?

Yes, certainly.

Can we say of the soul at the same rate, that a small difference makes a soul to be more or less a soul?

Certainly not, Socrates.

How is it, then, in the name of God?

Do not we say, for example, that such a soul, endowed with understanding and virtue, is good; and another filled with folly and mischief, is wicked? Is not this right?

Yes, certainly, says Simmias.

But those who hold the soul to be a harmony, what will they call these qualities of the soul,—that vice and that virtue? Will they say, the one is harmony and the other is discord? That a virtuous and good soul, being harmony in its nature, is entitled to another harmony; and that a vicious and wicked soul wants that additional harmony?

I am not certain, says Simmias; but indeed it is very probable the patrons of that opinion may advance something similar.

But we concluded that one soul is not more or less a soul than another; that is, it is not more or less a harmony than another harmony.

I own it, says Simmias.

And since it is not more or less a harmony, then it has not more or less concord; is it not so?

Yes, certainly, Socrates.

And since it has not more or less concord, can one have more harmony than another, or must the harmony of them all be equal?

Doubtless, it must be equal.

Since one soul cannot be more or less a soul than another; by the same reason it cannot have more or less concord than another.

That is certain.

Then it necessarily follows that one soul cannot love either more harmony or discord than another?

I agree to that.

And in consequence, since the soul is of that nature it cannot have more virtue or vice than another, if vice be discord, and virtue harmony?

That is an undeniable fact, Simmias.

Or, would not right reason rather say that vice could find no place in the soul, if the soul be harmony; for harmony, continuing in its perfect nature, is not capable of discord?

There is no question of that.

In like manner the soul, while perfectly a soul, is not capable of vice.

According to the principles agreed on, I cannot see how it should.

From the same principles, it will follow that the souls of all animals are equally good, since they are equally souls.

So I think, says Simmias.

But do you think that it appears reasonable if the hypothesis of the souls being a harmony be true?

Certainly not, Socrates.

Then I ask you, Simmias, if of all the parts of a man, the soul is not best entitled to command, especially when she is prudent and wise?

There is no other part can pretend to it.

Does it command by giving way to the passions of the body, or by resisting them? As, for example; when the body is seized with thirst in the cold fit of a fever, does not the soul restrain it from drinking? or when hungry, from eating? As well as in a thousand other instances; which manifestly shew that the soul curbs the passions of the body. Is it not so?

Without doubt.

But we agreed above, that the soul, being a sort of harmony, can never sound contrary to the sound of those things which raise, or lower,

or move it; nor have other passions different from those of its parts; and that it is necessarily obliged to follow them, as being incapable to guide them.

It is certain, we agreed upon that, says Simmias: how could we avoid it?

But, says Socrates, is it not evident that the conduct of the soul is quite contrary? That it governs and rules those very things which are alleged for ingredients in its composition; that it thwarts and attacks them almost all its life-time; that it is every way their mistress, punishing and repressing some by the harder measures of pain, school exercises, and physic; and treating others more gently, as contenting itself with threatening or insulting over its lusts, passions, and fears. In a word, we see the soul speaks to the body as something of a different nature from itself; which Homer was sensible of, when, in his *Odyssey*, he tells us that "Ulysses beating his breast, rebuked his heart, and said to it, support thyself, thou hast sustained greater hardships than these." Do you think the poet spoke that under the apprehensions of the soul's being a harmony, to be managed and conducted by the body? Or, do not you rather believe that he knew it was the soul's part to com-

mand, and that it is of a more divine nature than harmony?

Yes, Socrates; I am persuaded Homer knew that truth.

And of course, my dear Simmias, continues Socrates, there is not the least reason for the soul's being a harmony: should we assert it to be such, we should contradict both Homer, that divine poet, and likewise ourselves.

Simmias yielded, and Socrates proceeded thus.

I think we have sufficiently tempered and moderated this Theban harmony, so that it will do us no harm. But, Cebes, how shall we appease and disarm this Cadmus? (32) How shall we hit on a discourse duly qualified with a persuasive force?

If you will be at the pains, Socrates, you can easily find such a discourse. The last you had against the harmony of the soul, moved me greatly, and indeed beyond my expectation; for when Simmias proposed his doubts, I thought nothing short of a prodigy or miracle could solve them; and I was much surprised when I saw he could not stand the first attack: so that now it will be no surprise to me to see Cadmus undergo the same fate.

My dear Cebes, replies Socrates, do not you speak too big upon the matter, lest envy should overturn all I have said, and render it useless and ineffectual. But that is in the hand of God. As for us, let us approach one another, as Homer says, and try our strength and arms. What you want comes all to this point: you would have the immortality and incorruptibility of the soul demonstrated, to the end that a philosopher who dies bravely in the hopes of being infinitely more happy in the other world than in this, may not hope in vain. You say the soul's being a durable and divine substance, existing before its union with the body, does not conclude its immortality: and the only inference that it will bear is, that it lasts a great while longer, and was in being many ages before us; during which it knew and did several things, but without immortality; for, on the contrary, the first minute of its descent into the body, is the commencement of its death; or, as it were, a disease to it: for it passes this life in anguish and trouble, and at last is quite swallowed up and annihilated by what we call death. You add, that it is the same thing whether it animates a body only once, or returns to it several times, since that does not alter the

occasion of our fears ; forasmuch as all wise men ought still to fear death while they are uncertain of the immortality of their souls. This, I suppose, is the sum of what you said ; and I repeat it so often, on purpose that nothing may escape my view, and that you may have the opportunity of adding or impairing as you please.

At present, says Cebes, I have nothing to alter ; that is the just sum of all I have yet said.

Socrates was silent for some time, as being drowned in profound meditation. At last, Cebes ; says he, it is truly not a small matter you demand ; for, in order to a just satisfaction, there is a necessity of making a narrow inquiry into the cause of generation and corruption. If you please, I will tell you what happened to me upon this very matter ; and if what I say seem useful to you, you shall be at liberty to make use of it to support your sentiments.

With all my heart, says Simmias.

Pray give ear, then, says Socrates : in my youth I had an insatiable desire to study that science which is called natural history ; for I thought it was something great and divine to know the causes of every thing ; of their generation, existence, and death. And I spared no pains, nor

omitted any means, for trying, in the first place, if a certain corruption of hot and cold will, as some pretend, give being and nourishment to animals; if the blood makes the thought; if the air or fire, or the brain alone are the causes of our senses of seeing, hearing, smelling, &c.; if memory and opinion take their rise from these senses: and if knowledge be the result of memory and opinion. Then I wanted to know the causes of their corruption, and extended my curiosity both to the heavens and the cavities of the earth, and would fain have known the cause of all the phenomena we meet with. At last, after a great deal of trouble, I found myself strangely unqualified for such inquiries; and of this I am about to give a sensible proof. This fine study made me so blind in the things I knew more evidently before, according to my own and other persons' thoughts, that I quite forgot all that I had known upon several subjects, particularly that of a man's growth. I thought it was evident to the whole world, that a man grows only by eating and drinking: for flesh being added to flesh, bones to bones, and all the other parts joined to their similar parts by nourishment, make a small bulk to swell and grow so that a little man be-

comes large. This was my thought : do you not think it was just ?

Yes, certainly, replies Cebes.

Mind what follows, says Socrates ; I thought likewise that I knew the reason why one man is taller than another by the head, and one horse higher than another ; and, with reference to plainer and more sensible things, I thought, for instance, that ten were more than eight, because two were added to it ; that two cubits were larger than one, because they contained one half more.

And what are your present thoughts of those things, says Cebes ?

I am so far, replies Socrates, from thinking that I know the causes of all these things, that when one is added to one, I do not believe I can tell whether it is that very one to which the other is added, that becomes two ; or whether the one added and the other to which the addition was made, make two together ? For in their separate state each of them was one, and not two ; and after their being placed one by the other, they became two. Neither can I tell how, upon the division of any thing, what was formerly one becomes two from the very minute of division ; for that cause is quite contrary to that which one and

one become two. There this one and that one became two, by reason of their being placed near and added the one to the other; but here this one thing becomes two by reason of its division and separation. Far less do I pretend to know whence this one thing comes; and by this method, i. e. by physical reasons, I cannot find out how the least thing takes rise or perishes, or how it exists; but without so much ceremony, I mix another method of my own with this; for by this I can learn nothing: having one day heard somebody reading a book of Anaxagoras, (33) who said the divine intellect was the cause of all beings, and drew them up in their proper ranks and classes, I was ravished with joy. I perceived there was nothing more certain than this principle, that the intellect is the cause of all beings. For I justly thought that this intellect, having methodized all things, and ranked them in their classes, planting every thing in the place and condition that was best and most useful for it; in which it could best do and suffer whatever the intellect had allotted to it; and I apprehend that the result of this principle was, that the only thing a man ought to look for, either for himself or others, is this better and more useful thing; for

having once found what is best and most useful, he will of necessity know what is worst and useless, since there is but one knowledge both for the one and the other.

Upon this score I was infinitely glad that I had found such a teacher as Anaxagoras, who, I hoped, would give a satisfactory account of the cause of all things; and would not only tell me, for instance, that the earth is broad or round, but likewise assign the necessary cause, obliging it to be so; who would point out to me what is best, and at the same time give me to understand why it was so. In like manner, if he affirmed the seat of the earth to be in the centre of the world, I expected he would give me a reason why it was so: and after I should have received sufficient instruction from him, designed never to admit of any other cause for a principle.

I prepared some questions to be put to him concerning the sun, moon, and other stars, in order to know the reasons of their revolutions, motions, and other accidents, and why what each of them does is always the best; for I could not imagine, that after he had told me that the intellect ranked them, and drew them up in order, he could give no other reason for that order than

this—that it was best. And I flattered myself with hopes, that after he had assigned both the general and particular causes, he would give me to know wherein the particular good of every individual thing, as well as the common good of all things, consists. I would not have parted with these hopes for all the treasures of the world. So I bought his books with a great deal of impatience, and made it my business to peruse them as soon as possibly I could, in order to a speedy knowledge of the good and evil of all things: but I found myself frustrated of my mighty hopes; for as soon as I had made a small progress in the perusal, I found the author made no use of this intellect, and assigned no reason of that fine order and disposition: but assigned, as causes, the air, whirlwinds, and waters, and other things equally absurd. His whole performance seemed to reach no farther than if a man should say that Socrates does all by the intellect; and after that, meaning to give a reason for my actions, should say, for instance, to-day I am set upon my bed, because my body is composed of bones and nerves; the bones being hard and solid, are separated by the joints; and the nerves, being capable to bend and unbend themselves, unite the

bones to the flesh and skin, which receive and include both the one and the other; that the bones being disengaged at the joints, the nerves, which bend and unbend, enable me to fold my legs as you see; and that, forsooth, is the reason that I sit in this posture. Or if a man pretending to assign the cause of my present conference with you, should insist only upon the second causes, the voice, the air, hearing, and such other things, and should take no notice of the true cause, viz. that the Athenians thought it fit to condemn me, and that by the same reason I thought it fittest for me to be here, and patiently wait the execution of my sentence; for I can safely swear that these nerves and these bones should long ere now have been translated to Megara, or Bœotia, if that had been fitter for me, and if I had not been still persuaded that it was better for me to endure the punishment I am doomed to by my countrymen, than to flee like a slave or a banished person. As I take it, it is highly ridiculous to assign such causes upon such an occasion, and to rest satisfied in them.

If it be replied, that without bones and nerves, and such other things I could not do what I mean to do, the allegation is true. But it savours of

the greatest absurdity to fancy that these bones or nerves should be the cause of my actions, rather than the choice of what is best ; and that my intellect is employed on that score : for that were to sink the difference between the cause and the effect, without which the cause could not be such. And yet the vulgar people, who take things by hearsay, and see by other people's eyes, as if they walked in thick darkness, take the true sense of things to be of that nature. Pursuant to this notion, some surround the earth with a vortex that turns eternally round, and suppose it to be fixed in the centre of the universe : others conceive it to be a broad and large trough, which has the air for its base and foundation. And as for the power of him who ranked and disposed of every thing to its best advantage, that is not in their view, and they do not believe that he is entitled to any divine virtue. They fancy they know of a stronger and more immortal Atlas, better able to support all things. And this good and immortal bond, that is only capable to unite and comprehend all things, they take for a Chimera.

I am of their mind, but would willingly enlist myself a disciple to any that could tell me this cause, let it be what it will. But since I could

not compass the knowledge of it, neither by myself nor others, if you please I will give you an account of a second trial I made in order to find it. I am very desirous to hear it, says Cebes.

After I had wearied myself in examining all things, I thought it my duty to be cautious of avoiding what happens to those who contemplate an eclipse of the sun; for they lose the sight of it, unless they be careful to view its reflections in water or any other medium. A thought much like to that came into my head, and I feared I should lose the eyes of my soul if I viewed objects with the eyes of my body, or employed any of my senses in endeavouring to know them. I thought I should have recourse to reason, and contemplate the truth of all things as reflected from it. It is possible the simile I use in explaining myself is not very just: for I cannot affirm that he who beholds things in the glass of reason, sees them more by reflection and similitude than he who beholds them in their operations. However, the way I followed was this: from that time forward I grounded all upon the reason that seemed the best, and took all for truth that I found conformable to it, whether in effects or causes; and what was not conformable I rejected, as be-

ing false. I will explain my meaning more distinctly, for I fancy you do not yet understand me.

I for my part, says Cebes, do not well understand you.

But after all, says Socrates, I advance no new thing. This is no more than what I have said a thousand times, and particularly in the foregoing dispute: for all that I aim at is to demonstrate what sort of a cause this is that I sought after so carefully. I begin with his qualities, which are so much talked of, and which I take for the foundation.

I say, then, there is something that is good, fine, just, and great, of itself. If you grant me this principle, I hope by it to demonstrate the cause, and make out the immortality of the soul.

I grant it, says Cebes: you cannot be too quick in perfecting your demonstration.

Mind what follows, and see if you agree to it as I take it: if there is any thing fine besides fineness itself, it must be such by partaking of that first good: and so of all the other qualities.

Are you of this opinion?

I am.

I protest, continues Socrates, I cannot well un-

derstand all the other learned causes that are commonly given us. But if any man ask me what makes a thing fine,—whether the brilliancy of its colours, or the just proportion of its parts and the like, I wave all these plausible reasons which serve to confound me ; and without ceremony or art, make answer, and perhaps too simply, that its fineness is only owing to the presence, or approach, or communication of the original fine being, whatever be the way of that communication : for I am not yet certain in what manner it is ; I only know certainly, that all these fine things are rendered such by the presence of this fine being. While I stand by this principle, I reckon I cannot be deceived ; and I am persuaded that I may safely make answer to all questions whatsoever, that all fine things owe their fineness to the presence of the above-mentioned being. Are not you of the same mind ?

Yes, certainly, Socrates.

Are not great and small things rendered such in like manner? If one told you that such a thing is larger than another by the head, would not you think the expression far from being correct? and would not you make answer, that whatever is larger, is rendered such by magnitude itself;

and what is smaller, owes its littleness to littleness itself? For if you said that such a thing is greater or smaller than another by the head, I fancy you would fear being censured for making both the greater and less thing to be such by the same cause; and besides, for using such an expression as seems to imply that the head, which is a small part, makes the largeness of the greater, which in effect is a monster; for what can be more absurd than to say, that a small matter makes a thing large? would not you fear such objections?

Yes, certainly, replies Cebes smiling.

By the same reason, would not you be afraid to say, that ten is more than eight and surpasses it by two? And would not you rather say, that ten are more than eight by quantity? In like manner, of two cubits, would not you say they are larger than one by magnitude, rather than by the half? For still there is the same occasion of fear.

You say truly.

But when one is added to one, or a thing divided into halves, would not you avoid saying, that in the former case addition makes one and one two? and in the latter, division makes one thing become two? and would not you protest that you

know no other cause of the existence of things than the participation of the essence that is peculiar to every subject; and consequently no other reason why one and one makes two, but the participation of duality, as one is one by the participation of unity? Would not you discard these additions, divisions, and all the other fine answers, and leave them to those who know more than you do? And, for fear of your own shadow, as the proverb goes, or rather of your ignorance, would not you confine yourself to this principle? And if any one attacked it, would not you let it stand without deigning him an answer till you had surveyed all the consequences, to see if they are of a piece or not? And if afterwards you should be obliged to give a reason for them, would not you do it by having recourse to some of these other hypotheses, that should appear to be the best; and so proceed from hypothesis to hypothesis, till you lighted upon something that satisfied you as being a sure and standing truth? At the same time you would not perplex and confound all things, as those disputants do who call every thing in question. It is true, these disputants perhaps are not much concerned for the truth; and by thus mingling and perplexing all things by

an effect of their profound knowledge, they are sure to please themselves. But as for you, if you are true philosophers, you will do as I say.

Simmias and Cebes jointly replied that he said well.

Echer. Indeed, Phædon, I think it no wonder ; for to my mind Socrates explained his principles with a wonderful neatness, sufficient to make an impression upon any man of common sense.

Phaed. All the audience thought the same.

Echer. Even we, who have it only at second hand, find it so. But what was said next ?

Phaed. If I remember right, after they had granted that the species of things have a real subsistence, and that the things participating in their nature take their denomination from them ; then, I say, Socrates interrogated Cebes as follows :

If your principle be true, when you say Simmias is larger than Socrates and less than Phædon ; do not you imply that both magnitude and littleness are lodged at the same time in Simmias ?

Yes, replies Cebes.

But do you not own that this proposition, Simmias is larger than Socrates, is not absolutely and

in itself true? For Simmias is not larger because he is Simmias, but because he is possessed of magnitude. Neither is he larger than Socrates, because Socrates is Socrates, but because Socrates has littleness in comparison with the magnitude of Simmias. Neither is Simmias less than Phædon because Phædon is Phædon, but because Phædon is large when compared with Simmias who is little.

That is true.

Thus, continues Socrates, Simmias is called both big and little, as being between two; by partaking of bigness he is larger than Socrates, and by partaking also of littleness he is less than Phædon. Then he smiled, and said, I believe I have insisted too long on these things; but I should not have amused myself with these large strokes, had it not been to convince you more effectually of the truth of my principle; for, as I take it, not only magnitude itself cannot be at the same time big and small; but besides, the magnitude that is in us does not admit of littleness, and has no mind to be surpassed; for either the magnitude flees and yields its place when it sees its enemy approaching, or else it vanishes and perishes entirely; and when once it has received it, it desires to continue as it is. As I, for instance, having received littleness while

I am as you see me, cannot but be little ; for that which is big does never attempt to be little ; and in like manner, littleness never encroaches upon magnitude. In one word, any of the contraries, while it is what it is, is never to be found with its contrary ; but either disappears or perishes when the others come in.

Cebes agreed to it. But one of the company, I forget who, addressed himself to Socrates thus: In the name of all the gods, did you not say contrary to what you now advance? Did not you conclude upon this, that greater things take rise from the less, and the less from the greater ; and, in a word, that contraries do still produce their contraries? Whereas now, as I take it, you alledge that can never be.

Whereupon Socrates put his head further out of the bed, and having heard the objection, said to him, indeed you do well to put us in mind of what we said, but you do not perceive the difference between the former and the latter. In the former, we asserted that every contrary owes its being to its contrary ; and in the latter, we teach that a contrary is never opposed to itself, neither in us nor in the course of nature. There we spoke of things that had contraries, meaning to

call every one of them by their proper names; but here we speak of such things as give a denomination to their subjects, which we told you could never admit of their contraries. Then turning to Cebes, did not this objection, says he, likewise give you some trouble?

No indeed, Socrates, replies Cebes; I can assure you that few things are capable to trouble me at present.

Then we are agreed upon this simple proposition, says Socrates, that a contrary can never be opposed to itself.

That is true, says Cebes.

But what do you say to this? Is cold and heat any thing?

Yes, certainly.

What, is it like snow and fire?

Certainly not, Socrates.

Then you own that heat is different from fire, and cold from snow?

Without doubt, Socrates.

I believe you will likewise own, that when the snow receives heat, it is no more what it was, but either gives way or completely disappears when the heat approaches. In like manner the fire will either yield or be extinguished when the cold

prevails upon it; for then it cannot be fire and cold together.

It is so, says Cebes.

There are also some contraries that not only give name to their species, but likewise impart it to other things different from it, which preserve its figure and form while they have a being. For instance, must not an odd number have always the same name?

Yes, certainly.

Is that the only thing that is so called? Or is not there some other thing different from it, which must be called by the same name because it belongs to its nature never to be without odds? For instance, must not the ternary number be called not only by its own name, but likewise by the name of an odd number; though at the same time to be odd and to be three are two different things. Now such is the nature of the number three, five, and all other odd numbers; each of them is always odd, and yet their nature is not the same with the nature of the odd. In like manner, even numbers, such as two, four, eight, are all of them even, though at the same time their nature is not that of the even. Do not you own this?

How can I do otherwise, says Cebes?

Pray mind what I infer from thence. It is, that not only those contraries, which are incapable of receiving their contraries, but all other things which are not opposite one to another, and yet have always their contraries; all these things, I say, are incapable of receiving a form opposite to their own, and either disappear or perish upon the appearance of the opposite form. For instance, number three will sink a thousand times rather than become an even number, while it continues to be three. Is it not so?

True, replies Cebes.

But, after all, says Socrates, two are not contrary to three.

Certainly not.

Then the contrary species are not the only things that refuse admission to their contraries; since, as you see, other things that are not contrary, cannot abide the approach of that which has the least shadow of contrariety.

That is certain.

Do you desire, then, that I should define them as near as possible?

With all my heart, Socrates.

Must not contraries be such things as give such a form to that in which they are lodged, that it is

not capable of giving admission to another thing that is contrary to them ?

What do you mean ?

I say, as I said but now, wherever the idea or form of three is lodged, that thing must of necessity continue, not only three, but to be odd.

Who doubts that ?

And, in course, it is impossible for the idea or form that is contrary to its constituent form ever to approach.

That case is plain.

Well, is not the constituted form an odd ?

Yes.

Is not even the form that is contrary to the odd ?

Yes.

Then the form of even is never lodged in three ?

Certainly not.

Then three is incapable of being even ?

Most certainly.

And that because three is odd ?

Yes. -

Now this is the conclusion I intended to prove, that some things, not contrary to one another, are as incapable of that other thing as if it were truly a contrary; as, for instance, though three is not contrary to an even number, yet it can ne-

ver admit of it. For two brings always something contrary to an odd number, like fire to cold, and several other things. Would not you agree then to this definition—that a contrary does not only refuse admission to its contrary, but likewise to that which, being not contrary, brings upon it something of a contrary nature, which by that sort of contrariety destroys its form?

I pray you let me hear that again, says Cebes, for it is worth while to hear it often.

I say, number *five* will never be an even number; just as ten, which is its double, will never be odd; no more three fourths, or a third part, or any other part of a whole, will never admit of the form and idea of the whole. Do you not understand me? And do you agree with what I say?

I understand you, and I agree with you too.

Since you understand me, says Socrates, pray answer me as I do you; that is, answer me not what I ask, but something else, according to the idea and example I have given you; I mean, that besides the true and certain way of answering spoken of already, I have yet another in my view that springs from that, and is fully as sure. For instance, if you ask me what it is, that being in my body, makes it hot, I would not give you this ig-

norant though true answer,—that it is heat; but would draw a more particular answer from what we have been saying, and would tell you that it is fire. And if you should ask what it is that makes the body sick, I would not say it was the sickness, but the fever. If you ask me what makes a number odd, I would not tell you that it is the oddness, but unity, and so of the rest.

Do you understand what I mean?

I understand you perfectly well, replies Cebes.

Answer me, then, continues Socrates, what makes the body live?

The soul.

Is the soul always the same?

How should it be otherwise.

Does the soul, then, carry life along with it into all the bodies it enters?

Most certainly.

Is there any thing that is contrary to life, or is there nothing?

Yes, Death is the contrary of life.

Then the soul will never receive that which is contrary to what it carries in its bosom? That is a necessary consequence from our principles.

It is a plain consequence, says Cebes.

But what name do we give to that which re-

fuses admission to the idea and form of evenness?

It is the odd number.

How do we call that which never receives justice, and that which never receives good?

The one is called injustice, and the other evil.

And how do we call that which never admits of death?

Immortal.

Does the soul admit of death?

No.

Then the soul is immortal.

Most certainly.

Is that fully demonstrated, or was the demonstration imperfect?

It is fully made out, Socrates.

If an odd number of necessity were incorruptible, would not three be so too?

Without doubt?

If whatever is without heat were necessarily incorruptible, would not snow, when put to the fire, withdraw itself safe from the danger? For since it cannot perish, it will never receive the heat, notwithstanding its being held to the fire.

What you say is true.

In like manner, if that which is not susceptible

of cold, were by a natural necessity exempted from perishing, though a whole river were thrown upon the fire, it would never go out ; but, on the contrary, would come off with its full force.

There is an absolute necessity for that, says Cebes.

Then of course we must say the same of what is immortal ; if that which is immortal is incorruptible, though death approach to the soul, it shall never fall in the attack. For, as we said but now, the soul will never receive death, and will never die, just as three, or any odd number, will never be even ; fire will never be cold, nor its heat be turned into coldness.

Perhaps some may answer, that it is true the odd can never become even by the accession of what is even while it continues odd ; but what would hinder the even to take up the room of the odd when it comes to perish ? To this objection it cannot be answered that the odd does not perish, for it is not incorruptible. Had we established its incorruptibility, we should justly have maintained, that, notwithstanding the attacks of the even, the odd of three would still come off without loss ; and we should have asserted the same of fire, heat, and such other things, should not we ?

Most certainly, says Cebes.

And of course, if we agree upon this—that every immortal thing is incorruptible; it will then follow, not only that the soul is immortal, but that it is incorruptible; and if we cannot agree upon that, we must look out for another proof.

There is no occasion for that, Socrates, replies Cebes; for what is it that should avoid corruption and death, if an immortal and eternal being be liable to them?

All the world will agree, says Socrates, that God, and life itself, and whatever else is immortal, does not perish.

At least, says Cebes, all men will profess so.

The course is absolutely necessary and certain. And, continues Socrates, when a man comes to die, his mortal and corruptible part dies; but the immortal part goes off safe, and triumphs over death.

That is plain and evident.

Then, my dear Cebes, if there be any such thing as an immortal and incorruptible being, such is the soul; and of course our souls shall live hereafter.

I have nothing to object, says Cebes, and cannot but yield to your arguments. But if Simmias,

or any of the company, has any thing to offer, they will do well not to stifle it; for when will they find another occasion for discoursing and satisfying themselves upon these important subjects?

For my part, says Simmias, I cannot but subscribe to what Socrates has said; but I own that the greatness of the subject, and the natural weakness of man, cause within me a sort of distrust and incredulity.

You have not only spoken well, says Socrates; but besides, notwithstanding the apparent certainty of our first hypothesis, it is necessary you should reconsider them, in order to a more leisurely view, and to convince yourself more clearly and effectually. If you understand them sufficiently, you will readily second my thoughts as much as is possible for a man to do; and when you are once fully convinced, you will need no other proof.

That is well said, replies Cebes.

There is one thing more, my friends, that is a very just thought, viz. that if the soul is immortal, it stands in need of cultivation and improvement, not only in the time that we call the time of life; but for the future, or what we call the time of eternity. For if you think justly upon this

point, you will find it very dangerous to neglect the soul. Were death the dissolution of the whole man, it would be a (34) great advantage to the wicked after death, to be rid at once of their body, their soul, and their vices. But forasmuch as the soul is immortal the only way to avoid those evils and obtain salvation, is to become good and wise. For it carries nothing along with it, but its good or bad actions, and its virtues or vices, which are the cause of its eternal happiness or misery, commencing from the first minute of its arrival in the other world. And it is said, that after the death of every individual person, the demon or genius that was partner with it, and conducted it during life, leads it to a certain place, where all the dead are obliged to appear in order to be judged, and from thence are conducted by a guide to the world below. And after they have there received their good or bad deserts, and continued there their appointed time, another conductor brings them back to this life, after several revolutions of ages. Now this road is not a plain road, else there would be no occasion for guides, and nobody miss their way. But there are several by-ways and cross-ways, as I conjecture from the method of our sacrifices and religious ceremonies. So that

a temperate wise soul follows its guide, and is not ignorant of what happens to it; but the soul, that is nailed to its body, as I said just now, that is inflamed with the love of it, and has been long its slave, after much struggling and suffering in this visible world, is at last dragged along against its will by the demon allotted for its guide. And when it arrives at that fatal rendezvous of all souls, if it has been guilty of any impurity, or polluted with murder, or has committed any of those atrocious crimes, that desperate and lost souls are commonly guilty of, the other souls abhor it and avoid its company. It finds neither companion nor guide, but wanders in a fearful solitude and horrible desert; till after a certain time necessity drags it into the mansions it deserves. Whereas the temperate and pure soul has the gods themselves for its guides and conductors, and goes to cohabit with them in the mansions of pleasure prepared for it. For my friends there are several marvellous places in the earth; and it is not at all such as the describers of it are wont to make it, (35) as I was taught it by one who knew very well.

What do you say, Socrates? says Simmias, interrupting him, I have heard several things of the

earth, but not what you have heard. Wherefore I wish you would be pleased to tell us what you know.

To recount that to you, my dear Simmias, I do not believe we have any occasion for the art of Glaucus. (36) But to make out the truth of it, is a more difficult matter, and I question if all the art of Glaucus can reach it. Such an attempt is not only above my reach; but supposing it were not, the short time I have left me, will not suffer me to embark in so long a discourse. All that I can do is, to give you a general idea of this earth, and the places it contains.

That will be enough, says Simmias.

In the first place, continues Socrates, I am persuaded, that if the earth is placed in the middle of heaven, (the air,) as they say it is, it stands in no need of air, or any other support to prevent its fall. For heaven itself is wrapped equally about it, and its own equilibrium is sufficient to keep it up. For whatever is equally poised in the middle of any thing that presses equally upon it cannot incline to either side, and consequently stands firm and immoveable. This I am convinced of.

You have every reason to be so, replies Simmias.

I am farther persuaded, that the earth is very large and spacious, and that we only inhabit that part of it which reaches from the river Phasis to the Straits of Gibraltar, upon which we are scattered like so many ants dwelling in holes, or like frogs that reside in some marsh near the sea. There are several other nations that inhabit its own parts that are unknown to us; for all over the earth there are holes of all sizes and figures always filled with gross air, and covered with thick clouds, and overflowed by the waters that rush in on all sides.

There is another pure earth above the pure heaven where the stars are, which is commonly called æther. The earth we inhabit is properly nothing else than the sediment of the other, and its grosser part which flows continually into those holes. We are immured in those cells, though we are not sensible of it, and fancy we inhabit the upper part of the pure earth; much after the same rate, as if one living in the depths of the sea, should fancy his habitation to be above the waters; and when he sees the sun and stars through the waters, should fancy the sea to be the heavens, and by reason of his heaviness and weakness, having never put forth his head or raised

himself above the waters, should never know that the place we inhabit is purer and finer than his, and should never meet with any person to inform him. This is just our condition, we are mewed up within some hole of the earth, and fancy we live at the top of all, we take the air for the true heavens, in which the stars run their rounds. And the cause of our mistake, is our heaviness and weakness, that keep us from surmounting this thick and muddy air. If any could mount up with wings to the upper surface, he would no sooner put his head out of this gross air, than he would behold what is transacted in those blessed mansions; just as the fishes skipping above the surface of the water, see what is done in the air in which we breathe, and if he were a man fit for long contemplation, he would find it to be the true heaven and the true light; in a word, to be the true earth. For this earth that we inhabit, these stones, and all these places are entirely corrupted and gnawed, just as whatever is in the sea is corroded by the sharpness of the salts. And the sea produces nothing that is perfect or valuable. It contains nothing but caves and mud; and wherever any ground is found, there is nothing but deep sloughs, nothing comparable to what we have

here. Now the things in the other mansions are more above what we have here, than what we have here is above what we meet with in the sea. And in order to make you conceive the beauty of this pure earth, situated in the heavens, if you please, I will tell you an interesting story that is worth your hearing.

We shall hear it, says Simmias, with a great deal of pleasure.

First of all, my dear Simmias, continues Socrates, if one looks upon this earth from a high place, they say, it looks like one of our packages covered with twelve bands of different colours. For it is varied with a great number of different colours, of which those made use of by our painters are but sorry patterns. For the colours of this earth are infinitely more pure and lively. One is an admirable purple, another a yellow, more sparkling than gold itself, a third a white, more lively than the snow, and so on of all the others, the beauty whereof leaves all our colours far behind it. The chinks of this earth are filled with water and air, which make up an infinity of admirable shadows, so wonderfully diversified by that infinite variety of colours. In this earth, every thing has a perfection answerable to its

qualities. The trees, flowers, fruits, and mountains are charmingly beautiful; they produce all sorts of precious stones of incomparable perfection, clearness, and splendour; those we esteem so much here, such as emeralds, jasper, and sapphire, are but small parcels of them.

There is not one in that blessed earth that is not infinitely more pretty than any of ours. The cause of all which is, that all these precious stones are pure, neither gnawed nor spoiled by the acidity of the salts, nor the corruption of the sediment or dregs that fall from thence into our lower earth, where they assemble, and infect not only the stones and the earth, but the plants and animals, with all sorts of pollution and disease.

Besides all these beauties now mentioned, this blessed earth is enriched with gold and silver, which being scattered all over in great abundance, casts forth a charming splendour on all sides; so that a sight of this earth is a view of the blessed. It is inhabited by all sorts of animals, and by men, some of whom are cast into the centre of the earth, and others are scattered about the air, as we are about the sea. There are some also that inhabit the isles, formed by the air near the continent. For there the air is the same

thing that water and the sea are here ; and the æther does them the same service that the air does to us. Their seasons are so admirably well tempered, that their life is much longer than ours, and always free from distempers ; and as for their sight, hearing, and all their other senses, and even their intellect itself, they surpass us as far as the æther they breathe in exceeds our gross air for simplicity and purity. They have sacred groves, and temples actually inhabited by the gods, who give evidence of their presence by oracles, divinations, inspirations, and all other sensible signs, and who converse with them. They see the sun and moon, without any intervening medium, and view the stars as they are in themselves. And all the other branches of their felicity are proportional to these.

This is the situation of that earth, and this is the matter of all that surrounds it. All about it there are several abysses in its cavities, some of which are deeper and more open than the country we inhabit ; others are deeper, but not so open ; and some again have a more extensive breadth but a less depth. All these abysses are bored through in several parts, and have pipes communicating one with another, through which there runs, just

as in the caves of Mount *Ætna*, a vast quantity of water, very large and deep rivers, springs of cold and hot waters, fountains, and rivers of fire, and other rivers of mud, some thinner and some thicker, and more muddy, like those torrents of mud and fire that are cast out from the mouth of Mount *Ætna*. These abysses are filled with these waters in proportion to their falling out of one into another. All these sources move both downwards and upwards, like a vessel hung above the earth; which vessel is naturally one, and indeed the greatest of these abysses. It goes across the whole earth, and is open on two sides. Homer speaks of it, when he says,

“ I will hurl him deep into the gulfs
Of gloomy Tartarus, where Hell shuts fast
Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen floor
As far below the shades, as earth from heaven.

Homer is not the only author that called this place by the name of Tartarus; most of the other poets did the same. All the rivers rendezvous in this abyss, and run out from thence again. Each of these rivers is tinged with the nature of the earth through which it runs. And the reason of their not stagnating in these abysses, is this, that they find no ground, but roll and throw their wa-

ters upside down. The air and wind that girds them about, does the same, for it follows them both when they rise above the earth, and when they descend towards us. And just as in the respiration of animals there is an incessant ingress and egress of air; so the air that is mingled with the waters accompanies them in their ingress and egress, and raises raging winds.

When these waters fall into this lower abyss, they diffuse themselves into all the channels of the springs and rivers, and fill them up; just as if one were drawing water with two pails, one of which fills as the other empties. For these waters flowing from thence, fill up all our channels, from whence diffusing themselves all about, they fill our seas, rivers, lakes, and fountains. After that they disappear, and diving into the earth, some with a large compass, and others by small turnings, repair to Tartarus, where they enter by other passages than those they came out by, and withal much lower. Some re-enter on the same side to that of their egress; and some again enter on all sides, after they have made one or several turns round the earth; like serpents folding their bodies into several rolls; and having gained entrance, rise up in the middle of the abyss, but

cannot reach farther, by reason that the other half is higher than their level. They form several very great and large currents, but there are four principal ones, the greatest of which is the outermost of all, and is called the ocean.

Opposite to that is Acheron, which runs through the desert places, and diving through the earth, falls into the marsh, which from it is called the Acherusian lake, whither all souls repair upon their departure from the body; and having stayed there all the time appointed, some a longer, some a shorter time, are sent back to this world to animate beasts.

Between Acheron and the ocean, there runs a third river, which retires—again not far from its source, and falls into a vast space full of fire. There it forms a lake greater than our sea, in which the water mixed with mud boils, and setting out from thence all black and muddy, runs along the earth to the end of the Acherusian lake, without mixing with its waters; and after having made several turnings under the earth, throws itself underneath Tartarus. And this is the flaming river called Phlegeton, the streams whereof are seen to fly up upon the earth in several places.

Opposite to this is the fourth river, which falls

first into a horrible wild place, of a bluish colour, called by the name of Stygian, where it forms the formidable lake of Styx. And after it has tingured itself with horrible qualities from the waters of that lake, dives into the earth, where it makes several turns, and directing its course over against Phlegeton, at last meets it in the lake of Acheron, where it does not mingle its waters with those of the other rivers; but after it has run its round on the earth, throws itself into the Tartarus by a passage opposite to that of Phlegeton. This fourth river is called by the poets Cocytus. Nature having thus disposed of all these things, when the dead arrive at the place whither their demon leads them, they are all tried and judged, both those who have lived a holy and just life, and those who have wallowed in injustice and impiety.

Those who are found to have lived neither entirely a criminal, nor absolutely an innocent life, are sent to the *Acheron*. There they embark in boats, and are transported to the *Acherusian* lake, where they dwell and suffer punishment proportionable to their crimes, till at last being purified and cleansed from their sins, and set at liberty, they receive the recompence of their good actions.

Those whose sins are incurable, and have been guilty of sacrilege and murder, or such other crimes, are by a just and fatal destiny thrown headlong into *Tartarus*, where they are kept prisoners for ever.

But those who are found guilty of curable sins, though very great ones, such as offering violence to their father or mother in a passion, or killing a man, and repenting for it all their life time, must of necessity be likewise cast into *Tartarus* : but after a year there, the tide throws the homicides back into *Cocytus*, and the parricides into *Phlegeton*, which draws them into the *Acherusian* lake. There they cry out bitterly, and invoke those whom they have deprived of life to aid them, and conjure them for forgiveness, and to suffer them to pass the lake and give them admittance. If they are prevailed with, they pass the lake, and are delivered from their misery ; if not, they are cast again into *Tartarus*, which throws them back into these rivers ; and this continues to be repeated till they have satisfied the injured persons. For such is the sentence pronounced against them.

But those who have distinguished themselves by a holy life, are released from these earthly

places, these horrible prisons; and are received above into that pure earth, where they dwell; and those of them who are sufficiently purged by philosophy, live forever without their body; and are received into yet more admirable and delicious mansions, which I cannot sufficiently describe, neither does the narrow limits of my time allow me to launch into that subject.

What I told but now is sufficient, my dear Simmias, to show that we ought to labour all our life time to purchase virtue and wisdom, since we have so great a hope, and so great a reward proposed to us.

No man of sense can pretend to assure you, that all these things are just as you have heard: but all thinking men will be positive that the state of the soul, and the place of its abode after death, is absolutely such as I represent it to be, or at least very near it, provided the soul be immortal; and will certainly find it worth his while to run the risk: for what danger is more inviting? One must needs be charmed with that blessed hope. (37) And for this reason I have dilated a little upon this subject.

Every one that during his life time renounces the pleasures of the body, that looked upon the

appurtenances of the body as foreign ornaments, and siding with the contrary party, pursued only the pleasures of true knowledge, and beautified the soul, not with foreign ornaments, but with decorations suitable to its nature, such as temperance, justice, fortitude, liberty, and truth, such a one, being firmly confident of the happiness of his soul, ought to wait peaceably for the hour of his removal, as being always ready for the voyage, whenever his fate calls him.

As for you my dear Simmias and Cebes, and all you of this company, you shall all follow me when your hour comes. Mine is now, and as a tragical poet would say, the surly pilot calls me aboard; wherefore it is time I should go to the bath: for I think it is better to drink the poison after I am washed, in order to save the women the trouble of washing me after I am dead.

Socrates having thus spoken, Crito addressed himself to Socrates, thus: Alas then! in God's name be it. But what orders do you give me and the rest here present, with reference to your children, or your affairs, that by putting them in execution, we may at least have the comfort of obliging you?

What I now recommend to you, Crito, re-

plies Socrates, is what I always recommended, viz. To take care of yourselves. You cannot do yourselves a more considerable piece of service, nor oblige me and my family more (38) than to promise me at this time so to do, whereas if you neglect yourselves, and refuse to form your lives according to the model I always proposed to you, and follow it as it were by the footsteps, all your protestations and offers of service will be altogether useless to me.

We shall do our utmost, Socrates, replies Crito, to obey you. But how will you be buried?

Just as you please, says Socrates; if you can but catch me, and if I do not give you the slip. At the same time, looking upon us with a gentle smile, I cannot, says he, compass my end, in persuading Crito that this is Socrates who discourses with you, and methodizes all the parts of this discourse; and still he fancies that Socrates is the thing that shall see death by and by. He confounds me with my corps; and in that view asks how I must be buried? and all this long discourse that I made to you but now, in order to make it out, that as soon as I shall have taken down the poison, I shall stay no longer with you, but shall depart from hence, and go to enjoy the felicity

of the blessed ; in a word, all that I have said for your consolation and mine, is to no purpose, but it is all lost, with reference to him. I beg of you, that you will be security for me to Crito, but after a contrary manner to that in which he offered to bail me to my judges ; for he engaged that I would not be gone. Pray engage for me, that I shall no sooner be dead, but I shall be gone ; to the end that poor Crito may bear my death more steadily ; and when he sees my body burnt or interred may not despair, as if I suffered great misery, and say at my funeral, that Socrates is laid out, Socrates is carried out, Socrates is interred. For you must know, my dear Crito, says he, turning to him, that speaking amiss of death is not only a fault in the way of speaking, but likewise wounds the soul. You should have more courage and hope, and say, that my body is to be interred. That you may inter as you please, and in the manner that is most conformable to our laws and customs.

Having spoken thus, he rose and went into the next room to bathe ; Crito followed him, and he desired we should attend him. Accordingly we all attended him, and entertained ourselves a while with a repetition and farther examination of what

he had said, another while in speaking of the miserable state that was before us. For we all looked upon ourselves as persons deprived of our good father, that were about to pass the rest of our lives in an orphan state.

After he came out of the bath, they brought his children to him; for he had three, two little ones, and one that was much older: and the women of his family came all in to him. He spoke to them some time in the presence of Crito, gave them his advice, and requested them to retire, carry his children along with them, and then come back to us. It was then towards sun setting, for he had been a long while in the little room.

When he came in, he sat down upon his bed, without saying much: for much about the same time the officer of the eleven magistrates came in, and drawing near to him, Socrates, says he, I have no occasion to make the same complaint of you, that I have every day of those in the same condition; for as soon as I come to acquaint them, by orders from the eleven magistrates that they must drink the poison, they are incensed against me and curse me; but as for you, ever since you came into this place I have found you to be the most even tempered, the calmest, and the best

man that ever entered this prison ; and I am confident that at present you are not angry with me ; doubtless you are angry with none, but those who are the cause of your misfortunes. You know them without naming. On this occasion, Socrates, you know what I come to tell you ; farewell, endeavour to bear this necessity with a constant mind. Having spoke thus, he began to cry, and turning his back upon us, retired a little. Farewell, my friend, says Socrates, looking upon him, I will follow the counsel you have given me. Mind, says he, what honesty is in this fellow ! During my imprisonment he came often to see me, and discourse with me : he is more worth than all the rest ; how heartily he crys for me ! Let us obey him with a handsome mien, my dear Crito, if the poison be brewed, let him bring it ; if not, let him brew it himself.

But, methinks, Socrates, says Crito, the sun shines upon the mountains, and is not yet set ; and I know several in your circumstances did not drink the poison till a long time after the order was given ; that they supped very well (39) and enjoyed any thing they had a mind to : wherefore I conjure you not to press so hard ; you have yet time enough.

Those who do as you say, Crito, says Socrates, have their own reasons ; they think it as just ^{so} as much time gained : and I have likewise my reasons for not doing so ; for the only advantage I can have by drinking it later, is to make myself ridiculous to myself, in being so foolishly fond of life, as to pretend to husband it in the last minute when there is no more to come. Go then my dear Crito and do as I bid you do, and not vex me any longer.

Whereupon Crito gave the sign to the slave that waited just by. The slave went out, and after he had spent some time in brewing the poison, returned accompanied by him that was to give it, and brought it all together in one cup. Socrates seeing him come in ; that is very well, my friend, says he ; but what must I do ? for you know best, and it is your business to direct me.

You have nothing else to do, says he, but whenever you have drunk it, to walk until you find your legs stiff, and then to lie down upon your bed. This is all you have to do. And at the same time gave him the cup. Socrates took it, not only without any commotion or change of colour or countenance, but with joy ; and looking upon the fellow with a steady and benign eye, as

he was accustomed to do, what do you say of this mixture, says he ; is it allowable to make a drink-offering of it ? Socrates, replied the man, we never brew more at once than what serves for one dose.

I understand you, says Socrates : but at least it is lawful for me to pray to the gods, they would bless the voyage, and render it happy. This I beg of them with all my soul. Having said that, he drank it all off, with an admirable tranquillity, and an inexpressible calmness.

Hitherto we had, almost all of us, the power to refrain from tears ; but when we saw him drink it off, we were no longer masters of ourselves. (40) Notwithstanding all my efforts, I was obliged to cover myself with my mantle, that I might freely regret my condition ; for it was not Socrates' misfortunes, but my own, that I deplored, in reflecting what a friend I was losing. Crito, who likewise could not abstain from crying, had prevented me, and risen up. And Apollodorus, who scarce ceased to cry during the whole conference, did then howl and cry aloud, insomuch that he moved every body. Only Socrates himself was not at all moved : on the contrary, he reprimanded them ; what are you doing, my friends, says

he? what such fine men as you are! O! where is virtue? Was it not for this reason that I sent off those women, for fear they should have fallen into those weaknesses; for I always heard it said, that a man ought to die in tranquillity, and blessing God? Be composed then, and show more constancy and courage. These words filled us with confusion, and forced us to suppress our tears.

In the mean time, he continued to walk, and he felt his legs stiff, he lay down on his back, as the man had ordered him. At the same time, the same man that gave him the poison, came up to him, and after looking upon his legs and feet, bound up all his feet with all his force, and asked him if he felt it? He said no; then he bound up his legs; and having carried his hand higher, gave us the signal that he was quite cold. Socrates likewise felt himself with his hand, and told us that when the cold came up to his heart, he should leave us. All his lower belly was already frozen: and then uncovering himself, (for he was covered,) Crito says he, (these were his last words) (41.) We owe a cock to Æsculapius, discharge this vow for me, and do not forget it.

It shall be done, says Crito; but see if you

have any thing else to say to us. He made no answer, and after a little space of time, departed. The man who was still by him, having uncovered him, received his last looks, which continued fixed upon him. Crito seeing that, came up and closed his mouth and eyes.

This, Echecrates, was the exit of our friend, a man who (42) beyond all dispute, was the best, the wisest, the greatest, and justest of all our acquaintances !

FINIS.

NOTES.

(1) THE patriotic and virtuous Cato, when he found that an ambitious tyrant had entirely subverted the liberties of his beloved country; and that there was not the least hopes of restoring her again to that republican splendour from which she had fallen; and vexed with the degeneracy of his countrymen.—After having twice read Plato's treatise, *on the immortality of the soul*, found the prospects of a future existence so glorious and so satisfactorily proven by the Grecian sage; that, with a sword he put a period to his existence.

(2) Echecrates was a native of Phlius, a city of Peloponesus, in the territory of Sicyon; he was a great admirer and strict follower of Socrates.

(3) Socrates, the most celebrated Philosopher of all antiquity, was a native of Athens. His father Sophroniscus was a statuary, and his mother Phaenarete was by profession, a midwife. For some time he followed the occupation of his father, and some have mentioned the statues of the graces, admired for their simplicity and elegance, as the work of his own hands. He was called away from this meaner employment, of which, however, he never blushed, by Crito, who admired his genius and courted his friendship. Philosophy soon became the study of Socrates, and under Archeleus and Anaxagoras he laid the foundation of that exemplary virtue which succeeding ages have ever loved and venerated. He appeared like the rest of his countrymen in the field of battle; he fought with boldness and intrepidity, and to his

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courage two of his friends and disciples Xenophon and Alcibiades, owed the preservation of their lives. But the character of Socrates appears more conspicuous and dignified as a philosopher and moralist, than as a warrior. He was fond of labour, he inured himself to suffer hardships, and he acquired that serenity of mind, and firmness of countenance, which the most alarming dangers could never destroy, or the most sudden calamities alter. If he was poor, it was from choice, and not the effects of vanity, or the wish of appearing singular. He bore injuries with patience, and the insult of malice or resentment he not only treated with contempt, but even received with a mind that expressed some concern, and felt compassion for the depravity of human nature. So singular and so venerable a character was admired by the most enlightened of the Athenians. Socrates was attended by a number of illustrious pupils, whom he instructed by his exemplary life, as well as by his doctrines. He had no particular place where to deliver his lectures, but as the good of his countrymen, and the reformation of their corrupted morals, and not the aggregation of riches, was the object of his study. He was present every where, and drew the attention of his auditors either in the groves of Academus, the Lyceum, or on the banks of the Ilyssus. He spoke with freedom on every subject, religious as well as civil; and had the courage to condemn the violence of his countrymen, and to withstand the torrent of resentment, by which the Athenian generals were capitally punished for not burying the dead at the battle of Arginusae. This independence of spirit, and that visible superiority of mind and genius over the rest of his countrymen, created many enemies to Socrates; but as his character was irreproachable, and his doctrines pure, and void of all obscurity, the voice of malevolence was silent.

Yet Aristophanes soon undertook at the instigation of

Melitus, in his comedy of the Clouds, to ridicule the venerable character of Socrates on the stage; and when once the way was open to calumny and defamation, the fickle and licentious populace paid no reverence to the philosopher whom they had before regarded as a being of a superior order. When this had succeeded, Melitus stood forth to criminate him, together with Anytus and Lycon, and the philosopher was summoned before the tribunal of the five hundred. He was accused of corrupting the Athenian youth, of making innovations in the religion of the Greeks, and of ridiculing the many gods whom the Athenians worshipped; yet false as this might appear, the accusers relied for the success of their cause upon the perjury of false witnesses, and the envy of the judges, whose ignorance would readily yield to misrepresentations, and be influenced and guided by eloquence and artifice. In this their expectations were not frustrated, and while the judges expected submission from Socrates, and that meanness of behaviour and servility of defence which distinguished criminals, the philosopher, perhaps, accelerated his own fall by the firmness of his mind, and his uncompromising integrity. Lysias, one of the most celebrated orators of the age, composed an oration in a laboured and pathetic style, which he offered to his friend to be pronounced as his defence in the presence of his judges.

Socrates read it, but after he had praised the eloquence and the animation of the whole, he rejected it as neither manly nor expressive of fortitude, and comparing it to Sicyonian shoes, which though fitting, were proofs of effimacy, he observed, that a philosopher ought to be conspicuous for magnanimity, and for firmness of soul. In his apology, he spoke with great animation, and confessed that while others boasted that they were acquainted with every thing, he him-

self knew nothing. The whole discourse was full of simplicity and noble grandeur, the energetic language of offended innocence. He modestly said, that what he possessed was applied for the service of the Athenians; it was his wish to make his fellow citizens happy, and it was a duty which he performed by the special command of the gods, whose authority, said he, emphatically, to his judges, I regard more than yours.

Such language from a man who was accused of a capital crime, astonished and irritated the judges. Socrates was condemned, but only by a majority of three voices; and when he was commanded, according to the spirit of the Athenian laws, to pass sentence on himself, and to mention the death he preferred, the philosopher said, *For my attempts to teach the Athenian youth justice and moderation, and render the rest of my countrymen more happy, let me be maintained at the public expense the remaining years of my life in the Prytaneum; an honour, O Athenians, which I deserve more than the victors at the Olympic games. They make their countrymen more happy in appearance, but I have made you so in reality.* This exasperated the judges in the highest degree, and he was condemned to drink hemlock. Upon this he addressed the court, and more particularly the judges who had decided in his favour in a pathetic speech. He told them that to die was a pleasure, since he was going to hold converse with the greatest heroes of antiquity; he recommended to their paternal care his defenceless children; and as he returned to the prison, he exclaimed; *I go to die, you to live: but which is the best the divinity alone can know.* The solemn celebration of the Delian festivals prevented his execution for thirty days, and during that time he was confined in the prison, and loaded with irons. His friends, and particularly

his disciples, were his constant attendants; he discoursed with them upon different subjects with all his usual cheerfulness and serenity. He reproved them for their sorrow, and when one of them was uncommonly grieved, because he was to suffer though innocent, the philosopher replied—*Would you then have me die guilty?* With this composure he spent his last days; he continued to be a preceptor till the moment of his death, and instructed his pupils on questions of the greatest importance. He told them his opinions in support of the immortality of the soul, and reprobated with acrimony the prevalent custom of suicide; he disregarded the intercessions of his friends, and when it was in his power to make his escape out of prison, he refused it, and asked with his usual pleasantry, where he could escape death; *where*, says he to Crito, who had bribed the gaoler and made his escape certain, *Where shall I fly to avoid this irrevocable doom passed on all mankind?* When the hour to drink the poison was come, the executioner presented him the cup with tears in his eyes. Socrates received it with composure, and after he had made a libation to the gods, he drank it with an unaltered countenance, and a few moments afterwards he expired. Such was the end of a man whom the uninfluenced answer of the oracle of Delphi, had pronounced the wisest of mankind. Socrates died 400 years before Christ, in the seventieth year of his age. He was no sooner buried than the Athenians repented of their cruelty; his accusers were universally despised and shunned; one suffered death, some were banished, and others, with their own hands, put an end to their life, which their severity to the best of the Athenians had rendered insupportable. The actions, sayings, and opinions of Socrates have been faithfully recorded by two of his pupils, Xenophon and Plato; and every thing which

relates to the life and circumstances of this great philosopher is now minutely known. To his poverty, his innocence, and his example, the Greeks were particularly indebted for their greatness and splendour; and the learning which was universally disseminated by his pupils, gave the whole nation a consciousness of their superiority over the rest of the world, not only in the polite arts, but in the more laborious exercises, which their writings celebrated. The philosophy of Socrates forms an interesting epoch in the history of the human mind. The son of Sophroniscus derided the more abstruse inquiries and metaphysical researches of his predecessors, and by first introducing moral philosophy, he induced mankind to consider themselves, their passions, their opinions, their duties, actions, and faculties. From this it was said that the foundation of the Socratic school drew philosophy down from heaven upon the earth. In his attendance upon religious worship Socrates was himself an example; he believed the divine origin of dreams and omens, and publicly declared that he was accompanied by a demon or invisible conductor, whose frequent interposition stopped him from the commission of evil and the guilt of misconduct. This familiar spirit, however, according to some, was nothing more than a sound judgment assisted by prudence and long experience, which warned him at the approach of danger, and from a general speculation of mankind could foresee what success would attend an enterprise, or what calamities would follow an ill-managed administration. As a supporter of the immortality of the soul, he allowed the perfection of a supreme being, from which he deduced the government of the universe. From the resources of experience, as well as nature and observation, he perceived the indiscriminate dispensation of good and evil to mankind by the hand of heaven; and he was con-

vinced that none but the most inconsiderate would incur the displeasure of their Creator to avoid poverty or sickness, or to gratify a sensual appetite, which at the end harass their soul with remorse and the consciousness of guilt. From this natural view of things, he perceived the relation of one nation with another, and how much the tranquillity of civil society depended upon the proper discharge of these respective duties. The actions of men furnished materials also for his discourse; to instruct them was his aim, and to render them happy was the ultimate object of his daily lessons. From principles like these, which were enforced by the unparalleled example of an affectionate husband, a tender parent, a warlike soldier, and a patriotic citizen in Socrates, soon after the celebrated sects of the Platonists, the Peripatetics, the Academics, Cyrenaics, Stoics, &c. arose. Socrates never wrote for the public eye, yet many support that the tragedies of his pupil, Euripides, were partly composed by him. He was naturally of a licentious disposition, and a physiognomist observed, in looking in the face of the philosopher, that his heart was the most depraved, immodest, and corrupted that ever was in the human breast. This nearly cost the satirist his life; but Socrates upbraided his disciples, who wished to punish the physiognomist, and declared that his assertions were true, but that all his vicious propensities had been duly corrected and curbed by means of reason. Socrates made a poetical version of Æsop's Fables while in prison.

(4) Phædon, an Athenian, was under great obligations to Socrates; for, being taken prisoner in war, and sold to a merchant that bought slaves, Socrates, who greatly admired his genius, induced Alcibiades or Crito to ransom him. After which he received him into the number of his friends and

disciples. He likewise had the honour of having this dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul, inscribed with his name.

(5) Phlias, like many other cities in ancient Greece, was too obscure for the Athenians to have any intercourse with it, except by their merchants, who casually traded there for a particular kind of wine, which the inhabitants of that district were famed for making.

(6) Apollodorus, a disciple of Socrates, a man of weak intellect, but remarkable for his attachment to his preceptor, when Socrates was condemned and going to prison, he cried out, "that which afflicts me most, Socrates, is to see you die innocent." Socrates smiled, and said, "My friend, would you rather see me die guilty?"

(7) Critobulus, Crito, Hermogenes, Epigenes, Aeschines, Ctesippus, and Menexemus: nothing more is known of these than that they were disciples of Socrates, and, after his death, having fled from Athens, they spread his doctrines over various parts of the world. Crito wrote several dialogues, but they are now lost.

Antisthenes, an Athenian, the founder of the sect of the Cynics, and had among his pupils the famous Diogenes; but when he had heard Socrates, he shut up his school, and told his pupils, "go seek for yourselves a master, I have now found one." He went every day forty stadia to hear the lessons of Socrates. Being asked by one of his pupils, what philosophy had taught him? he answered, to live with myself.

(8) Euclides, a native of Megara, and disciple of Socrates. When the Athenians had forbidden all the people of Megara on pain of death to enter their city, Euclides disguised himself in female apparel that he might escape their notice and gain an introduction into the presence of Socrates.

(9) Aristippus, a native of Cyrene, and disciple of Socrates. He was a great epicure, and founded a sect of philosophers at Cyrene. He was one of the flatterers of Dionysius of Sicily. He generally received the surname of Senior, to distinguish him from his grandson, who was a philosopher of the same name.

(10) The delicacy and keenness of this satire is thus explained by Demetrius Phalereus. Plato, says he, had a mind to suppress the scandal that Aristippus and Cleombrotus drew upon themselves by feasting at Ægina, when Socrates, their friend and preceptor, was in prison, without deigning to go to see him, or even to assist on the day of his death, though they were then at the entry of the Athenian harbour. Had he told the whole story, the invective had been too particular; but with an admirable decency and artfulness, he introduces Phædon giving a list of those who assisted at his death, and making answer to the question,—whether they were there or not? That they were at Ægina; pointing at once to their debauchery and ingratitude. This stroke is the more biting, that the thing points out the horror of the action. Plato might securely have attacked Aristippus and Cleombrotus; but he chose rather to make use of this figure, which in effect gives the greater blow. This is a notable piece of delicate satire. Athenæus, by charging Plato with slander upon this score, prejudiced himself more than Plato,

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who will always be held up for having this zeal for his master.

(11) The magistrates were the overseers of the prison and prisoners, and executed the sentences of the judges.

(12) Evenus, an elegiac poet of Paros, the first that said habit was a second nature.

(13) Simmias, a philosopher of Thebes, and a scholar of Socrates; he wrote some dialogues which are now lost.

(14) Cebes, a Theban philosopher, one of the disciples of Socrates; he attended his learned preceptor in his last moments, and distinguished himself by three dialogues that he wrote, but more particularly by his tables, which contain a beautiful and affecting picture of human life, delineated with accuracy of judgment and great splendour of sentiment.

(15) Philolaus was a Pythagorean philosopher, who could not fail to assert his master's doctrine of the unlawfulness of self-murder. He wrote only one volume, which Plato purchased at four hundred crowns.

(16) It would appear from this passage, that the exalted mind of Plato was still fettered by strong prejudices, the same as some of our philanthropists and philosophers are at this day, viz. that a portion of the human race are doomed by nature to remain slaves to their fellow-mortals.

(17) Probably the executioner meant by this advice to keep on good terms with Socrates, and save his money; for he

was to furnish the hemlock, of which a pound (the common dose) cost 12 drachmas, i. e. 3 livres and 12d.

When Phocion came to drink the poison, the quantity of hemlock proved not sufficient; and the executioner refused to prepare more except he had twelve drachmas paid him, which was the price of a full draught. As this occasioned a troublesome delay, Phocion called out to his friends, and said, "Since one cannot die on free cost at Athens, give the man his money." This execution was on the 19th day of April, when there was a procession of horsemen in honour of Jupiter. As the cavalcade passed by, some took off their chaplets from their heads, others shed tears as they looked at the prison doors; all who had not hearts entirely savage, or were not corrupted by rage and envy, looked upon it as a most impious thing, not to have reprieved him at least for that day, and so to have kept the city unpolluted on the festival.

The proceedings against Phocion put the Greeks in mind of those against Socrates. The treatment of both was equally unjust, and the calamities thence entailed upon Athens were perfectly similar.—See *Plutarch in Phocion*.

(18) *Suicide from love*.—We are perpetually reminded by some sad catastrophe that the simple ordinance of nature, devised for human felicity, are liable to frustration and disappointment from human conduct, or circumstances unforeseen by mortal sagacity. Adolescence unfolds the most delightful of all passions which can warm the breast, which each created being is destined by the grand arrangements of the universe to feel; for its subsistence is the prop of the world. The other passions are awakened at times and at seasons which may occur, but which may not occur because

no immediate and ulterior purposes seem dependent on their subsistence or their energies. They may remain eternally dormant amidst the advances of earthly concerns, and without interruption of their order. It is otherwise here; mutual affection must be necessarily involved, inspiring pleasure while renovating in endless series the depredation of time, and preserving the busy theatre of life from solitude. Yet is this the chief passion refined in the great laboratory of nature to be incorporated with our frame, productive of the most afflicting class of suicides! Oh love, how delicious are thy pure enjoyments to mortals! But were it shown how many victims thou hast sacrificed, all the blood thou hast spilt—the philanthropist would hate thee, or bury himself in a desert to be withdrawn from thy seductions.

Already have the fatal results of rage, of jealousy, disappointment, or inverted affections, been described. It is not inconsistent that they should be numerous: nor can they cease or be extirpated, so long as human frailty is liable to be thus overborn. But although they should appear most frequent from that passion which predominates over the rest, certain causes sometimes operate against them; while on the other hand they lead to deplorable catastrophes.

It is more unusual, indeed, that the stronger sex give way to despair, and yield up existence when their hope of possessing the object of desire is frustrated; but as they can freely shed their blood in testimony of the vehemence of affection, so can they resign life by becoming their own destroyers. It is true, that the important concerns which for common are specially allotted to their share may save them from solitary brooding over disappointment; but sudden resolves may be precipitately executed. Yet the larger catalogue of suicides among the fairer part of creation is a

lamentable record of the perverted issue of a passion originally designed for pleasure ; and that which follows the perjuries of men alone is the more cruel, because the bloom of youth and the age of inexperience so often conspire in paving the way to destruction. Even without the contrivance of stratagem, melancholy instances are afforded by some, too confident in their own strength, how feeble are all resolutions to steel the breast against those soft emotions destined to sway untutored mankind. Danger ever hovers in the train of passions : those who deal with them dwell in turbulence, and only self-control can forbid them the victory.

It is they which ensnare : it is they which, banishing the hold of reserve, loosen the zone of virgin safety ; which belie the rising frown in smiles ; which never find the fond delusion so grateful as when returned as it is inspired. Some there are who vow and mean to give an honest pledge ; who scorn deceit, and hasten to fulfil the assurance which indiscreet affection has prematurely rewarded. But that which passion promises, ascendant reason, nay, abating inclination, often refuses to sanction in performance. Wretched is she who finds, that in an unguarded moment treachery has lulled her to her ruin. Innocence is unsuspecting of guile : those of the worthiest nature think least of vice, they harbour nothing unseen, and so do the best and fairest fall. Where now are all those impassioned endearments, never fading while they were soliciting ? No excellence was sufficiently worthy, no ornament was too bright to adorn an image already transcendant. Where the fervid protestations plighting everlasting faith, speaking protection, inviting to confidence ? Where those delightful hours foretold of indissoluble union, always renovating, for always flowing from the pure source

of disinterested affection? Have they sunk under the load of treachery, or evaporated from cloying possession?

The change is frightful, perfidy has distilled its venomous dregs to wound the peace and stain the purity of its victim. While yet held in suspense, she strives to reclaim the destroyer—his cold disdain or stern repulse signify, in less equivocal language than from the lips, that the charms of beauty have waned in satiated passion. Conscious dishonour, and the bitter sneer of calumny, bid her fly the social throng: the shafts of disappointment, having fixed their barbs in her breast, plunge her in despair and desolation. O miserable fate! for the dawning of her days was glorious: robed by the graces, she rose refulgent in innocence; fascination hung on the melody of her voice. As the vernal flower is nurtured by the pearly dew, she flourished while her virtues unfolded under the kindly culture of paternal love. But the sun of her earthly joys has set; this sublunary sphere has been a scene of trial and sorrow; the night is gathering fast around her. But a brighter world opens a celestial asylum. Yet only a little suffering, transient, short and easily born,—and her soul is free.

“ Let not the youth inconsiderately tamper with the virtue of his mistress, and thus prove her assassin by his infidelity. Terrible examples warn the credulous and inexperienced maid of her danger, and teach her to preserve an incessant guard over herself.”

Were it not for certain counteracting principles summoned into operation, this distressing class of suicides perhaps would be immoderately extended. The resentment which naturally follows discovered treachery, inspires its victim with hatred, or excites a thirst to be revenged on the betrayer, which

could least be hoped from contemplations of suicide. Affection, also, naturally originating for her offspring, conquers the desire of death, and early sollicitudes regarding its welfare, tell the mother, who has endured so cruel an injury, to spare herself. After the first dire paroxysm of grief, time, that best unction of human smart, offers its balsam to alleviate the wound and restore composure. Nevertheless, many, too soft and gentle for indignation, too tender to bear the rude ruffling of adversity and the sharp edge of detraction, voluntarily perish from the dread of shame.

But it is difficult to trace the source of the catastrophe to a passion whose subsistence sensibility prompts mankind to disguise, much rather than to disclose to the inquisitive. That magnanimity which actuates the one sex, and that timid reserve animating the other, unite in urging both to concealment. It is so unlikely an issue to attend affection where known, because of all inducements that should be the strongest to survivance, another construction is put upon the deed: likewise, the definition of *suicide from Love* has so little correctness, that impatience, rage or jealousy, or chiefly grief, is more just and expressive. So the gamester commits suicide for his losses; not because he gained, but from regret at his misfortune, or from shame that he cannot keep his engagements.

No hazard is so deep as to involve the affections, no violence so great as when offered to excited sensibilities. Hence it is probable this kind of suicide never has been rare.

Suicide for the loss of kindred.—The anguish we endure on loosing our friends and relatives, testifies how unwilling we are to part with them; that we are never content with the longest enjoyment of their society; that we never can consent to their being torn from our embraces. But, consider-

ing the transience of earthly gifts, that all which we think our own is only lent to us and may be recalled without any warning, perhaps it is wrong to incorporate our affections so deeply with what is most perishable. Yet our sorrow is beyond the bounds of consolation. We beat our breasts and tear our hair; we murmur at the decrees of Providence and disturb the world with our lamentations. Sometimes affectionate parents have voluntarily resigned themselves to death, or united in the fate bereaving them of their children. Sometimes others, bound by the ties of consanguinity, have refused to remain behind. But chief of all has the privation of husbands and protectors, those guardians of tenderness, enlarged the too ample list of suicides. Beginning in the earliest ages of time, self-destruction subsisted thousands of years ago the same as it does at the present day in the east. The same piles were kindled, the same ceremonies observed in the sacrifice, and the same heroic devotion displayed by those from whom fortitude was to be the least expected. It spread in the west, extending to the north, and has been seen in the southern hemisphere. As if an inheritance in families, it has passed from mothers to daughters in lineal succession, so to speak, throughout repeated generations; nor can we say when it commenced among them, or how it closed. The historian of an ancient race of Messenians, thus continues: "if matters be so, three in successive descent from Marpeza slew themselves for the loss of their husbands."

Among the ancient Heruli, a tribe wont to appease their their deities by human sacrifice, the wife of any one deceased voluntarily strangled herself soon after at her husband's tomb, to prove her affection and procure the reward of posthumous fame. Her survivance induced everlasting shame, and was the reproach of his relations. On the banks of the

Vistula, there formerly dwelt the Winedi, described as "a wicked and odious race," but so affectionate in the conjugal state, that wives would not remain behind their departed spouses; and she who suffered death by her own hand, in order that her body might be consumed on the same pile as that of her husband, was renowned among the survivors.

The queens of Sweden accompanied their husbands to the shades, and their cremation at Upsal has been already commemorated, along with solitary examples in other countries. But all did not feel the duty alike imperious; for Saxo inveighs against a princess brought from Scotland, who dreaded to die with her husband Amleth. On a certain occasion, Eric, king of Sweden, had made a vow that he would not survive more than ten years, provided he could obtain the victory over his enemies; but as it was an established custom at that time to bury the wife along with the husband, his queen refused to reside with him until the period when his vow should be fulfilled.

But in the East, where human reason seems to be most disturbed by superstition, and the mental faculties ready to be wound up to the most violent excess of passion, it is an irreversible obligation on the surviving widow to follow her departed husband to the valley of death if she will not remain and be dishonoured. It is rarely that she needs persuasion, or to be reminded of her duty; though some, standing appalled by the terrors of approaching torment, or languishing still for the sweets of life, doubtless become a compulsory sacrifice.

Their common alacrity to mount the pile and sever themselves from the world, tell how willing they are to perish by the same flames which they themselves shall kindle.

No sooner has the husband breathed his last, than his

widow, immediately, and without the slightest hesitation, announces her determination to join his soul in paradise. While the spot is selected and the pile preparing, she is adorning herself as if for a festal day ; and comes forth decked in all her jewels and ornaments. A few religious ceremonies ensue ; she walks around the structure deliberately, with a collected countenance and a firm footstep, and fearlessly ascends its summit. Then taking an affectionate leave of her friends as she distributes her trinkets among them, she herself applies the torch, and clasping her deceased partner in her arms, their ashes mingle together.

But this is not the only fashion of suicide in the East, though it be the more frequent and the most encouraged there ; for sometimes widows voluntarily inter themselves alive with the bodies of their husbands, after similar ceremonies as those which are practised at cremation.

Shunning this fiery ordeal would incur disgrace, while passing through its torments is believed an unerring guide to eternal felicity, and seals the reputation of the victim. But above all, it is held a duty which is owing to the wedded state, insomuch that, with rare exceptions, concubines are not bound to commit themselves to the flames ; and an amicable competition has been seen between two surviving widows for the privilege of suicide. The duty of perishing is regarded as so imperious, that blooming widows refuse to listen to the prayers of their desponding kindred, or to escape where power would shelter them, and where the cooling affections of the aged cease to urge them to self-immolation for love. They put implicit faith in the joys of futurity, and dread the contemptuously attending evasion of the sacrifice ; which, independently of the warmth of regard for the deceased, are the motives influencing Eastern widows as well as those of other regions.

Suicide from the sense of inferiority.—Pride and vanity whisper illustrious notions of ourselves, and there is scarcely any external flattery too gross for our self-love to reject and despise. Confidence buoys us up in the belief of properties which we neither possess nor are capable of attaining, and thence is the means of fostering imperfections. The vehemence of self-love must be necessarily the source of every man's errors; for he who loves, is blind in respect to the object of his admiration. But a sense of self-unworthiness may also originate in the gloomy mind of those who never have been deficient in duty, like him in the Scripture, who, in spite of having obeyed the divine ordinances from his youth, still doubted his chance of penetrating the gates of heaven. Forgetting that the pleasures of the world have been devised for enjoyment, and that the delicacies of sense and the perceptions of the soul have been gifted on purpose to relish them, weak, vain, and ignorant devotees think of self-punishment as a cure for their defects, as if they alone had been entitled to come in a state of perfection from the hand of the creator. Frequently belief in self-unworthiness is a prelude to decided insanity. Mankind, besides this spiritual affection, are sometimes liable to that regarding temporal matters, which wounds them with painful consciousness of inferiority on a comparison with their fellows. The ancients fable a soothsayer, who, having found some other augur of superior skill and pretensions to himself, died of mortification.

Among the moderns, various narratives are preserved of rivals for excellence in the arts having had their imperfections forced on their notice by illiberal criticism, or by their own observation, so as to embitter their whole existence. Many persons, addicted to literature, after once offering favourite opinions to the public, and having been warned of their precipitation, never could resolve to adventure again.

Suicide from Indigence.—Notwithstanding the unconquerable violence of the passions, the sense of dishonour, the dread of an enemy, disappointed affections, or impatience of control, may lead to unreflecting suicide, that resulting from simple weariness of life, from melancholy or indigence, perhaps is the sequel of long premeditation. The statesman never quits the brink of a precipice; the warrior is always opposed to danger; the philosopher reasons himself in the belief that, conceiving death an evil, alone makes it so; and all feeling the uncertainties of their condition, who cannot consent to reverses, must be supposed in a certain state of readiness for that change which may be effected through the medium of their own hands. But is not this a grievous alternative to the watchful citizen, the lowly, industrious, and willing artizan, who vainly struggles to obtain his own and the bread of his dependent family? Are not the privations inseparable from an humble sphere, a sufficient evil in themselves, that the sun shall rise only to light the labourer to his toil, and go down with the scanty earnings which are to gain his scanty fare? Yet it is distressing to find that hardships may become intolerable even to those inured to rigour, that disappointments may prove greater than can be borne. As indigence urges mankind, they are the more reluctant to disclose the truth in soliciting relief of their necessities. Alas! the remark of the poet is too true, that poverty makes men ridiculous. The stratagems to disguise it are infinite. Patience and resignation, indeed, conjoined with confidence that Providence will not forsake the miserable, counteract the strongest inducements to suicide from poverty. Occupation, likewise, however inconsiderable, engaging the mind for the time, banishes painful reflections and mitigates sorrow: and so long as something better may be expected, we

never contemplate any thing worse. The impression conveyed by the surrounding objects, the scenery and its alternations, divert our thoughts from the unvaried theme in which they are bound up. A greater aggregate of misery is disseminated proportionally in great capitals than in the country; for those whom indigence approaches, shift their abode in hopes of meliorating their fortune; besides, mankind being sustained by each other, and compelled to call in each other's aid, promotes an influx to places already populous. The inhabitants of cities, too, are concentrated within narrow limits, bringing them under common and reciprocal observation: those of the country are widely dispersed. Their pride demands a better appearance than is consistent with their necessities, and they conclude that their mode of life should not seem contemptible in the eyes of their neighbours; an unhappy kind of emulation, indeed too generally diffused among all classes at the present day. Undoubtedly the sense of dishonour is sometimes an ingredient which operates even in the suicides of the indigent. A far greater proportion of destitute persons is said to perish in this way in Paris than in London.

Suicide from dishonour.—Sudden indignation, the sense of dishonour, and other sentiments awakened from social relations, are productive of catastrophes equal to those which are consequent on a long train of misery. But this is a principle which, when restricted within rational limits, is of infinite utility in the affairs of mankind; for those will fly from degradation who know their proper place and duties. It is the sense of dishonour which alike raises the weapon against the person of her who apprehends the violence of man to her virtue; or of the woman whose shame, though from human treachery, is betrayed to the world. It is this which induces

the suicide of the husband, who feels himself disgraced by the conduct of his wife; and of the mother, who cannot survive her daughter's criminality. It is the sense of dishonour which arms the commander against himself, whose oversight has lost the day; of the statesman who has fallen from his glory; of the magistrate who is wounded by indignity: nay, of the gamester, who cannot redeem his engagements; or of him from whom capricious fortune has reft of his all to plunge in penury. The sense of dishonour cements the social compact, and strengthens its integrity. It bids us disdain deficiency to ourselves in deficiency to our neighbours, and to spurn at the envious passion which demeans us to a level with the vile.

Yet may not the sense of dishonour, so laudable in its proper exercise and acceptance, be carried to an extent of which the rational can hardly approve? The wicked are not in our keeping; they may overpower us by their strength; they may contrive to steal indignities upon us, treacherously to waylay our steps, and brand our fairest name with calumny. But are we to take vengeance on ourselves, or hold that we are accountable for the deed that is another's, seeing our own actions only are within our control?

A great many instances could be related of this species of suicides; likewise those from weariness of life, escape from punishment and servitude, &c.; but in doing so, it would swell this note into an undue size, so that it would require separate treatise, rather than a note, to give them all at full length.

(19) There is a pleasant passage to this purpose in the second book of his republic. They say, that by virtue of these purifications and sacrifices, we are delivered from the

torments of hell ; but if we neglect them, we shall be liable to all the horrors of the same.

(20) The thyrsus was a spear wrapt in vines or ivy, carried by the followers of Bacchus.

(21) This was the imagination of those who denied the immortality of the soul. The author of the book of wisdom has set them in their true colours. Our life (says he) is but a breath ; after death it vanisheth like a vapour, and passes like a cloud, or a mist dispersed by the rays of the sun. Then he tells us, that those who entertain themselves with such language, were not acquainted with the secrets of God, for God created man incorruptible, after his own image ; hence the hope of the just and good is full of immortality : this seems to have been the sentiment of Socrates.

(22) Plato seems to have levelled this satirical shaft at Aristophanes, who, in his comedy of the Clouds, has charged Socrates with amusing himself only with trifles.

(23) If death did not give rise to life, as life does to death, all things would quickly be at an end and tumble into their primitive chaos.

(24) "*Endymion*, a shepherd, son of *Æthlius* and *Calyce*. It is said that he required of Jupiter to grant him to be always young, and to sleep as much as he would ; whence came the proverb of *Endymionis somnum dormire*, to express a long sleep. *Diana* saw him naked as he slept on mount *Latmos*, and was so struck with his beauty that she came down from heaven every night to enjoy his company. *Endymion* married *Chro-*

nia, daughter of Itonus, by whom he had three sons—Paeon, Epeus, and Æolus; and a daughter called Eurydice. The fable of Endymion's amours with Diana, or the Moon, arises from his knowledge of astronomy; and as he passed the night on some high mountain, to observe the heavenly bodies, it has been reported that he was courted by the moon. Some suppose that there were two of that name, the son of a king of Elis, and the shepherd or astronomer of Caria. The people of Heraclea maintained that Endymion died on mount Latmos, and the Eleans pretended to show his tomb at Olympia in Peloponnesus.

(25) This appears to be the strongest argument Socrates makes use of.

(26) I have corrected this passage by reading $\mu\eta\ \gamma\epsilon\nu\alpha\iota\tau\omicron$; for without $\mu\eta$ it was not sense.

(27) The Greek exposition is very remarkable; it turns thus, *things upon which we have put this stamp, that it is so.* That is, to distinguish things that have no true existence.

(28) This is a great panegyric upon Socrates, and yet done with that modesty worthy of Plato.

(29) It would appear from this passage that the Greeks were acquainted with the art of embalming as well as the Egyptians.

(30) The *Argives* being routed by the *Spartans*, with whom they waged war for seizing the city of *Thyre*, cut their hair, and swore solemnly never to suffer it to grow till they had

retaken the town that belonged to them; which happened in the 57th Olympiad, when *Cræsus* was besieged at *Sardis*. *Herodot. lib. 1st.*

It was likewise a custom among the Greeks generally to cut off their hair at the death of their friends, and throw it into their tombs.

(31) If these are true, I am a great gainer with little trouble; if false, I lose nothing; on the contrary, I have gained a great deal: for besides the hope that supported me through my afflictions, infirmities, and weaknesses, I have been faithful, honest, humble, thankful, charitable, sincere, and true; and have only quitted false and contagious pleasures in exchange for real and solid ones.

M. Pascal, in his article 7th, has enlarged on this point, and backed it with a demonstration of infinite force.

(32) He calls *Cebes* another *Cadmus*, because, as *Cadmus*, by sowing the teeth of the dragon he had killed, fetched out of the bosom of the earth a race of fierce men that lived only one minute, so *Cebes*, by the opinion of the mortality of the soul, a thing more poisonous than the teeth of a dragon, made all men earthly and beastly, and left them but a very short life.

(33) *Anaxagoras* was the first that said the intellect or spirit of God ranked in the parts of matter and put them in motion; and it was that principle that ushered in his physics into notice. This fair exordium gave *Socrates* occasion to think that he would explain all the secrets of nature by unfolding the divine virtue displayed upon it, and assigning the reason why every thing was so and so. But

that philosopher did not keep up to his first principle ; for he waved the first cause, and insisted on second causes, and by so doing frustrated the expectations of his readers.

(34) The wicked would be happy if the soul were mortal. This principle has a considerable proof of the immortality of the soul couched in it ; for if the soul were mortal, virtue would be pernicious to the good, and vice would be serviceable to the wicked, which is unworthy of God, and by consequence there must be another life for rewarding the good and punishing the bad.

(35) *Socrates* does not mention who taught him this doctrine of the pure earth ; but it is not a hard matter to find out the author. *Proclus* himself acknowledges that *Socrates* and *Plato* owed this idea to the sacred tradition of the *Egyptians* and *Hebrews*.

(36) When they meant to imply the difficulty of a thing, they used to say, by way of proverb, that they stood in need of *Glaucus's* art, who, from a man, became a sea-god. But those who comment upon this proverb, alledge it was made upon another *Glaucus*, who invented the forging of iron ; but I am induced to believe the contrary, by this, that the fable of *Glaucus*, the sea-god, was founded upon his being an excellent diver ; to which it is probable *Socrates* alluded : in earnest, if one would visit the earth he speaks of, of which ours is only a sediment, he must be a better diver than *Glaucus* in order to pass the currents and seas that divide them. He must raise his thoughts above all earth or material things.

(37) The greatness of the subject, and the natural weak-

ness of man, are too great occasions of their uncertainty with reference to the immortality of the soul.

He exhorts his friends to survey his arguments more minutely after his death, being persuaded that the more they dwell upon them, the more they will be convinced of their truth.

(38) There is a great deal of sense in what Socrates here tells his friends: he desires them only to take care of themselves, and they will prove good men; and, being such, will do all good offices to his family, although they did not promise it: for good men are honest, and take pleasure in doing good, and love their neighbours. Whereas, if they neglect themselves, notwithstanding all their fair promises, they would not be capable to do any thing either for him or themselves. None but the good can be of essential service. How great is this truth!

(39) Crito's devotion to his master resembles that of Peter's to our Saviour, when he declared, although all should forsake thee, yet will I not. In like manner Crito exclaimed, most beloved master and teacher, how my heart bleeds at the thoughts of losing thee. I could find numberless excuses to delay the fatal draught that is to separate me and thee ever in this world: how I am affected at the thoughts of being deprived of him that taught me so much practical wisdom, for thou hast been a light unto my feet and a lamp unto my path. Ungrateful Athenians for depriving me and the world of such a god-like man; how will mankind in future ages execrate your memory for such a foul and murderous action!

(40) Here the reader becomes moved in a manner similar to that in the closing scene of a deep tragedy; in fact, he feels himself as one of the spectators of the last moments of Socrates, and participates in the same feelings that we suppose his disciples must have had at his exit.

(41) Those who have not penetrated into the true meaning of Socrates, charge him with idolatry and superstition, upon the score of this cock that he had vowed to Æsculapius. But these words should not be taken literally; they are enigmatical, as many of Plato's are, and can never be understood unless we have recourse to figures and allegories. The cock here is the symbol of life, and Æsculapius, the emblem of physic. Socrates' meaning is, that he resigns his soul into the hands of the true physician, who comes to purify and heal him. This explication suits admirably well with the doctrine taught by Socrates in this same treatise, when he shews that religious sacrifices were only figures. Theodoret had a juster notion of this passage than Lactantius and Tertullian; for he not only did not condemn it, but insinuated that it was figurative. In his seventh discourse of the cure of the opinions of the Pagans, I am persuaded, says he, that Socrates ordered a cock to be sacrificed to Æsculapius, to show the injustice of his condemnation; for he was condemned for acknowledging no God.

He owned a God, and showed that his God stood in no need of our sacrifices or homage, and required nothing of us but piety and good works.

(42) Xenophon, that faithful historian of the actions and memorable sayings of Socrates, gives him the same encomium; and having said that he was the best man in the

world, and the greatest favourite with God, concludes in these words:—And, truly, when I consider the wisdom and greatness of soul, so essential to this man, I find it not more out of my power to forget him, than to remember and not praise him. And if among these who are most studious to excel in virtue, there be any who found a person to converse with, more proper than Socrates for promoting his design, verily, we may well pronounce him the most fortunate of mankind. As for myself, knowing him of a truth to be such a man as I have described; so pious towards the gods, as never to undertake any thing without having first consulted them: so just towards man, as never to do an injury, even the very slightest, to any one; whilst many and great were the benefits he conferred on all with whom he had any dealings: so temperate and chaste, as not to indulge any appetite or inclination, at the expense of whatever was modest or becoming: so prudent as never to err in judging of good and evil; nor wanting the assistance of others to descriminate rightly concerning them; so able to discourse upon, and define with the greatest accuracy not only those things of which we have been speaking of, but likewise of every other; and looking as it were into the minds of men, discover the very moment for reprehending vice, or stimulating to the love of virtue. Experiencing, as I have done, all these excellencies of Socrates, I can never cease considering him as the most virtuous and the most happy of all mankind. But if there is any one who is disposed to think otherwise, let him go and compare Socrates with any other, and afterwards let him determine.

THE END.

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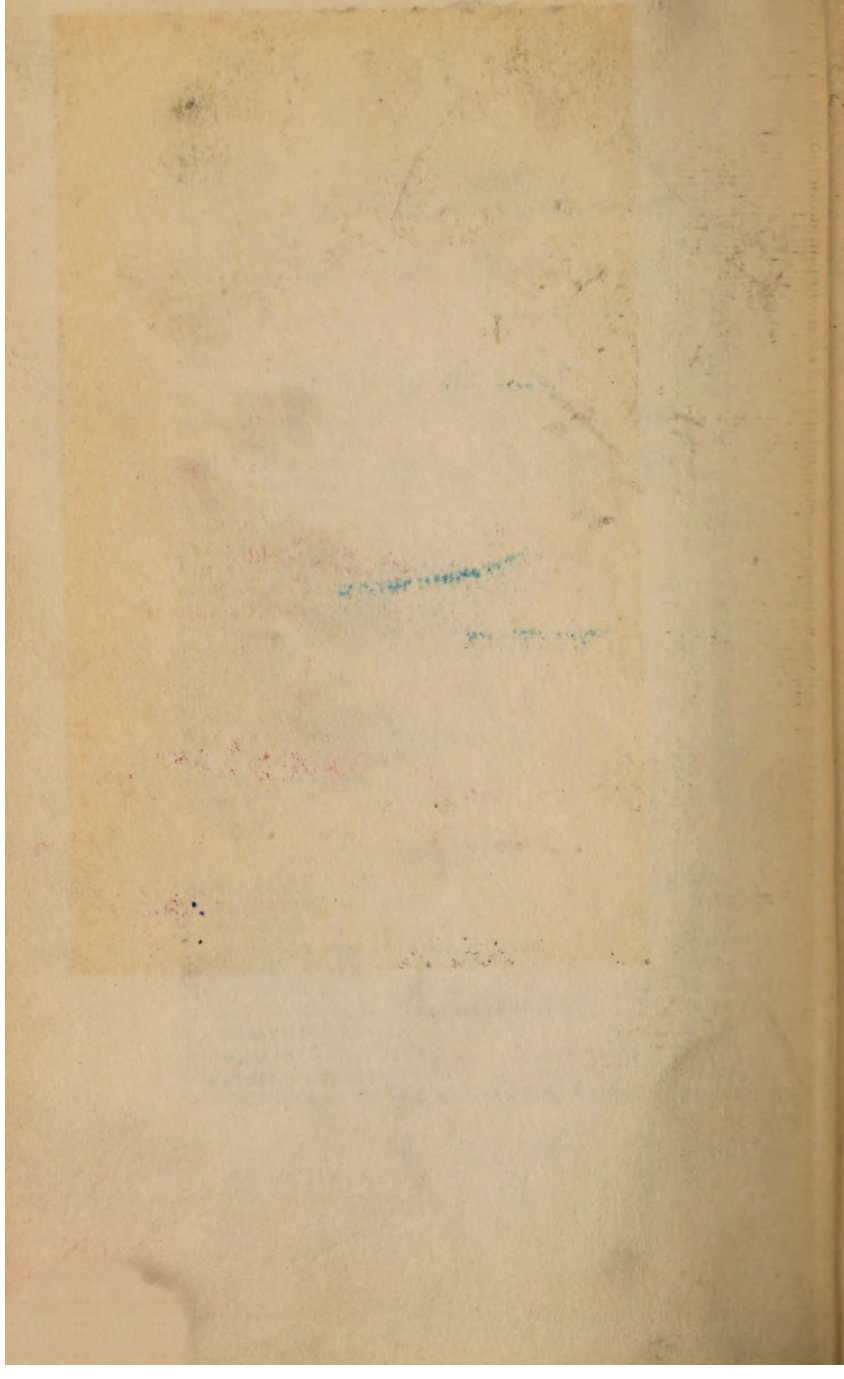
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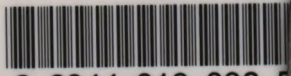


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