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L O N D O N ;

Printed for A. Bell, at the Cross-Keys and Bible  
Cornhill, near Stocks-Market, 1701.

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THE  
INTRODUCTION  
TO  
SOCRATES'S Apology.

**I**N *Eutyphron* we saw how *Socrates* attack'd the Superstition of the *Athenians* and the plurality of their Gods, by exposing the ridiculousness of the Fables with which their Divinity was stuff'd, and by that means endeavouring to bring 'em to the knowledge of the true God. They were a People devoted to Idolatry, and always upon their guard against Innovations; witness the *Acts of the Apostles*, where we see the *Athenians*, who were disturb'd at the preaching of *St. Paul*, cry'd out, *He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange Gods*. Now a People thus dispos'd, could not but be alarm'd by a Doctrine so opposite to their Errors. But that was not the first spring of their hatred of *Socrates*. The Vertue and generous Liberty of that wise Man procur'd him many secret Enemies, who, in order to get rid of a publick Cenfor that always twitted them with their Vices, decry'd him underhand, as being an impious Fellow, that meddled with suspected Sciences, and taught the way of promoting Injustice. *Aristophanes* was the most serviceable Instrument in spreading that Calumny. His Comedy of the Clouds had such an absolute influence upon the People, that it mov'd them to receive the Accusation brought against this Philosopher more than twenty Years after, branding him for a profligate Wretch that introduc'd new Deities.

Ch. 17. 18.

## *The Introduction to Socrates's Apology.*

Cause being formally brought to a Trial, *Socrates* was oblig'd to appear before his Judges, and answer those two sorts of Accusers. 'Twas above all upon this Occasion, as being the last act of his Life, that he admirably kept up the Character of an ancient Philosopher, endow'd with a divine Spirit, and a consummate Wisdom; who never did an unadvis'd Action, nor spoke so much as one Word amiss. Even Death it self, when threatned and presented to his view, could not oblige him to depart one minute from the Paths of Vertue and Justice. He speaks downright of his Innocence, and does not stoop to the cowardly base methods of begging Votes, that were then in use. He employs neither the Artifice nor Varnish of human Eloquence: He has no recourse to Supplications and Tears, he do's not bring his Wife and Children to soften the Judges with their Groans and Lamentations. His Defence do's not favour of any thing that's cringing, cowardly, base or little: His Discourse is high, masculine, generous, and becoming the liberty of a Philosopher. He gave in his Defences with so much plainness and simplicity, that some of the Ancients took occasion from thence to say, That he did not clear himself of the Charge. 'Tis true, he did not speak as Persons upon their Trial us'd to do. He contented himself with speaking to the Judges as he us'd to do in common discourse, and with proposing some Questions to his Accusers. So that his Part was rather a familiar Discourse, than a study'd Harangue, which did not suit with his Genius. However, even this his careless Apology, was true and to the purpose. *Plato*, who was then present, afterwards gather'd it into a Body; and without adding any thing to the Truth, form'd it into a Discourse, set off with an Eloquence, almost Divine; which, to my mind, do's infinitely surpass all the Master-Pieces of that nature yet known. No other Work can shew so much Candor and Ingenuity, joyn'd with so much Force. But, after all, the most admirable thing

## *The Introduction to Socrates's Apology.*

thing in this Discourse, is not its Eloquence, but the fine Sentiments 'tis full of. Here Generosity, Reason, Piety and Justice, are display'd with all their Splendör ; and the Maxims scatter'd here and there may justly be reckon'd Sacred. Who would not wonder at this Lesson of *Socrates* ? viz. *That a Prisoner arraign'd ought not to make it his business to raise the Pity of the Judge, that he ought to affect him by his Reasons, and not by his Requests ; and procure an Absolution by Justice and not by Favour : For a Judge is not plac'd on the Bench to oblige People by violating the Laws ; but to do Justice pursuant to them. He swears to this purpose ; and his Oath ought to be inviolable. Now an honest Man should not solicit his Judge to be guilty of Perjury ; and a Judge should not suffer himself to be impeigled. Else, two innocent Persons will become two Criminals.* He teaches that an honest Man ought always to stand to his Post, let the impending Danger be never so great ; that he ought to obey his Superiors, and part with his Life when they demand it. For, says he, *there's nothing more criminal and scandalous, than to disobey Superior Powers, whether God or Man.* He teaches us not to fear Death ; but Shame, which pursues Men more swiftly than Death it self. He is of Opinion that our ordinary Exercise should be, discourging of Vertue, and putting our selves to the test of its Rules ; *for a Life without examination, is no Life at all.* In one word, this *Apology* is a perfect Model of the due Conduct of an honest Man in all the Conditions of Life, and especially of the manner how a Person unjustly accus'd ought to defend himself.

Several Persons who assisted in the Court upon this Occasion, drew up *Socrates's Apology* ; in which every one produc'd the Arguments that occur'd to his memory, or those that affected him most ; and all of 'em kept true to the lofty and magnanimous Temper of this Philosopher. After all the rest, *Xenophon* compil'd one upon the relation



tion of *Hermogenes*, the Son of *Hipponicus*, for he himself was not then at *Athens*. Time has robb'd us of 'em all, except *Plato's* and *Xenophon's*: But 'tis apparent, that the one of these is much short of the other. In the first we meet with all the force of the greatest Disciple of *Socrates*, a Disciple that was present, and comes near to the true Original: Whereas the other presents us with the hand of a Disciple that was absent, and goes upon an imperfect Copy. However, even this imperfect Copy, is evidence that the Passages related by *Plato* are true; for *Xenophon* do's not only go upon the same Idea's of things, but likewise assures us that *Socrates* spoke as he, says he did.

From thence  
'tis evident,  
says *Xenophon*, that  
*Socrates*  
truly spoke  
in that sa-  
tion.

Book 3.  
Chap. 12.

Do but observe, says *Montagne*, by what Reasons *Socrates* rouses up his Courage to the hazards of War; with what Arguments he fortifies his Patience against Calumny, Tyranny and Death. You will find nothing in all this borrow'd from Arts and Sciences. The simplest may there discern their own Means and Power. 'Tis not possible more to retire, or to creep more low. He has done human Nature a great kindness, in shewing it how much it can do of it self. His Plea is plain and puerile, but of an unimaginaire height, and offer'd in the last extremity. His way of arguing is equally admirable for its Simplicity and its Force. 'Tis an easier matter to speak like *Aristotle*, and live like *Cesar*, than to speak and live as *Socrates* did. Here lies the greatest Difficulty, and the last degree of Perfection, that no Art can improve.

But before I launch into the Apology, 'twill be necessary to say something of the Familiar Spirit that govern'd *Socrates*, which has made so much Noise in the World. Some look'd upon it as *Chimera* and Fiction; others gave very different Accounts of it.

'Tis needless to observe that the Opinion of *Plato*, assigning to every Man from his very Birth a particular Genius or Angel to take Care of him, is a Ray of the Truth taught in the Holy Scriptures, where we hear of Men conducted by Angels,

and Jesus Christ himself saying, that *the angels of little Children do see the face of God in Heaven without interruption.* That cannot be question'd. Upon which Account *Origen* uses those as Calumniators, who would brand the Familiar of *Socrates* for a Fable. A certain Proof, that he was truly guided by a good Genius, is that all his Life long he was Pious, Temperate, and Just; that in all Cases he always joyn'd in with the right side; that he never injur'd any Man; that he always proclaim'd War against Vice, and attack'd false Religions; that the whole Business of his Life was to make Men more Honest, and acquaint 'em with Truth and Justice.

*In the 6th Book against Celsus.*

The only Difficulty is, to know how this Familiar gave him to understand its meaning, and what was the nature of that divine Voice. Doubtless Inspiration was the manner of conveyance. And *Plutarch* naturally leads us to that Thought, where he speaks of the Miracles recounted in *Homer*, who oftentimes introduces Deities coming to succour Men, and to inspire them with the knowledge of what they ought to do or avoid. His words are these. *We must either deny the Deity the Title of a moving Cause, or any Principle of our Operations; or else own that it has no other way of succouring Men and co-operating with them, than by calling up and determining the Will, by the Idea's it conveys into us.* For it do's not push or act upon our Bodies; it influences neither our Hands nor our Feet: But by Vertue of certain Principles and Idea's, which it calls up within us, it stirs up the Active Faculty of our Soul, and either pushes on our Will, or else checks it and turns it another way.

*In the Life of Carilianus.*

Here *Plutarch* is out, in giving too narrow a compass to the means by which God may succour men. See the Remark upon that Passage.

But some will object, That at this rate it was not a Voice. It was a Voice; that is, an impression upon the imaginative Faculty of the Soul: Such as happens often while one's asleep, and sometimes when awake; when one fancies that he hears and sees, tho' at the same time he hears nothing and sees as little. This was the Opinion that *Plutarch*

In his Treatise of the Genius of Socrates.

entertain'd. For he says, that *Socrates* was a Man of a clear Head, of an easie and calm Temper; that is, he was not mov'd by Trouble nor disquieted by Passion; and, consequently, was entirely dispos'd to listen to the suggestions of that *Genius*, which by Vertue of its Light alone influenc'd the understanding part of the Soul, and made the same Impression upon it, that a Voice do's after it has pass'd through the Organs of the Body. 'Twas this Voice that *Homer* so admirably describes, when, speaking of the Dream that came upon *Agamemnon*, he says, that a divine Voice surrounded him.

There is yet another Difficulty behind. 'Tis, why this Voice had only the Power of diverting *Socrates* from things, and never egg'd him on to any thing; for *Marcilius Ficinus* is certainly out, in pretending to give such a mysterious Account of the matter, as if the Genius of *Socrates* never push'd him on, because he was not of a Martial Spirit, and always dissuaded him because he was naturally heavy; as if the Divine Being had only given him the Light to deny, and not to affirm. This is the way to elude the Argument by splitting upon greater Difficulties, or pinning the Controverſie upon idle and frivolous distinctions. The more reasonable and natural account of the matter, is, that *Socrates* was vertuous to the last degree, and always bent to take up with whatever he took to be fair and honest; that upon other scores he had no business to mind but to live a simple and uniform Life, and consequently had no other occasion but to be reserv'd and backward, when his Reason offer'd to solicit him either to pass a false Judgment or to step a wrong Step.

In the Latin Translations this Apology is cover'd with Obscurity, because the Translators have not taken care to divide it, and did not perceive that it was made at three several times, which are distinctly pointed to, in the Translation I now present you with.

THE

# APOLOGY

OF

## SOCRATES.

**I** Know not, Athenians, what Impression the Harangues of my Accusers have made upon you. For my part, I own, that they have almost made me forget my self; so artfully are their Reasons colour'd and set off. And yet, I can assure you, they have not spoke one word of Truth.

But of all their Calumnies, that which surprizes me most, is, That they counsel you to beware of being seduc'd by my Eloquence, \* and endeavour to work you into a great Opinion of it. For certainly it is the height of Impudence, not to fear the shame of having the Lye given them; which I am about to do, by shewing that I am not at all Eloquent, unless they call him Eloquent who can speak nothing but the Truth. If that be their Plea, I own my self a great Orator, but not after their fashion; for I once more tell you, that they have not spoke one word of Truth: And I am now about to discover to you the naked Truth, in common and simple Expressions, without the Ornaments of the quaint Turns and pick'd Terms that set off their Discourses. For I have this confidence in my self, that I speak the

\* They cry'd up his Eloquence, in order to aggravate the Injustice they charg'd upon him; alledging, that he confounded the Idea's of Justice, and taught the way of putting a good Face upon bad Causes.

Truth,

Truth, and none of you ought to expect any thing else from me; and it wou'd be very unsuitable for one of my Age to come before you, like a School-Boy, with a study'd Harangue upon a fabulous Subject.

Wherefore the only Favour I desire and beg of you, is, that when you find my Defences given in the most ordinary and common terms and ways of expression, such as I am always wont to make use of in my ordinary Interviews with you on the Exchange and publick Banks, and the other Places where I us'd to meet you often, my request is that when ye find it so, ye wou'd not be surpris'd or incens'd against me, for I am about to tell you the matter of Fact just as it stands.

Tho' I am now seventy Years old, yet this is the first time that ever I enter'd this Hall: I am a stranger to it, unacquainted with its Language and Customs. Now were I a Foreigner, you wou'd readily grant me the favour of giving in my Defence in the language and manner of my own Country. In like manner I now beg of you, as a stranger to this Hall, and I think my Petition is just, that you'd grant me the same Favour, and overlook my ways of expression, which perhaps are not so good as others; tho', after all, it is possible they may be better, and only to mind whether I speak justly or not for that ought to be the chief view of a Judge, as the greatest Vertue of an Orator consists in speaking nothing but the Truth.

'Tis but reasonable that I shou'd first begin to answer the Charges of my first Accusers, and afterwards come up with the latter in their order; For I have had a great many Accusers before this Court these several Years; and all of 'em have advanc'd nothing but what's false. I am more afraid of my old Accusers, than of *Anytus* and his Complices. It is true, the latter display a great deal of Eloquence: but the others are the more to be redoubted, since they accosted you from your Infancy, and wheedled you into a belief of what Calumnies they pleas'd

They

They told you, there was one *Socrates*, a wise Man, that inquir'd into the actions of the Heavens and the hidden Treasures in the bosom of the Earth; who has such a dexterous way of perplexing the Ide'as of Justice and Truth, that he can make a bad Cause a good one.

The Men who spread those false Rumors are my most dangerous Enemies; for those who listen to their Surmises, are over-persuaded that Philosophers taken up with such Inquiries, believe no Gods. Besides, these Accusers are very numerous, and they have had a long while to concert their Plot; they are now very ancient, and took occasion to prepossess you with that Opinion, in an Age that generally is too credulous: For you were then but Infants for the most part, or at most in the first Years of your Youth, when they laid their Accusation against me before you, and carried it on at their own leisure, without any opposition: And, which is yet more unjust, I am not allow'd to know my Accusers. They get off with setting up a Comedian at the head of the Charge, while all those who through Envy or Malice have wrought you into a belief of these Falshoods, and continue still underhand to throw the same Calumnies about; these Men, I say, are allow'd to lie concealed: So that I have neither the power of calling them to Account before you, nor the pleasure of refuting them in your presence; and the only way of defending my self, is, to fight with a Shadow, and speak against I do not know whom.

Wherefore consider, Athenians, that I am now to encounter two sorts of Accusers, those who arraign'd me a great while ago, and these who summon'd me lately; and I entreat you to believe that I lie under a necessity of giving in my Answers immediately to the first sort.

Now is the time then, that I am to defend my self, and in so short a space of time I am to endeavour to root out of your Minds a Calumny that you have entertain'd a long while, and which has taken

ken deep root in them. I wish with all my Heart that my Defences could promote your Advantage as well as my own, and that my Apology might serve some more important Design, than that of justifying my self: But I perceive the Difficulties that lie in the way; and am not so blind, as not to see, where all this Bustle will terminate. God's Will be done. My business is to obey the Law and defend my self.

To return to the first Original of the Charge, upon which I am so much decry'd, and which inspir'd *Melitus* with a boldness to arraign me before you; let's see what was the Plea of these my first Accusers: \* For their Charge must be put into Form, as if it were writ, and Affidavits made. 'Tis this: *Socrates is an impious Man: With a criminal curiosity he pretends to penetrate into all that passes, in the Heavens, and to satbom what's contain'd in the Bowels of the Earth. He has the way of giving the Ascendant to Injustice; and is not content to reserve these Secrets to himself, but communicates them to others.*

This is the Accusation: The Heads of which you have seen in the Comedy of *Aristophanes*, where one *Socrates* is represented as hung up in a Basket, giving out that he walks upon the Winds; with many other such foolish Advances. Now these are Secrets that I am altogether a stranger to; I never gave my Mind to these sublime Sciences: Not that I despise them, or contemn those who are well vers'd in 'em, if any such there be, lest *Melitus* shou'd thereupon charge me with new Crimes: I wou'd only give you to know that I never meddled with these Sciences, as most of you can witness.

Since ye have so often convers'd with me, and that

\* *Socrates* treats the Calumnies of *Aristophanes* and his first Enemies, as if it were a just Charge formally presented upon Oath; for both the Accuser and the Prisoner were oblig'd to swear, that they wou'd advance nothing but Truth: And this they call'd *εὐρωσσία*.

there

there is so great a number of you who know me, I conjure you to declare if ever ye heard me speak of these things, either directly or indirectly. This may furnish you with certain Evidence; that all the other Articles of my Indictment are of a Piece with this, as being downright Untruths. And if ever you heard that I either taught, or requir'd a Reward for so doing, I'll justify it to be a downright Calumny.

Not that I disparage those, who are capable to instruct and teach Men, such as *Gorgias* of *Leontis*, *Prodicus* of *Ceos*, and *Hippias* of *Elea*. For these great Men have a wonderful Talent of persuading and retaining all the Youth of whatever City they go to; young Men that might apply themselves to which of their own Country-men they have a mind to, without any Charge, are so influenc'd by them, that they quit their own Country-men, and adhere to them only, paying round Sums, and acknowledging infinite Obligations besides. I have likewise heard, that there's yet another very ingenious Master in this City, who came from *Pavos*; for I met him to'ther day in the House of a Man that spends more upon Sophisters, than all the other Citizens put together, I mean *Callias*: Where happening to speak of *Callias's* two Sons, I address'd my self to him in this fashion; Had you two young Horses, wou'd not you want to put them into the Hands of some skilful Man, and pay him well, for making them handfom, and giving them all the good qualities they ought to have? And would not this skilful Man be some good Groom or an expert Husbandman? Now you have two Children, what Master have you pitch'd upon for them? Whom have we in Town, that's well vers'd in human and political Vertues? For doubtless you have consider'd that Question already, upon the account of your Children. Tell me then if you know of any? Yes, doubtless, reply'd *Callias*. Who is it, said I; what Country is he of; and what are his demands? 'Tis *Evenus*, reply'd he, from *Pavos*: He demands † 5 *Mine*. Whereupon I

† Fifty  
Crowns  
told



*The Apology of Socrates.*

told him, *Evenus* was happy, providing it was true that he knew the Art, and cou'd impart it to others.

As for me, Gentlemen, were I possess'd of such Endowments, I shou'd be proud of 'em, and glory in them: But such is my misfortune, I have no Title to them. I perceive you'll be ready to reply, \* *But what have ye done then, Socrates, and what occasion'd these Calumnies you are charg'd with? Had you never done more than your fellow Citizens, nor meddled with further business, these Reports of you wou'd never have had a being. Tell us therefore how the matter stands, that we may not pass an unadvised Sentence.* This, I take it, is a just Objection: Wherefore I'll endeavour to lay before you the occasion of my being so much decry'd and talk'd of. Give ear to me, and assure your selves that I'll speak nothing but Truth.

The disrepute I lie under, is only occasion'd by a sort of Wisdom within me. But what is this Wisdom? Perhaps 'tis merely human Prudence, for I run a great risk of being possess'd of none else; whereas those Men I mention'd but now, are wise above above a human pitch.

I can say nothing to this last sort of Wisdom, because I am a stranger to it; and those who charge it upon me, are lyars, and mean only to injure my Reputation. But I beg that you *Athenians* wou'd not be startled, if I seem to speak a little favourably of my self: I shan't advance any thing upon my own Authority, but shall produce an unexceptionable Author to vouch on my behalf. For a witness of my Wisdom, such as it is, I refer you to the God him-

\* Thus the words *τίσιν ἢ ἐν ᾧ πράττει* are to be render'd; and not as *de Serres* does, viz. *Quanam hac est tua res? What's your business then?* The Judges knew very well what was *Socrates's* business, and consequently can't be suppos'd to put that Question to him. But it is very probable they might ask him what it was that brought him thither, or what he had done to merit those Calumnies. *Marcilius Ficinus* was better acquainted with the Spirit of the Greek Language, for he render'd it, *Quodnam enim est opus?*

self that presides at *Delphi*. You are all acquainted with *Cairephon*, who was my Companion from my Infancy, and had the like Intimacy with most of you. He accompany'd you in your Exile, and return'd along with you. So that ye cannot but know what sort of a Man *Cairephon* was, and how eager in all his Undertakings. One day, being at *Delphi*, he had the boldness to ask the Oracle (once more I beg you wou'd not be surpris'd with what I am about to say) I say, he put this Question to the Oracle, Whether there was ever a Man in the World more wise than I. The Priestess made answer, That there was none. His Brother, who is yet alive, can assure you that this is true. Wherefore I intreat you, *Athenians*, to consider seriously the Reason why I present you with an account of all these things: For, it is only to shew you the spring of those false Rumours that have taken Air against me:

When I heard the Oracle's Answer, I put the question to my self; What does the God mean? What is the hidden Sense that lies couch'd under these words? For I am sensible, that I am intitled to no Wisdom, neither small nor great. What then does the God mean in giving me out for the wisest of Men? Since a Deity cannot lye. Thus I continued a long time in suspence about the meaning of the Oracle, till at last after a great deal of trouble, it came in my mind to make this trial. I went to one of our Citizens, that pass'es for one of the wisest Men in Town, and hop'd that by instancing him, as being a Person more wise than I, I should refute the Oracle. When I examin'd this Man, who was one of our greatest Politicians, and whose Name, I know, is a sufficient recommendation. I found that all the World look'd upon him as a wise Man, and that he had the like thoughts of himself, but in effect was no such Man. After this discovery I made it my business to convince him that he was not the Man he took himself to be. Now this was the occasion which render'd me odious to this Man, and to all those who assist'd at that interview. When

When I parted with him I reason'd within my self, and said to my self, I am wiser than this Man. 'Tis possible that neither he nor I know any thing that's good or valuable: But still there's this difference; he is possess'd with an Opinion of his own knowledge, tho' at the same time he knows nothing; but I, as I know nothing, so I pretend to know as little. So that upon this score, I thought my self a little wiser than he, because I did not think that I knew what I did not know.

After that I visited another that pass'd for a wiser Man than the former; but found him in the same Circumstances, and by that discovery gain'd new Enemies. However this did not discourage me. I continued to make the same Experiment upon others. I was sensible that by so doing I drew hatred upon my self, which gave me some trouble, because I dreaded the consequences of it. But I was convinc'd that I was bound to prefer the Voice of God to all Considerations, and to apply my self to the most reputable Men, in order to find out its true meaning. And now that I must tell you, O *Athenians*, the truth, the whole result of my Inquiry was this. All those who pass'd for the wisest Men, appear'd to me to be infinitely less dispos'd to Wisdom, than those who were not at all so esteem'd.

*'Tis a common thing, those who are least esteem'd are oftentimes the most wise.*

To continue the Account of all my Adventures, in order to refute the Oracle: Having visited all the great Statesmen; I address'd my self to the *Poets*, both Tragedians,\* Dithyrambicks and others; I made no question, but I wou'd be catch'd napping, as the saying is, by finding my self far more ignorant than they. I took up some of their most elaborate Performances; and put the question to 'em, what was their meaning, what Plot or Design they carried on in

\* The Poets who compil'd Hymns to the Honour of *Bacchus* were so called. These Dithyrambs were full of a sublime Rage, and consisted of bold and new-coin'd Words. And accordingly, in order to be successful in compiling 'em, there was a necessity of being transported with Fury and Enthusiasm. See our Remarks upon the 2d Ode of the 4th Book of *Hor.*

these

these Pieces; as if I mean'd to be instructed. Indeed, *Athenians*, I am ashamed to tell you the truth: but after all, since I must out with it, there was not *one* Man of the whole company that was not more capable to discourse of, and assign Reasons for the Poems, than their respective Authors: Thus in a little space of time, I discover'd that † Poets do not carry on their Work by the measures of Wisdom, but by a sort of Enthusiasm, and certain impulses of Nature, like Prophets and Divines, that speak of a great many fine things which they do not understand. The Poets seem'd to me to be cast in the same Mould; and at the same time I perceiv'd, that by reason of their Poetry, they look'd upon themselves as the wisest of Men, and admirably well vers'd in all other things, that have no relation to their business, and which they do not at all understand. Then I turn'd my back upon 'em, being convinc'd that I was above them upon the same score, that entitled me to a preference before the great Politicians.

*This is a mistake of Plato's, which I observed in his Life.*

Having done with the Poets, to conclude my Inquiry, I address'd my self to the Tradesmen: When I accosted them, I was fully convinc'd that I understood nothing belonging to their Profession, and that I shou'd find them to be Men of clear Understandings and ready Parts: And indeed I was not deceiv'd: They knew all that I was ignorant of, and upon that score were infinitely wiser than I. But after all, O *Athenians*, the wisest among them seem'd to fall foul upon the same Shelve with the Poets. \* For every Man of 'em presum'd so far upon his success in the way of his business, that he fancied himself to be admirably well vers'd in greater Matters: And this extravagant Fancy alone obscur'd their other commendable Qualities.

† Poems are not made by human Wisdom, but by a sort of Divine Inspiration; as *Socrates* makes it out, in the Dialogue call'd *Ion*.

\* This Presumption of the *Athenian* Tradesmen, is a sufficient Evidence of the Spirit of the People of *Athens*. They lov'd to meddle with and judge of every thing.

B b

Then

Then I put the question to my self, as arguing on the behalf of the Oracle; whether I shou'd rather chuse to continue such as I was, without either the Knowledge of that sort of Men, or their Ignorance; or to be entitled to both, and to be reduc'd to the same Category with them? I answer'd, both for my self and for the Oracle, That it was infinitely preferable to continue as I was. This, Gentlemen, is the source of that dangerous and mortal Hatred and Enmity, which rais'd all the Calumnies I am now charg'd with, and christen'd me *The Wise*. For all who hear me, believe that I know all things; and by Vertue of that Knowledge am enabled to discover and expose the Ignorance of others. But I am of Opinion, that there's none truly *Wise* but God himself; and that the Oracle mean'd so much, in giving us to know that the utmost extent of human Wisdom is no great matter; or, rather, that it is just nothing. And as for the Oracle's mentioning *Socrates*, doubtless my Name was only propos'd as an Instance; signifying to all Men, that the wisest among them, is he, who, like *Socrates*, disclaims all Wisdom in himself.

*God alone  
is Wise.*

*Who is the  
wisest of  
Men.*

Having fix'd upon this Truth, I purpos'd to fortifie the Idea yet more, and to obey God, in carrying on my Inquiry, not only among my own Country-men but likewise among strangers; in order to try if I could meet with any that were truly wise; and, in case I found none, to act the Part of an Interpreter to the Oracle, and convince the World that they are strangers to Wisdom. This my Design does so engross both my Time and my Thoughts, that I have not leasure, either to meddle in publick Business, or to take care of my private Affairs, and thus my Circumstances are so narrow in the World, by reason of that continual Service and Worship\* which I render to God.

Besides, a great many young Gentlemen, who are

\* By the Worship and Service done to God, he means the Pains he took in convincing the World, that they have no Wisdom, and that God alone is entitled to it.

come of rich Families and have Time at command, do willingly engage to follow me, and take so much pleasure in observing the Method in which I confute all other Men, that they afterwards endeavour to imitate me in baffling those they engage with: And it is not to be doubted, but that they meet with a plentiful Harvest, by reason of the infinite number of those vain Men, who fanfie they know all things, tho' at the same time they know nothing, or at least very little.

All those whom they convince of their Ignorance, have their Eye upon me and not upon them; and give it out, *that there's one Socrates, a profligate and infamous Wretch, who corrupts the Youth*: And if any Body asks them what *Socrates* does, or what he teaches; they know nothing of the matter: But to avoid being at a stand, they have recourse to these frivolous Reproaches that are commonly cast upon Philosophers, *viz.* That he dives into the Heavens and the bosom of the Earth; that he believes in no God, and colours bad Causes with a good Countenance. For they dare not tell the true matter of Fact, that *Socrates* is too hard for them, and exposes them for making a shew of knowing what they do not know. Thus it came to pass that my ambitious, violent and numerous Enemies, supported by a mutual Union, and back'd by an Eloquence capable to seduce men, did a great while ago suggest to you, the Calumnies they had forg'd against me; and now have taken off and inveigled *Melitus*, *Anytus* and *Lycon*. *Melitus* stands by the Poets; *Anytus* represents the Politicians and Tradesmen; and *Lycon* appears for the Orators. So that you see I had reason to tell you in the beginning of my Discourse, That I shou'd look upon it as a great Miracle, if in so short a time I cou'd unhinge a Calumny, that has had so much time to take root and fortifie it self in your Minds.

This, *Athenians*, is the whole and the naked truth. I conceal nothing from you, and I disguise as little

Tho' at the same time I am not ignorant, that all my advances upon this score do but exasperate the Wound. But even that is sufficient evidence that I speak the Truth, and point to the true source of these Imputations. As often as ye'll take the Pains to canvass them, whether now or at another time, you'll be fully convinc'd that it is so. And this, I take it, is a sufficient Apology, against my first Accusers.

I am now come up with the latter, and shall endeavour to answer *Melitus*; who, if the World will take his word for't, is a very honest Man, and very affectionate to his Country. To draw up the Indictment in form, as I did in answer to the first; the Purport of it is this: *Socrates is guilty of unjust things. He corrupts the Youth, by not believing the Gods receiv'd by his Country, and introducing new Deities.* To examine every Article apart.

His Plea is, That I am guilty of Injustice in corrupting the Youth. And I, on the other hand, alledge that *Melitus*'s is a very unjust Man, for arraighing Men, on purpose, to make a shew of taking much Care of things that he never troubled his head with. This Charge I am about to make good. I challenge you then, *Melitus*, tell me, is there nothing you mind so much as the promoting the Good and Integrity of young Men as much as is possible?

*Melitus.* No, sure there's nothing.

*Socrates.* But pray tell our Judges, who it is that can render the Youth better? For it is not to be question'd, but that you can tell who, since you make that so much your business. In effect, since you have found out and impeach'd the Person that corrupts them, you ought to tell who is able to set them right. Pray speak . . . . . You see, *Melitus*, you are put to a Nonplus, and know not what to answer. Does not this cover you with shame? Is not this a convincing Proof that you never minded the Education of Youth? But once more, Who is it that's able to better the Youth?

*Melitus.*

*Melitus.* The Laws.

*Socrates.* That is not the thing, my Friend. I ask you who 'tis? Who is the Man? For it is a plain Case, that the chief thing that the Man must be vers'd in, is the Laws.

*Melitus.* I tell you, *Socrates*, that these Judges are the Men.

*Socrates.* How do you mean, *Melitus*? What! Are these Judges the only Men capable to instruct and better the Youth?

*Melitus.* Most certainly.

*Socrates.* But, are all these Judges capable so to do? Or, is it only a particular number of them?

*Melitus.* All of 'em.

*Socrates.* You talk strangely. You have found out a great number of good Preceptors for us. But pray is the whole Audience capable likewise to better the Youth, or not?

*Melitus.* They are all likewise capable.

*Socrates.* And what do you say of the Senators?

*Melitus.* The Senators can also do it.

*Socrates.* But, my dear *Melitus*, do those who harangue the publick Assemblies corrupt the Youth; or are they capable in like manner to better them?

*Melitus.* They are all likewise capable.

*Socrates.* It will follow then, that all the *Athenians* are capable to instruct the Youth without me; and that it is only I who corrupts them. Is not this what you mean?

*Melitus.* It is just so.

*Socrates.* I must needs own, that by this means you fasten a very great misfortune upon me. However, pray go on, and answer me. What do you think? Are Horses in the same condition? Can all Men make them better, and is it only one Man that has the secret of spoiling them? Or, is it not just a contrary Case; that is, that only one Man, or a small number of Jockies, know how to better them, and the rest of Mankind, when they make use of 'em, do only spoil them? Now, is not the Case of



all other Animals just the same? It is certainly so, whether *Amytus* and you agree to it, or not: For it would be an infinite happiness and advantage to the Youth, if there were only one Man in the World that could corrupt them, and every Body besides were able to redress their Errors. But indeed, *Melitus*, you have given sufficient Proof, that the Education of Youth did never much disquiet you: And upon this occasion you have plainly given the World to know, that you never minded it. However, pray, *Melitus*, answer me as to this Point: Whether does a Man benefit more by living with honest Men, or with Knaves? Return me an Answer, my Friend; for I put no difficult Question to you. Is it not true that wicked Men do always give some bad Tincture to those who frequent their Company, and that good Men do always benefit those that live with them?

*Melitus*. Yes; doubtless.

*Socrates*. Is there any Man, who had rather chuse to be prejudic'd, than to be benefitted by those he lives with? Answer me; for the Law enjoyns you so to do.

*Mel*. No; there's none.

*Soc*. But now that you charge me with corrupting and debauching the Youth; whether do you alledge that I do it willingly and knowingly, or against my will?

*Mel*. Willingly and knowingly.

*Soc*. How then, *Melitus*, does your Wisdom, in the Age you are now of, surpass mine at this Age so far, that you know very well that wicked Men do always prejudice, and good Men benefit those who frequent their Company; and yet that I shou'd be so ignorant as not to know, that if I debauch any of my Followers, I run the risk of being prejudic'd by them, and at the same time continue to draw that Evil upon my self both willingly and knowingly? In this Point, *Melitus*, I do not believe you at all; neither do I think that any Man in the World can

can believe you. For one of those two things must be true; namely, either that I do not corrupt the Youth at all; or, if I do, that it is against my will and without my knowledge. Now turn the Case upon which of these two you will; it is plain that you are a Calumniator and a Lyar. Put the Case, that I corrupt the Youth against my will; the Law does not arraign Men for involuntary Crimes. But it orders that such Men as are guilty of them, shou'd be taken aside, inform'd of 'em, and privately reprov'd for their Errors; for 'tis plain, that if I be instructed to the full, I'll cease to be guilty of what I have committed against my Will, Now you have neither counsell'd me nor instructed me; but have arraign'd me before a Tribunal, which the Law has provided for those who deserve Punishment, and not for those who stand only in need of Remonstrances. This, Gentlemen, is a convincing Proof of what I alleg'd before; namely, that *Melitus* never minded or thought of these things.

But after all, pray tell, how it is that I corrupt the Youth. According to your Information, 'tis, by teaching them to disown the Gods acknowledg'd by their Country, and to honour strange ones. Is not this your Plea?

*Mel.* It is just so.

*Soc.* Then, *Melitus*, I conjure you in the Name of all those Gods, whose Interest is now concern'd, to explain your meaning more clearly, both to me and to our Judges. For I am at a loss to know, whether you allow that I teach the Youth to believe in any Gods, and only turn their Respect from the Gods of their own Country to Foreign ones; or, whether you charge me with believing no God at all, and shaking the Belief of others? Tho' at the bottom I am effectually persuaded that there are Gods; so that Atheism is none of my Crime.

*Mel.* I charge you with owning no God.

*Soc.* You are a strange Man! How can you talk

talk so? What! Do not I believe as other Men do, that the Sun and Moon are Gods? \*

*Mel.* Certainly, *Athenians*, he believes in no God; for he says the Sun is a Stone, and the Moon a piece of Earth.

*Soc.* My dear *Melitus*, you think you are speaking to *Anaxagoras*; and treat our Judges very contemptuously, in thinking them so void of Letters, as not to know that the Books of *Anaxagoras* and *Clazomenian* are stuff'd with such Stories. Besides, wou'd the Youth be at the trouble of learning from me such things as are contain'd in the publick Books which are sold every day in the *Orchestra* for a Drachma? This wou'd furnish them with a fair opportunity of deriding *Socrates*, for attributing to himself such things as are not only none of his, but likewise absurd and extravagant. But pray tell me; do you alledge that I own no God?

*Mel.* Yes, I do.

*Soc.* You advance incredible things, my dear *Melitus*; and are not consistent with your self. Suffer me to tell you, *Athenians*, that *Melitus* seems to me to be very insolent, and that he has laid this Accusation against me, out of a youthful presumption to insult over me: For he's come hither, as it were, to try me, in proposing a Riddle, and saying within himself, I'll see if *Socrates*, who passes for so wise a Man, will be able to discern that I'm upon the Banter, and advance contradictory things; or, if I can gull him and all the Audience. In effect his Information presents us with a palpable contradiction. As if he had said, *Socrates is guilty of Injustice in owning no Gods, and in owning Gods*. And this is Banter all over. That's the Notion I have of it. I beg you would listen to me; and, pursuant to my first Request, wou'd not be incens'd against

\* *Socrates* threw in this Ironical Expression, in order to expose the ridiculousness of the Religion of the *Athenians*, who look'd upon the Sun and Moon as Gods, which are only the Work of God's Hands.

me, for addressing you in my ordinary way of speaking.

Answer me, *Melitus*; Is there any Man in the World that believes that there are human things, and yet denies the being of Men? Pray answer, and do not make so much Noise. Is there any Man who believes that there are certain Rules for managing of Horses, and yet believes there is no such thing as a Horse? Is there any Man that troubles himself with Tunes for a Flute, and yet believes that no Man can play upon it? There's no such Man, to be sure; for since you will not answer your self, I'll answer for you. But pray answer me as to this Point: Is there any Man that believes divine things, and yet denies the being of a God?

*Mel.* No, certainly there's none.

*Soc.* What pains have I taken to wrest that word out of you! \* You acknowledge then that I believe and teach the being of Deities. So that whether they be new or old, you still own that I believe in Deities. And to this purpose you swore in your Information. Now, if I believe that there are Deities, I must necessarily suppose that there are Gods. Is not it so? Yes, doubtless. I take your silence for consent. But these Deities or Demons, do not we take them for Gods, or the Children of Gods? Answer me.

*Mel.* Yes, doubtless.

\* These Passages are more important than at first view they seem to be. Whoever believes, that there are such Creatures as the Children of Gods, believes that there are Gods; The acknowledging of Angels implies the belief of Gods; which is the thing that *Socrates* points to. These inferior Gods are Children and Ministers of the Supreme God, the God of Gods; Now *Socrates* own'd an infinite number of these subordinate Beings, which he look'd upon as a continued Chain descending from the Throne of God to the Earth, and as the Bonds of Commerce between God and Men, and the Medium which unites Heaven and Earth. This Notion of his might be taken from *Homer's* mysterious Chain; or, perhaps he had heard of *Jacob's* Ladder, the top whereof reach'd to Heaven, when the foot stood upon the Earth; upon which the Angels of God ascended and descended, *Gen.* 28. 12.

*Soc.*

*Soc.* And by consequence you acknowledge that I believe there are Demons, and that these Demons are Gods; you have now a fair Proof of my Allegation; namely, that you propos'd to me a Riddle, in order to divert your self to my cost; in alledging that I own'd no Gods, and yet believe there are Demons. For if Demons are Children of \* God, or Bastards, if ye will, since they are said to be born of Nymphs or other Women, who is the Man that owns the Children of Gods, and yet denies the Being of the Gods themselves? This is as great an Absurdity, as if one spoke of Colts and Eaglets, and yet deny'd the Being of Horses or Eagles. So that *Melitus*, 'tis a plain Case that you laid this Accusation against me, in order to make trial of my Parts; or else you must own that you have no lawful pretence for citing me before this Tribunal. For you will never convince any Man who has one grain of Sense, that the same Man who believes that there are such things as relate to the Gods and to Demons, will yet believe that there are neither Demons, nor Gods, nor Hero's. That's altogether impossible. But I need not enlarge my Defences before you, *Athenians*: What I have already said will suffice to make it out, that I am not guilty of Injustice, and that *Melitus's* Charge is groundless.

The Hatred  
and Envy of  
the People  
is always  
pernicious  
to honest  
Men.

As for what I told you in the beginning, about drawing the Hatred of the Citizens upon me; you may rest satisfied that it is just so: And that, if I die, I owe my death, not to *Melitus*, nor to *Anytus*, but to that Spirit of Hatred and Envy that reigns among

\* *Socrates* speaks thus in compliance with the Opinion of the People, who believ'd the Demons ow'd their Being to the Correspondence of the Gods with their Nymphs or Women. Now upon this occasion, it was not his business to attack that Error. 'Tis certain, that *Socrates* was not of that Opinion; for he had learn'd of *Pythagoras*, that Demons or Angels and Hero's, that is, devout Men and Saints, are the Sons of God, because they derive from him their Being, as Light owes it's Original to a luminous Body. And in his *Timæus*, speaking of the Generation of Angels or Demons, he says, 'tis above the reach of human Nature,

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the People, which has ruin'd so many honest Men, and will still continue to bring others to the like Fate. For it is not to be hop'd that my death will conclude the Tragedy. Were it so, my Life would be but too well spent.

But perhaps some will say, *Are not you asham'd, Socrates, that you apply'd your self to a study that now puts you in danger of your Life?* To this Objection I'll give a satisfying Answer: Whoever is the Man that puts it to me, I must needs tell him, that he's much out, in believing that a Man of any Valour or Vertue ought to regard the Considerations of Death or Life. The only thing he ought to mind in all his Enterprises, is, to see that his Actions be just, and such as become an honest Man. Otherwise it wou'd follow from your Proposition, that the Demi-gods who dy'd at the Siege of Troy, were all of 'em imprudent, especially the Son of *Thetis*, who was infinitely more careful to avoid Shame than Death; insomuch that his Mother seeing him impatient to kill *Hector*, accosted him, as I remember, in these Terms, *My Son, if you revenge the death of Patroclus by killing Hector, you'll certainly die your self.* Now her Son was so little mov'd by her Threats, and contemn'd Death so much, that he was infinitely more afraid to live like a Coward, and not resent the death of his Friends. *May I die immediately,* said he, *providing I do but punish the Murderer of Patroclus; providing I do not lie expos'd to Contempt, and accounted an useless Burden to the Earth.*

*In the 2<sup>d</sup>.  
Book of the  
Iliads.*

Now, what do ye think? Does he stand upon the consideration of Danger and Death? It is a certain Truth; *Athenians*, that every Man who has pick'd out to himself an honourable Post, or is put into it by his Superiors, ought to stand up steddily, maugre all the Danger that surrounds him, without considering either Death or what is yet more terrible, but bending his whole Care to avoid shame.

*Shame is  
more to be  
dreaded  
than Death.*

So that I shou'd be guilty of a monstrous Crime, if, after the faithful Services I have done, in exposing

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ing my Life so often in the Posts I was prefer'd to by our Generals, at *Potidea*, *Amphipolis*, and *Delium*, I should now be so transported with the fear of Death, or any other Danger, as to abandon the Post in which God has now placed me, enjoyning me to spend my life-time in the study of Philosophy, in examining my self and others. That indeed would be a criminal Desertion, and wou'd justly occasion the Arraignment of me before this Tribunal, as being a profligate Man that owns no Gods, disobey's an Oracle, fears Death, and believes himself Wise. For to fear Death, is nothing else, but to believe one's self to be wise when they are not; and to fantasie that they know what they do not know. In effect no Body knows Death; no Body can tell, but it may be the greatest Benefit of Mankind; and yet Men are afraid on't, as if they knew certainly that it were the greatest of Evils. Now is not this a scandalous Ignorance, for Men to fantasie they know what they do not know?

*What is the fear of Death.*

*It is the greatest Benefit to just Men.*

For my part I differ in that Point from all other Men, and if in any thing I seem more wise than they, it is in this, That, as I do not know what pass'es in the Regions below, so I do not pretend to know it. All that I know is this, That there's nothing more criminal or scandalous, than to be guilty of an unjust thing, and to disobey those who are better than we, or plac'd above us, whether Gods or Men. So that I shall never dread or endeavour to avoid those Evils that I do not know; and which, for any thing I know, may really be good. But I shall always dread and avoid those Evils which I certainly know to be such.

*Disobedience to our Superiors is not only criminal but shameful.*

Now, after all the solicitations of *Anytus*, in representing to you the necessity of bringing me to a Trial, and now that I am upon it, that you cannot dispense with my Life, lest your Sons who are already so much addicted to my Doctrine, should be entirely corrupted: Supposing, I say, that after all these Remonstrances, you shou'd say to me, *Socrates*,

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we have no regard to the Allegations of *Anytus*: We dismiss and absolve you, but upon this Condition, that you shall give over the proper suit of your Philosophy and wonted Enquiries; and in case you be found guilty of a relapse, you shall certainly die. If you cast my Absolution upon these Terms, I answer you, *Athenians*, That I honour and love you, but that I'll rather obey God than you; and that while I live I'll never abandon the exercise of Philosophy, in admonishing and checking you according to my usual Custom, and addressing my self to every one I meet in this fashion: *Since you are so honest a Man, and a Citizen of the famousest City in the World, equally renown'd for Wisdom and Valour, are not you ashamed to make it your whole business to amass Riches, and to purchase Glory, Credit and Honour; and at the same time to slight the Treasures of Prudence, Truth, and Wisdom, and not to think of improving your Soul to the highest Perfection it is capable of? If any Man denies this to be his Case, and maintains that he minds the Concerns of his Soul, I will not take his word for't; but I'll interrogate, examine and confute him; if I find that he is not truly Vertuous, but makes a shew of being such, I'll make him ashamed, and twit him with his ignorance, in preferring vile and perishing things, to those which are infinitely more valuable, and will never part from us.*

*Wisdom is a Treasure that Death it self cannot rob us of.*

In this fashion will I discourse the Young and the Old, the Citizens and Foreigners; but above all, you Citizens, for whom I am most concern'd. For, be it known to you, that I am commission'd by God so to do; and I'm fully persuaded that your City never enjoy'd so great an Advantage, as this my continued Service to God. All my business is to persuade you, both Young and Old, that you ought not to doat so much upon your Body, your Riches, and other things you are fond of, but should love your Souls. I ever tell you, that Vertue does not flow from Riches; but on the contrary, that Riches

*Riches and all good things are the product of Vertue.*



spring from Vertue ; and that all other Advantages accruing to Men, whether in publick or private stations, take rise from the same Fountain.

If by speaking these things I corrupt the Youth, then, of necessity, the Poyson must lie in those Maxims. For if they allege that I advance any thing different from these, they either are mistaken, or impose upon you. After that, I have only to say, that whether you do as *Amytus* desires or not : Whether you dismiss me, or detain me, I shall never act contrary to them, tho' I were to die for it a thousand times. Be not disturb'd, *Athenians*, at what I've said, but vouchsafe me the favour of a patient Hearing : As I take it, your Patience will not be in vain, for I have several other things to acquaint you with, which may be of use to you. You may assure your selves, that if you put me to death, me who loves your City so passionately, you'll prejudice your selves more than me. Neither *Amytus* nor *Melitus* can hurt me ; 'tis impossible they should.

\* Ill Men cannot do any real Injury to the good.

\* For God does not permit that the better sort of Men should be injur'd by those who are worse. All Men may kill us, or put us to flight, or bespatter us with Calumnies : And questionless *Amytus* and the rest look upon these things as great Evils, but for my part I am not of their Opinion. In my mind, the greatest of all Evils, is the doing what *Amytus* does in persecuting an innocent Person, and endeavouring to take away his Life by flagrant injustice.

So that upon this occasion, *Athenians*, 'tis not out of love to my self, but out of love to you, that I make this Defence. Do not sin against God by your Sentence, and prove unmindful of the Present he has made you. For if you condemn me to death, ye will not easily light upon such another Citizen, whom God has united to your City, † like a Fly

† When *Socrates* says, *They would look upon his Comparison as ridiculous* ; he twits the *Athenians* with the delicacy and niceness of their Ears and Taste : For the Comparison is not at all ridiculous, as being much the same with that made use of by the Prophet *Jeremiah*, 46. 20. *Egypt is like a very fair Heifer, but destruction cometh out of the North.*

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to a Horse (tho' perhaps you may look upon the Comparison as ridiculous) the Horse being generous and sprightly, but heavy by reason of his fatness, and standing in need of something to rouse and awaken him. As I take it, God has pitch'd upon me, to rouse and spur you up, and to be always among you: And upon my word, you'll scarce light on another that will perform his Office as I have done. So, if you believe me, you'll dismiss me.

But perhaps, like Men awaken'd when they have a mind to sleep, you'll be uneasy, and reject my Advice, and in compliance with *Arytus's* Passion will condemn me upon very slight grounds. Let it be so. But then you'll pass the remainder of your Life in a profound Lethargy, unless God take a particular Care of you, and send you another Man like me.

But to make it out that 'tis God who united me to your City, I present you with an infallible Proof, *viz.* That there's something more than human in my neglecting my own private Affairs for so many Years, and devoting my self wholly to your Interest, by taking you aside one after another, like a Father or an elder Brother, and incessantly exhorting you to apply your selves to Vertue.

Had I reap'd any Benefit or Advantage by my Exhortations, you might have something to say: But you see my very Accusers, who revile me with so much Impudence, have not had the face to charge me with that, nor to offer the least evidence of my demanding any Reward: And besides, my Poverty is an Evidence for me that cannot lye.

'Tis possible some may think it strange and unaccountable, that I should have meddled in giving private Advices, and yet had not the Courage to appear in the Conventions of the People to assist my Country with Counsel. The thing that hinder'd me so to do, *Athenians*, was this Familiar Spirit, this Divine Voice, that ye have often heard me speak of, and that *Melitus* has endeavour'd so much to ridicule. This Spirit has stuck by me from my infancy:

'Tis a Voice that does not speak but when it means to take me off from some Resolution ; for it never presses me to undertake any thing. It always thwarted me, when I mean'd to meddle in the Affairs of State, and that very seasonably ; for had I embarked in such matters, I had long ere now been out of the World, and had neither benefitted you nor my self. Pray, be not disturb'd if I speak my Mind without disguise. Whoever offers frankly and generously to oppose the whole Body of a People, whether you or others, and means to hinder the commission of Iniquity in the City ; will never escape with impunity. 'Tis absolutely necessary that he who stands up for Justice, should live a plain private Life, remote from publick Stations. This I'll make good, not by Words, but by matter of Fact ; upon which I know ye lay much stress.

Give ear to the relation of my Adventures, and you'll find that I am incapable of yielding to any Man, for fear of Death, in an unjust thing ; and that by reason of my not complying, I must unavoidably fall a Sacrifice to Injustice. I am about to talk of things that indeed are disagreeable ; but at the same time are very true, and such as have been transacted in your own Councils.

You know, *Athenians*, that I never bore any Magistracy (a), but was only a Senator. Our Antiochian Tribe was just come in their turn to the *Prytaneum*, when contrary to all the Laws, you at the same time resolv'd to indict the ten Generals, for not taking up and interring the Corps of those who were kill'd or drown'd in the Sea Fight at the Isles (b) of *Arginusæ* ; and would not condescend to try them separately : A piece of injustice that you afterwards

(a) The People of *Athens* were divided into Tribes, and 50 Men were chosen by turns out of each, who govern'd 35 Days ; and were call'd *Prytani*, or Senators.

(b) This Battel was fought by *Callicratides* the Lacedemonian General, against the ten Athenian Generals, who obtain'd the Victory. *Vid. Xenoph. lib. 1. Histor. Græc.*

were sensible of, and (a) regretted. Now I was the only Senator who upon that occasion dar'd to stand up and oppose the Violation of the Laws. I protested against your Decree, and notwithstanding all your Menaces and Out-cries, and the Advances of the Orators that were preparing an Accusation against me, I chose rather to endanger my self on the side of the Law and Justice, than to suffer my self to be frighted by Chains or Death into a tame compliance with such horrid Iniquity.

Xenophon gives the very same Testimony of Socrates.

This happen'd under the popular Form of Government; but after the establishment of *Oligarchy*, the thirty Tyrants (b) sent for me and 14 more to the (c) *Tholus*, and order'd us to bring *Leon* from *Salamina*, in order to be put to death; for by such Orders they meant to cast the Odium of the ill Actions upon several Persons. Upon this occasion I gave 'em to know, not by Words but by Deeds, that, to speak coarsly, I made no account of Death, and that my only Care was to avoid the commission of Impiety and Injustice. Notwithstanding the greatness of these 30 Tyrants, all their Power did not move or influence me to violate the Law and betray my Conscience.

In the 2d Year of the 39th Olymp.

Upon our departure from the *Tholus*, the other four went to *Salamina* and brought off *Leon*; and as for me, I retir'd to my House; and doubtless my Disobedience had been punish'd by death, had not that Form of Government been establish'd soon after. There are Witnesses enough to vouch for the Truth of all that I advance.

Now judge your selves if I could have liv'd so many Years, had I embark'd in the Affairs of State: 'Tis so far from that, *Athenians*, that neither I nor

(a) They afterwards repented of what they had done, and order'd the Seducers of the People to be prosecuted for Defamation.

(b) The 30 Tyrants were set up in the first Year of the 94th Olymp. being the 64th or 65th of *Socrates's* Age.

(c) The *Tholus* was a sort of Clerks Office, where the *Prisani* dined; and the Clerks sat.

C e

any

any Man living could have done it. However, you see the only thing I always aim'd at, whether in publick or private, was never to go along with any Man, no, not with Tyrants themselves, in an unjust thing.

As for the young People, whom my Accusers would have pass for my Disciples, I affirm that I never made a Trade of teaching. Indeed, if any Persons, whether young or old, were at any time desirous to see me and hear my Principles, I never declin'd to give 'em satisfaction; for as I do not speak for Money, so I will not hold my peace for want of it. I am at all times equally free to the Rich and the Poor, and willing to give 'em all possible leisure for asking their Questions; or, if any of 'em chuse rather to hear me, I give 'em satisfaction by answering my own Questions: And if any of these be found, either good or bad, I am neither to be praised nor blamed; for I am not the Author either of their good or bad Qualities. I never engag'd to teach 'em any thing, and in effect I never did teach 'em. If any of 'em boasts that he ever heard from me, or was privately taught any thing beside what I avow publicly to the whole World, you may assure your selves he does not speak the Truth.

Ye have now heard, *Athenians*, the reason why most People love to hear me, and converse so long with me. I have told you the naked Truth, *viz*, that they take a singular Pleasure in seeing those Men baffled who pretend to be wise and are not. And that you know is not at all disagreeable. I have likewise told you, that I receiv'd my Orders so to do from God himself, by Oracles, Dreams, and all the other Methods which the Deity makes use of to make known his Pleasure to Men.

If I did not speak Truth, you might easily convict me of a Lye. For, had I debauch'd the Youth, of necessity those who now are old, and conscious that I perverted their Youth, would rise up and prosecute me: Or, if they did not, to be sure their Fathers, Uncles,

cles, or Brethren, would find it their Duty to demand Revenge upon the Debaucher of their Sons, Nephews or Brethren. Now, I see many of those here present, particularly *Crito* the Father of this *Critobulus*, a Man of the same City and Age with my self, *Lysanias* the *Sphecian*, Father to this *Eschines*, *Antypho* a Citizen of *Cephisia* and Father to *Epigenes*, and several others whose Brethren assist at this Meeting, as *Nicostratus* Son to *Zotidas* and Brother to *Theodotus*. 'Tis true *Theodotus* is dead, and so has no occasion for his Brother's assistance: Besides those, I see *Paralus* the Son of *Demodocus* and Brother to *Theages*, *Adimantus* Son to *Aristo* and Brother to *Plato* who is now before you, *Aiantodorus* Brother to \* *Apollodorus*, and a great many more, of whom *Melitus* was oblig'd to have pitch'd upon one or two at least for Witnesses.

If it was an oversight in him, there's yet time enough; I allow him to do it now. Pray let him name them, if he can. But you'll find, *Athenians*, 'tis quite otherwise; all these Men, whose Children, whose Brethren *Melitus* and *Antyus* alledge I have debauch'd and entirely ruin'd; these very Men, I say, are all on my side. I do not offer to take shelter under those whom I have debauch'd: Perhaps they might have Reasons for defending me. But I put the Case upon those, whom I have not at all seduc'd, Men advanc'd in Years, and near Relations to these young Men: What other Reason should move them to protect me, but my Innocence and rightful Title? Do not they know that *Melitus* is a Lyar, and that I advance nothing but what is true? These, *Athenians*, are Arguments that may be urg'd in my Defence: And the others, which I pass over in silence, are of the same force and weight.

\* This *Apollodorus* was likewise present. He was a Man of a very weak Head, but one that lov'd *Socrates* entirely. When *Socrates* was condemn'd, and going to Prison, he cry'd out, *That which afflicts me most, Socrates, is to see you die in innocence. Socrates* stroaking his Head with his Hand, smil'd and said, *My Friend, would you rather see me die in guilt?*

But perhaps there are some among you, who calling to mind their being formerly arraign'd in the same Place where I now stand, will be incens'd against me, upon the account, that when they were in much less danger they made suppliant Addresses to their Judges with Tears, and to move their Compassion more effectually, presented their Children, with their Friends and Relations in this Place; whereas I have no recourse to such Refuges, notwithstanding that in all probability I run the most dangerous Risque that can be. 'Tis possible, I say, that the consideration of this Difference may whet their Passion against me, and move them to cast me with Indignation.

I am unwilling to believe that there are any such here; but if there be, the most reasonable Excuse I can plead, is this: I have Relations as well as they have. To use *Homer's* Expression, *I am neither sprung from Oak nor Stone, but am born like other Men.* I have three Sons, the eldest of whom is yet young, and the other two are but Infants: And yet I shall not bring 'em hither to get my self clear'd upon the Consideration of them.

Now, what is the reason that I won't do it? 'Tis neither a proud stiffness of Humour, nor any contempt of you; and as for my fearing or not fearing Death, that is another Question: 'Tis only with respect to your Honour and that of the whole City, that I decline it. For 'tis neither handsom nor creditable, either for you or me, to make use of such means at my Years, and under such a Reputation as I have; 'tis no matter whether it is merited or unmerited; since 'tis sufficient that by an Opinion generally receiv'd, *Socrates* has the advantage of most Men. If those who pass among you for Men of an uncommon Rank, preferable to the rest for Wisdom, Courage, or any other Vertue, should stoop to such unaccountable base and mean Actions, as if they were apprehensive of some great Evil accruing to them upon your condemning them to die, and expected Im-

Immortality by vertue of your Absolution: If these Men, I say should be guilty of such meanness, they'd affront the City extreamly; for they'd give strangers occasion to imagine that the most vertuous Men among the *Athenians*, those who are intitled to Honours and Dignities, by way of preference to all others, are nothing different from the lowest-spirited Women. Now this, *Athenians*, you ought to be aware of; you that are possess'd of some Reputation and Authority: And supposing I design'd to do any such thing, you would be oblig'd to stop me, and give me to know that you'd sooner condemn one that means to excite your Compassion by these Tragical Scenes, and by that means to expose your City to be ridiculed; than one that with Tranquility and Repose expects what Sentence you please to pronounce.

But to wave the Topick of the City's Glory, which is sensibly wounded by such Indignities; Justice it self forbids supplicating the Judge, or extorting an Absolution by Requests. A Judge ought to be persuaded and convinc'd. He is not plac'd upon the Bench to oblige Men by violating the Laws, but to do justice pursuant to the Laws. He is sworn so to do by an Oath that ought to be inviolable. 'Tis not in his Power to favour whom he pleases: He is oblig'd to do Justice. We ought not therefore to bring you into a custom of Perjury, and you ought to hinder those who attempt it. For both those who tempt you, and you who comply, do equally wound Justice and Religion, and both are involv'd in the guilt.

*The Duty  
of a Judge.*

Wherefore, *Athenians*, do not you expect that I'll have recourse to such things, as I take to be neither Creditable, Just, nor Pious, especially upon this Occasion where I stand arraign'd of Impiety by *Melitus*. Should I move you by Prayer, and force you to break your Oath, that would be evidence that I taught you to believe no Gods; and thus in offering to justify myself, I should entangle my self in the very



## The Apology of Socrates.

Charge of my Adverſaries, and prove againſt my ſelf that I believe in no Gods. But I am very far, *Athenians*, from being of that Principle. I am more convinc'd of the Being of a God, than my Accuſers are; and am ſo well ſatisfied in the Point, that I reſign my ſelf to you and to God, that ye may judge as ye think fit, both for your ſelves and for me.

*Socrates having ſpoken in this manner, the Judges put it to the Vote, and he was found guilty by 33 Voices: After which Socrates began again to ſpeak.*

**I** Am not at all troubled, *Athenians*, at the Sentence ye have now pronounc'd. Several things keep me from being diſturb'd, eſpecially one thing, *viz.* That I was fully prepar'd before-hand, and have met with nothing more than I expected. For I did not think to have come ſo near to an Abſolution, but expected to be caſt by a greater majority of Votes. I finding now that I am only caſt by 33 Votes, I ſanſie I have eſcap'd *Melitus's* Proſecution; and not only ſo, but I think 'tis evident, that if *Anytus* and *Lyſon* had not joyn'd in the Accuſation, \* he had loſt his 1000 Drachms; ſince he had not the fifth part of the Votes on his ſide. *Melitus* then thinks I deſerve death, in a good time! And as for me, what Punishment † ſhall I allot to my ſelf? You ſhall ſee plainly,

\* An Accuſer was oblig'd to have one half of the Votes, and a fifth part more, or elſe was fin'd in 1000 Drachms, *i. e.* 100 Crowns. *Theophrast.* in his Book of Laws; and *Demosthenes* againſt *Androtion*.

† To underſtand this, we muſt know, that when the Criminal was found guilty, and the Accuſer demanded a Sentence of death; the Law allow'd the Priſoner to condemn himſelf to one of theſe three Punishments, *viz.* perpetual Imprisonment, a Fine, or Banishment. This Privilege was call'd *ἀπομύδασι*; and was firſt enacted on the behalf of the Judges, that they might not ſcruple to paſs Sentence upon thoſe who by condemning themſelves own'd their guilt. *Socrates* was catch'd in this Snare; but *Xenophon* teſtifies that he did not condemn himſelf at all, and would not allow his Friends to do it, becauſe 'twas in effect an acknowledgment of the Crime. Only, in obedience to the Laws, and in order to proclaim his Innocence, inſtead of a Punishment, he demanded a Reward worthy of himſelf.

*Athenians,*

*Athenians*, that I'll pitch upon what I deserve, Now, what is't that I must condemn my self to, for not concealing what Good I've learn'd in my life-time, for slighting what others court very earnestly, I mean, Riches, care of Domestick Affairs, Offices, Dignities; and for never embarking in a Party or engaging in any Office, which things are commonly practis'd in this our City? I always look'd upon my self as a Man of more Honesty and Goodness, than to preserve my Life by such pitiful shifts. Besides, you know, I never would engage in any Profession that did not enable me at once to promote your Advantage and my own; and that my only Aim was, to be always in readiness to procure to each of you in private the greatest of all good things, by persuading you not to set your Mind upon your Possessions, till you had taken Care of your selves in studying Wisdom and Perfection; just as a City ought to be taken care of, before the things that belong to it; and in like manner every other principal thing is intitled to a preference in our Thoughts, before its Appurtenances.

After all these Crimes, what is my demerit? Doubtless, *Athenians*, if you proportion the Reward to the Merit, I deserve some considerable Good, suitable to such a Man as I am. Now what is't that's suitable for a poor Man that's your Benefactor, and wants leisure and opportunity for Exciting and Exhorting you? Nothing suits better with such a Man, than to be entertain'd in the *Prytaneum*; that's more due to him than to those of you that have brought off the Trophies of Victory from the Horses and Chariot Races in the Olympick Games. For these Victors purchase you a seeming Happiness by their Victories; but as for me, I make you really happy by mine. Besides, they stand not in need of such a supply, but I do. In justice therefore you ought to adjudge me a Recompence worthy of my self; and to be maintain'd upon the Publick is no more than I deserve.

*Those Victors were look'd upon as Gods.*

Perhaps you may charge me with Arrogance and Self-conceit in speaking thus to you, as you did but now, when I spoke against the Supplications and Prayers of Prisoners. But there's nothing of that in the case : Pray hear me.

'Tis one of my Maxims, That *knowingly and willingly we ought not to do the least harm to any Man*. My time is so short that I cannot upon this Occasion stay to recommend it to you. If the same Law prevail'd here that is observ'd elsewhere, enjoying that a Trial upon Life and Death should last not one but several days, I am persuaded I could make you sensible of its importance. But how is it possible to wipe off so many Calumnies in so short a space of time? However, being convinc'd that I ought to injure no Man, how should I behave towards my self if I own'd my self worthy of a Punishment, and pass'd Sentence against my self? What! Should I be afraid of the Punishment adjudg'd by *Melitus*, a Punishment that I cannot positively say whether 'tis Good or Evil; and at the same time pitch upon another sort of Punishment, that I am certain is Evil? Shall I condemn my self to perpetual Imprisonment? Why should I live always a slave to the eleven Magistrates? Shall it be a Fine, and continuing in Prison till I pay it? That is much at one, for I have nothing to pay it with. It remains then that I should chuse Banishment, and perhaps you will confirm my choice : But indeed, *Athenians*, I must needs be much blinded by the love of Life, if I did not perceive that, since you who are my fellow Citizens could not brook my Conversation and Principles, but were always so gall'd by them, that you were never at ease till you got your selves rid of me; much more will others be unable to brook 'em. That would be a pure way of living for *Socrates*, at these Years to be expell'd *Athens*, and wander from City to City like a Vagabond in Exile! I am very well satisfied, that wherever I went the younger sort would listen to me just as they do here : If I

thwart

thwart 'em, they'll solicit their Fathers to expel me; and if I do not, their Parents and Kinsmen will expel me upon their Account:

But perhaps some Body will say; *Why, Socrates, when you go from hence, cannot you hold your peace and live quietly?* I see plainly, that to persuade you to any thing, is a most difficult Enterprize; for if I tell you that my silence would be disobedience to God, and upon that account \* I cannot hold my peace; you will not believe me, you'll look upon the whole Story as a mysterious Irony. And if on the other hand I acquaint you, that a Man's greatest Happiness consists in discoursing of Vertue all the days of his Life, and entertaining himself with all the other things you have heard me speak of, either in examining my self or others, since a Life without examination is no Life: You'll believe me yet less. However, 'tis just as I tell you, tho' you cannot believe it. But, after all, I am not accusom'd to think my self worthy of any Punishment. Indeed, if I were rich, I would amerce my self in such a Sum as I might be able to pay. But I am not in a Condition, unless you would allow the Fine to be proportion'd to my Indigency; and so perhaps I might make shift to pay a *Mina* of Silver. Indeed *Plato*, who is here present, and *Crito*, and *Critobulus*, and *Apollodorus* would have me stretch it to 30 *Mina's*, which they'll answer for. And accordingly I amerce my self in thirty *Mina's*, and I give you them for very creditable Surety.

*A Man's greatest Happiness consists in discoursing of Vertue.*

*A life without Self-examination is no life.*

*Ten Crowns.*

*300 Crowns.*

*Socrates having amerc'd himself in obedience to the Laws, the Judges took the Matter into Consideration, and without any regard to the Fine, condemn'd him to die. After the Sentence was pronounc'd, Socrates began again, thus.*

**I**Ndeed, *Athenians*, your impatience and precipitancy will draw upon you a great Reproach, and give the Envious occasion to censure your City, for

\* 'Twere impossible in *Socrates* to disobey God, and conceal the Truths he was oblig'd to reveal. What a noble Example is this in a Pagan!

con-

condemning that wise Man *Socrates*: For to lighten the Scandal, they'll call me Wife, tho' I am not. Whereas had you staid but a short while, my death had come of it self, and thrown into your Lap what you now demand. You see my Age has run the most of its round, and draws very near to a conclusion. I do not make this Address to all my Judges, but only to those that voted my Condemnation. Do you think that I had been condemn'd, if I had thought it my Duty to try every means for procuring my Absolution; and if so, do you think I had wanted persuasive and touching Expressions? 'Tis not such words that I have been wanting in, but in Boldness, in Impudence, and in a desire to gratifie you by telling you such Stories as you love to hear. Doubtless you had been infinitely well pleased, to see me cry, groan, whine, and stoop to all the other mean shifts that are commonly made use of by Prisoners at this Bar. But upon this occasion, I did not think it my Duty to stoop to any thing so base and scandalous; and now that the Sentence is past, I do not repent of avoiding the Indignity, for I chuse rather to die upon the Defence I've now made, than to live by such Prayers and Supplications as you require. Neither Civil nor Military Justice allows an honest Man to save his Life any how. For in Duels it happens often that a Man may easily save his Life by throwing down his Arms, and begging quarter of his Enemy: And in like manner in all other Dangers, a Man that's capable of saying or doing any thing, may hit upon a thousand Expedients for avoiding Death. To escape dying, *Athenians*, is not the greatest Difficulty; shame falls in upon us more swiftly, and is much harder to avoid. And accordingly in this juncture, I who am stiff and old, am only attack'd and overtaken by the slowest of the two; whereas my Accusers, who are vigorous and strong, are catch'd by the swiftest; I mean, Infamy. Thus am I about to be deliver'd up to Death by  
your

*'Tis infinitely more difficult to avoid Shame than Death.*

your Orders, and they (a) are iurrender'd to Infamy and Injustice by the Orders of Truth. I am very well contented with my Sentence, and so are they with theirs. Thus things are as they ought to be, and our Shares could not have been more justly or better divided.

In the next place I have a mind to foretel you, who have condemn'd me, what will be your fate; for I am now just arriv'd at the Minute, (b) that affords a Man the steddiefst Thoughts, and enables him to Prophefie, upon the approach of Death. I tell you then, that no sooner shall you have put me to death, but (c) the Vengeance of God will pursue you with more Cruelty than you have shewn to me. By ridding your selves of me, you design'd only to throw off the troublesome Task of giving an Account of your Lives; but I tell you before-hand, you shall not compass your End.

A greater number of Persons will rise up and censure you. Tho' you perceiv'd it not, 'twas my presence that has hitherto restrain'd 'em. But after my death, they will make you very uneasie; and forasmuch as they are younger than I, will prove more troublesome and hard to be rid of. For if you fanfie to your selves, that putting such Persons to death is an effectual way to restrain others, and prevent their upbraiding you, you are much mistaken.

(a) Socrates is condemn'd by the Injustice of Men, but his Judges are condemn'd by the Orders of Truth. Thus were the Athenians only criminal, both with respect to God in disowning Socrates's God; and trampling under foot the the Oracle of Apollo; and with respect to Men in debauching the Youth, particularly Alcibiades, Hipponicus, Critias, and an infinite Number of others. *Max. de Tyr.*

(b) At the point of Death Mens Thoughts are steddier, than in the career of Life; because at that time Passion is de-thron'd, and the Soul begins to retrieve its Liberty. This was Homer's Opinion; and there's no difficulty in tracing a higher source for it, than that Poet.

(c) This Prediction was fulfill'd in a raging Plague that soon after laid Athens desolate; and all the Misfortunes that over-run this unjust Republick; and indeed all Greece, were taken for a certain Mark of Divine Vengeance.

That

That way of ridding your selves of your Censors, is neither honest nor practicable. A better way, which is at once very easie and honest, is, not to stop their Mouths, but to amend your Lives. So much for those who voted my Condemnation.

As for you, *Athenians*, who gave your Votes for my Absolution, I would gladly discourse you, while the Head Magistrates are busie, till I be carried to the Place of Execution: I beg therefore a Minute's Audience, for since we have so much time, why may not we confer together. I mean to represent to you a thing that happen'd to me but now, and give you to understand what it imports. 'Tis a marvellous thing, *my Judges* (for in calling you *my Judges* I am not at all mistaken) that I met with but now. The Divine Law, that has advis'd me so often, and upon the least occasion never fail'd to divert me from whatever I mean'd to pursue, that was not fit for me; this Law has not given me any sign this day, on which I have met with what most Men take to be the greatest of Evils: It did not discover it self to me, neither in the morning when I came (d) from my House, nor when I enter'd this Hall, nor when I began to speak. At other times it frequently interrupted me in the middle of my Discourse; but this day it has not thwarted me in any thing that I design'd either to say or to do. Now I am about to tell you what this means. It is very probable that what I am now to encounter is a very great Good; for certainly 'tis a mistake to look upon Death as an Evil. And for an evident Proof of the contrary, let's consider, that, if I had not been to meet with some good thing to day, God, under whose Care I am, would not have fail'd to acquaint me, pursuant to his usual Custom. Let's fathom the depth of this Matter, in order to demonstrate that the belief of Death's being a good thing, is a well-grounded Hope.

(d) For *Socrates* was not Imprisoned till after his Condemnation.

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The Unjust  
do not de-  
serve the  
Name of  
Judges.

One of these two things must be true, (a) Either Death is a privation of Thought, or it is the Soul's Passage from one Place to another. If it be a privation of Thought, and, as 'twere, a peaceable Sleep undisturb'd by Dreams, then to die is great gain. After one Night of such Tranquility, free from disturbance, Care, or the least Dream; I'm confident, if a Man were to compare that Night with all the other Nights and Days of his past Life, and were oblig'd to tell in Conscience and in Truth, how many Nights or Days of his whole Life-time he had passed more happily than that one: I'm confident, I say, that not only a private Man, but the great King himself, wou'd find so small a Number, that it would be very easie to count 'em. Now if Death does in any measure resemble such a Night, I have justly given it the Appellation of great gain; since its whole time is only a long continued Night.

If Death be a Passage from this Place to another, and the Regions below are a Place of Rendezvous for those who liv'd here; pray, my Judges, what greater Good can a Man imagine? For if a Man quits his counterfeit Judges here, for true ones in the Regions below, who, they say administer Justice with so much Equity, such as *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Aacus*, *Triptolemus*, and all the other Demi-Gods, who were so just in this Life; will not that be a happy

(a) By this Dilemma *Socrates* does not call in question the Immortality of the Soul, but points to the two Opinions of Philosophers, some of whom thought the Soul fell with the Body; and others, that the former surviv'd the latter. Now he offers to prove that Death is not ill in either of these Opinions: For, says he, if the Soul dies, 'tis annihilated, and consequently void of Thought; and if it survives, we are happier after Death than before. Some decry *Socrates's* Ratiocination, in alledging a third state of the Soul, where after death it stays to undergo the Punishment due to its Crimes. But that's a meer Quibble; for *Socrates* speaks only of good Men, who having obey'd God, may expect a blessed Immortality: For he likewise taught that the Wicked suffer eternal Punishment in the World to come; as we shall see in his *Phedon*: And he did not in the least pretend that those Wretches had no occasion to fear Death.

change?



He ranks  
these three  
Poets toge-  
ther, as be-  
ing the Au-  
thors of the  
Pagan The-  
ology.

change? At what rate would not you purchase a Conference with *Museus*, *Hesiod*, and *Homer*? For my part, if such a thing be practicable, I'd die a thousand times to enjoy so great a Pleasure. What transports of Joy shall I encounter, when I meet *Palamedes*, *Ajax the Telamonian*, and all the other Heroes of Antiquity, who in this Life were Victims of Injustice! How agreeable will it be to put my Adventures in the Balance with theirs! But the infinitely greatest and most valuable Pleasure will consist in spending the time in putting Questions and Interrogatories to those great Men, (b) in order to strike out the distinction between the truly Wise, and those who falsely fancy themselves to be such. Who would not give all he has in this World for a Conference with him who led the numerous Army against *Troy*, or *Ulysses* or *Sisyphus*, and 100000 other Men and Women, whose Conversation and Discoveries would afford an inexpressible Felicity? These Men are infinitely more happy than we, and invested with Immortality. Upon which Account, my Judges, you ought to encounter Death with steady Hopes, as being persuaded of this certain Truth: (c) that an honest Man needs fear no Evil, either in this or the future Life, and that the Godstake Care of all his Concerns: For what has now happen'd to me, is so far from being the effect of Chance, that I am fully convinc'd, 'tis infinitely better for me to die, and be rid of the encumbrances of this Life. And for that reason, God who regulates my Conduct, did not thwart me to day. So that

No Evil can  
betide the  
Just either  
in this or a  
future Life.

(b) By interrogating them upon all the Actions of their Life, and the Reasons that influenc'd 'em: For *Socrates* here speaks of the Wisdom they were really possess'd of, or fancied themselves to possess in this World; and does not at all imply that any in a blessed State are capable of believing themselves Wise when they are not.

(c) This was the presumption of a Heathen, who was ignorant of the fatal effects of Sin and Corruption; for which the justest ought always to tremble. So that this Maxim of *Socrates* is only applicable to those, whose Sins through God's Mercy are not imputed to them.

have.

have no Resentment against my Accusers or those who voted my Condemnation; notwithstanding that they mean'd, not to do me any Kindness, but to prejudice me, which might afford me just grounds of Complaint. One thing I have to beg of 'em is this; That when my Children grow up, if they make you uneasy, as I did, that you \* would punish 'em severely. But if you find that they prefer Riches to Vertue, and take themselves to be somewhat, when in effect they are nothing; pray be not wanting in checking them, and exposing them, for not minding those things which deserve all their Care, and believing themselves to be what they are not. But now, 'tis true, we should all retire to our respective Offices, you to live, and I to die. But whether you or I are going upon the better Expedition, † 'tis known to none but God alone.

\* *Socrates* is so content to die for the sake of Justice, that he desir'd his Judges to treat his Children in the same fashion, if so be they prov'd so happy as to give 'em the same trouble that he did; that is, if they made it their business to correct their Injustice, their Idolatry, and all their other Vices.

† *Socrates* did not speak this out of Ignorance, for he knew very well that the Just were happier in their Death, than the Wicked in their Life. But the People that had but just condemn'd him, were not in a Condition to relish that Maxim; upon which account *Socrates* tells 'em, that *God alone knew*; and accordingly God quickly gave 'em all to know the difference between the Fate of *Socrates* and that of his Judges. The *Athenians* repented their putting to death an innocent Person, and publickly lamented the loss of him, whom they had condemn'd by a publick Sentence. The Schools and Places for Exercise were shut up; *Socrates's* Statue was erected, and a Chappel consecrated to his Memory; and his Accusers prosecuted. *Melitus* was torn in pieces, *Anytus* was expell'd the *Heraclæa* where he shelter'd; and all the Abettors of the Conspiracy, were look'd upon as cursed, and excommunicated, and reduc'd to such a pitch of Despair, that most of 'em laid violent Hands on themselves.

T H E

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THE  
INTRODUCTION  
TO  
CRITO.

**S**ocrates, in his Apology, has furnish'd us with an admirable Model of an honest Man's Defences, when unjustly arraign'd. And in this Dialogue, which is Intituled, *Of what is to be done*, he gives us a yet more perfect Plan of the Conduct of a good Man, and the Obedience he owes to Justice and the Laws, even in dying when they require it, tho' at the same time 'twere easie for him to escape. While *Socrates* lay in Prison, his Friends being more concern'd for his Life than himself, had retain'd the Goaler. Every thing was in readiness for accomplishing his Escape; and *Crito* goes into the Prison before day, to tell him the good News, and persuade him not to slight the precious Opportunity. *Socrates* hears him, and commends his Zeal: But before he would comply, starts the Question, Whether it was just for him to depart the Prison, without the Consent of the *Athenians*. So that the Point to be decided in this Dialogue, is, whether a Man unjustly condemn'd to die, can innocently withdraw himself from the hand of Justice and the Law. *Socrates* was the only Man of the Age he liv'd in, that call'd that in Question; and, which is yet more surprizing, were he now alive, he would be the only Man in this our Age. All that we see before our Eyes, or read of in our Histories; in a word, all the Instances of what Men have done through

through the love of Life and the fear of Death, have so debauch'd our Judgments, that we are scarce capable to judge of what true Justice requires, and are apt to call every thing Just, that's universally practis'd. Now there cannot be a more capital Error. However, since the Conduct of a Heathen, that chose rather to die than to break the Course of Justice, would seem to us the effect of Folly or strong Prejudice; let's try if we can hit upon any solid Rule that may reclaim us by its Authority, and convince us by its Light. The Christian Religion affords a great many such: But we shall confine our selves to one, which in a sovereign degree is justly intitled to both these Characters. *St. Paul* being in Prison in *Macedonia*, one Night the Prison Doors open'd and his Chains dropp'd off; and he was so far from making his Escape, that he hinder'd others to do it. *Peter* being imprison'd by *Herod*, who had resolv'd to put him to death after the Passover, made his Escape the Night before the Day of Execution. But how did he do it? God did not content himself with unlocking his Chains, and opening the Prison Doors, but sent an Angel who push'd him on, and forc'd him to go along. This was the Conduct of the Saints. Tho' the Prison be open, they do not offer to make their Escape. Nothing less than an Angel can oblige 'em to depart the Prison. *Socrates*, who was no Saint, but follow'd as close as possible the same Light that guides and illuminates the Saints, observes the same Conduct: They open'd the Prison and unty'd his Chains, but his Angel was silent, and he would not stir. He prefer'd an innocent Death before a criminal Life: But before he came to a Resolution, he heard the Reasons of his Friend, who speaks with a great deal of force, and omits nothing that could move him: And after that, with a Divine Eloquence, confronted him with incontestable Maxims, grounded upon Truth and Justice, in which one may trace the Rays of the Evangelical Doctrine, viz. *That we ought to slight the Opinions*

of Men, and regard only the Judgment of God; that it is not living, but living well, that should be our wish; that Justice is the life, and Injustice the death of the Soul; that we ought not to injure our Enemies; or resent the Injuries we receive; that 'tis better to die, than to sin; that we must obey the Law of our Country; that the Injustice of Men cannot justify our disrespect to the Laws; and that the Laws of this World have Sister-Laws in the other, which revenge the Affronts put upon 'em here.

These were the Principles that *Socrates* went upon. Those who take the pains to examine 'em and weigh their Consequences, will be fully satisfied, not only that *Socrates* acted the part of an honest Man in refusing to make his Escape, but likewise that he could not be a good Man if he did otherwise. And 'twas with this view, that *Quintilian* said, This Philosopher, by quitting the small remainder of his Life, retriev'd all the former Part of his Life; and likewise gain'd a Life to all Ages. 'Tis such Thoughts as these that our Soul should always have in view, in order to keep out Vice; for if once we relent and allow the Enemy to gain some ground, under a specious Pretence and a taking Appearance, it will quickly master all, and overrun all the Banks that should stop its course.

CRITO:

# CRITO: Or, *Of what we ought to do.*

## *Socrates and Crito.*

*Soc.* **W**Hat's the matter you come here so soon, *Crito*? As I take it, 'tis yet very early.

*Crit.* 'Tis true.

*Soc.* What a Clock may it be then?

*Crit.* A little before the break of Day.

*Soc.* I wonder the Goaler let you in.

*Crit.* He is one I know very well. I have been with him here often; and he is in some measure oblig'd to me.

*Soc.* Are you but just come? Or, is it long since you came?

*Crit.* I have been here a pretty while.

*Soc.* Why did not you awaken me then; when you came in?

*Crit.* Pray God forbid *Socrates*. For my own part I would gladly shake off the Cares and Anxiety that keep my Eyes from closing. But when I enter'd this Room, I wonder'd to find you so sound asleep, and was loth to awaken you, that I might not rob you of these happy Minutes. Indeed, *Socrates*, ever since I knew you, I have been always charm'd with your Patience and calm Temper; but in a distinguishing manner in this juncture, since in the Circumstances you are in, your Eye looks so easie and unconcern'd.

*The Tranquillity of Socrates at the Eve preceeding his Death.*

*His Calmness and Patience.*

*Soc.* Indeed, *Crito*, it would be a great indecency in one of my Age to be apprehensive of Death.

*Crit.* Ay! And how many do we see every day, under the like misfortunes, whom Age doe's not exempt from those Fears!

*Soc.* That's true. - But after all, what brought you hither so early?

*Crit.* I came to tell you a troublesome piece of News;

News, which, tho' they may not seem to affect you, yet they overwhelm both me and all your Relations and Friends with unsufferable Grief. In fine, I bring the most terrible News that ever could be brought.

*Soc.* What News? Is the Ship arriv'd from *Delos*, upon the return of which I am to die?

*Crit.* It is not yet arriv'd; but without doubt it will be here this day according to the Intelligence we have from some Persons that came from *Sunium* and left it there. For at that rate, it cannot fail of being there to day, and so to morrow you must unavoidably die.

*Soc.* Why not, *Crito*? Be it so, since 'tis the Will of God. However, I do not believe that Vessel will arrive this day.

*Crit.* What do you ground that Conjecture upon?

*Soc.* I'll tell you. I am not to die till the day after the arrival of the Vessel.

*Crit.* At least those who are to execute the Sentence, say so.

*Soc.* That Vessel will not arrive till to morrow, as I conjecture from a certain Dream I had this Night, about a Minute ago. (a) And it seems to me a happiness that you did not awaken me.

*Crit.* Well, what is the Dream?

*Soc.* I thought, I saw a very handsome comely Woman, clad in white, come up to me, who calling me by Name said, (b) *In three days thou shalt be in the fertile Phthia.*

Socrates's remarkable Dream.

Phthia was Achilles's Country.

*Crit.*

(a) He speaks on this fashion, because the Dreams of the morning were look'd upon as more distinct and true. *Certiora & colatiora somnari affirmant sub extimis noctibus, quasi jam emergente animarum vigore, producto sopore.* Tertul. de Anima.

(b) In the 9th Book of the Iliads, Achilles threatening to retire, says to *Ulysses*, *After to morrow you shall see the Hellespont cover'd with my Ships, and if Neptune afford me a happy Voyage, in three days I shall arrive at the fertile Phthia.* 'Twas this last Verse that Socrates had from the Mouth of the Woman in his Dream; for our Dreams always bear a proportion to our *Genius's*, *Habits*, and ways of thinking. Nothing can be a stronger Evidence

*Crit.* That's a very strange Dream, *Socrates*.

*Soc.* 'Tis a very significant one, *Crito*.

*Crit.* Yes, without doubt. But for this time, prithee, *Socrates* take my Advice, and make your Escape. For my part, if you die, besides the irreparable loss of a Friend, which I will ever lament, I am afraid that a great many People, who are not well acquainted neither with you nor me, will believe that I have forsaken you, in not employing my interest for promoting your Escape, now that 'tis in my Power. Is there any thing more scandalous, than to lie under the disrepute of being wedded to my Money more than my Friend? For, in short, the People will never believe, that 'twas you who refus'd to go from hence when we press'd you to be gone.

*The vulgar People can never conceive that a Man condemn'd to die will not make his Escape, if he can.*

*Soc.* My dear *Crito*, why should we be so much concern'd for the Opinion of the People? Is it not enough, that the more sensible part, who are the only Men we ought to regard, know how the Case stands?

*Crit.* But you see, *Socrates*, there's a necessity of being concern'd for the Noise of the Mob; for your Example is a sufficient instance, that they are capable of doing not only small but the greatest of Injuries, and display their Passion in an outrageous manner, against those who are once run down by the vulgar Opinion.

*Soc.* \* Would to God, *Crito*, the People were capable to do the greatest of Injuries! Were it so, they

Evidence of the gentle and easie Thoughts that *Socrates* had of Death, than his Application of this Passage, by which he represents Death as a fortunate Voyage to one's own Country. The *Grammarians*, who are always ty'd up to the Letter, were never able to point out the Beauty and Delicacy of this Passage: For they only turn'd it into a coarse Idea of Death, upon the resemblance of the word, *Plithia* with *φθίνω*, to corrupt, as if a Grecian could ever have mistaken *φθίνω* for *φθισις*.

\* This is a noble Principle of *Socrates's*. None can do the greatest Harm, but those who are able to do the greatest Good. And this can only be attributed to God, not to Men.



would likewise be capable of doing the greatest Good. That would be a great happiness. But neither the one nor the other is possible. For they cannot make Men either wise Men or Fools.

*Crit.* I grant it. But pray answer me. Is it not out of Tenderness to me and your other Friends, that you will not stir from hence? For fear, left upon your Escape we should be troubled and charged with carrying you off; and by that means be oblig'd to quit our Possessions, or pay a large Sum of Money, or else suffer something more fatal than either? If that be your Fear, shake it off, *Socrates*, in the name of the Gods. Is not it highly reasonable that we should purchase your Escape at the rate of exposing our selves to these Dangers, and greater ones if there be occasion? Once more, my dear *Socrates*, believe me and go along with me.

*Soc.* I own, *Crito*, that I have such Thoughts and several other besides in my view.

*Crit.* Fear nothing, I intreat you; for in the first place they require no great Sum to let you out. And on the other hand, you see what a pitiful condition \* those are in, who probably might arraign us: A small Sum of Money will stop their Mouths; my Estate alone will serve for that. If you scruple to accept of my offer; here is a great number of strangers, who desire nothing more than to furnish you with what Money you want. *Simmius* the *Theban*, himself, has brought up very considerable Sums. *Cebes* is capable to do as much, and so are several others. Let not your Fears then stifle the Desire of making your Escape. And as for what you told me t'other day, in the Court, that if you made your Escape, you should not know how to live; pray let not that trouble you: Whither soever you go, you'll be belov'd in all Places of the World. If you'll go to *Thessaly*, I have Friends there who will honour you according to your merit, and think themselves

\* Those who made a Trade of accusing at *Athens*, were a poor sort of People, whose Mouths were easily stopp'd with Money.

happy in supplying you with what you want, and covering you from all occasions of fear in their Country. Besides, *Socrates*, without doubt you are guilty of a very unjust thing in delivering up your self, while 'tis in your Power to make your Escape, and promoting what your Enemies so passionately wish for. For you not only betray your self, but likewise your Children, by abandoning them when you might make a shift to maintain and educate 'em : You are not at all concern'd at what may befall them. Tho' at the same time they are like to be in as dismal a Condition, as ever poor Orphans were. A Man ought either to have no Children, or else to expose himself to the Care and Trouble of breeding them. You seem to me to act the softest and most insensible Part in the World ; whereas you ought to take up a Resolution worthy of a generous Soul ; above all, you who boast that you pursued nothing but Vertue all the days of your life. I tell you, *Socrates*, I am asham'd upon the account of you and your Relations, since the World will believe 'twas long of our Cowardliness that you did not get off. In the first place they'll charge you with standing a Trial that you might have avoided ; then they'll censure your Conduct in making your Defences ; and at last, which is the most shameful of all, they'll upbraid us with forsaking you through fear or Cowardice, since we did not accomplish your Escape. Pray consider of it, my dear *Socrates* ; if you do not prevent the approaching Evil, you'll bear a part in the Shame that will cover us all. Pray advise with your self quickly. But now I think on't, there is not time for advising, there's no choice left, all must be put in execution the next Night, for if we delay longer, all our Measures will be broke. Believe me, I intreat you, and do as I bid you.

*Socrates*, my dear *Crito*, your good-will is very commendable, provided it agrees with right Reason : But if it swerves from that, the stronger it is, the

Reason and  
Justice  
ought to re-  
gulate our  
Estimate of  
the Kindness  
of Friends.

more is it blame-worthy. The first thing to be consider'd, is, whether we ought to do as you say, or not? For you know 'tis not of yesterday that I've accustom'd my self only to follow the Reasons that appear most just after a mature examination. Tho' Fortune frowns upon me, yet I'll never part with the Principles I have all along profess'd. These Principles appear always the same, and I esteem them equally at all times. So, if your Advice be not back'd by the strongest Reasons, assure your self I will never comply, not if all the Power of the People should arm it self against me, or offer to frighten me like a Child, by laying on fresh Chains, and threatning to deprive me of the greatest Good; and oblige me to suffer the cruellest Death. Now, how shall we manage this Enquiry justly? To be sure, the fairest way is to resume what you have been saying of the vulgar Opinions; that is, to enquire, whether there are some Reports that we ought to regard, and others that are to be slighted; or, whether the saying so is only a groundless and childless Proposition. I have a strong desire, upon this occasion, to try in your presence, whether this Principle will appear to me in different Colours from what it did while I was in other Circumstances, or whether I shall always find it the same; in order to determine me to a Compliance or Refusal.

If I mistake not, 'tis certain, that several Persons who thought themselves Men of Sense,\* have often maintain'd in this Place, that of all the Opinions of Men, some are to be regarded, and others to be slighted. In the name of the Gods, *Crito*, do not you think that was well said? In all humane appearance you are in no danger of dying to morrow; and therefore 'tis presum'd that the fear of the present Danger cannot work any change upon you. Wherefore, pray consider it well. Do not you think they spoke justly who said, that all

\* This probably had been maintain'd in some of the former Conferences in Prison, for *Socrates's* Friends met every day in the Prison to keep him Company. the

the Opinions of Men are not always to be regarded, but only some of 'em; and those not of all Men, but only of some? What do you say? Do not you think 'tis very true?

*What choice we ought to make of Opinions.*

*Crit.* Very true.

*Soc.* At that rate then, ought not we to esteem the good Opinions and slight the bad ones?

*Crit.* Ay, doubtless.

*Soc.* Are not the good Opinions then those of wise Men, and the bad ones those of Fools?

*Crit.* It cannot be otherwise.

*Soc.* Let's see then, how you will answer this: A Man that makes his Exercises, when he comes to have his Lesson, whether shall he regard the Commendation or Censure of who ever comes first, or only of him that is either \* a Physician or a Master?

*Crit.* Of the last to be sure.

*Soc.* Then he ought to fear the Censure, and value the Commendation of that Man alone; and slight what comes from others.

*Crit.* Without doubt.

*Soc.* For that Reason, this young Man must neither eat nor drink, nor do any thing, without the Orders of that Master, that Man of Sense, and he is not at all to govern himself by the Caprices of others.

*Crit.* That's true.

*Soc.* Let's fix upon that then. But suppose he disobeys this Master, and disregards his Applause or Censure; and suffers himself to be blinded by the Caresses and Applauses of the ignorant Mob; will not he come to some harm by this means?

*Crit.* How is it possible it should be otherwise?

*Soc.* But what will be the nature of this harm that will accrue to him thereupon; where will it terminate, and what part of him will it affect?

*Crit.* His Body without doubt, for by that means he'll ruine himself.

\* For they perform those Exercises either for their Health, or else to improve their Dexterity and Strength: For the first they follow'd the Orders of a Physician; and for the other, they were directed by a Master.

*Soc.*

**Crito: Or, Of what we ought to do.**

**Soc.** Very well ; but is not the Case the same all over ? Upon the point of Justice or Injustice, Honesty or Dishonesty, Good or Evil, which at present are the subject of our Dispute, shall we rather refer our selves to the Opinion of the People, than to that of an experienc'd wise Man, who justly challenges more Respect and Deference from us, than all the World besides ? And if we do not act conformably to the Opinion of this one Man, is it not certain, that we shall ruine our selves, and entirely lose that which only lives and gains new strength by Justice, and perishes only through Unjustice ? Or, must we take all that for a thing of no account ?

**Crit.** I am of your Opinion.

*The Soul lives only by Justice.*

**Soc.** Take heed, I intreat you ; if by following the Opinions of the Ignorant we destroy that which is only preserv'd by Health and wasted by Sickness ; can we survive the Corruption of that, whether it be our Body or somewhat else ?

**Crit.** That's certain.

**Soc.** Can one live then after the corruption and destruction of the Body ?

**Crit.** No, to be sure.

**Soc.** But can one survive the Corruption of that which lives only by Justice, and dies only through Injustice ? Or, is this thing ( whatever it be ) that has Justice or Injustice for its Object, to be less valued than the Body ?

**Crit.** Not at all.

**Soc.** What, is it much more valuable then ?

**Crit.** A great deal more.

**Soc.** Then my dear *Crito*, we ought not to be concern'd at what the People say ; but what that says, who knows what's just and what's unjust ; and that alone is nothing else but the Truth. Thus you see, you establish'd false Principles at first, in saying that we ought to pay a Deference to the Opinions of the People, upon what is just, good, honest, and its contraries. Some perhaps will object, that the People is able to put us to death.

*In all our Actions we ought only to regard the Truth ; i. e. God who alone is Truth it self.*

*Crit.*

*Crit.* To be sure, they'll start that Objection.

*Soc.* 'Tis also true. But that does not alter the nature of what we were saying ; that's still the same. For you must still remember, that 'tis not Life, but a good Life that we ought to court.

*To live is nothing; but to live well is all in all.*

*Crit.* That's a certain Truth.

*Soc.* But is it not likewise certain, that this good Life consists in nothing else but Honesty and Justice?

*A good life consists only in Honesty and Justice.*

*Crit.* Yes.

*Soc.* Now, before we go further, let's examine upon the Principles you've agreed to, whether my departure from hence without the permission of the *Athenians* is just or unjust. If it be found just, we must do our utmost to bring it about ; but if 'tis unjust, we must lay aside the Design. For as to the Considerations, you alledg'd just now, of Money, Reputation and Family : These are only the Thoughts of the baser Mob, who put innocent Persons to death, and would afterwards bring 'em to life if 'twere possible. But as for us who bend our thoughts another way, all that we are to mind, is whether we do a just thing in giving Money, and lying under an Obligation to those who promote our Escape ? Or, whether both we and they do not commit a piece of Injustice in so doing ? If this be an unjust thing, we need not reason much upon the Point, since 'tis better to abide here and die, than to undergo somewhat more terrible than Death.

*A Character of the Mob.*

*Death is preferable to the commission of an unjust thing.*

*Crit.* You are in the right of that, *Socrates* : Let's see then how it will fall.

*Soc.* We shall go hand in hand in the Enquiry. If you have any thing of weight to answer, pray do it when I have spoken, that so I may comply ; if not, pray forbear any further to press me to go from hence without the Consent of the *Athenians*. I shall be infinitely glad, if you can persuade me to do it ; but I cannot do it without being first convinc'd. Take notice then whether my way of pursuing this Enquiry satisfie you, and do your utmost to make answer to my Questions.

*Crit:*

*Crit.* I will.

*Difference  
of Times  
and Persons  
will not ju-  
stifie the do-  
ing Injustice  
to any Man.*

*Soc.* Is it true, that we ought not to do an unjust thing to any Man? Or, is it lawful in any measure to do it to one, when we are forbid to do it to another? Or, is it not absolutely true, that all manner of Injustice is neither good nor honest, as we were saying but now? Or, in fine, are all these Sentiments which we formerly entertain'd, vanish'd in a few days? And is it possible, *Crito*, that those of years, our most serious Conferences, should resemble those of Children, and we at the same time not be sensible that 'tis so? Ought we not rather to stand to what we have said, as being a certain Truth, that all Injustice is scandalous and fatal to the Person that commits it; let Men say what they will, and let our Fortune be never so good or bad?

*Injustice is  
scandalous  
and fatal  
to him that  
is guilty  
of it.*

*Crit.* That's certain.

*Soc.* Then we must avoid the least measure of Injustice.

*Crit.* Most certainly.

*Soc.* Since we are to avoid the least degree of it, then we ought not to do it to those who are unjust to us, notwithstanding that this People thinks it lawful.

*Crit.* So I think.

*Soc.* But what! Ought we to do Evil or not?

*Crit.* Without doubt we ought not.

*It is unjust  
to do Evil  
for Evil.*

*Soc.* But is it Justice, to repay Evil with Evil, pursuant to the Opinion of the People, or is it unjust?

*Crit.* 'Tis highly unjust.

*Soc.* Then there's no difference between doing Evil and being Unjust?

*Crit.* I own it.

*Soc.* Then we ought not to do the least Evil or Injustice to any Man, let him do by us as he will. But take heed, *Crito*, that by this Concession you do not speak against your own Sentiments. For I know very well, there are few that will go this length: And 'tis impossible for those who vary in their Sen-  
ments

timents upon this Point, to agree well together. Nay, on the contrary, the contempt of one another's Opinions, leads 'em to a reciprocal contempt of one anothers Persons. Consider well then, if you are of the same Opinion with me; and let us ground our Reasonings upon this Principle, That we ought not to do Evil for Evil; or treat those unjustly who are unjust to us. For my part, I never did, nor never will entertain any other Principle. Tell me then if you have chang'd your Mind; if not, give ear to what follows.

*Socrates owns that few will grant this Truth, That we ought not to seek Revenge, or repay Evil for Evil.*

*Crit.* I give ear.

*Soc.* Well; a Man that has made a just Promise, ought he to keep it or to break it?

*Crit.* He ought to keep it.

*Soc.* If I go from hence then, without the Consent of the Athenians, shall not I injure some People, and especially those who do not deserve it? Or, shall we in this follow what we think equally just to every Body?

*It is a visible Wrong to the Laws and the State.*

*Crit.* I cannot answer you, for I do not understand you.

*Soc.* Pray take notice: When we put our selves in a way of making our Escape, or going from hence, or how you please to call it, suppose the Law and the Republick should present themselves in a Body before us, and accost us in this manner: *Socrates, what are you going to do? to put in execution what you now design, were wholly to ruine the Laws and the State: Do you think a City can subsist when Justice has not only lost its force, but is likewise perverted, overturn'd, and trampled under foot by private Persons? What Answer could we make to such and many other Questions? For, what is it, that an Orator cannot say upon the overturning of that Law, which provides that Sentences once pronounc'd shall not be infring'd? Shall we answer, That the Republick has judg'd amiss, and pass'd an unjust Sentence upon us? Shall that be our Answer?*

*Socrates introduces the Laws and the State speaking to him.*

*The ordinary Answer of those who trample under foot Justice and the Laws.*

*Crit.*



*Crit.* Ay, without any scruple, *Socrates*.

*Soc.* What will the Laws say then? *Socrates*, is it not true, that you agreed with us to submit your self to a publick Trial? And if we should seem to be surpris'd at such Language, they'll continue perhaps; *Be not surpris'd*, *Socrates*, but make answer, for you your self us'd to insist upon Question and Answer. Tell then what occasion you have to complain of the Republick and of us; that you are so eager upon destroying it? \* *Are not we the Authors of your Birth?* Is not it by our means that your Father married her who brought you forth? What fault can you find with the Laws we establish'd as to Marriage? Nothing at all, should I answer. As to the nourishing and bringing up of Children, and the manner of your Education, are not the Laws just that we enact'd upon that Head, by which we oblig'd your Father to bring you up to Musick and the Exercises? Very just, I'd say. Since you were born, brought up, and educated under our Influence, durst you maintain that you are not our Nurse-Child, and subject as well as your Father? And if you are, do you think to have equal Power with us; as if it were lawful for you to inflict upon us all that we enjoy you to undergo? But since you cannot lay claim to any such Right against your Father or your Master, so as to repay Evil for Evil, Injury for Injury; how can you think to obtain that Privilege against your Country and the Laws, in so much that if we endeavour to put you to death, you'll counter-act us, by endeavouring to prevent us, and to ruine your Country and its Laws? Can you call such an Action just, you that are an inseparable follower of true Vertue? Are you ignorant that your Country is more considerable, and more worthy of Respect and Veneration before God and Man, than your Father, Mother, and all your Relations together? That you

*A Refutation  
of that  
Plea.*

*The Regard  
we ought to  
have to our  
Country.*

\* This is an admirable way of making out the Obligation of all Men to obey the Laws of their Country, by Virtue of the Treaty made between 'em.

ought

ought to honour your Country, yield to it, and humour it more than an angry Father? That you must either reclaim it by your Counsel, or obey its Injunctions, and suffer without grumbling all that it imposes upon you? If it orders you to be whipp'd or laid in Irons, if it sends you to the Wars, there to spend your Blood, you ought to do it without demurring; you must not shake off the Yoke, nor flinch or quit your Post; but in the Army, in Prison, and every where else, ought equally to obey the Orders of your Country, or else assist it with wholesome Counsel. For, if offering Violence to a Father or a Mother is a piece of grand Impiety, to put a force upon one's Country is a much greater. What shall we answer to all this, *Crito*? Shall we acknowledge the Truth of what the Laws advance?

*Crit.* How can we avoid it?

*Soc.* Do you see then, *Socrates*, continue they, what reason we have to brand your Enterprize against us as unjust? Of us you hold your Birth, your Maintenance, your Education; in fine, we have done you all the Good we are capable of, as well as to the other Citizens. Indeed, we do not fail to make publick Proclamation, that 'tis lawful for every private Man, if he does not find his Account in the Laws and Customs of our Republick, after a mature examination, to retire with all his Effects whither he pleases. And if any of you cannot comply with our Customs, and desires to remove and live elsewhere, not one of us shall hinder him, he may go where he pleases. But on the other hand, if any one of you continues to live here, after he has consider'd our way of administering Justice, and the Policy observ'd in the State; then we say he is in effect oblig'd to obey all our Commands, and we maintain that his Disobedience is unjust on a three-fold account, for not obeying those to which he owes his Birth, for trampling under foot those that educated him, and for violating his Faith after he engag'd to obey us, and not taking the Pains to  
make

make Remonstrances to us, if we happen to do an unjust thing. For notwithstanding that we only propose things without using any Violence to procure Obedience, and give every Man his choice either to obey us or reclaim us by his Counsel and Remonstrances, yet he does neither the one nor the other. And we maintain, *Socrates*, that if you execute what you are now about, you will stand charg'd with all these Crimes, and that in a much higher degree than if another private Man had committed the same Injustice. If I ask'd 'em the reason, without doubt they'd stop my Mouth by telling me that I submitted my self in a distinguishing manner to all these Conditions; and we, continue they, have great Evidence that you were always pleas'd with us and the Republick; for, if this City had not been more agreeable to you than any other, you had never continued in it, no more than the other *Athenians*. None of the Shows could ever tempt you to go out of the City, except once that you went to see the \* Games at the *Isthmus*: You never went any where else, excepting your Military Expeditions, and never undertook a Voyage, as others are wont to do. You never had the Curiosity to visit other Cities, or enquire after other Laws, as being always contented with us and our Republick: You always made a distinguishing choice of us, and on all occasions testified that you submitted with all your Heart to live according to our Maxims. Besides, your having had Children in this City is an infallible Evidence that you lik'd it. In fine, in this very last juncture you might have been sentenc'd to Banishment if you would, and might then have done with the Consent of the Republick, what you now attempt without their Permission. But you were so stately, so unconcern'd at Death, that in your own Terms you preferr'd Death to Banishment. But

i. e. So as  
to follow  
them.

For if he had  
sentenc'd  
himself to  
banishment,  
the Athenians  
had  
confirm'd it.

\* These Games were celebrated at the *Isthmus* of *Corinth* to the Honour of *Neptune* every three Years, after they were receiv'd by *The Jews*.

you

now you have no regard to these fine Words, you are not further concern'd for the Laws, since you are going to overturn 'em: You do just what a pitiful Slave would offer to do, by endeavouring to make your Escape, contrary to the Laws of the Treaty you have sign'd, by which you oblig'd your self to live according to our Rules. Pray answer us; did not we say right in affirming that you agreed to this Treaty, and submitted your self to these Terms, not only in Words but in Deeds? What shall we say to all this, *Crito*? And what can we do else but acknowledge that 'tis so?

*All our Actions, conformable to the Laws of a Country, are so many Rati-fications of the Treaty made with it.*

*Crit.* How can we avoid it, *Socrates*?

*Soc.* What else then, continue they, is this Action of yours, but a violation of that Treaty and all its Terms? That Treaty that you were not made to sign either by force or surprisè, nor without time to think on't: For you had the whole course of your 70 Years to have remov'd in, if you had been dissatisfied with us, or unconvinc'd of the Justice of our Proposals. You neither pitch'd upon *Lacedemon* nor *Creet*, notwithstanding that you always cry'd up their Laws; nor any of the other Grecian Cities or strange Countries. You have been less out of *Athens*, than the lame and the Blind, which is an invincible Proof that the City pleas'd you in a distinguishing manner, and consequently that we did, since a City can never be agreeable if its Laws are not such. And yet at this time you counter-act the Treaty. But, if you'll take our Advice, *Socrates*, we would have you to stand to your Treaty, and not expose your self to be ridicul'd by the Citizens, by stealing out from hence. Pray consider what advantage can redound either to you or your Friends, by persisting in that goodly Design. Your Friends will infallibly be either expos'd to Danger, or banish'd their Country, or have their Estates forfeited. And as for your self, if you retire to any neighbouring City, such as *Thebes* or *Megara*, which are admirably well govern'd, you'll there be look'd

upon as an Enemy. All that have any love for their Country, will look upon you as a Corrupter of the Laws. Besides, you'll fortifie in them the good Opinion they have of your Judges, and move 'em to approve the Sentence given against you: For a Corrupter of the Law will at any time pass for a Debaucher of the Youth and of the vulgar People. What, will you keep out of these well-govern'd Cities, and these Assemblies of just Men? But, pray will you have enough to live upon in that Condition? Or, will you have the face to go and live with them? And pray what will you say to 'em, *Socrates*? Will you preach to them, as you did here, that Vertue, Justice, the Laws, and Ordinances, ought to be reverenc'd by Men? Do not you think that this will sound very ridiculous in their Ears? You ought to think so. But perhaps you'll quickly leave these well-govern'd Cities, and go to \* *Thessaly* to *Crito's* Friends, where there is less Order and more Licentiousness; and doubtless in that Country they'll take a singular Pleasure in hearing you relate in what Equipage you made your Escape from this Prison, that is cover'd with some old Rags, or a Beasts Skin, or disguis'd some other way, as Fugitives are wont to be. Every Body will say, This old Fellow, that has scarce any time to live, had such a strong Passion for living, that he did not stand to purchase his Life by trampling under foot the most sacred Laws. Such Stories will be bandy'd about of you, at a time when you offend no Man; but upon the least occasion of Complaint, they'll tease you with a thousand other Reproaches, unworthy of you. You'll spend your time in sneaking and insinuating your self into the Favour of all Men, one after another, and owning an equal subjection to 'em all. For, what can you do? Will you feast perpetually

\* *Thessaly* was the Country where Licentiousness and Debauchery reign'd. And accordingly *Xenophon* observes that 'twas there that *Critias* was ruin'd.

in *Theſſaly*, as if the good Cheer had drawn you thither? But what will become then of all your fine Discourses upon Juſtice and Vertue? Beſides, if you deſign to preſerve your Life for the ſake of your Children; that cannot be in order to bring 'em up in *Theſſaly*, as if you could do 'em no other Service but make them ſtrangers. Or, if you deſign to leave 'em here, do you imagine that during your Life they'll be better brought up here, in your abſence, under the Care of your Friends? But will not your Friends take the ſame Care of 'em after your death, that they'd do in your abſence? You ought to be perſuaded, that all thoſe who call themſelves your Friends, will at all times do them all the Service they can. To conclude, *Socrates*, ſubmit your ſelf to our Reaſons, follow the Advice of thoſe who brought you up; and do not put your Children, your Life, or any thing whatſoever, in the Balance with Juſtice; to the end, that when you arrive before the Tribunal of *Pluto*, you may be able to clear your ſelf before your Judges. For do not you deceive your ſelf; if you perform what you now deſign, you'll neither better your own Cauſe nor that of your Party; you will neither enlarge its Juſtice nor Sanctity, either here or in the Regions below. But, if you die bravely, you owe your death to the Injuſtice, not of the Laws, but of Men; whereas if you make your Eſcape, by repulſing ſo ſhamefully the Injuſtice of your Enemies, by violating at once both your own Faith and our Treaty, and injuring ſo many innocent Perſons, as your ſelf, your Friends, and your Country together with us; we will ſtill be your Enemies as long as you live. And when you are dead, our Siſters, the Laws in the other World, will certainly afford you no joyful reception, as knowing that you endeavoured to ruine us. Wherefore do not prefer *Crito's* Council to ours.

*The Laws  
are juſt, and  
Injuſtice  
comes from  
Men.*

Crito : Or, Of *what we ought to do.*

Methinks, my dear *Crito*, I hear what I have now spoke, just as \* the Priests of *Cybele* fanſie they hear the Cornets and Flutes : And the ſound of theſe Words makes ſo ſtrong-an impreſſion in my Ears, that it ſtops me from hearing any thing elſe. Theſe are the Sentiments I like ; and all you can ſay to take me off of them, will be to no purpoſe. However, if you think to ſucceed, I do not hinder you to ſpeak.

*Crit.* I have nothing to ſay, *Socrates.*

*Soc.* Then be eaſie, and let us bravely run this Courſe, ſince God calls and Conduſts us to it.

\* *Socrates* means that all theſe Truths make no ſlight Impreſſion upon him, but pierce him, and inſpire him with an Ardour, or rather a holy Fury, that ſtops his Ears from hearing any thing to the contrary. The ſound of the Cornets and Flutes of the Priests of *Cybele* inſpir'd the Audience with Fury, and why ſhould the ſound of Divine Truths fall ſhort of the ſame Vertue, and leave their Hearers in a luke-warm indifferency ? This Temper of *Socrates* juſtifies and explains what *Diogenes* ſaid of him ; when ſome Body ask'd *Diogenes*, what he thought of *Socrates* ? He answer'd, *That he was a mad Man* ; for *Socrates* ſhew'd an incredible Warmth in purſuing whatever he took to be juſt.

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T H E

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T H E  
I N T R O D U C T I O N  
T O  
P H E D O N.

**S***ocrates* 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 Springs 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 our selves in this Point: Self-Love, and meer 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 mov'd 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 hap-



pier 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 occasion'd 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, seem'd to insinuate that a Philosopher might lay violent Hands on himself. But *Socrates* makes it out, that there's 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 for Death \*? What is the Ground of this Hope? Here we are presented with the Grounds assign'd 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 reserv'd 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 call'd in question, since he was born to know God.

\* It could  
be nothing  
but the hope  
of the good  
things, he  
expected in  
another  
Life.

From thence it follows, that a true Philosopher hates and contemns this 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 Vertue is only a Slave to Vice.

They object to *Socrates*, That the Soul is nothing but a Vapour, that vanishes and disperses it self at death. *Socrates* combats that Opinion with an Argument that has a great deal of strength in his Mouth,

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 contraries. So that Death being an Operation of Nature, ought to produce Life, that being its contrary. And by Consequence the Dead must be born again; the Soul then is not dead, since it must revive the Body.

Before we proceed further, 'tis fit to take notice of an Error, that is couch'd under this Principle, which only the Christian Religion can at once discover and refute. 'Tis, that *Socrates* and all other Philosophers are infinitely mistaken in making Death a natural thing. There's 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; 'twas 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 it self. Thus shall the Dead revive at the Resurrection, pursuant to the Doctrine of the Christians, which teaches that Death must give up those whom it has swallow'd down. So that the Principle that *Socrates* did not fully comprehend, is an unshaken Truth, which bears the Marks of the ancient Tradition that the Heathens had alter'd and corrupted.

The third Argument alledg'd 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 couch'd 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 form'd thee in the Belly I knew thee.* And perhaps their Opinion was fortified by the Idea's and Instinct we have of several things that were never learn'd 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 lost by Sin. And from whence do those proceed? That inexplicable Cypher has no other Key but the Knowledge of Original Sin. Our Soul was created so as to be adorn'd with all manner of Knowledge suitable to its Nature; and now is sensible of its being depriv'd 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 degenerate, 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's 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 confus'd Idea's, and stands in need of a new Light to illuminate them. No human Reason could have fathom'd this. It faintly unravell'd 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 an 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 'em.

The fourth Argument is taken from the nature of the Soul. Destruction reaches only compounded 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 imbraces the pure Essence of Things, it measures all by Idea's which are eternal Patterns, and unites it self to them when the Body does not hinder it: So that 'tis 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 'tis 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 'tis a wise Man's business, to chuse from amongst those Arguments of the Philosophers, for the Immortality of the Soul, that which to him seems best; and most forcible, and capable to conduct him safely through the dangerous Shelves of this Life, till he obtain a full Assurance either of some Promise, or by some Divine Revelation; for that is the only Vessel that's secure from danger. By this the most refin'd Paganism pays Homage to the Christian Religion, and all colour or excuse for Incredulity is took off. For the Christian Religion affords Promises, Revelations, and which is yet more considerable, the Accomplishment of 'em.

They mov'd 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 tho' 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 Men, who by hearing the Disputes of the Ignorant, that contradict

tradiſt every thing, perſuade themſelves, that there's no ſuch thing as clear, ſolid and ſenſible Reaſons, 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 bear any Argument. *Socrates* makes out the Injuſtice of this Procedure. He ſhews that when two Things are equally uncertain, Wiſdom directs us to chuſe that which is moſt advantageous with the leaſt danger. Now, beyond all diſpute, ſuch is the Immortality of the Soul; and therefore ought to be embrac'd. For if this Opinion prove true after our Death, are not we 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 dependance 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 'em 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 Muſick the Body commands the Harmony; but in Nature the Soul commands the Body. In Muſick, 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 its 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

tual and Divine can be wholly opposite to what is Material and Earthly.

The Second Objection was, That tho' 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 *Phyicks*? These *Phyicks* 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's a necessity of going beyond this Science, and having recourse to *Metaphyicks*, 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 discover'd 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 usher'd in his Treatise of *Phyicks* 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 deceiv'd the Expectation 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-mention'd 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 Enquiry. 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 discovery will make out the Immortality of the Soul.

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In this view *Socrates* raises his Thoughts to immaterial Qualities, and eternal Idea's; that is, he affirms that there's something that is in it self 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 contriv'd, 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 its self, and living formally by it self, as the corporeal Idea, and effectually enlivening the Body, can never be subject to Death, that being the Opposite of 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 dissolv'd 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 Infirmary, are the two Sources of Man's distrust and incredulity upon this Head. Whereupon *Socrates* endeavours to dry up those two Sources.

He attacks their Distrust by shewing that the Opinion of the Soul's Mortality, suits all the Idea's of God. For, by this Mortality, Vertue would be prejudicial to Men of Probity, and Vice beneficial to the Wicked; which cannot be imagin'd. So that there's a necessity of another Life for rewarding the good and punishing the bad. And the Soul being im-

Immortal, carries along with it into the other World, its good and bad Actions, its Vertues 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 have of it in this Life.

To put a stop to the torrent 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 it self, which are only Representations of what would be put in execution in Hell. The other is, the Authority of Antiquity, which maintain'd the Immortality of the Soul: In pursuit of which, he mentions some ancient Traditions, that point to the Truth publish'd by *Moses* and the Prophets, notwithstanding the Fables that overwhelm 'em. Thus we see, a Pagan, 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. Tho' some blinded Christians reject the Authority of our Holy Writ, and refuse to submit to it; yet we see a Pagan had so much Light as to make use of it to support his Faith, if I may so speak, and to strengthen his sweet Hope of a blessed Eternity. He shews, that he knew how to distinguish the fabulous Part of a Tradition from the Truth, and affirms nothing but what is conformable to the Scriptures, particularly, the last Judgment of the Good and the Bad; the 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



course of their Lives renounc'd 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 shews that after Death all's over, the Wicked are thrown for ever into the bottomless Abyss, and the Righteous convey'd to the Mansions of Bliss: Those who are neither righteous nor wicked, but committed Sins in this Life, which they always repented of, are committed to Places of torment, till they be sufficiently purified.

When *Socrates* made an end of his Discourse, his Friends ask'd what Orders he would give concerning his Affairs. *The only Orders I give you*, reply'd he, *is to take Care of your selves, and to make your selves as like to God as possible.* Then they ask'd him, how he would be interr'd? This Question offended him. He would not have himself confounded with his Corps, which was only to be interr'd. And tho' the Expression seems to import little, he shew'd 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 'em a minute, and then dismisses 'em. Upon his coming out of the Bath, the Cup is presented to him. He takes it, recollects his Thoughts within himself, prays, and drinks it off with an admirable tranquillity of Mind. Finding that he approach'd his End, he gave 'em to know that he resign'd 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 employ the last Hours of his Life*, says that

Author,

Author, in discoursing of the Immortality of the Soul, &c. but having chosen a more pleasurable and natural sort of Death, imitated the sweetness of the Swans, and caused 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 reserv'd some Minutes for thinking of his Affairs, and distributed Rewards to some of his Slaves, and punish'd others.

Let them talk of Socrates, says he, and boast of his Constancy and Bravery in drinking up the Poyson! 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 Grecian, and that too with the same Tranquillity of Mind, and Evenness of Temper.

We have no need of long Comments, 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 Minutes in making his Friends better, recommending to them the hopes of a blessed Eternity, and shewing 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 condemn'd him so unjustly. On the other side we meet with a voluptuous Person, in whom all Sentiments of Vertue are quite extinguish'd; who, to be rid of his own Fears, occasion'd his own Death, and in his exit would admit of no other Entertainment but agreeable Poems and pleasant Verses; who spent the last Minutes of his Time in rewarding those of his Slaves, who doubtless had been the Ministers and Accomplices of his Sensualities, and seeing those punish'd, who perhaps had shewn an aversion to his Vices, and disserv'd him in the way of his Pleasures. A good Death ought to be usher'd in by a good Life

Life. Now, a Life spent in Vice, Effeminacy and Debauchery, is much short of one entirely taken up in the Exercise of Vertue, and the solid Pleasures of true Knowledge, and adorn'd with the venerable Ornaments of Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, Liberty, and Truth. One of *Socrates's* dying words was that those who entertain'd bad Discourses upon Death, wounded the Soul very dangerously. And what would not he have said of those who scruple not to write 'em?

But 'tis probable this Author did not foresee the Consequence of this unjust Preference. He wrote like a Man of this World, that never knew *Socrates*. Had he known him, he had certainly form'd a juster Judgment. And in like manner, if he had known *Seneca* or *Plutarch*, he had never equall'd or prefer'd *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 not the *Petronius* of *Tacitus*, whose Death he so much admires, and would have met with some just Objections, which at least give occasion to suspect its being suppositious. But to return to *Socrates*.

His Doctrine, of Death's being no Affliction; but on the contrary, a Passage to a happier Life, made a considerable Progress. Some Philosophers gave such lively and forcible 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. *Ptolomeus Philadelphus* prohibited *Hegeſias* of *Cyrene* to teach it in his School, for fear of dispeopling his Countries. And the Poets of that Prince's Court siding with their Prince, as commonly they do, us'd all means to decry that Doctrine, and those who were prevail'd upon to embrace it. 'Twas their pernicious Complaisance that occasion'd what we now read in *Callimachus* against the Immortality of the Soul; and above all that famous Epigram, *Cicero* alledges to have been writ against *Cleombrotus* of *Ambracia*, but was certainly design'd

design'd likewise against *Plato*. 'Tis 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 of the Immortality of the Soul*.

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 these oppose it.

## Phedon : Or, *A Dialogue of the Immortality of the Soul.*

*Echecrates* and *Phedon*:

*Echec.* **P**hedon, were you by when *Socrates* drank the Poyson, or did any Body give you an Account how he behav'd in that juncture?

*Phed.* I was present.

*Echec.* What were his last Words then, and how dy'd he? You'll oblige me much with the relation: For the *Pblisians* have but little Correspondence with the *Athenians*, and 'tis a great while since we had any Stranger from *Athens* to acquaint us how things went. We only heard that he dy'd after drinking the Poyson; but could not understand any Particulars relating to his Death.

*The Inhabitants of Phlius, a City in the Peloponnesus.*

*Phed.* What! Did not you hear how he was arraign'd?

*Echec.* Yes truly, some Body told us that; and we thought it strange that his Sentence was so long in being put in execution after his Trial.

*Phed.* \* That happen'd only by chance. For the

\* *Phedon's* Discourse implies that the time of the Ships departure was uncertain: 'Twas either anticipated or retarded, as the Condition of the Ship and other Occurrences requir'd. This uncertainty occasions the Difficulty of finding the true Date of *Socrates's* Death.

F f

day

day before his Trial, the Stern of the Sacred Ship which the *Athenians* send every Year to *Delos*, was crown'd for the Voyage.

*Echec.* What is that Sacred Ship ?

*Phed.* If you believe the *Athenians*, it is the same Ship in which *Theseus* transported the 14 young Children to *Creet*, and brought 'em safe back again ; and 'tis said the *Athenians* at that time vow'd to *Apollo*, that if the Children were preserv'd 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 clear'd and ready to put to Sea, they purifie 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 call'd *Theoria*, commences when the Priest of *Apollo* has crown'd the Stern of the Ship. Now, as I told you, this happen'd on the day preceeding *Socrates's* Trial. And 'twas upon that Account that he was kept so long in Prison, after his Commitment.

*Echec.* And during his Imprisonment, what did he do ? What said he ? Who was with him ? Did the Judges order him to be kept up from Visits ? And did he die without the Assistance of his Friends ?

*Phed.* Not at all ; several of his Friends stay'd with him to the last Minute.

*Echec.* If you're at leisure, pray relate the whole Story.

*Phed.* 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*.

\* *Phedon* had been infinitely oblig'd to *Socrates* ; for being taken Prisoner in War, and sold to a Merchant that bought Slaves ; *Socrates*, who was mighty fond of his Genius, oblig'd *Alcibiades* or *Crito* to ransom him ; and receiv'd him into the Number of his Friends and Disciples.

*Echec.*

*Echec.* Assure your self, *Phedon*, you shall not take more pleasure in speaking, than I in hearing. Begin pray, and above all, take Care to omit nothing.

*Phed.* You'll be surpris'd when you hear what a Condition I was then in. I was so far from being sensibly touch'd with the misfortune of a Friend whom I loved very tenderly, and who died before my Eyes; that I envy'd his Circumstances, and could not forbear to admire the Goodness, Sweetness and Tranquillity that appear'd in all his Discourses, and the Bravery he shew'd upon the approach of Death. Every thing that I saw, furnish'd 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 that 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 lessen'd the Pleasure I was wont to have in hearing all his other Discourses, as affecting me with that sorrowful reflexion, that in the space of a Minute this divine Man would leave us for ever. Thus was my Heart toss'd with contrary Motions, that I could not define. 'Twas not properly either Pleasure or Grief, but a confused mixture of these two Passions, which produc'd 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* distinguish'd himself upon this Occasion; you know his humour.

*The same Apollodorus is spoken of in the Apology.*

*Echec.* No Body knows it better.

*Phed.* 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 mix'd with the Trouble and Confusion I spoke of just now.

*Echec.* Who was there then besides your self ?

*Phed.* There were no other *Athenians*, but *Apolodorus*, *Critobulus*, and his Father *Crito*, *Hermogenes*, *Epigenes*, *Eschines*, *Antisthenes*, *Ctesippus*, *Menexemus*, and a few more. *Plato* was sick.

*Echec.* Were there no Strangers ?

*Phed.* Yes ; *Simmias* the *Theban*, with \* *Cebes*, and *Phedondes* ; and from *Megara*, *Euclides* and *Terpsion*.

*Echec.* What ! Were not *Aristippus* and *Cleombrotus* there ?

*Phed.* No, sure ; † for 'tis said they were at *Ægina*.

*Echec.* Who was there besides ?

*Phed.* I believe I have named most of those that were there.

*Echec.* Let's hear then what his last Discourses were.

\* 'Tis the same *Cebes* who made the Table that we now have ; which is an Explication of an Allegorical Table, that he supposes to have been in the Temple of *Saturn* at *Thebes* ; and contains a very ingenious Scheme of a Man's whole Life. It hints at all the Doctrines of *Socrates*, and the Style resembles that of *Plato*.

† The Delicacy and Salt of this Satyr is thus explain'd 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 Master was in Prison, without daigning to go to see him, or even to assist on the day of his Death, tho' 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 *Phedon*, 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 stroak is the more biting, that the Thing it self paints out the Horror of the Action, and not he that speaks. *Plato* might securely have attack'd *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 Satyr. *Athenaus* by charging *Plato* with slander upon this score prejudic'd himself, more than *Plato*, who will always be cry'd up for having this Zeal for his Master.

*Phed.*

*Phed.* I shall endeavour to give you a full Account: For we never missed one day in visiting *Socrates*. To this End we met every morning in the Place where he was try'd, which joyn'd to the Prison; and there we waited till the Prison Doors were open, at which time we went straight to him, and commonly pass'd 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 return'd from *Delos*. When we arriv'd the Goaler that us'd to let us in, came out to us and desir'd we should stay a little and not go in till he came to conduct us. For, says he, the eleven Magistrates are now untying *Socrates*, and acquainting him that he must die, as this day. When we came in we found *Socrates* \* unty'd, and his Wife *Xantippe* (you know her) sitting by him with one of his Children in her Arms; and as soon as she spy'd us, she fell a crying and making a noise, as you know Women commonly do on such Occasions. *Socrates*, said he, *this is the last time your Friends shall see you*. Upon which *Socrates* turning to *Crito*, says, *Crito, pray send this Woman home*. Accordingly it was done. *Crito's* Folks carry'd *Xantippe* off, who beat her Face and cry'd bitterly. In the mean time *Socrates*, sitting upon the Bed, softly stroaks the place of his Leg where the Chain had been ty'd, and says, To my mind what Men call Pleasure, is a pretty odd sort of a Thing, which agrees admirably well with Pain; tho' People believe it is quite contrary, because they cannot meet in one and the same Subject. For whoever enjoys the one, must unavoidably be possess'd of the other, as if they were naturally joyn'd.

*These Magistrates were the Overseers of the Prison and Prisoners, and the Executors of the Sentences of the Judges.*

*How Pleasure agrees with Pain.*

Had *Æsop* been aware of this Truth, perhaps he had made a Fable of it; and had told us that

\* At *Athens*, after the Sentence was pronounc'd to the Criminal, they unty'd him, as being a Victim to Death, which it was not lawful to keep in Chains.



Socrates  
feigning  
that the  
Gods ty'd  
Pleasure  
and Pain to  
one Chain,  
makes that  
the Subject  
of a Fable.

God designing to reconcile these two Enemies, and not being able to compass his End, contented himself with tying them to one Chain; so that ever since the one follows the other, according to my Experience at this Minute. For the Pain occasion'd by my Chain, is now follow'd by a great deal of Pleasure.

Evenus of  
Paros, an  
Elegiack  
Poet, the  
first that  
said Habit  
was a second  
Nature.

I am infinitely glad, replies *Cebes* interrupting him, that you have mention'd *Æsop*. For by so doing you have put it in my Head to ask you a Question that many have ask'd of me, of late, especially *Evenus*. 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 mov'd you, that 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 to say?

What mov'd  
him the plain  
matter of Fact  
as it stands;  
viz. That  
Socrates to  
make Ver-  
ses after his  
Condemna-  
tion.

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 knew such an attempt was above my reach; but only to trace the meaning of some Dreams, and put my self in a capacity of obeying, in case Poetry happen'd to be the Musick that they allotted for my Exercise. For you must know, that all my life-

His Dreams  
ordering  
him to ap-  
ply himself  
to Musick.

time I have had Dreams, which always recommend the same Thing to me, sometimes in one Form and sometimes in another. *Socrates*, said they, apply your self to Musick. This I always took for a simple Exhortation, like that commonly given to those who run Races, ordering me to pursue my

Wisdom is  
the perfect-  
est Musick.

wonted course of Life, and carry on the study of Wisdom, that I made my whole Business, which is the most perfect Musick. But since my Trial, the Festival of *Apollo* having retarded the execution of my Sentence, I fancied these Dreams might have

How to san-  
ctifie one's  
self before  
his exit.

order'd me to apply my self to that vulgar and common sort of Musick: And since I was departing this World, I thought it safer to sanctifie my self  
by

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 consider'd that a true Poet ought not only to make Discourses in Verse, but likewise Fables. Now finding my self not disposed to invent new Fables, I apply'd my self to those of *Æsop*, and turn'd those into Verse that came first into my Mind.

*'Tis not Verse but Fable that makes a Poet; which is pursued at length in Aristotle's Poeticon.*

This, my dear *Cebes*, is the Answer you're to give *Evenus*. Assure him, that I wish him all happiness; and tell him, that if he be wise, he'll follow me. For in all appearance I am to make my Exit this Day, since the *Athenians* have given Orders to that effect.

What sort of Counsel is that you give to *Evenus*, replies *Symmias*; I have seen that Man often: And by what I know of him, I can promise you he'll never follow you with his Will.

What, says *Socrates*, is not *Evenus* a Philosopher?

I think so, says *Symmias*.

Then, replies *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 spoke these words he drew his Legs off the Bed, and sat down upon the Ground; in which Posture he entertain'd us the whole remaining part of the Day.

*For a Poet ought to be a Philosopher; or else he's a sorry Poet.*

*Self-murder is unlawful.*

*Cebes* put the first Question to him, which was this. How do you reconcile this *Socrates*, that 'tis not lawful to kill one's self, and at the same time that a Philosopher ought to follow you?

What, replies *Socrates*, did neither you nor *Symmias* ever hear your Friend \**Philolaus* discourse that Point?

\* *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 400 Crowns.

No, reply'd they, he never explain'd 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 learn'd. Besides, there's no Exercise so suitable for a Man upon the point of Death, as that of examining and endeavouring thoroughly to know what Voyage this is that we must all make, and making known his own Opinion upon it.

What is the ground of that Assertion, says *Cebes*, that 'tis not lawful for a Man to kill himself? I have often heard *Philolaus* and others say that it was an ill Action, but I never heard 'em say more.

Have Patience, says *Socrates*, you shall know more presently, and perhaps you'll be surpris'd to find it an eternal Truth that never changes; whereas most other Things in this World alter according to their 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 surpris'ing thing that such Men are not allow'd to possess themselves of the Good they want, but are oblig'd to wait for another Deliverer?

*Jupiter* only knows that, replies *Cebes* smiling.

This may seem unreasonable to you, says *Socrates*, but after all it is not so. The Discourses we are entertain'd 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 that belong to the Gods.* Is not this true?

Very true, replies *Cebes*.

Would not you your self, continues *Socrates*, be angry if one of your Slaves kill'd himself without your

*Man cannot deliver himself, but must wait till God deliver him.*

*The Discourses to the People in the Ceremonies and Mysteries of the Pagan Religions.*

*Man's being God's Property, is a Proof that he has no right to kill himself.*

your order, and would not you punish him severely if you could?

Yes, doubtless, replies *Cebes*.

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

That stands to Reason, 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 better Governours of the World, take Care of him, seems very unreasonable to me. Do they imagine they'll be more capable to govern themselves, when left to themselves? 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 convinc'd that he ought to stick to what is good, and never lose sight of it: But I affirm, that a wise Man will desire never to quit a Dependance upon a perfecter 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.

*Cebes objects, that Men should be unwilling to leave this Life, since the Gods are their Guardians here.*

*The wise will ever desire to depend upon God.*

*Socrates* seem'd to be pleas'd with *Cebes's* 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.

*Cebes's Objection is only a Quibble, without any Solidity.*

Indeed, replies *Simmius*, I must say I find a great deal of reason in what *Cebes* advances. What can the Sages pretend to gain, by quitting better Masters than themselves, and willingly depriving themselves of their Aid? Do you mind that; 'tis you alone that he addresses himself to, meaning to reprove you for your Insensibility, in being so willing to part with us, and quit the Gods, who, according to

to

to your own Words, are such good and wise Governours.

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 Tryal.

That's the very thing, replies *Simmius*.

*Socrates*  
refutes *Cebes's*  
*Objection*, and  
proves, that  
the wise  
should de-  
sire death.  
The Gods  
take Care of  
Men in the  
other World.  
He means  
that perhaps  
he has not  
Goodness  
enough to  
make good  
his hopes of  
being re-  
ceived into  
the Assembly  
of the Just.  
The Good  
are better  
treated in  
the other  
World, than  
the Bad.  
The Doctrine  
of the Im-  
mortality of  
the Soul  
should be  
communica-  
ted to others

Then, says *Socrates*, you must satisfy your selves, so that this my last Apology may have more influence upon you, than my former had upon my Judges. For my part, continues he, if I thought I should not find in the other World Gods as good and as wise, and Men infinitely better than we, 'twould be a piece of Injustice in me not to be troubled at death. But be it known to you *Simmius* and to you *Cebes*, that I hope to arrive at the Assembly of the Just. Indeed in this Point I may flatter my self; but as for my finding in the other 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's something reserv'd for the dead after this Life, and that the good meet with better Treatment in the World to come than the bad.

How, replies *Simmius*, would you have quitted this Life, without communicating those 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's 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 a pretty while ago.

I have nothing to say, replies *Crito*, but what your Executioner has been pushing me on to tell you this great while, that you ought to speak as little as you can for fear of over-heating your self, since nothing is more contrary to the Operation of Poison; insomuch that if you continue to speak so

(2) you'll

(a) you'll be obliged to take two or three Doses.

Let him do his Office, says *Socrates*; let him make ready two Doses of Poison, or three if he will.

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 enlightned 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 *Simmi*as and *Cebes* listen to my Arguments.

True Philosophers make it the whole business of their life-time to learn to die. Now 'tis extremely ridiculous for them, after they run out a whole Course incessantly in order to compass that one end, to flinch and be afraid when it comes up to them, when they are just in a Capacity of obtaining it after a long and painful Search.

*True Philosophers learn to die all their life-time.*

Whereupon *Simmi*as 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 that all the Philosophers would learn that Lesson so well as to die in Effect; and they'll be ready to tell you, death is the only thing they are worthy of.

*A Satyrical Rub upon the Athenians, who could not abide Philosophers.*

*Simmi*as, replies *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

(a) Probably the Executioner mean'd by this Advice to keep fair with *Socrates*, and save his Money; for he was to furnish the Hemlock, of which a pound (the common Dose) cost 12 Drachms, i. e. 3 Livres and 12 d. See *Plutarch* upon the death of *Phocion*, who was obliged to pay his Executioner for a Dose of Poison.

talk

Phedon : Or, *A Dialogue*

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 a separate Being and the Soul another ?

What is Death.

Just so, says *Simmias*.

Let's try then, my dear *Simmias*, if your Thoughts and mine agree. By that means we shall set the Object of our present Enquiry into a clearer light. Do

Philosophers do not court Pleasures.

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 Cloths, handsome Shoes, and the other Ornaments of the Body ? Whether do you think they value or slight those things when necessity does not enforce their Use ?

In my mind, 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.

All the Philosophers Business is to cut off all Commerce between Soul and Body.

Thus, continues *Socrates*, 'tis plain upon the whole that a Philosopher labours in a more distinguishing 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 the Opinion, *Simmias* that most Men will grant, that whoever avoids those Corporeal Things, and takes no pleasure in them (a) is not worthy to live ; and that he who does

(a) 'Tis a Truth acknowledged by almost all the World, That he who does not enjoy the Pleasures of the Body, is not worthy to live. So that 'tis a true Saying, That a Philosopher is worthy of nothing but death.

not

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 employ'd in that work? I'll 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 fingering that we neither see nor hear things truly? For if these two Senses of Seeing and Hearing are not true and trusty, the other, which are much weaker, will be far less such. Do not you think so?

*The Bodies being an Obstacle in the acquist of prudence is a proof of this truth*  
*The uncertainty of the Senses.*

Yes, without doubt, replies *Simmias*.

When does the Soul then, continues *Socrates*, find out the Truth? We see that while the Body is join'd in the Enquiry, this Body plainly cheats and seduces it.

*The Body deceives the Soul.*

That's true, says *Simmias*.

Is it not by reasoning that the Soul embraces Truths? And does it not reason better than before, when 'tis not encumber'd by Seeing or Hearing, Pain or Pleasure? When shut up within it self, it bids adieu to the Body, and entertains as little Correspondence with it as is possible; and pursues the knowledge of things without touching them?

*The Soul reasons best, when undisturbed by the Body, and separated from it.*

That's incomparably 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 it self?

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 like wise call it *Good* and *Fine*?

Ay, doubtless.

But did you ever see these Objects with the Eyes of your Body?

No, to be sure.

Or



*The Essence of things is known, not by the Senses, but by the operation of the Soul alone.*

Or with any other Sense? Did you ever touch any of those things I now speak of, such as Magnitude, Health, Fortitude, and, in a Word, the Essence of all other things? Is the truth of them discover'd 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's very true.

*The more the Soul is disengaged from the Body the more piercing are its Thoughts.*

Now the simplest and purest way of examining things; is to pursue every Particular by Thought alone, without offering to support our Meditation by seeing, or backing our Reasonings by any other Corporeal Sense; by employing the naked Thought without any mixture, and so endeavouring 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-mention'd?

Right *Socrates*; you have spoke incomparably well.

*The Language of the Philosophers among themselves. The Obstacles raised by the Body in the search of Truth. It not only disturbs us with Diseases, but often sinks our Judgments and Senses.*

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's apt to mislead us and our Reason in all our Enquires; because while we have a Body, and while our Soul is drown'd in so much Corruption, we shall 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 entue do quite disorder our Enquiry: Besides, it fills us with Love, Desires, Fears and a thousand foolish Imaginations; insomuch that there's nothing truer than the common Saying, *That the Body will never conduct us to Wisdom.* What is it that gives rise to

Wars

Wars and occasions Sedition and Duelling? Is it not the Body and its Desires? In effect, all Wars take rise from the Desire of Riches, which we are forc'd to heap up for the sake of our Bodie, in order to supply its wants, and serve it like Slaves. 'Tis 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 Meditation all of a sudden. It cumpers, troubles and surprizes us in such a manner that it hinders us to descry the Truth. Now we 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 two things must be true: Either the Truth is never known, or it is known after death; because at that time the Soul will be left to it self and freed of 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 meer Necessity, and keeping our selves 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 our selves the pure Essence of things, which perhaps is nothing else but the Truth. But he who is not pure, is not allow'd to approach to Purity it self. This, my dear *Simmias* as I take it, should be the Thought and Language of true Philosophers. Are not you of the same mind?

*The Body cannot conduct us to wisdom.*

*The Body is the cause of all the disorders in the World.*

*An Argument proving, that after this Life the Soul will know the Truth better than in this Life.*

*Truth is the knowledge of the pure essence of things.*

Most certainly, *Socrates*.

Then,

*The Purgation of the Soul, is the removing it from the Correspondence with the Body.*

Then, my dear *Simmius*, 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 perswaded that the Soul must be purged before it knows the Truth. Now the Purgation of the Soul, as we were saying but just now, is only its separation from the Body, its accustoming it self to retire and lock it self up, renouncing all Commerce with it as much as possible, and living by its self, whether in this or (a) the other World, without being chained to the Body.

All that's 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 life-time has been preparing to dye, upon his arrival at the Point of desir'd Death, should think to retire and be afraid of it? Would not that be a very scandalous Apostacy?

*This is what Socrates mean'd to prove.*

How should it be otherwise?

'Tis certain then, *Simmius*, that Death is so far from being terrible to true Philosophers, that 'tis

(a) The Obstacles rais'd in the pursuit of Wisdom, inspir'd the true Philosophers with such an aversion to the Body, that they pleas'd themselves with the fancy, that after death they should be rid of it for ever. They knew no better; and though they had some Idea of the Resurrection, yet they were absolutely ignorant that the Body will be likewise purged and glorified, that this corruptible Body would put on Incorruptibility, and the mortal Part be invested with Immortality.

their

their whole business to die. Which may be easily infer'd thus. If they slight and contemn their Body, and passionately desire to enjoy their Soul by it self, is it not a ridiculous way of belying themselves, to be afraid and troubled 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 wish'd for all their life-time? For they desir'd Wisdom and a Deliverance from the Body, as being their Burden and the Object of their hatred and contempt. Do not many upon the loss of their \* Mistresses, Wives or Children, willingly cut the Thread of Life, and convey themselves into the other World, meerly upon the hope of meeting there and cohabiting with the Persons they love? And shall a true lover of Wisdom, and one that firmly hopes to attain to 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 *Simmius*, if he be a true Philosopher, he'll go with a great deal of Pleasure; as being perswaded that there's no place in the Regions below, that cannot furnish him with that pure Wisdom that he's 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 *Simmius*, it would be so with a witness.

And consequently; continues *Socrates*, when a Man shrinks and retires at the Point of death, 'tis a certain Evidence that he loves not Wisdom, but his

\* The greatest part, though scarce convinc'd of the Immortality of the Soul us'd to kill themselves upon the loss of what they lov'd, hoping to retrieve it in the other World. And is it not reasonable that the true Philosophers, who are fully convinc'd of that Truth, and fully perswaded that true Wisdom is to be enjoy'd in the infernal World? is it not reasonable that those Men should give Death a welcome Reception?

The three  
common  
Causes of our  
aversion to  
death.

own Body, or Honour, or Riches, or perhaps all the three together.

'Tis so, *Socrates*.

Fortitude  
and Tempe-  
rance are  
peculiar to  
Philosophers

Then, *Simmias*, does not that we call *Fortitude* belong in a peculiar manner to Philosophers? And does not *Temperance*, or that sort of Wisdom that consists in controuling our Desires, and living soberly and modestly, suit admirably well with those who contemn their Bodies and live Philosophically?

That's certain, *Socrates*.

Were you to inspect into the Fortitude and Temperance of other Men, you'd find 'em very ridiculous.

How so, *Socrates*?

You know, says he, all other Men look upon Death as the greatest Affliction.

That's true, replies *Simmias*.

The Courage  
and Valor of  
those who  
despise death  
is often the  
effect of fear

When those you call *Stout*, suffer Death with some Courage, they do it only for fear of some greater evil.

That I must grant.

And by Consequence, all Men, bating the Philosophers, are only stout 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 in the right of it, *Socrates*.

Men are  
temperate  
thro' Intem-  
perance.

Is not the Case the same with your temperate Persons? 'Tis only Intemperance makes 'em 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 for fear of being robb'd of other Pleasures that they covet, and which have an Ascendant over them. They'll cry out to you as long as you will, that Intemperance consists in being rul'd and over-aw'd by our Passions; but at the same time that they give you this fine Definition, 'tis only their Subjection to some predominant Pleasures, that makes them discard others.

others. Now this is much what I said but now, that they are only temperate through Intemperance.

That's very clear, *Socrates*.

Let us not be impos'd upon, my dear *Simmius*. The straight Road to Vertue, does not lye in shifting Pleasures for Pleasures, Fears for Fears, 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 Vertue is always true, which accompanies Wisdom, without any dependance upon Pleasures, Grief, Fears or any other Passions. Whereas all other Vertues strip'd of Wisdom, which run upon a perpetual Exchange, are only shadows of Vertue. True Vertue is really and in effect a purgation from all these sorts of Passions. Temperance, Justice, Fortitude and Prudence or Wisdom it self, are not exchanged for Passions; but cleanse us of them. And it is pretty evident, that those who instituted the Purifications, call'd by us *Teletes*, i. e. *Perfect Expiations*, were Persons of no contemptible Rank, Men of great Genius's, who in the first Ages mean'd by such Riddles to give us to know (a) that whoever enters the other World without being initiated and purified, shall be hurled headlong into the vast Abyss; and that whoever arrives there after due purgation and expiation, shall be lodged in the Apartment of the Gods. For, as the Dispensers of those Expiations say, *There are many who bear the Thyrsus, but few that are possess'd by the Spirit of God*. Now those who are thus possess'd, as I take it, are the true Phi-

*The exchange of Passions, is not the true Road to Vertue. Wisdom is the only true Coin; it fetches all things. A rich Pearl that ought to be purchased at the expence of our whole Estate.*

*Vertue with out wisdom, is but a shadow of Vertue.*

*True Vertues are cleansers and privations not exchanges.*

*Such as Orpheus, Musæus, &c.*

*The ancient Purifications are only Enigmas.*

*As if he had said, many are devout, but few truly pious.*

*The Thyrsus was a spear wrap'd in Vines or Ivy carried by the followers of*

(a) There's a pleasant Passage to this purpose in the second Book of his *Republ*. They say, That by vertue of these Purifications and Sacrifices, we are deliver'd from the Torments of Hell; but if we neglect 'em we shall be liable to all the Horrors of the same.

losophers. I have try'd all means to be list'd in that number, and have made it the business of my whole life-time 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 crown'd my Endeavours. This, my dear *Simmias*, and my dear *Cebes*, is the Apology with which I offer to justify my not being troubled or afflicted for parting with you and quitting my Governours 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 Defence take better with you, than they did with my Judges.

*Socrates* having thus spoke; *Cebes* took up the Discourse to this purpose: *Socrates*, I subscribe to the Truth of all you have said. There's only one thing that Men look upon as incredible, *viz.* what you advanced of the Soul. For (*a*) almost every Body fancies, that when the Soul parts from the Body, it is no more, it dies along with it; in the very minute of parting it vanishes, like a Vapour or Smoak, which flies off and disperses and has no Existence. For if it subsisted by it self, were gather'd and retired into it self, 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.

(*a*) This was the Imagination of those who denied the Immortality of the Soul. The Author of the Book of Wisdom, has set 'em in their true Colours. *Our Life* (says he) *is but a Breath; after death it vanishes like a Vapour, and passes as a Cloud, or a Mist dispersed by the Rays of the Sun.* Then he tells us, that those who entertain 'emselfes with such Language, were not acquainted with the Secrets of God, for God created Man incorruptible, after his own Image, and the hope of the Righteous is full of Immortality. Now this is just *Socrates's* Doctrine.

You

You say right, *Cebes*, replies *Socrates*: But how shall we manage this Affair? Shall we in this interview examine whether that is probable or not?

I shall be mighty glad, says *Cebes*, to hear your Thoughts upon the Matter.

At least, says *Socrates*, I cannot think that any Man hearing us, tho' 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 Method, in order to know whether the Souls of the Dead have a being in the other World, or not.

*A Satyrical Touch upon Aristophanes, who in his Comedy of the Clouds had charg'd Socrates with amusing himself only with trifles.*

(b) 'Tis a very ancient Opinion, That Souls quitting this World repair to the Infernal Regions, and return after that to live in this World. If so be, that Men return to Life after Death, it follows necessarily that during that interval their Souls are lodg'd in the lower Regions: For if they had not a Being, they could not return to this World. And this will be a sufficient Proof of what we affirm, (c) if we be convinc'd that the Living spring from the Dead: If otherwise, then we must look out for other Proofs.

(b) The first Argument grounded on the Opinion of the *Metempsychosis*; which *Socrates* only makes use of to shew that it suppos'd the future Existence of Souls for a certain Truth.

(c) Since all Things take rise from their Contraries; Life cannot swerve from the common Rule. Now if Life come from Death, then the Soul has a Being. This is a certain Truth, but can only be made out by the Resurrection. Wherefore *St. Paul* tells the Opposers of that Truth; *Thou Fool, that which thou sowest is not quicken'd except it die*, 1 Cor. 15. 36. *Socrates* goes upon the same Principle, but 'tis only the Christian Religion that can explain it. *Plato* and *Socrates* had some Idea of the Resurrection; but they spoil'd it by mingling it with the gross Doctrine of *Pythagoras*. They drew false Consequences from a Principle that's very true in it self. Besides this Principle has a very dangerous Error couch'd under it, which we refuted in the Preface.



That's certain, says *Cebes*.

But to assure our selves of this Truth, replies *Socrates*; 'tis not sufficient to examine the Point upon the Comparifon with Men; but likewise upon that with other Animals, Plants, and whatever has a vegetable Principle. By that means, we'll be convinc'd 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 contrary to *ugly*, and *just* of *unjust*. And the same is the Case of an infinite number of other Things. Now let's see if it be absolutely necessary, that whatever has a contrary, should spring from that contrary: As when a Thing becomes bigger, of necessity it must formerly have been lesser, before it acquir'd that magnitude. And when it dwindles into a lesser 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's 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 more unjust?

Yes, surely *Socrates*.

Then 'tis sufficiently prov'd that every Thing is generated by its contrary.

Sufficiently, *Socrates*.

*Between two Contraries there is always a medium, which we may call the Point of their Generation.*

But, is not there always a certain *medium* between these two Contraries? There are two Births, or two Processions, one of *this* from *that*, and another of *that* from *this*. The *medium* between a greater and a lesser Thing, is increase and diminution. The same is the Case of what we call mixing, separating, heating, cooling, and all other Things in *infinitum*. For, tho' it sometimes falls so 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's

There's no doubt of that.

And what, continues *Socrates*, has not Life like-  
wise its Contrary, as awaking has sleeping ?

Without doubt, says *Cebes*.

What is that Contrary ?

Death.

Since these two Things are contrary, do not they  
take rise one from the other ? And between these  
two, are there not two Generations, or two Pro-  
cessions ?

*The Process-  
ion of Life  
from Death,  
and that of  
Death from  
Life.*

Why not ?

But, says *Socrates*, I am about to tell you how  
the now-mention'd 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 awaking and sleeping are related. Does  
not sleep beget watchfulness, and watching sleep ;  
and is not the generation of sleep, the falling asleep ;  
and that of watching, the awaking ?

*Of Watching  
and Sleep-  
ing.*

All very clear.

Now, pray view the Combination of Life and  
Death. Is not Death the contrary 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 Men  
are bred from Death.

*A full Proof  
of the Re-  
surrection.*

So I think, says *Cebes*.

And by Consequence, continues *Socrates*, our Souls  
are lodg'd in the infernal World after our Death.

The Consequence seems just.

But of these two Generations, one, viz. Death,  
is very palpable ; it discovers it self to the Eye, and  
is touch'd by the Hand.

Most certainly.

If Death  
did not pro-  
duce its con-  
trary, Na-  
ture would  
be defective.

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 maim'd on that score?

There's 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 be such a thing as returning to Life, 'tis nothing else but the Birth of the Dead returning to Life. And thus we agree, that the Living are as much the Product of the Dead, as the Dead are of Living. Which is an incontestable Proof, that the Souls of the Dead must remain in some Place or other, from whence they return to Life.

That, as I take it, says *Cebes*, is a necessary Consequence from the Principles we have agreed on.

And as I take it, *Cebes*, these Principles are well grounded: Consider 'em your self. (a) If all these Contraries had not their Productions and Generations in their turns, which make 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 produc'd 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.

How do you say, *Socrates*?

A Proof of  
the Last  
Proposition.

There's no difficulty in conceiving what I now say. If there were nothing but sleep, and if sleep did not produce watching, (b) 'tis 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 happen'd

(a) 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.

(b) If Life did not spring from Death, all Things would at last sleep like *Endymion*, whom the Moon lull'd eternally asleep, according to the Fable.

to *Endymion*, viz. they must always sleep. If every thing were mingled, without any subsequent separation, we should quickly see *Anaxagoras's* Doctrine fulfill'd, and all Things jumbled together. At the same rate, my dear *Cebes*, if all living Things died, and being dead, continued such without reviving, would not all Things unavoidably come to an end at last, in so much that there would not be a living Thing left in being? For, if living Things did (c) not arise from dead ones, when the living ones die, of necessity all Things must at the last be swallow'd up by Death, and entirely annihilated.

*That is to say, all things would quickly tumble into their Primitive Chaos.*

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

As I take it, *Cebes*, there can be no Objection made against those Truths; neither are we mistaken in receiving them; for 'tis certain there is a return to Life; 'tis 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.

*'Tis certain that Death must deliver up those it has swallow'd.*

*Socrates in this Place seems only to own one return to this Life, which is that of the Resurrection.*

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 (a) all our acquir'd Knowledge is only Remembrance. For, if that Principle be true, we must necessarily have learn'd at another time what we call to mind in this. Now that's impossible, without our Soul had a Being before its being invest'd with this human form. So that this same Principle concludes the Immortality of the Soul.

But *Cebes*, says *Simmius* interrupting him, what Demonstration have we of that Principle? Pray re-

(c) I've corrected this Passage, by reading  $\mu\eta$  *ἴστω*; for without  $\mu\eta$  'twas not Sense.

(a) *Socrates* made use of that Principle, as being establish'd to his Hand, and a necessary Consequence of the Creation of Souls before the Body. But he did not teach it for a certainty, as we shall see in *Menon*.

fresh

fresh my Memory with it, for at present it is out of my Head.

There's a very pretty Demonstration for it, replies *Cebes*. All Men being duly interrogated, find out all Things of themselves : Which they could never do without Knowledge and right Reason. Put 'em at unawares upon the Figures of Geometry, and other things of that nature, they presently perceive that 'tis as 'tis said.

*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 Remembring ?

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 to hear 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 calls to mind.

Most certainly.

(b) 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 the Senses ; and at the same time imagines to himself another thing, independent of that Knowledge, by Virtue of a quite different Knowledge ; do not we justly say, that the Man remembers the Thing that comes thus into his Mind ?

How do you say, replies *Simmias* ?

(b) *Socrates's* Proofs only conclude a remembrance of things once known, and afterwards forgot in this Life ; not of things learn'd in the other World, for the Soul is not created before the Body. This Doctrine of Remembrance is of admirable use for making out Original Sin, as I shew'd in the Introduction.

I say

I say, replies *Socrates*, for Example, that we know a Man by one sort of Knowledge, and a Harp by another.

That's certain, quoth *Simmius*:

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 us'd to make use of? It is just, as I said but now. Upon seeing and knowing the Harp, they form in their Thoughts the Image of the Person to whom the Harp belongs. This is Remembrance. Thus it often falls out, that one seeing *Simmius*, thinks of *Cebes*, I could cite a thousand other Instances. This then is Remembrance, especially when the Things call'd to mind are such as had been forgot through length of time or being out of sight.

*By reason of their intimacy, which occasion'd their being always together.*

That's very certain, quoth *Simmius*.

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 *Simmius*, may not one think of *Cebes*?

Sure enough, says *Simmius*.

Much more, continues *Socrates*, upon seeing the Picture of *Simmius*, will he call to mind *Simmius* himself.

Ay, with ease.

From all these Instances we infer, that Remembrance is occasion'd sometimes by things that are like the thing remembred; and sometimes by things that are unlike. But when one remembers a thing by virtue of a likeness, does it not necessarily come to pass, that the Mind at first view discovers whether the Picture does resemble the thing design'd, lamely or perfectly.

It must needs be so, replies *Simmius*.

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 observ'd between one Tree and another, one Stone and another, and several other things

*He speaks of an intelligible, not a sensible Equality.*

things that are alike. I speak of abstracted 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.

*He means to prove that the knowledge of this intelligible Equality cannot be acquir'd in this World, and therefore must be referr'd to the other.*

(a) From whence do we derive that Knowledge ? Is it not from the things we mention'd but now ? 'Tis upon seeing equal Trees, equal Stones, and several other things of that nature, that we form the Idea of that Equality, which is not either the Trees or the Stones, but something abstracted from all subjects. Do not you find it such ? Pray take notice. The Stones and the Trees are always the same, and yet do not they sometimes appear unequal ?

Sure enough.

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.

*Otherwise Equality and Inequality would meet in the same Subject ; which is a Contradiction.*

But after all these equal things, which are different from Equality, furnish us with the Idea and Knowledge of that abstracted Equality.

That's true, replies *Simmius*.

The case is the same, whether this Equality bear a resemblance to the things that occasion'd its Idea, or not.

(a) *Socrates* is out in thinking to prove that the knowledge of intelligible Qualities was acquir'd in the other World. That Knowledge is the effect of the Light with which God illuminates the Soul, or the Tracks of the Impressions that are not quite defac'd by Sin : 'Tis the remainder of the Knowledge we have lost, and of the Perfection we have forfeited. So that, if *the other Life* be taken in *Socrates's* Sense, the Proposition is false ; if in ours, for the state of the Soul before Sin, 'tis true.

Most

Most certainly.

When, upon seeing one thing, you call to mind another, 'tis no matter if it be like it 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, of not?

*For the sensible Equality is never so perfect as the Intellectual.*

Very far from it.

Then we agree upon this. When a Man sees a thing before him, and thinks it would be equal to another thing, but at the same time is far from being so perfectly equal, as the equality of which he has the Idea: Then, I say, (b) he who thinks thus, must necessarily have known beforehand this intellectual Being which the thing resembles, but imperfectly.

There's an absolute Necessity for that.

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

Sure enough, *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 it self, but could not reach it.

That's certain.

But we likewise agree upon this, That this Thought can be deriv'd from nothing else but one of our Senses, from seeing, touching, or feeling one way or other: And the same Conclusion will hold of all Beings, whether Intellectual or Sensible.

*This Principle is true, but the Consequence he draws from it is false.*

All things will equally conclude for what you design.

Then, 'tis from the Senses themselves that we

(b) Tho' he must have known it, it does not follow that he knew it in the other Life, unless it be thereby meant the very instant of the Creation of the Soul.

derive



derive this Thought; that all the Objects of our Senses have a tendency towards this intellectual Equality, but comes short of it. Is it not?

Yes, without doubt, *Socrates*.

In effect, *Simmius*, (a) before we began to see, feel, or use our Senses, we must have had the knowledge of this intellectual Equality; else we could not be capable to compare it with the sensible things, and perceive that they have all a tendency towards it, but fall short of its Perfection.

That's a necessary Consequence from the Premises.

But is it not certain, That immediately after our Birth, we saw, we heard, and made use of our other Senses?

Very true.

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

Without doubt.

*This Consequence is only true in our Sense.*

(b) And by Consequence we were possess'd of it before we were born.

So I think.

If we possess'd it before we were born, then we knew things before we were born, and immediately after our birth knew not only what is equal, what great, what small, 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

(a) One might have answer'd, That we had not that Knowledge before we were born, but receiv'd it afterwards by the gradual Communication of Light from God into the Soul. But, as 'tis certain that the Soul was created full of Light and Perfection, so this Truth was known to the Pagans, and upon that account *Socrates's* Friends were oblig'd to assent to what he said. And after all, if by the first Life of the Soul, we understand the very Instant of Creation, or the State of the Soul before the Fall, the Proposition is true.

(b) We knew before we sinn'd; we lost our Knowledge by sinning; and re-call it again by Virtue of the Light imparted by God to the Soul.

(c) Ex-

(c) Existence. So that of necessity we must have known all these things before we came into this World.

That's certain.

And being possess'd of that Knowledge, if we did not forget apace every Day, we should not only be born with it, but retain it all our life-time. For to know, is only to preserve the Knowledge we have receiv'd, and not to lose it. And to forget, is to lose the Knowledge we enjoy'd before.

That's certain, *Socrates*.

Now, if, after having possess'd 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*?

With a great deal of reason, *Socrates*.

(d) For we have agreed upon this; That 'tis 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 forgot; to which the thing perceiv'd 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 preserv'd it all along; or else retriev'd it afterwards by way of remembrance. Which of these two, do you pitch upon, *Simmius*; are we born with that Knowledge; or do we call it to mind after having had it and forgot it?

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

(c) The Greek Exposition is very remarkable; it runs thus; *Things upon which we have put this Stamp, That 'tis so.* That is, to distinguish Things that have a true Existence, from sensible Things that have no true Existence.

(d) 'Twas agreed before, that upon seeing one thing we call to mind another unseen; as upon seeing a Lute we think of a Mistress; upon seeing equal Trees, we call to mind Equality.

But

But mind what I'm about to say to you, and then let's see which you'll chuse. A Man that knows any thing, can he give a reason of his Knowledge or not ?

Doubtless he can, *Socrates*.

*A great Panegyrick upon Socrates. What Modesty was this in Plato?*

And do you think all Men can give a Reason for what we have been speaking of ?

I wish they could, replies *Simmius* ; but I'm afraid to morrow we shall have none here that's capable to do it.

Then you think all Men have not this Knowledge ?

No sure.

(a) 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.

No sure.

Then it must be some time before that ?

Yes, without doubt.

*But this is a false Principle.*

And by consequence, *Simmius*, our Souls had a Being before that time ; that is to say, before they were invest'd with a humane Form, while they were without the Body, they thought, they knew and understood.

Unless you'll allow, *Socrates*, that we learn'd it in the Minute of our Birth: There's no other time left.

Be it so, my dear *Simmius*, (b) but at what other time did we lose it ? For we did not bring it into

(a) If they are not then born with that Knowledge ; then they must have forgot it, and recover'd it again by way of remembrance. A false Consequence.

(b) All the Heathen Philosophers are at a loss to find out the time of thus forgetting. They were sensible that God created the Soul full of Light and Understanding, but did not perceive that the first Man lost that Light and Knowledge by his Rebellion ; and that if he had continued innocent, he had transmitted to us those valuable Qualities together with his Innocence ; as well as now he is fallen, he transmitted to us Obscurity and Sin.

the

the World with us, as we concluded but now. Did we lose in the same Minute that we obtain'd it? Or, can you assign any other time?

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

\* Then, *Simmius*, 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 that 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 own 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 that of those things?

That Consequence, replies *Simmius*, seems to me to be equally just and wonderful: And the result of the whole Discourse 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 mention'd but now. For my part, I think there's nothing more evident, and more sensible, than the Existence of all these Things, Goodness, Justice, &c. and you have sufficiently made it out.

*The Parallel is not just. All these intelligible Beings are no thing else but God himself; but the Soul is not God, 'tis the work of God.*

Now for *Cebes*, says *Socrates*; for *Cebes* must likewise be convinc'd.

I believe, replies *Simmius*, tho' he is the stiffest Man upon Earth, and very much proof against Arguments,

\* *Socrates* means to prove, that as Goodness, Justice, and all those intelligible Beings, which are the Patterns of the sensible and real Beings, subsist intelligibly in God from all Eternity; so our Soul exists by it self, and has an eternal Being in the Idea of God; and from this Idea it derives all its Knowledge.

yet he'll own your Proof to be very convincing. In the mean time, tho' I am sufficiently convinc'd that our Souls had a Being before we were born: I have not yet heard sufficient Proof, for its continuing after our Death. For that popular Opinion, which *Cebes* mention'd but 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 prov'd the half of what he propos'd. 'Tis true, he has demonstrated that the Soul has a Being before the Body; but, to compleat his Demonstration, he should have prov'd 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'll be sensible of it, if you join this last Proof with what you acknowledg'd before, *viz.* That the Living rise from the Dead. \* For if 'tis 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 not it 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 an open Country in a place expos'd to the Winds.

\* Tho' our Soul has no being before our coming into the World, yet it continues after Death, since it must return to Life by the Resurrection, and the Living take rise from the Dead. The defeat of Death is the triumph of Life. This Proof of the necessary rise of the Living from the Dead, is an admirable support for our Christian Hope.

Where-

Whereupon *Cebes* smiling, replied, Pray then *Socrates*, try to discuss our Fears, or rather convince us, as if we fear'd nothing: Tho indeed there be some among us who lie under those childish Apprehensions. Persuade us then not to fear Death, as a vain Phantome.

As for that, says *Socrates*, you must employ Spells and Exorcisms every day, till you be cur'd.

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 stor'd with learned Men. Besides, there are a great many barbarous Nations, which you must scour in order to find out the Conjurer, without sparing either Labour or Charges: For you cannot imploy your Money in a better Cause. You must likewise look for one among your selves; for 'tis possible there may be none found more capable to perform those Enchantments, than your selves.

We shall obey your Orders, *Socrates*, in looking out for one: But in the mean while, if you please, let's resume our former Discourse.

With all my Heart, *Cebes*.

Well said, *Socrates*.

\* The first Question, we ought to ask of our selves, says *Socrates*, is, what sorts 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 enquire into the nature of our Soul, and form our Fears or Hopes accordingly.

That's very true.

Is it not certain, that only compounded Things, or such as are of a compoundible nature, admit of

\* Hitherto *Socrates* endeavour'd to make good the Existence of Souls before their Bodies, as being a point of the receiv'd Theology. And forasmuch as the Principle is false, 'twas impossible for him to give better proof, since a Lye does not admit of demonstration. But now he's about to make good the future Existence and Immortality of the Soul, by solid unshaken Arguments:

*These Spells and Exorcisms must be look'd for in the Word of God.*

*'Twas from those Nations, whom he calls barbarous, that he deriv'd the Rays of that Truth, that the Soul is immortal.*

*Only compounded Things can naturally be dissipated.*

He adds naturally, because the Will of God may controul Nature.

being diffipated at the same rate that they were compounded ? If there are any uncompounded Beings, they alone are free from this Accident, and naturally uncapable of diffipation.

That I think is very clear, replies *Cebes*.

Change, a sign of composition.

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 mind, *Socrates*.

Intellectual Beings, &c.

Let us betake our selves to the Things we were speaking of but now, the Existence whereof is never contested either in Question or Answer ; are these always the same, or do they sometimes change ? Equality, Beauty, Goodness, and every singular Thing ; *i. e.* the Essence it self ; 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 necessity, replies *Cebes*, they must continue still the same without alteration.

And all these fine things, says *Socrates*, such as Men, Horses, Habits, Movables, and a great many other things of the same nature, are they entirely opposite to the former, that they never continue in the same condition, either with reference to themselves, or to others ; but are subject to perpetual alterations.

They never continue in the same condition, replies *Cebes*.

Now these are the things that are visible, touchable, or perceptible by some other Sense ; whereas the former, which continue still the same, can only be reach'd by Thought, as being immaterial and invisible.

That's true, *Socrates*.

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

With

With all my Heart, says *Cebes*.

Let's see then ; are not we compounded of a Body and a Soul ; or is there any other Ingredient in our Composition ?

No, sure.

Which of the two kinds of 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 ?

At least, 'tis invisible to Men.

But when we speak of visible or invisible things, we mean with reference to Men, without minding any other Nature. Once more then ; is the Soul visible, or not ?

*He adds to Men, implying that 'tis visible to God.*

'Tis not visible.

Then 'tis immaterial and invisible ?

Yes.

And by Consequence the Soul is more conformable than the Body to the invisible kind of things ; and the Body suits better with the visible ?

There's an absolute necessity for that.

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 engag'd in matter. Whereas when it pursues things by it self, without calling in the Body, it betakes it self to what is Pure, Immortal, Immutable ; and, as being of the same Nature, dwells constantly upon it while it is Master of it self. 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.

*The Condition of the Soul, when engag'd in Matter.*

*Its condition when dis-engag'd.*

*Wisdom is that state of the Soul, when it is divorc'd from the Passions of the Body, & united constantly to God.*



That's admirably well spoke, *Socrates*, and a very great Truth.

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

To my mind, *Socrates*, there's no Man so stupid and stiff, as not to be oblig'd 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.

*The Soul being the Image of God, ought to command and the Body to obey.*

Let's try yet 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 is most suitable to the Divine Being; and which to that that 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 ?

Sure enough.

Which of these two then agrees best with the Soul ?

'Tis evident, *Socrates*, that our Soul resembles what is Divine, and our Body what is Mortal.

*The nature of the Soul.*

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, Indissolvable; and is always the same and always like it : And that our Body does perfectly resemble what is human, mortal, sensible, compounded, dissolvable, always changing, and never like it self. Can any thing be alledg'd, to destroy that Consequence, or to make out the contrary ?

*The nature of the Body.*

No, sure, *Socrates*.

Does not it then suit with the Body to be quickly dissolv'd, and with the Soul to be always indissolvable, or something very near it ?

That's a standing Truth.

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(a) Accordingly you see every day, when a Man dies, his visible Body, that continues expos'd to our view, and which we call the Corps; that alone admits of dissolution, alteration and dissipation; this, I say, does not immediately undergo any of these Accidents, but continues a pretty while in its entire form, or in its flower, if I may so speak,

(b) especially in this Season. Bodies imbalm'd after the manner of those in *Egypt*, 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?

*That is to say, without Corruption or Wounds.*

Very true.

Now as for the Soul, which is an invisible Being, that goes to a Place like it self, 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 minute, if it please God: Shall a Soul of this nature, and created with

(a) *Socrates* is about to shew the ridiculousness of the Opinion of the Souls dissipation after death. What! shall the Body, a compounded Being, subsist a pretty while after death; and, the Soul, a simple Being, be immediately dissipated? After what has been said, the ridiculousness is very plain.

(b) This Passage is enough, to stun the Criticks, who make a great bustle to find out the precise time of *Socrates's* death; and after straining hard in demonstrating the Attick Calender, and computing its Months, assure us he died in the Month of *July*. Here, to their great misfortune, *Socrates* himself says he died in the Season in which Corps keep best. The Month of *July* is not entitled to that Character, especially in *Greece*. So that they must make a new Computation. But how came this Passage to escape their view? The reason is plain. Most of 'em do not read the Originals. When they look for any thing, they content themselves with running over a Translation. Now the translation of this Passage is very faulty. Neither *Marfilinus Ficinus*, nor *de Serres* understood it. They took *αἰα* for the good Condition and entireness of the Parts; whereas it signifies the Season. Upon which mistake the one renders *εἰ τοιαυτῶν αἰα, cum quadam moderatione*; and the other *corpore perbelle affecto*.

all these Advantages, be dissipated and annihilated, as soon as it parts from the Body, as most Men believe? No such thing, my dear *Simmi* and my dear *Cebes*. I'll tell you what will rather come to pass, and what we ought to believe steddily. If the Soul retain its Purity without any mixture of filth from the Body, as having entertain'd no voluntary Correspondence with it; but on the contrary, having always avoided it, and recollected it self within it self in continual Meditations; that is, in studying the true Philosophy, and effectually learning to die; for Philosophy is a preparation to death: I say, if the Soul depart in this Condition, it repairs to a Being like it self, a Being that's Divine, Immortal, and full of Wisdom; in which it enjoys an unexpressible Felicity, as being freed from its Errors, its Ignorance, its Fears, its Amours that tyrannised over it, and all the other Evils retaining to human Nature; and, as 'tis said of those who have been initiated in holy

*The State of the departed Souls of those who serv'd God in sincerity all their life time.*

*The initiation into Mysteries, was only a Shadow of what was to be compleated in the other World.*

Mysteries, it truly passes a whole course of Eternity with the Gods. Ought not this to be the Matter of our Belief?

Sure enough, *Socrates*.

*The future state of impure Souls.*

But if the Soul depart full of Uncleaness and Impurity, as having been all along mingled with the Body, always employ'd in its Service, always possess'd by the love of it, wheedled and charm'd by its Pleasures and Lusts; insomuch that it believ'd there was nothing real or true beyond what is Corporeal, what may be seen, touch'd, drank or eaten,

*Impure Souls believe there's no reality in any thing but what is Corporeal.*

*All intelligible things are only obscurity to the Eyes of the Body.*

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 enjoy'd by Philosophy: Do you think, I say, that a Soul in this condition can depart pure and simple from the Body?

No.

No sure, *Socrates*, that's impossible.

On the contrary, it departs stain'd with Corporeal Pollution, which was rendred 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 employ'd in serving and gratifying it.

*A Soul polluted and bespatter'd with filth.*

Most certainly.

This Pollution, my dear *Cebes*, is a gross, heavy, earthy and visible Mass, and the Soul loaded with such a weight, is dragg'd 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 (a) 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 of Simplicity, but polluted with that earthy and visible Matter that makes them degenerate into a visible Form.

*Impure Spirits frequenting Sepulchres.*

That's very likely, *Socrates*.

Yes, without doubt, *Cebes*; and 'tis also likely that 'tis not the good but the bad Souls that are forc'd to wander in those Places of Impurity; where they suffer for their former ill Life, and continue to wander, till, through the love they have to this corporeal Mass which always follows 'em, they engage again in a new Body, and in all probability plunge themselves into the same Manners and Passions, as were the Occupation of their first Life.

*An Error taken from Pythagoras's Metempsychosis taken in a gross Sense.*

How do you say, *Socrates*?

I say, *Cebes*, that, for Instance, those who made their Belly their God, and lov'd nothing but Insolence and Impurity, without any Shame, and with-

(a) *Socrates* speaks here of the impure Spirits that dwelt among Tombs in Church-yards, such as are mention'd in the the Gospel, *Matth. 8. 28. Mark 5. 2. Luke 8. 26.* which wander'd Night and Day round the Tombs and upon the Mountains. He alledges they were corrupt and polluted Souls, which bore the Pollution they had contracted by Sin, in plunging themselves too deep in Matter.

out

out any Reserve ; those (b) enter into the Bodies of Asses or such like Creatures. Do not you think this very probable ?

Yes, sure, *Socrates*.

And those Souls which lov'd only Injustice, Tyranny and Rapine, are employ'd to animate the Bodies of Wolves, Hawks and Faulcons. Where else should Souls of that stamp go ?

No where else, *Socrates*.

The case 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 Fate of those who are temperate and just by Habit, without the assistance of Philosophy.*

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 Vertues, which are call'd *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 ?

'Tis probable, that after their death, their Souls are join'd to the Bodies of politick 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 allow'd to those who did not

(b) In the Life of *Plato*, we took notice of this Opinion of Souls passing into other Bodies, whether of Men or Beasts ; and endeavour'd to discover its Source ; I shall only add, that by *Socrates's* way of expressing himself, one would believe that this imaginary Transmigration of Souls was grounded upon those impure Spirits that enter'd into Men and Beasts. We are not to doubt, but that in those Times of Obscurity, under the real Empire of the Devil, there were a great many People possess'd in that manner ; and that was a sufficient Ground for forming the Idea of the Transmigration of Souls, that being most apt to frighten 'em. They fancied that these impure Spirits took to themselves Bodies in the Sepulchers where they dwelt.

live Philosophically, and whose Souls did not depart with all their Purity. That great Privilege is reserv'd for the Lovers of true Wisdom. And 'tis 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 ruine 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 do who court only Dignities and Honours. In a word, they renounce all things, and even themselves.

*A fine Character of true Philosophers: They fear neither Poverty, Ignominy, nor Death: They renounce themselves and all things besides.*

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

No, sure, continues *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 'em.

*They are insensible that know not where they go.*

*The Purifications of Philosophy.*

How do you say, *Socrates*?

I'll explain it to you. The Philosophers finding their Soul tied and chain'd to the Body, and by that means oblig'd 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 it self 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 advertizing it not

*The force of the Bond that imprisons the Soul consists in its own Desires.*

*The Soul is always headed by the Body,*

to

*Whatever the Soul examines by the bodily Senses, is false.*

*Why the Soul disclaims all the Passions of the Body.*

*The greatest and most terrible affliction of a Soul given over to its Passions of the Body.*

*Every Passion has a Nail that fastens the Soul to the Body.*

to use the Body further than Necessity requires ; and advising it to recollect and shut up it self within it self ; to receive no Deposition but its own, after it has examin'd within it self the intrinsic Nature of every thing, and stripp'd it of the Covering that conceals it from our Eyes ; and to continue fully perswaded that whatever is tried by all its other Senses, being different from the former discovery, is certainly false. Now whatever is tried by the corporeal Senses, is visible and sensible. And what it views by it self without the ministry of the Body, is invisible and intelligible. So that the Soul of a true Philosopher, being convinc'd that it should not oppose its own Liberty, disclaims, as far as is possible, the Pleasures, Lusts, Fears, and Sorrows of the Body : For it knows that when one has enjoy'd many Pleasures, or given way to extream 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 doom'd to the last and greatest of Evils ; an Evil that is so much the more dangerous and terrible, that it is not obvious to our Senses.

What Evil is that, *Socrates* ?

'Tis this ; that the Soul being forc'd to rejoyce or be afflicted upon any occasion, is perswaded that what causes its Pleasure or Grief, is a real and true thing, tho' at the same time it is not : And such is the nature of all sensible and visible Things that are capable to occasion Joy or Grief.

That's certain, *Socrates*.

Are not these Passions then the chief Instruments particularly that imprison and mew up the Soul within the Body ?

How's that *Socrates* ?

Every Pleasure, every melancholy Thought, being arm'd 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

For as it entertains the same Opinions, and pursues the same Pleasures with the Body, so it is oblig'd to the same Actions and Habits : For which reason it cannot descend in Purity to the lower World, but is daub'd all over with the pollution of the Body it left, and quickly re-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's very certain, *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, sure.

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 'tis 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 tranquility 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 nourish'd by this pure Truth ; it is convinc'd that it ought to follow the same course of Life while it is united to the Body ; and hopes that after Death, being surrender'd to that Immortal Being as its Source, 'twill 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 ?

*The Business of a true Philosopher, during his whole life-time.*

*Socrates*, having thus spoke, he stop'd for a pretty while, seeming to be altogether intent upon what he



Socrates  
desires 'em  
to make Ob-  
jections,  
that his  
Arguments  
might be  
confirm'd.

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, ask'd 'em 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 'em out. If you are speaking of any thing else, I have nothing to say. But tho' you have no Doubts, pray do not stand to tell me freely if you think of any better Demonstration, and make me a Companion in your Enquiry, if you think I can assist you to compass your End.

I'll tell you, says *Simmias*, the naked Truth. It is a pretty while since *Cebes* and I thought of some Doubts; and being desirous to have 'em resolv'd, push'd on one another to propose 'em to you. But we were both afraid to importune you, and propose disagreeable Questions in the unseasonable hour of your present Misfortune.

O! 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:

Socrates is angry with his Friends, for reckoning his present Condition an unfortunate one.

He could not take a better Method to shew that he reckon'd no Misfortune in his Death, than this of rallying upon the Vulgar and Pythagorean Religion.

No Fowl sings out of Grief.

You think that upon the score of Foreknowledge and Divining I am infinitely inferiour to the Swans. When they perceive approaching Death, they sing more merrily than before, (a) 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 Fowl sings

(a) As if their Fowls were admitted to the Mansions of the Blessed. *Socrates* ridicules that Opinion: We shall see afterwards, that they admitted Beasts to the Land of the Just; of which they had a very confus'd Idea: But that's to another purpose.

when

when it is hungry, or cold, or sad; nay, not the Nightingale, the Swallow, or the Lapwing, whose Musick they say is a true Lamentation, and the effect of Grief. But after all, these Fowls 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, I am consecrated to that God as well as they, I have receiv'd from our common Master the Art of Divining, as well as they, and I am as little concern'd 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 *Simmius*; since it is so, I'll 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 before he has made all his Efforts, and be oblig'd to give over by unfurmountable Difficulties. For one of two things must be done: We must either learn the Truth from others, or find it out our selves. If both ways fail us, amidst all humane 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 its Tempests and Shelves; till we find out one more firm and sure, such as (a) Promise or Revelation, upon which we may

*Of all his-  
man Reasons  
a wise Man  
should pick  
out the best;  
and most  
capable to  
conduct him  
safe in this  
stormy Sea.*

(a) This is a very remarkable Passage. Here the Philosophers acknowledge that we should endeavour to make out the Immortality of the Soul by our own Reason; and that as this Reason is very weak and narrow, so it will always be assaulted by Doubts and Uncertainty; and that nothing but a Divine Promise or Revelation can disperse the Clouds of Ignorance

*The Promise of God, is a Vessel that fears no Danger.* 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 the Reproach I might one day cast upon my self, 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 *Simmius* ; but where does their insufficiency appear ?

*Simmius's first Objection ; that the Soul is a sort of Harmony of the same date and standing with the Body.*

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 string'd and well tun'd, is invisible, immaterial, excellent and divine ; and that the Instrument and its Strings are the Body, the compounded earthy 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 dismounted ; it must needs be impossible, might one say, that this immortal and divine Harmony should perish before that which is mortal and earthy ; 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

Ignorance and Infidelity. Now the Christian Religion is the only thing that furnishes us, not only with Divine Promises and Revelations, but likewise with the accomplishment of 'em by the Resurrection of Christ, *who became the first-fruits of them that slept*, 1 Cor. 15. 20. And thus according to the Philosophers themselves, the Church is the only Vessel that fears no Danger, in which we may happily accomplish the Voyage of this Life.

of hot and cold, dry and moist; so our Soul is nothing else but the Harmony resulting from the just proportion of these mix'd Qualities. Now, if our Soul is only a sort of Harmony; 'tis evident, that when our Body is over-stretch'd or unbended by Diseases, 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 effect of Instruments; and that the Remains of every Body continue for a considerable time, till they be burnt or moulder'd away. This you see, *Socrates*, might be alledg'd in opposition to your Arguments, that if the Soul be only a mixture of the Qualities of our Body, it perishes first in what we call *Death*.

*That the Soul is only a Harmony resulting from the just proportion of the four Qualities.*

Then *Socrates* look'd upon us all, one after another, as he did often, and began to smile. *Simmius* speaks with reason, says he, His Question is well put, and if any of you has 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, 'tis 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 'em 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 to agree with what I have laid down.

I'll 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 *Simmius's* Allegation, that the Soul is neither stronger nor more durable than the Body; for to me it appears to be in-

*Cebes objects, that tho' the Soul may be more lasting than the Body, and may animate several Bodies, yet that does not hinder it to be mortal.*

finitely 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 Taylor, one should say this Taylor is not dead; he has a Being still somewhere or other; and for Proof of that, here's the Suit of Clothes he wore, which he made for himself; so that he is still in being. If any one should not be convinc'd 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 foot, your Philosopher would pretend to demonstrate, that since the less durable possession of the Taylor 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.

'Tis evident at first view, that the Objection is ridiculous. For the Taylor, having us'd several Suits of Clothes, died after them, and only before the last Suit, which he had not time to wear; and tho' this Suit surviv'd the Man, if I may so speak, yet we cannot say that 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'll make the Soul more durable, and the Body a weaker Being, and less capable to hold out for a long time. He'll 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

the Soul still forms to it self 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 continues in being after Death. For supposing 'twere 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 that 'tis very possible they may return again to the 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, 'tis impossible for any Man to discern in which of the Deaths 'tis 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 for his Soul, for fear lest the Body it is a quitting be its last Body, and lest it perish without any hopes of return.

*The Soul re-animates a dead and corrupt Body.*

*Those who hold the Soul to be mortal, still fear its annihilation.*

Having heard 'em propose these Objections we were very much troubled, as we afterwards told 'em; that at a time when we were just convinc'd by Socrates's Arguments, they should come to amuse us with their Objections, and throw us into a fit of Unbelief and Jealousie, not only of all that had been said to us by Socrates; but likewise of what he might say for the future; for we would always be apt to believe that either we were not proper Judges of

*Phedon resumes the Discourse and addresses himself to Echeates.*

the Points in debate, or else that his Propositions were in themselves incredible.

*Echec.* Indeed *Phedon*, I can easily pardon your trouble upon that account. For I my self, while I heard you relate the Matter, was a saying to my self, what shall we believe hereafter, since *Socrates's* Arguments, which seem'd so valid and convincing, are become doubtful and uncertain? In effect, that Objection of *Simmius's*, that the Soul is only a Harmony, moves me wonderfully, and always did so. It awakes in me the memory of my being formerly of the same Opinion. So that my belief is unshaken'd; and I want new Proofs to convince me that the Soul does not die with the Body. Wherefore, prithee tell me *Phedon*, in the Name of God, how *Socrates* came off; whether he seem'd to be as much nettled as you; or, if he maintain'd his Opinion with his wonted Temper; and in fine, whether his Demonstration gave you full satisfaction, or seem'd chargeable with Imperfections. Pray tell me the whole Story, without omitting the minutest Circumstance.

*Socrates's*  
*Temper,*  
*Sweetness*  
*and Pati-*  
*ence in Di-*  
*sputes.*

*Phed.* I protest to you, *Echecrates*, I admir'd *Socrates* all my life-time, and upon this occasion admir'd him more than ever. That such a Man as he had his Answers in a readiness, is no great surprisal; but my greatest admiration was to see in the first place with what Calmness, Patience and good Humour he receiv'd the Objections of these Youngsters; and then how dexterously he perceiv'd the Impression they had made upon us, and cur'd us of the same. He rallied us like Men put to flight after a Defeat, and inspir'd us with a fresh Ardor to turn our Heads and renew the Charge.

*Echec.* How was that?

*Phed.* 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; *Phedon*, says he

he, will not you cut this pretty Hair to morrow ? 'Tis probable I shall, said I. If you take my Advice, said he, you will not stay so long. How 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, (a) as the Men of *Argos* did, never to wear my Hair till I conquer'd these Arguments of *Simmias* and *Cebes*. But, said I, *Socrates* you have forgot the old Proverb, that *Hercules* himself is not able to engage two. And why, says he, do not you call on me to assist you as your *Iolas*, while 'tis yet time ? And accordingly I do call on you, said I, not as *Hercules* did *Iolas*, but as *Iolas* did *Hercules*. 'Tis no matter for that, says he, 'tis 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 Enquiry, whom he always took for a true-hearted, solid and trusty Man, but finds him at last to be a false, faithless Cheat : And thus being cheated in several such Instances, by those whom he look'd upon as his best Friends, and at last weary of being so often noos'd, he equally

*'Twas a Custom among the Greeks to cut off their Hair at the death of their Friends, and throw it into the Tombs.*

*The belief of the Immortality of the Soul, is so good a Friend, that we ought to cut off our Hair when it dies.*

*As Hercules called Iolas to assist him to conquer the Hydra.*

*i. e. While I am yet alive.*

*To hate Reason is the greatest of Evils, which is often occasion'd by Disputes.*

*As Man-hating grows insensibly, so does Reason-hating.*

(a) The *Argives* being routed by the *Spartans*, with whom they wag'd War for seizing the City of *Thyre*, cut their Hair, and swore solemnly never to suffer it to grow, till they had re-taken the Town that belong'd to 'em ; which happen'd in the 57th Olympiad, when *Crasus* was besieg'd at *Sardis*. *Herodot. lib. 1.*



hates all Men, and is convinc'd there is not one that is not Wicked and Perfidious. Are not you sensible, that this Man-hating is form'd at this rate by degrees? Yes, sure, said I. 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 them 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.

How do you say, *Socrates*?

I say, *Phedon*, 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's 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 apply'd to swiftness and slowness, handsomness and deformity, whiteness and blackness. Are not you convinc'd, that in all these Matters the two Extreams are very uncommon, and the *medium* is very common?

I perceive it very plainly, *Socrates*.

If a Match were propos'd for Wickedness, would not there be very few that could pretend to the first Rank?

That's very likely, *Socrates*.

'Tis certainly so, replies he. But upon this score, the Case of Reason and Men is not exactly the same. I'll follow you step by step. The only resemblance of the two lies in this, that when a Man unskill'd in the Art of Examination, entertains a Reason as true, and afterwards finds it to be false, whether it be so in it self or not; and when the same thing happens to him often, as indeed it does to those who amuse themselves in disputing with the Sophisters that contradict every thing; he at last believes himself to be extraordinary well skill'd, and fancies he's the only Man that has perceiv'd that

*He who would converse safely with Men, ought to be acquainted with the art of knowing them.*

*The Extreams of all Things are uncommon, and the medium is very common.*

*Few Men arrive at the last pitch of wickedness.*

*The progress of Reason-hating.*

that there's 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.

*Those who fancy that Socrates and Plato taught no positive Truths, but reckon'd every Thing uncertain, may undeceive themselves by reading this Passage.*

That is the pure Truth, *Socrates*.

*There are some true, certain, and very comprehensive Reasons.*

Is it not then a very deplorable misfortune, my dear *Phedon*, that while there are true, certain, and very comprehensible Reasons, there should be Men found, who after they have suffer'd 'em to pass, call 'em again in question upon hearing these frivolous Disputes, where sometimes Truth and sometimes Falshood 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 sovre Temper, pass their life in hating and calumniating all Reason, and by that means rob themselves both of Truth and Knowledge.

*The Fate of those who are wont to dispute with cross and contradictory Men.*

That's 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 prepossess'd by this Thought, that there's nothing solid or true in all Arguments whatsoever. We should rather be persuaded that 'tis our selves 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 behav'd 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

*For the belief of the Immortality of the Soul is useful both for living and for dying well.*

*The Character of an ignorant and bigotted Disputant.*

The advantages redounding from the belief of the Immortality of the Soul, supposing it to be false.

advance is not my only aim ; Indeed, I shall be infinitely glad if that come to pass ; but my chief scope is to persuade my self of the truth of these things ; for I argue thus, my dear *Phedon*, and you'll find that this way of arguing is highly useful. If (a) 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 dispell'd. Being fortified by these Thoughts, my dear *Simmias* and *Cebes*, I make account to answer your Objections ; and if you take my Advice, you'll relie less upon the Authority of *Socrates*, than that of the Truth. If what I am about to advance appear true, embrace it ; if otherwise, attack it with all your force. Thus I shall neither deceive my self, 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.

A short Recapitulation of the two Objections.

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 us'd several

(a) If these are true, I am a great Gainer with little Trouble ; if false, I lose nothing : On the contrary, I have gain'd 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 *Art.* 7, has enlarg'd upon this Truth, and back'd it with a Demonstration of infinite force.

Bodies,

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 *Simmius* and *Cebes*?

When they had all agreed that the Objections were justly summ'd up; he continued thus: Do you absolutely reject all that I have said, or do you acknowledge part of it to be true? They answer'd, 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 perceiv'd 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 *Simmius*, and should think it very strange if ever I chang'd 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 'tis presum'd you would not believe your self, if you said that Harmony has a Being before those Things of which it is compos'd.

Sure enough, replies *Simmius*, I would not believe my self if I did.

Do not you see then, continues *Socrates*, that you are not of a piece with your self, 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 Sounds exist before the Harmony, which is an Effect that results from all these Things, and perishes sooner than they? Does this latter part of your Discourse suit with the first?

*Socrates makes out the absurdity of Simmius's Objection by his own Thoughts.*

*Harmony cannot exist before the Instrument that gives it.*

*For there's discord in the Sounds, before Concord; and so they are antecedent to the Harmony.*

Not

Not at all, replies *Simmius*.

And yet, continues *Socrates*, if ever a Discourse be all of a piece, it ought to be such' when Harmony is its Subject.

That's right, says *Simmius*.

But yours is not so, continues *Socrates*. Let's 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 *Simmius*.

*Comparisons  
and Similes  
are common-  
ly falla-  
cious.*

(a) And that Opinion I have explain'd to you, without having any recourse to Demonstrations 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 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

(a) *Marsilius Ficinus* and *de Serres* have strangely misunderstood this Passage, not only in making *Simmius* speak all this ; but what is more considerable, in putting a favourable Construction on those words, *μετὰ εἰκότων τινῶν καὶ εὐπραγμάτων*, which the one renders, *verisimilis tantum venustique exempli indicatione* ; and the other, *ex verisimili quadam convenientia* ; and in separating the words *ἀνευ ὁμοιωμάτων* ; whereas they are joyn'd ; for *Socrates* says, *I made this Discourse, without having recourse to Demonstrations cramm'd with Similes and Colours, that take so much with the People*. In effect *Socrates* did not so much as make use of one Comparison in making good the Opinion of Remembrance. Whereas *Simmius* had brought in the Comparison of a Harp to prove that the Soul is a Harmony. Now there's nothing misleads the Ignorant more than Similitudes, for the Imagination is so seduc'd by the representation, that it blindly embraces all that presents it self to it. And by that means this Opinion of *Simmius's* did always meet with a favourable reception, and does to this day among the Ignorant. This is a very important Passage, and deserv'd a larger Explication.

the

the Principle from which it derives 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 *Simmius*, I must not listen either to my self or others, who assert the Soul to be a sort of Harmony.

In earnest *Simmius*, replies *Socrates*, do you think that a Harmony, or any other Composure, 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?

*Simmius* answer'd, It could not. Then, says *Socrates*, a Harmony does not precede, but follows the Things it is compos'd of. And it cannot have Sounds, Motions, or any thing else contrary to its Parts.

No sure, replies *Simmius*. But what, continues *Socrates*, is not all Harmony only such in proportion to the Concord of its Parts?

I do not well understand you, says *Simmius*.

I mean, according as the Parts have more or less of Concord, the Harmony is more or less a Harmony. Is it not?

Yes, sure.

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

No, sure, *Socrates*.

How is it then, in the Name of God? Do not we say, for Example, that such a Soul endow'd with Understanding and Vertue, is good; and another fill'd with Folly and Mischiefe, is wicked? Is not this right?

Yes, sure, quoth *Simmius*.

But those who hold the Soul to be a Harmony, what will they call these Qualities of the Soul, that Vice and that Vertue? Will they say, the one's Harmony, and the other Discord? That a vertuous and good Soul, being Harmony in its Nature, is entitled

*Harmony depends up- on the In- gredients in its Composi- tion; but the Soul does not.*

*Harmony is never con- trary to its Parts; but the Soul is to the Body.*

*The Soul, as such, is not capable of receiving less or more.*

titled to another Harmony; and that a vicious wicked Soul wants that additional Harmony.

I cannot be positive, replies *Simmius*; but indeed 'tis very probable the Patrons of that Opinion may advance some such thing.

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

I own it, says *Simmius*.

And since it is not more or less a Harmony then, it has not more or less Concord. Is it not so?

Yes, sure, *Socrates*.

And since it has not more or less of Concord; can one have more Harmony than another, or must the Harmony of 'em all be equal?

Questionless it must be equal.

*All Souls would be equal: Which is an absurdity.*

Since one Soul cannot be more or less a Soul than another, by the same reason it cannot have more or less of Concord than another.

That's true.

Then it follows necessarily that one Soul cannot have either more Harmony or more Discord than another?

I agree to it.

And by consequence, since the Soul is of that Nature, it cannot have more Vertue or Vice than another; if so be that Vice is Discord, and Vertue Harmony?

That's a standing Truth, says *Simmius*.

*If the Soul were a Harmony, there would be no such thing as a vicious Soul.*

Or, would not right Reason rather say that Vice could find no place in the Soul, if so be the Soul is Harmony; for Harmony, continuing in its perfect Nature, is not capable of Discord?

There's no question of that.

In like manner the Soul, while perfectly a Soul, is not capable of Vice.

According to the Principles we agreed upon, I cannot see how it shou'd.

From

From the same very Principles, it will follow that the Souls of all Animals are equally good, since they are equally Souls.

*The Souls of Brutes would be of the same nature with those of Men.*

So I think, says *Simmius*.

But do you think that it stands with right Reason, if the Hypothesis of the Souls being a Harmony be true?

No, sure, *Socrates*.

Then I ask you, *Simmius*, if of all the Parts of a Man, the Soul is not best entitled to Command, especially when she is Prudent and Wise?

*In Man the Soul commands the Body, whereas in Musick the Body commands the Harmony.*

There's 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 seiz'd with Thirst in the cold Fit of a Fever, does not the Soul restrain it from drinking? Or, when 'tis hungry, does it not restrain it 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 question.

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 oblig'd to follow them, as being incapable to guide them.

*The Soul thwarts the Passions of the Body; which it could not do, if it were a Harmony.*

'Tis certain we agreed upon that, says *Simmius*: How could we avoid it?

But, says *Socrates*, is it not evident that the Conduct of the Soul is the downright contrary? That it governs and rules those very Things which are alledg'd for Ingredients in its Composition; that it thwarts and attack's 'em almost all its life-time; that is every way their Mistress, punishing and repressing some by the harder measures of Pain, School-Exercises and Physick; and treating others more gently, as contenting it self with threatenng or insulting over its Lusts, Passion and Fear. In a word, we see the Soul speaks to the Body as something of



Homer knew that the Nature of the Soul is different from that of the Body, in the beginning of the 19th Book of his *Odyssy*.

of a different Nature from it self; which *Homer* was sensible of, when, in his *Odysses* he tells that *Ulysses* beating his Breast, rebuk'd his Heart, and said to it, support thy self, thou hast stood out against harder and more difficult things than these.

Do you think the Poet spoke that, under the apprehensions of the Souls being a Harmony to be manag'd and conducted by the Body? Or, do not you rather believe that he knew, 'twas the Souls part to Command, and that it is of a more Divine Nature than Harmony?

Yes, *Socrates*; I swear I am persuaded *Homer* knew that Truth.

And by Consequence, my dear *Simmius*, continues *Socrates*, there is not the least Colour of Reason for the Souls being a Harmony; should we assert it to be such, we should contradict both *Homer*, that divine Poet, and likewise our selves. *Simmius* yielded; and *Socrates* proceeded thus.

I think we have sufficiently temper'd and moderated this (a) Theban Harmony, so that it will do us no harm. But *Cebes*, how shall we do to appease and disarm this (b) *Cadmus*? How shall we hit on a Discourse, duly qualified with a persuasive force?

Why *Cebes* was call'd *Cadmus* see Rem.

If you'll be at the pains, *Socrates*, you can easily find such a Discourse. The last you had against the Harmony of the Soul, mov'd me mightily, and

(a) He calls *Simmius's* Opinion a *Theban Harmony*, alluding to the Fable of *Amphion*, who by the Harmony of his Harp built the Walls of *Thebes*. In like manner *Simmius* with his pretended Harmony rear'd up the humane Body.

(b) He calls *Cebes* another *Cadmus*, because as *Cadmus* by sowing the Teeth of the Dragon he had kill'd, fetch'd out of the Bosom of the Earth a Race of fierce Men that liv'd but 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 'em but a very short Life.

indeed

indeed beyond my expectation : For when *Simmius* propos'd his Doubts, I thought nothing short of a Prodigy or Miracle could solve 'em : And I was mightily surpris'd when I saw he could not stand your first Attack. So that now it will be no surprisal 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's in the Hands 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 joyning 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 swallow'd up and annihilated by what we call Death. You add, that 'tis 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 take it, is the Summ 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.

*Those who believe the Mortality of the Soul, ought to fear Death. Its annihilation is a sufficient cause of fear to all wise Men.*

At present, says *Cebes*, I have nothing to alter :  
That

That is the just Summ of all I. have yet said: *Socrates* was silent a pretty while, as being drown'd in profound Meditation: At last, *Cebes*, says he, 'tis truly not a small matter that you demand; for in order to a just satisfaction, there's a necessity of making a narrow Enquiry into the cause of Generation and Corruption. If you please I'll tell you what happen'd to me upon this same 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 *Simmius*:

Pray give ear then, says *Socrates*: In my youth I had an insatiable desire to learn that Science, which is call'd *Natural History*; for I thought it was something Great and Divine to know the Causes of every thing, of their Generation, Death, and Existence: And I spar'd no Pains, nor omitted any Means, for trying in the first place, if (a) a certain corruption of hot and cold, will, as some pretend, give Being and Nourishment to Animals; if the Blood makes the Thought; if Air or Fire, or the Brain alone is the cause 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 my self strangely unqualified for such Enquiries; and of this I am about to give you a sensible Proof. (b) This fine study made me so blind in

(a) *Socrates* said he was ignorant of all these Things, because he knew nothing but Second Causes. Now to know them justly, one ought to know God, and the Vertue he displays in Nature.

(b) Its utmost reach amounts to no more than an imperfect Knowledge of Second Causes. Now these Second Causes do not lead us into the knowledge of the Essence of Things.

A

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 'twas 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 joyn'd to their similar Parts by Nourishment, make a small Bulk to swell and grow, so that a little Man becomes large. This was my Thought. Do not you think 'twas just?

*A strange effect of the study of Physicks: It blinds instead of improving the Understanding.*

Yes sure, 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 was more than eight, because two were added to it; that two Cubits were larger than one, because they contain'd 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 one to which the addition was made make two together? For in their separate state, each of 'em was one and not two; and after their being

*He afterwards gives the Reason of these Doubts.*

*Physicks were sadly mismanag'd, when they could not shew how or why one and one make two.*

A Man is so far from improving his Knowledge by them, that he must needs own his Ignorance of the Things he pretended to know. All Philosophers at this day know that Nourishment by the means of Heat is the cause of the growth of any Animal. But they're all at a loss to know by what Virtue it grows or ceases to grow, and what are the limits of its growth. What misfortune is it for a Man to plod all his life-time for the knowing of nothing!

plac'd 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 makes one and one become two: There this one, and this one become two, by reason of their being plac'd 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 some Body reading a Book of (*b*) *Anaxagoras's*, who said the Divine Intellect was the cause of all Beings, and drew 'em up in their proper Ranks and Classes; I was ravish'd with Joy. I perceiv'd 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 methodis'd all Things and rank'd 'em in their Classes, (*c*) planted every Thing in the Place and Con-

*He means that he has recourse to the first Cause, for explaining any Point in the Physicks. A noble beginning for Anaxagoras.*

(*b*) *Anaxagoras* was the first that said the Intellect or Spirit of God rank'd the Parts of Matter, and put 'em in motion. And 'twas that Principle that usher'd in his Physicks. This fair *Exordium* gave *Socrates* occasion to think that he would explain all the Secrets of Nature, by unfolding the divine Vertue display'd upon it, and assigning the Reasons why every Thing was so and so. But that Philosopher did not keep up to his first Principle; for he wav'd the first Cause, and insisted on second Causes, and by so doing frustrated the expectation of his Readers.

(*c*) Here *Socrates* recalls us to the first Truth, that God created all Things good, and in their best state; according to *Moses*, who says, *God saw all Things that he had made, and behold they were very good.* Now in order to know why Things are thus good, we must enquire into the Nature of this Original Goodness, and survey the state they were created in. What a sorry thing is Physicks then, that knows nothing but second Causes, or rather, that does not certainly know these second Causes?

dition

dition 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 apprehended 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'll necessarily know what is worst, 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 Master as *Anaxagoras*, who I hop'd 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 was best, and at the same time give me to understand why it was so. In like manner, if he affirm'd 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, design'd never to admit of any other Cause for a Principle.

*What a true Natural Philosopher ought to teach:*

I prepare 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 rank'd them, and drew them up in order, that he cou'd give me no other reason of that Order than this, that it was best. And I flatter'd my self with hopes, that after he had assign'd 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.

*Indeed, that Knowledge would be more precious than all Treasures: But it is not attainable in this Life:*

So I bought his Books with a great deal of Impatience, and made it my Business to peruse 'em as

soon as possibly I could, in order to a speedy knowledge of the Good and the Evil of all Things : But I found my self 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 assign'd no Reason of that fine Order and Disposition ; but assign'd as Causes the Air, Whirlwinds, the Waters, and other Things equally absurd.

Socrates  
ridicules the  
Physicks  
that insist  
only on second  
Causes.

His whole Performance seem'd 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 all my Actions, should say, for Instance, to day I am set upon my Bed, because my Body is compos'd 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, tye the Bones to the Flesh, and the Skin, which receives and includes both the one and the other ; that the Bones being disengag'd 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 (a) swear that these Nerves and these Bones should long ere now have been translated to *Megara*, or *Baotia*, if

Under the  
Notion of  
Nerves he  
comprehends  
Muscles.

(a) In the Greek it runs, *For I swear by the Dog.* *Lactantius* checks him for this Oath. But *St. Augustin* in *Lib. IV. Of the true Religion*, justifies him, as if *Socrates* mean'd to give the *Athenians* to know, that even a Dog, being the Workmanship of God, deserv'd more Honour than all the Idols they swore by. It may likewise be alledg'd that *Socrates* swore by a Dog, a Goose, &c. in order to accustom Men to forbear taking the Name of God so often in vain.

that

that had been fitter for me, and if I had not been still persuaded that it was better and fitter for me to endure the Punishment I am doom'd to by my Country, than to flee like a Slave or a banish'd Person. As I take it, 'tis 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 fanſie 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 Thing without which the Cause could not be such. And yet the vulgar People, who take Things by hearsay, and see by other Peoples Eyes, as if they walk'd in thick Darkneſs, take the true Cause 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 fix'd 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 rank'd and disposed of every Thing to its best advantage that is not in their view, and they don't believe that he's intitled to any Divine Vertue: They fanſie they know of a stronger and more immortal Atlas, more capable to support all Things. And this good and immortal Tye, that is only capable to unite and comprehend all Things, they take for a *Chimera*.

*The utmost reach of Physicks. Here they are at a stand.*

*This was the Opinion of Anaximenes, Anaxagoras, and Democritus.*

*This Atlas is their own Judgment, overrun with Obscurity and Weakness.*

I am not of their mind, but would willingly list my self 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 my self nor others; if you please, I'll 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 my self 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, without they be so careful as to view its Reflection in Water or any other *Medium*. A

*By contemplating Objects with the Eyes of the Body, we lose the Eyes of the Mind.*

*They ought to be look'd upon through a Medium, and that Medium is Reason.*

Thought much like to, that came into my Head, and I feared I would lose the Eyes of the Soul, if I viewed Objects with the Eyes of the Body; or employ'd any of my Senses in endeavouring to know 'em. I thought I should have recourse to Reason, and contemplate the Truth of all Things as reflected from it. 'Tis possible the Simile I use in explaining my self, is not very just (a): For I my self cannot affirm, that he who beholds Things in the Glass of Reason, sees 'em more by Reflection and Similitude, than he who beholds 'em in their Operations. However, the way I followed was this: From that time forward I grounded all upon the Reason that seemed to be best, and took all for Truth, that I found conformable to it, whether in Things or Causes. And what was not conformable I rejected, as being false. I'll explain my meaning more distinctly; for I fancy you do not yet understand me.

I'll swear, says *Cebes*, I 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 Cause this is, that I sought after so carefully: I begin with his Qualities, which are so much talk'd of, and which I take for the Founda-

(a) He justly checks himself: for Reasons are not like other *Mediums*: they give us to know the Essence of Things in some measure, which the Operations do not.

tion. I say then, there is something that is good, fine, just and great of it self. If you grant me this Principle, I hope by it to demonstrate the Cause, and make out the Immortality of the Soul.

*The Immaterial and Eternal Qualities have a necessary relation to the Immortality of the Soul; such as a Cause has to its Effects.*

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 it self, 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 understand all the other learned Causes, that are commonly given us. But if any Man ask me what makes a thing fine, whether the liveliness of its Colours, or the just proportion of its Parts and the like; I wave all these plausible Reasons, which serve only 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 render'd such by the presence of this fine Being. While I stand by this Principle, I reckon I cannot be deceiv'd; and I am perswaded, 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?

*This is an Irony.*

*Nothing is fine but what communicates of the first fine being, i. e. according to the proportion of its conformity to the Idea and Design of God, the first Cause of all Things.*

Yes, sure, *Socrates*.

Are not great and small things render'd such in like manner? If one told you, that such a thing is larger

larger than another by the Head ; (a) would not you think the Expression far from being exact ; and would not you make answer, that whatever is larger is render'd such by magnitude it self, and what is smaller owes its littleness to littleness it self? For if you said, that such a thing is greater or smaller than another by the Head, I fancy you would fear being censur'd, for making both the greater and lesser 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, sure, replies *Cebes*, smiling.

By the same reason would not you be affraid 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's the same occasion of fear.

You say well.

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's 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 'em to those who know more

*Of an immaterial Essence, depending upon the first Truth, viz. God, in which it subsists, and from whence it proceeds.*

(a) *Socrates* does not condemn the receiv'd Expressions, but means to shew, that they do not reach the Nature and Essence of Things ; and, being always ty'd to Matter, cannot bear up to the true Essence that does all,

than

than you do? And, for fear of your own Shadow, as the Proverb goes, or rather of your Ignorance, would not you confine your self to this Principle? And, if any one attack'd it, would not you let it stand without daigning 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 be loth to perplex and confound all things as those Disputants do, who call all things in question. 'Tis true, these Disputants perhaps are not much concern'd for the truth; and by thus mingling and perplexing all things by an effect of their profound knowledge, they care sure to please themselves. But as for you, if you are true Philosophers, you'll do as I say.

*A true way of finding out the truth.*

*For the Effects are not sufficient to lay open the Nature and Essence of Causes.*

— *Simmias* and *Cebes* jointly replied, that he said well.

*Echec.* Indeed, *Phedon*, I think it no wonder; for to my mind, *Socrates* explain'd his Principles with a wonderful neatness, sufficient to make an impression upon any Man of common Sense.

*Phed.* All the Audience thought the same.

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

*Phed.* If I remember right, after they had granted, that the *Species* of things have a real Subsistence; and that the things participating of their Nature, take their denomination from them; then, I say, *Socrates* interrogated *Cebes*, as follows;

*By Species, he means the eternal Ideas of things, which subsist really, i.e. in the Intellect of God.*

If your Principle be true, when you say *Simmias* is larger than *Socrates* and lesser than *Phedon*; do not you imply, that both Magnitude and Littleness are lodged at the same time in *Simmias*?

Yes, replies *Cebes*.

But

*'Tis only true upon the Comparison.*

But do not you own, that this Proposition, *Simmi-  
as* is bigger than *Socrates*, is not absolutely and in  
it self true? For *Simmi-  
as* is not bigger because he  
is *Simmi-  
as*, but because he is possessed of magnitude.  
Neither is he bigger than *Socrates* because *Socrates* is  
*Socrates*, but because *Socrates* has littleness in the  
comparison with *Simmi-  
as*'s magnitude. Neither is *Sim-  
mi-  
as* lesser than *Phedon*, because *Phedon* is *Phedon*,  
but because *Phedon* is big, when compared to *Sim-  
mi-  
as*, who is little.

That's true.

Thus, contiues *Socrates*, *Simmi-  
as* is called both  
big and little, as being between two : By partaking  
of bigness he is bigger than *Socrates*, and by parta-  
king likewise of littleness he is lesser than *Phedon*.  
Then he smil'd and said, Methinks I have insisted  
too long upon these things; but I should not have  
amused my self with these large Strokes, had not it  
been to convince you more effectually of the truth  
of my Principle: for, as I take it, not only magni-  
tude it self cannot be at the same time big and small:  
but besides, the magnitude that is in us does not ad-  
mit 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 va-  
nishes and perishes entirely, and, when once it has  
receiv'd it, it desires to continue as it is. As I, for  
instance, having receiv'd 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 man-  
ner 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 ei-  
ther disappears or perishes when the other comes  
in.

*He means to prove that two Contraries can never meet in the same Subject.*

*Cebes* agreed to it: but one of the Company, I  
forgot 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  
lesser,

lesser, and the lesser 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 contrary to it self, neither in us, nor in the course of nature (a). 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?

*Contraries do in effect succeed one another; but never are found together. Thus cold, while it is cold, can never become heat.*

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 contrary to it self.

That's true, says *Cebes*.

But what do you say to this? Is Cold and Heat any thing?

Yes sure.

What, is it like Snow and Fire?

No, sure, *Socrates*.

(a) That is, there he spoke of sensible things which have contraries, and are capable of receiving these contraries reciprocally, as a little thing becomes big, and a big thing little. But here he speaks of the things themselves, the intelligible contraries, such as cold and heat, which give name to the subjects they're lodg'd in by their own name, and are never capable of receiving their contraries, for cold can never become heat, nor heat cold. They are always what they are.

Then

*He speaks of heat and cold, as abstracted from their subjects.*

Then you own, that Heat is different from Fire, and Cold from Snow ?

Without question, *Socrates*.

I believe you'll likewise own, that when the Snow receives Heat, it is no more what it was, but either gives way, or disappears for good and all, 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.

'Tis so, says *Cebes*.

*As the even and odd numbers,*

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 thing have always the same name ?

Yes, sure.

*For the ternary number partakes of the odd.*

Is that the only thing that is so called ? Or, is not there some other thing different from it, which must needs be called by the same name, by reason that 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; tho' at the same time to be odd and to be three are two different things ? Now such is the nature of number three, five, and all other odd numbers; each of 'em 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 'em even, tho' at the same time their nature is not that of the even. Do not you own this ?

How can I do otherwise, *Cebes* ?

Pray mind what I infer from thence. 'Tis, 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

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?

Yes, sure, replies *Cebes*.

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

No, sure.

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.

*As two cannot receive three, nor three two, tho' they are not contraries.*

That's certain.

Do you desire then that I should define 'em as near as possible?

Ay, withal my Heart, *Socrates*.

Must not Contraries be such things as give such a form to that in which they are lodg'd, that it is not capable of giving admission to another thing that's contrary to them?

*The definition of contraries.*

How do you say?

I say as I said but now. Wherever the Idea or Form of three is lodg'd, that thing must of necessity continue not only to be three but to be odd.

Who doubts that?

And by consequence 'tis impossible for the Idea or Form that's contrary to its constituent Form, ever to approach.

That's a plain case.

Well, is not the constituent Form an odd?

Yes.

Is not *even* the Form that's contrary to the odd?

Yes.

Then the Form of even is never lodg'd in three?

No, sure.

Then three is incapable of being even?

Most certainly.

And that, because three is odd?

Yes, sure.

Now



Now this is the conclusion I mean'd to prove, That some things, that are not contrary to one another, are as incapable of that other thing, as if it were truly a contrary ; as for instance, tho' three is not contrary to an even number, yet it can never 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 'tis worth the 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 than 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, do you take me up ; and do you agree with what I say ?

I understand you ; I apprehend you to a Miracle ; 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 the Body, makes it hot, I would not give you this ignorant, tho' sure Answer, that 'tis Heat : but would draw a more particular Answer from what we have been speaking of, 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, 'twas the Disease but the Fever. If you ask me what makes a Number odd, I would not tell you, that it is the odness, but unity, and so of the rest.

Do you understand what I mean ?

I

*For these answers still make room for new questions, and so there's no end. We should always have recourse to the first causes or the substantial cause.*

I understand you perfectly well, replies *Cebes*.

Answer me, then, continues *Socrates*; what makes the Body live?

*He does not say Life, but the Soul.*

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's contrary to Life, or is there nothing?

Yes, Death is the Contrary of Life.

*For the Soul can no more receive its contrary, than the odd can the even, or two three.*

Then the Soul will never receive that which is contrary to what it carries in its Bosom? That's a necessary Consequence from our Principles.

'Tis a plain Consequence, says *Cebes*.

But what Name do we give to that which refuses admision to the Idea and Form of Evenness?

'Tis 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.

(a) Then the Soul is immortal.

Most certainly.

Is that fully demonstrated, or was the Demonstration imperfect?

It is fully made out, *Socrates*.

(b) If an odd Number of necessity were incorruptible, would not three be so too?

(a) His meaning is, that the Soul is as far from dying, as Good from giving admision to Evil, or Justice to Injustice, or an Odd to Even: and that the Soul is immortal, as necessarily as three is odd.

(b) If the Soul be immortal, it is incorruptible, i. e. it resists and triumphs over all the Assaults of Death.

Who

Who doubts it?

If whatever is without Heat were necessarily incorruptible, would not Snow, when put to the Fire, withdraw it self 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, tho' 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's an absolute Necessity for that, says *Cebes*.

Then of necessity we must say the same of what is immortal; If that which is immortal is incorruptible, tho' 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 turn'd into Coldness.

(a) Perhaps some may answer, That 'tis true, the odd can never become even, by the accession of what is even, while it continues odd; but what should hinder the even to take up the room of the odd when it comes to perish? To this Objection (b) it cannot be answer'd, that the odd does not perish, for it is not incorruptible. Had we establish'd its incorruptibility, we should justly have maintain'd, that notwithstanding the attacks of the even, the odd

(a) *Socrates* prevents an Objection, *viz.* That the Soul, while it is a Soul, does not receive Death; but, upon the approach of Death, it ceases to be what it was. To this he gives a satisfactory Answer.

(b) He means, that a real and sensible odd cannot become even by the arrival of an even occasioning the disappearance of the odd: for a real odd is not exempted from perishing. But the Soul is immortal, as three is odd, so that it cannot die, but continues for ever, as well as Life, Justice, the Proportions of Numbers, an intelligible Odd, &c.

of

or 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, by consequence, if we agree upon this, that every immortal thing is incorruptible, it will necessarily 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 other Proof.

There's 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 it self, and whatever 'tis that is immortal, does not perish.

(a) At least, says *Cebes*, all Men will profess so.

The Consequence is absolutely necessary and certain.

And, by consequence, 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's plain and evident.

Then, my dear *Cebes*, if there be any such thing as an immortal and incorruptible Being, such is the the Soul; and by consequence our Souls shall live hereafter.

I have nothing to object, says *Cebes*; and cannot but yield to your Arguments. But if *Simmius* or any of the Company has any thing to offer, they'll do well not to stifle it; for when will they find another

(a) *Cebes* means, that Men will be forc'd to say so, because, perhaps, they have not Light enough to defeat these Reasons, tho' 'tis possible they are none of the best. *Socrates* presently smells this to be the Importance of *Cebes's* Words; and, on that view, makes this incomparable Reply, That the Gods will yet more agree to it; meaning to give us to know, that Truth is more Truth in the Intellect of God, than in the Mind of Man, which is always too weak to comprehend it.

occasion for discoursing and satisfying themselves upon these important Subjects?

*The greatness of the Subject, and the natural Weakness of Men, are two great Occasions of their uncertainty with referenceto the Immortality of the Soul.*

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, occasion within me a sort of Distrust and Incredulity.

You have not only spoke well, says *Socrates*, but besides, notwithstanding the apparent Certainty of our first *Hypothesis*, 'tis needful you should resume them, in order to a more leisurely view, and to convince your self more clearly and effectually. If you understand 'em sufficiently, you'll willingly second my Thoughts, as much as is possible for a Man to do: and when you are once fully convinc'd, you'll need

*He exhorts his Friends to survey his Arguments more maturely after his Death, being persuaded that the more they dwell upon 'em, the more they'll be convinc'd of their truth.*

no other Proof.

That's well said, replies *Cebes*.

*The rewarding the Good and punishing the Wicked in the other World, being Consequents of the Immortality of the Soul, require our Care of the Soul in this Life.*

(a) There's one thing more, my Friends, that is a very just Thought, viz. That if the Soul is immortal, it stands in need to cultivating 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'll find it very dangerous to neglect the Soul. Were Death the Dissolution of the whole Man, it would be (b) a great Advantage to the Wicked after Death,

(a) 'Tis not enough that the Understanding be convinc'd of the Immortality of the Soul: The Affections must likewise be mov'd. To which end he represents the Consequences of that important Truth, and all that it requires.

(b) The Wicked would be happy, if the Soul were mortal. This Principle has a considerable Proof of the Immortality of the Soul couch'd in it; for, if the Soul were mortal, Vertue 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.

to

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 Vertues 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 'tis 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 oblig'd to appear in order to be judg'd, 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 'em back to this Life, after several Revolutions of Ages. Now this Road is not a plain united Road, else there would be no occasion for Guides, and no Body would 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's nail'd to its Body, as I said just now, that is inflam'd with the love of it, and has been long its Slave, after much struggling and suffering in this visible World, is at last dragg'd 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 Soul carries nothing into the other World, but its good or bad Actions.*

*The Sacrifices and Ceremonies of the Pagans were only Figures. The Lie did always imitate the Truth.*

the Mansions of Pleasure prepar'd for it. For, my Friends, there are several marvellous Places in the Earth; and 'tis not at all such as the Describers of it are wont to make it, (a) as I was taught by one who knew it very well.

How do you say, *Socrates*, says *Simmius*, interrupting him? I have likewise heard several things of the Earth, but not what you have heard. Wherefore I wish you would be pleas'd to tell us what you know.

To recount that to you, my dear *Simmius*, I do not believe we have any occasion for (b) *Glaucus's* Art. But to make out the Truth of it, is a more difficult Matter, and I question if all *Glaucus's* Art 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 imbarque 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 *Simmius*.

In the first place, continues *Socrates*, I am persuaded, that if the Earth is plac'd in the middle of Heaven, (the Air) as they say it is, it stands in no

(a) *Socrates* does not mention who taught him this Doctrine of the pure Earth; But it is no hard matter to find out the Author. *Proclus* himself acknowledges, that *Socrates* and *Plato* ow'd this Idea to the Sacred Tradition of the *Egyptians*, that is to the *Hebrews*, ὁ κ' ἡ τῶν αἰγυπτίων ἱερὰ φησὶν παραδίδουα. In *Tim.* lib. 1.

(b) When they mean'd to imply the difficulty of a thing, they were wont 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 induc'd 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 'em. He must raise his Thoughts above all Earth or material Things.

need

need either of Air or any other Support to prevent its fall: for Heaven it self is wrapp'd equally about it, and its own *equilibrium* is sufficient to keep it up: for whatever is equally pois'd in the middle of a thing, that presses equally upon it, cannot incline to either side, and consequently stands firm and unmovable. This I am convinc'd of.

You have reason so to be, replies *Simmias*.

I am further 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 scatter'd 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 other Parts that are unknown to us: for all over the Earth there are Holes of all Sizes and Figures, always fill'd with gross Air, and cover'd with thick Clouds, and over-flown 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 call'd *Aether*: The Earth we inhabit is properly nothing else but the Sediment of the other, and its grosser part which flows continually into those Holes. We are immur'd in those Cells, tho' 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 Deeps of the Sea should fancy his Habitation to be above the Waters; and, when he sees the Sun and other 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 rais'd himself above the Waters, should never know that the Place we inhabit is purer and neater than his, and should never meet with any Person to inform him. This is just our Condition: we are mew'd 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

*The Idea of this pure Earth is taken from the Writings of the Prophets, from whence the Egyptians deriv'd it.*



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, but he would behold what's transacted in those blessed Mansions ; just as the Fishes, skipping above the Surface of the Waters, see what's done in the Air in which we breath. 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,

*For the true Heavens and true Light cannot be known without long and continual Meditation.*

these Stones and all these Places are entirely corrupted and gnaw'd, just as whatever is in the Sea is corroded by the sharpness of the Salts. And the Sea produces nothing that's perfect or valuable. It contains nothing but Caves and Mud ; and wherever any Ground is found, there's 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'll tell you a pretty Story that's worth your hearing.

*Socrates undervalued all the Productions of the Sea, which we now esteem so much.*

We shall hear it, says *Simmius*, with a great deal of Pleasure.

(a) First of all, my dear *Simmius*, continues *Socrates*, if one looks upon this Earth from a high Place, they say, it looks like one of our Packs cover'd with twelve Welts of different Colours. For it is vary'd with a greater number of different Colours, of which those made use of by our Painters are but sorry Pat-

(a) This Description of the Beauty of this pure Earth, the Mansion of the Blessed, is grounded on the 54th Chapter of *Isaiah*, and the 28th of *Ezekiel*.

terns.

terns. For the Colours of this Earth are infinitely more clean and lively. One is an admirable Purple; another a Colour of Gold, more sparkling than Gold it self; a third a White more lively than the Snow, and so on of all the rest, the Beauty whereof leaves all our Colours here far behind it. The Chinks of this Earth are fill'd with Water and Air, which make up an infinity of admirable Shadows, so wonderfully diversified by that infinite variety of Colours.

In this so perfect an 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 an incomparable Perfection, Cleanness and Splendour; those we esteem so much here, such as Emeralds, Jasper and Saphir, 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 gnaw'd nor spoil'd by the sharpness of the Salts, or 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 Diseases.

Besides all these Beauties now mention'd; this blessed Earth is enrich'd with Gold and Silver, which being scatter'd all over in great abundance, casts forth a charming Splendor 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 scatter'd about the Air, as we are about the Sea. There are some also that inhabit the Isles, form'd by the Air near the Continent. For there (a)

*The Notion of these Animals seems to be taken from the Visions of Ezechiel.*

(a) In this Description we may perceive most of the Strokes of that given by *Moses* of the terrestrial Paradise, which was a Type of this Land of the Just, the true Paradise. And, what I take to be very remarkable, we may plainly see that these Philosophers held this pure Earth to be actually in being at the same time with this our impure and grosser Earth.

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 temper'd, 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 it self; they surpass us as far as the *Æther* they breath 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 'em. They see the Sun and Moon, without an 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 lesser Depth. All these Abysses are bor'd through in several Parts, and have Pipes communicating one with another, thro' 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 (a) Rivers of Fire, and other Rivers of Mud, some thinner and some thicker and more muddy, like those Torrents of Mud and of Fire that are cast out from Mount *Ætna*.

These Abysses are fill'd 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

(a) *Plato* borrow'd from the Writings of the Prophets, those Rivers of Fire prepar'd for the Punishment of the Wicked after their Judgment; and particularly had read the eighth Chapter of *Daniel*. *Theodoret*.

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 (b), I'll throw it into the obscure *Tartarus*, that's a great way from hence; the deepest Abyss under the Earth. *Homer* is not the only Author that call'd this Place by the Name of *Tartarus*: Most of the other Poets did the same.

*In the beginning of the 8th Book of his Iliads.*

All the Rivers rendezvous in this Abyss, and run out from thence again. Each of these Rivers is tinctur'd 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 roul and throw their Waters upside down. The Air and Wind that girds 'em 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's 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 up 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, and others on the opposite side to that of their egress; and some a-

(a) The Prophet *Ezekiel* calls this *Tartarus*, *The nether Part of the Earth*. He speaks of the Rivers and Waters in the Pit, chap. 31. 14, 13. & 32. 18. But long before *Ezekiel*, *Homer*, had the same Idea's from the Tradition of the *Egyptians*.

gain enter on all sides, after they have made one or several turns round the Earth ; like Serpents folding their Bodies into several rows ; and having gain'd entrance, rise up to the middle of the Abyfs, but cannot reach further, by reason that the other half is higher than their level. They form several very great and large Currents ; but there are four (a) principal ones, the greatest of which is the outermost of all, and is call'd 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 call'd the *Acherusian Lakes*, whither all Souls repair upon their departure from this Body ; and having stay'd there all the time appointed, some a shorter some a longer 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 mix'd 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 it self underneath *Tartarus* ; and this is the flaming River call'd *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, call'd by the name of *Strygian*, where it forms the

(\*) These four Rivers which have their Course in the places appointed for the punishment of the Wicked, might have been imagin'd from the four Rivers of the *Terrestrial Paradise*. As the Apartment of the just was water'd by four Rivers, which enlarg'd its Delightfulness ; 'twas proper that the Apartment of the Wicked should likewise be water'd by four Rivers of a contrary nature, which might add to the Horror of that Place of Darknes and Sorrow.

formidable Lake of *Styx*: And after it has tin-  
 ctur'd it self with horrible qualities from the Wa-  
 ters of that Lake, dives into the Earth, where it  
 makes several turns, and directing its Course over-  
 against *Pblegeton*, 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 it self into the *Tarta-  
 rus* by a Passage opposite to that of *Pblegeton*. This  
 fourth River is call'd by the Poets *Cocytus*. Nature  
 having thus dispos'd of all these Things; when the  
 Dead arrive at the Place whither their *Demon* leads  
 them, they are all tried and judged, both those that  
 liv'd a holy and just Life, and those who wallow'd  
 in Injustice and Impiety.

*The Judg-  
 ment of the  
 Good and  
 the Bad.*

Those who are found to have liv'd neither entire-  
 ly 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 purg'd and clean-  
 sed from their Sins, and set at Liberty, they receive  
 the Recompence of their good Actions.

*The Judg-  
 ment of  
 those, who  
 are neither  
 absolutely  
 criminal  
 nor inno-  
 cent.*

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.

*The Judg-  
 ment of  
 those who  
 are guilty  
 of mortal  
 Sins.*

But those who are found guilty of  
 curable ( Venial ) Sins, tho 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 Years  
 abode there, the Tide throws the Ho-  
 micides back into *Cocytus*, and the Par-  
 ricides into *Pblegeton*, which draws them  
 into the *Acherusian* Lake: There they  
 cry out bitterly; and invoke those

*The Sentence upon those  
 who are guilty of great  
 Sins, curable by Repen-  
 tance.*

*By Parricides he means  
 those who offer Violence to  
 their Parents. For kil-  
 ling a Parent is an irro-  
 missible Sin.*

whom

Socrates teaches that satisfaction must precede the Pardon of Sins.

whom they kill'd or offer'd Violence to, to aid them ; and conjure them to forgive 'em, and to suffer 'em to pass the Lake, and give them admittance. If they're prevail'd with, they pass the Lake, and are deliver'd 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 injur'd Persons. For such is the Sentence pronounc'd against them.

*This was a great Error among the Heathens. They did not believe that the Body could be glorified.*

*A blessed Immortality is a great Price set before us.*

But those who have distinguish'd themselves by a holy Life, are releas'd from these earthly Places, these horrible Prisons ; and are receiv'd above into that pure Earth, where they dwell ; and those of 'em who are sufficiently purg'd by Philosophy, live for ever without their Body ; and are receiv'd into yet more admirable and delicious Mansions, which I cannot easily describe, neither do the narrow Limits of my Time allow me to launch into that Subject.

What I told you but now, is sufficient, my dear *Simmius*, to shew that we ought to labour all our life-time to purchase Vertue and Wisdom, since we have so great a Hope, and so great a Reward propos'd to us.

Socrates assures us that the Matter is so, but is not positive of the Manner.

*What Danger more inviting, than to venture a finite Loss for an infinite Gain?*

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 Risque : For what Danger is more inviting ? One must needs be charm'd with that blessed Hope. And for this Reason I have dilated a little upon this Subject.

Every

Every one that during his life-time renounc'd the Pleasures of the Body, that look'd upon the Appurtenances of the Body as foreign Ornaments, and siding with the contrary Party, pursued only the Pleasures of true Knowledge, and beautified his Soul, not with foreign Ornaments, but with Ornaments, 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, when ever his Fate calls him.

*The Pleasures of true Knowledge.*

*The suitable Ornaments of the Soul.*

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 furlly Pilot calls me abroad; wherefore 'tis time I should go to the Bath: For I think 'tis better to drink the Poyson after I am wash'd, in order to save the Women the trouble of washing me after I'm dead.

*Socrates* having thus spoke, *Crito* address'd 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*, replies *Socrates*, is what I always recommended, viz. To take Care of your selves. You cannot do your selves a more considerable piece of Service, nor oblige me and my Family more, (a) than to promise me at

*To ask nothing of our Friends but that they take Care of themselves.*

(a) There's a great deal of Sense in what *Socrates* here tells his Friends: He desires 'em only to take Care of themselves, because if they take Care of themselves, they'll prove good Men; and, being such, will do all good Offices to his Family, tho' they did not promise it: For good Men are honest, and take pleasure in doing Good, and love their Neighbour. 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 good Men can do Services. How great is this Truth!

*All is comprehended in that Prayer.*

this



this time so to do. Whereas if you neglect your selves, and refuse to form your Lives according to the (b) Model I always propos'd 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 methodises all the Parts of his 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 Poyson, I shall stay no longer with you, but shall part 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 would be Bail for me to *Crito*, but after a contrary manner to that in which he offer'd to Bail me to my Judges; for he engag'd 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 steddily, and when he sees my Body burnt or interr'd, may not despair, as if I suffer'd great Misery; and say at my Funeral, that *Socrates* is laid out, *Socrates* is carried out, *Socrates* is interr'd. For you must know, my dear *Crito*, says he turning to him, that speaking amiss of Death is

(b) This Model is God; for he still told 'em that they should render themselves conformable to God, as much as human Weakness would bear.

not

not only a Fault in the way of speaking, but likewise wounds the Soul. You shou'd have more Courage and Hope, and say that my Body is to be interr'd. That you may interr as you please, and in the manner that's most conformable to our Laws and Customs.

*Bad Discourses give dangerous Wounds to Soul.*

Having spoke thus, he rose and went into the next Room to bathe. *Crito* follow'd him, and he desired we should attend him. Accordingly we all attended him, and entertain'd our selves one 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 look'd upon our selves as Persons depriv'd of our good Father, that were about to pass the rest of our Life 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 pretty big: And the Women of his Family came all in to him. He spoke to them some time in the presence of *Crito*, gave 'em their Orders, and order'd 'em to retire, carry his Children along with 'em, and then came back to us: 'Twas 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 'em, by Orders from the Eleven Magistrates, that they must drink the Poyson, they are incens'd 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 temper'd, the calmest and the best Man that ever enter'd 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

your misfortune. You know 'em 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, retir'd a little. Farewell my Friend, says *Socrates*, looking upon him, I'll follow the Counsel thou givest me. Mind, says he, what Honesty is in that Fellow : During my Imprisonment he came often to see me, and discours'd with me : He's more worth than all the rest : How heartily he cries for me ! Let us obey him with a handfom meen, my dear *Crito* ; if the Poyson be brew'd, 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 Poyson till a long time after the Order was given ; that they supp'd very well, (a) and enjoy'd any thing they had a mind to : Wherefote 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 is just as much gain'd : And I have likewise my Reasons for not doing so ; for the only Advantage I can have by drinking it later, is to make my self ridiculous to my self, 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 do not vex me no 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 Poyson, return'd accompanied by him that was to give it, and

(a) This affords us an admirable Prospect of the infinite difference between *Socrates* and those brutish Men, who died without any other Sentiments of their Misery.

brought

He alludes to a Verse of Hesiod, who says, 'tis an unlucky sparing when one's come to the bottom.

brought it all together in a Cup: *Socrates* seeing him come in; that's very well, my Friend, say he; but what must I do? For you know best, and 'tis your business to direct me.

You have nothing else to do, says he, but whenever you have drank 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 he 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 bold Eye, as he was wont 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, that they would bless the Voyage, and render it happy. This I beg of 'em with all my Soul. Having said that, he drank it all off, with an admirable Tranquillity and an unexpressible Calmness.

*Socrates*  
prays before  
he swallows  
the Poison.

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 our selves. Notwithstanding all my Efforts, I was oblig'd to cover my self with my Mantle, that I might freely regrave my Condition; for 'twas not *Socrates's* misfortune, but my own, that I deplor'd, 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 mov'd every Body. Only *Socrates* himself was not at all mov'd: On the contrary, he chid them: What are you doing, my Friends, says he; What! such fine Men as you are! O! Where is Vertue? Was not it for this Reason that I sent off those Women, for fear they

M m

should

*We should  
die calmly,  
blessing God.*

should have fallen into those Weaknesses; for I always heard it said that a Man ought to die in Tranquillity, and blessing God? Be easie then, and shew more Constancy and Courage. These words fill'd us with Confusion, and forc'd us to suppress our Tears.

In the mean time he continued to walk, and when he felt his Legs stiff, he lay down on his Back, as the Man had order'd him. At the same time, the same Man that gave him the Poyson, came up to him, and after looking upon his Legs and Feet, bound up his Feet with all his force, and ask'd 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 cover'd, *Crito*, says

*i.e. His Head was cover'd, that nothing might trouble him.*

*Socrates's last Words.*

*Having spoke these Words, he drew his Cloak again over his Head.*

he, ( these were his last Words ) \* *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 uncover'd him, receiv'd

\* Those who have not div'd into the true meaning of *Socrates*, charge him with Idolatry and Superstition, upon the score of this Cock that he had vow'd to *Æsculapius*. But these words should not be taken literally; they are enigmatical, as many of *Plato's* are; and can never be understood, without we have recourse to Figures and Allegories. The Cock here is the Symbol of Life, and *Æsculapius* the Emblem of Physick. *Socrates's* meaning is, that he resigns his Soul into the hands of the true Physician, who comes to purifie and heal him. This Explication suits admirably well with the Doctrine taught by *Socrates* in this same Treatise, where 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

receiv'd his last Looks, which continued fix'd upon him. *Crito* seeing that, came up and clos'd his Mouth and Eyes.

This, *Echecrates*, was the Exit of our Friend, a Man, who † beyond all dispute, was the best, the wisest, and the justest of all our Acquaintance.

it was Figurative; in his 7th Discourse of the Cure of the Opinions of the *Pagans*. I am persuaded, says he, that *Socrates* order'd a Cock to be sacrific'd to *Æsculapius*, to shew the Injustice of his Condemnation; for he was condemn'd for owning no God. He own'd a God, and shew'd that his God stood in no need of our Sacrifices or Homage, and requir'd nothing else from us but Piety and Sanctity.

† *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 of God, concludes in these Words: *If any Man be of another Mind, pray let him compare his Manners and Actions with those of other Men, and then let him judge.* In effect, that is the true way of judging of Men. Nothing but the true Religion did ever form a more wonderful and divine Man than he was.

THE  
INTRODUCTION  
TO  
LACHES.

THE Education of Children is a thing of such Importance, that the welfare of Families and the good of Estates depend wholly upon it. 'Tis no wonder then, that *Socrates*, who lov'd his Country intirely, was so watchful in hindring the *Arbians* to take false Measures in reference to that; and made it his business to cure their false Prejudices. The greatest Prejudice, and perhaps the most pernicious to the Republick, was that which they entertain'd of Valour. The Wars they were then engag'd in, together with those that threaten'd 'em afar off, had inspir'd 'em with such a Martial Ardour, that they thought of nothing but training up their Children to the Exercise of Arms; as being persuaded that, *that* was the only way to render them serviceable to their Country. Besides, Chance it self had fortified the Thought; for not long before a sort of Fencing-Master came to *Athens*, who talk'd wonders of his Art, and pretended to teach Valour, and to put his Scholars in a Condition to resist by themselves a greater number of Enemies. The People crouded to his School, and the young People quitted all, to betake themselves to this Exercise. *Socrates*, foreseeing the dangerous Consequences of this their Application, labours to prevent it. And that is the Subject of this Conference.

As

As this Dialogue is capable to recommend it self by its great Title, so the Characters of its Actors ought to whet our Curiosity. *Lyfimachus*, Son to the great *Aristides*, and *Melesias* Son to the great *Thucydides*, being gall'd with the thoughts of their bad Education, and resolv'd to take more Care of their Children, than their Fathers had taken of them; went to see for *Nicias* and *Laches*, who made already a considerable Figure in the Republick, and carried 'em to see this Fencing-Master. After the Show was over, they ask'd the Advice of these two Friends, whether they approv'd of that Exercise, and whether they should have their Children to learn it, or not? So the explication of Valour was the Subject of Discourse. And 'twas very probable that no Man would speak better upon that Subject, than these two, who had given Proof of their Valour on several Occasions. But, after all, they do not think themselves capable to decide such a difficult Question, without help: Therefore they call in *Socrates* to assist 'em, as being one that made the Interest of Youth his whole study; and, besides, gave Proof of an Heroick Courage at the Siege of *Potidea*, and the Battle of *Delium*. *Nicias* is of Opinion that the Exercise is very proper for Youth, and admirably well fitted for rendring them brave and clever; and looks upon it as a means leading to a good End, viz. the Art of War. *Laches* attacks this Opinion, and makes out the useflessness of that Exercise by the insignificancy of its Teachers, who never did a good Action in their whole lifetime; and as for Valour, had never purchased the least Reputation in the Army. *Socrates* is called in to decide the Controversie. At first he pleads his Incapacity for an Excuse: But afterwards insinuates that there's a necessity of knowing Men, before one can be acquainted with Valour. He makes out the falsity of the Notion that great Men had of this Vertue, which is still kept up to this day: And tho' he does not reveal his Mind plainly to those



who call every thing in question; yet one may easily perceive his Opinion to be this, That Valour is a Vertue that reaches all the Actions of our Life, and includes all other Vertues. For a valiant Man, is one that's always accompanied by Prudence, and judges equally of things, past, present, and to come; who being acquainted with all the Good and Evil, that is, has been, or is to come, is in a Condition to arm himself against the one, and omits nothing to compass the other. So that to be Valiant, one must be Good; and to educate Youth aright, they must be taught wisely to avoid all Evil, and pursue all the Good they can reach, not only from Men, but, which is more important, from God himself: And to spare neither Labour nor Life in the pursuit. This is *Socrates's* Doctrine. And *Plato* has made the World a good Present, in preserving this excellent Conference: For we ought not to look upon it as a trial of Wit; it is entitled to a wonderful Solidity. Pursuant to this Doctrine of *Socrates*, we see plainly that the most valourous of all Men were the Martyrs; for their Valour was accompanied by a true Prudence, which taught 'em to distinguish what is truly Terrible, from that which is not; to know the past, present, and future Happiness or Misery; and mov'd 'em to screen themselves from the one, and pursue the other at the expence of their Lives.

It seems *Aristotle* did not perceive the full force and solidity of these Principles of *Socrates*, when he arraign'd him for saying that Valour was a Science. Doubtless, it is a Science, but a divine one, that cannot be learn'd from Men.

The solidity of this Dialogue is mix'd with a wonderful agreeableness: For whether we mind the Beauty of his Characters, the Liveliness of the Narrative, the Spirit of the Dialogue, or the Satyrical Stroaks 'tis full of, we find nothing more perfect in its kind. His Satyr upon those mighty Politicians who employ'd all their Care upon Affairs of State, and

and neglected their Children, suffering them to be overrun by Vice; this, I say, is very natural. *Socrates* means by it to shew, that these great Men do more harm to the Commonwealth, by this unhappy Negligence, than ever they did good by all the Services they have done. His Satyr against Fencing-Masters is likewise very Ingenious, in which the Character of our Modern Pretenders is admirably well drawn. Those who have taken notice of *Nicias* in *Thucydides*, haranguing in the Athenian Council against the Sicilian Expedition; will here find an exact Transcript of his true Character. And that which above all deserves to be remark'd, is *Plato's* Dexterity in crying up *Socrates*, and setting his Merit in a great Light.

This Dialogue is suppos'd to have been compos'd soon after the Defeat of the *Athenians* at *Delium*, which happen'd in the first Year of the 89th Olympiad. And to determine the Time more nicely, it may be fix'd the very next Year, during the Truce between the *Athenians* and *Lacedemonians*. 'Tis purely Moral, and of the same Character with the Dialogues of the first Volume.

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# LACHES:

OR, OF

# VALOUR.

*Lyfimachus*, Son of *Aristides* the Just.

*Melesias*, Son to *Thucydides*.

*Aristides*, Son to *Lyfimachus*. } Both of 'em very  
*Thucydides*, Son to *Melesias*. } young.

*Nicias*, General of the *Athenians*.

*Laches*, another *Athenian* General.

*Socrates*.

*Lyfim.* **W**ELL, *Nicias* and *Laches*, you have seen this Man, who \* parry'd in Armour just now. When *Melesias* and I desir'd you to come and see this Show, we did not tell you the Reasons that oblig'd us to it: But now we'll tell you; being perswaded that we may speak to you with an entire Confidence. Most People laugh at these Exercises; and when one asks their Advice, they're so far from communicating their Thoughts, that they only try to pump those who come to consult 'em, and speak against their own Sentiments. As for you, we know you have added the height of

\* I use the same Terms as are now in use, because the Exercise this Man taught was much the same with what is now taught in our Fencing-Schools. He taught 'em to fence in Armour with Sword and Buckler, and to resist several Combatants at once, by parrying and striking. 'Tis pretty remarkable, that this sort of Fencing-Masters was not known at *Athens* till after the Defeat at *Delium*.

Sincerity

Sincerity to a great Capacity ; and we hope you'll tell us ingenuously what your Thoughts are in reference to the Subject we are about to mention. The upshot of all this Preamble is this. Each of us has a Son. There they are. That Youth, the Son of *Melesias*, is called *Thucydides*, by his Grand-Father's Name : And this, which is mine, is called *Aristides* after my Father. We are resolv'd to take a singular Care of their Education ; and not to do as most Fathers do, who, when their Children come to be young Men, throw the Bridle on their Neck, and suffer 'em to live according to their fanſie. We deſign to keep 'em ſtill in awe, and educate 'em to the beſt advantage. And forasmuch as you have likewise Children, we fanſie you have Thought as much as any Man upon the Method of making 'em Vertuous : Or, if you have not yet conſider'd of it by reaſon of their want of Years, we preſume you will not take it ill that we put you in mind, that this is an indiſpenſable Duty ; and that we oblige you to deliberate with us what Education all of us ſhould give our Children. The Occaſion of our coming to ſee for you was this.

*The Negligence of the Athenians in the Education of their Children.*

Tho' the Diſcourſe may ſeem already too long, yet you'll have the Goodneſs to hear it out. You know *Melesias* and I have but one Table, and theſe Children eat with us : We ſhall conceal nothing from you, and, as I told you at firſt, ſhall ſpeak to you with an entire Confidence. Both he and I have entertain'd our Children with a thouſand and a thouſand brave Actions done by our Fathers both in Peace and War, while they headed the *Athenians* and their Allies : But, to our great miſfortune, we can tell 'em no ſuch thing of our ſelves: This covers us with Shame ; We bluſh for it before our Children, and are forc'd to caſt the blame upon our Fathers ; who, after we grew up, ſuffer'd us to live in Softneſs and Luxury, and in pernicious Licentiousneſs ; while they were employing all their Care for the Intereſt of others. This we inceſſantly remon-

*The Injuſtice of Fathers that mind only Publick Affairs, and neglect the Education of their Children.*

remonstrate to these Children, telling them that if they neglect themselves and disobey us, 'twill prove a discredit to them; whereas if they will take pains, they may quickly approve themselves to be worthy of the Name they bear. They answer, they'll obey us; and upon that account we wanted to know what they should be taught, and what Education we should give 'em, in order to their best Improvement. Some Body told us, there was nothing more proper for a young Gentleman, than Fencing; and extoll'd to the very Heavens this Man who perform'd his Exercise before us just now, and press'd us to come and see him. Accordingly we thought it convenient to come and take you along with us as we pass'd; not only that you might partake of the Pleasure, but likewise that you should communicate to us your Knowledge; and that we might all consult together upon the Care we ought to have of our Children. And this is all I had to say to you. Now, 'tis your turn to aid us with your Counsel, in telling us whether you approve or condemn the above-mention'd Exercise of Arms; and advising us what Occupation, what Instructions we should give our Children; or, in fine, in giving us to know what Conduct you design to follow for your own Children.

*Nic. Lyfimachus*, I commend your Thought; I am very ready to join with you in this Deliberation; and I'll engage that *Laches* will be as glad as I am to act a Part in the Conference.

*Lac.* You may engage for that, *Nicias*. In my mind, all that *Lyfimachus* has said against his Father and the Father of *Melesias*, is admirably well said; not only against them, but against us and all those who embark in the Government of a State: For, as he said, we wave the Education of our Children and our Domestick Affairs, and mind 'em no more than if we had neither House nor Family. *Lyfimachus* you have spoke admirably well; but I'm surpris'd that you should call us to consult with you upon that

that Subject, and not *Socrates* who is our Fellow Citizen; and besides, bends all his Thoughts upon things relating to the Education of Children, in pursuing the Sciences that are most useful to them, and finding out the most suitable Occupations.

*Lys.* How do you say, *Laches*? Would *Socrates* apply himself to what concerns the Instruction of Youth?

*Lac.* I assure you, he would, *Lysimachus*.

*Nic.* And I assure you of the same. For 'tis not four days since he gave me a Musick-Master for my Son, one *Damon*, brought up by *Agatholces*; who, besides all the Excellencies of his Art, is possess'd of all the other Qualities that can be desir'd in a Tutor for a Child of his Birth.

*Lys.* Indeed, both *Socrates*, and you *Nicias*, and *Laches*, must pardon this Ignorance in me and all others of my Age: We are not acquainted with the young Folks, for we scarce stir abroad, by reason of our old Age: But, *Socrates*, if you have any good Counsel to give to me, who am your Countryman, pray do it: I can say that 'tis your Duty, for you are a Friend of our Family from Father to Son. Your Father *Sophoniscus* and I were always good Friends and Comerades from our Infancy; and our Friendship lasted till his very death without interruption. At present it comes into my Head, that I have heard these Children mention the name of *Socrates* a thousand times in their Interviews among themselves, of whom they speak much Good; and I never minded to ask of 'em if they spoke of *Socrates* the Son of *Sophoniscus*. But now, pray tell me Children, is this the *Socrates* I have heard you speak of so often?

*Aristides* and *Thucydides* both together. Yes, Father, 'tis the same.

*Lys.* I am infinitely glad of that. Take heart, my dear *Socrates*, you keep up the Reputation of your deceased Father admirably well, who was not only very well skill'd in his Art, but likewise a very

*This poor Man took Socrates for a Philosopher, that minded only the study of Nature.*

*He was an Engraver.*

very good Man. You and I must renew our Ancient Friendship, and henceforward your Interests shall be mine, and mine yours.

*Lac.* You do very well, *Lysimachus* ; do not let him go. For I have seen Occasions, in which he maintain'd not only the Reputation of his Father, but that of his Country. (a) At the Defeat of *Delium* he retired along with me : And I can assure you, if all the rest had done their Duty, as he did, our City had been admirably well supported, and had not met with that great Shock.

That is, his  
Valour.

*Lys.* This is a great Encomium, *Socrates* ; and by whom is it given ? By Persons that are worthy to be credited in all things, especially upon that Point for which they cry you up. I assure you, no Body can hear your Praises with more Pleasure than I do. I am infinitely glad that you have purchased such a Reputation, and I list my self in the Number of your greatest Well-wishers. And therefore pray come, without Ceremony, to see us ; and live with us : Since you are of our Family you ought to do so. Let this Day be the Date of the renewing of our Ancient Friendship ; and from henceforward be familiar with us and these Children, to the end that you and they may keep up our Friendship, as a Paternal Pledge. We hope you'll make that use of it ; and for our Parts we will not suffer you to forget it. But to return to our Subject ; what do you say ? What think you of this Exercise of Arms ? Does it deserve to be learned by young Men ?

*Soc.* Upon that Point, *Lysimachus*, I shall endeavour to give you the best Council I am Master of ; and shall not fail to put all your Orders in Execution. But since I am the youngest, and less experienced than any of you, 'tis but just that I hear you speak first ; that so, after I have heard you, I may give in

(a) In this Battle, *Socrates* sav'd *Xenophon's* Life, who fell when his Horse was shot under him ; and *Socrates* being on foot, took him upon his Back, and carried him several Miles.

my Sentiments if I differ from you, and back them with forcible Reasons. Why do not you speak then, *Nicias*? 'Tis your turn to speak first.

*Nic.* I do not refuse to tell my Thoughts. In my Mind, that Exercise is very proper for young People, and Merits their Application: For besides that, it diverts them from the Amusements that they commonly pursue, when they're idle; it inures 'em to labour, and of necessity renders them more vigorous and strong. There is no better Exercise; none that requires more strength and dexterity: There's none more suitable to a Person of Quality than this, and riding the great Horse, especially to those of our Profession: And in regard of the Wars we are already engaged in, and that are like to come upon us, we must reckon those only true and good Exercises that are performed with the Arms us'd in War; for they are of admirable use in Battles, whether set Battles in Rank and File, or single Attacks after the Ranks are broken; whether we pursue an Enemy that rallies from time to time, or upon a Retreat are put to it, to get clear of an obstinate Enemy; that pursues us with Sword in Hand. He who is acquainted with those Exercises, will never be afraid of one Man nor several together; but will still get off clear. Besides, these Exercises have this commendable Quality, that they inspire their Votaries with a true Passion for another more serious Exercise: for I suppose all those who give themselves to Fencing, breath nothing but the End they proposed in going to be taught, *viz.* Battles and Fights; and when they come to be engaged in these, are so full of Ambition and so fond of Glory, that they carefully instruct themselves in all that belongs to the Art of War, and make it their Business to rise by degrees to the highest Posts in the Army. For it is certain and manifest, that nothing is more desirable and more worthy of the Care of a good Man, than these different Posts of the Sword, and all the Functions of War, to which this Exercise of Arms leads, as a Means

*A Panegy-  
rick upon  
Fencing.*



Means to the End. To all these Advantages, we shall add one more, which is not a small one. 'Tis that this Art of Fencing makes Men more valiant, and more venturous in Engagements: And if we reckon up every thing, there's another Advantage that is not to be despis'd, viz. that it gives Men a good Meen and a graceful Carriage, which in a publick Appearance renders them agreeable to their own Troops, and formidable to their Enemies. So that I am of Opinion, *Lyfimachus*, that Children should learn those Exercises, and have given the Reasons I go upon. If *Laches* be of another Mind, I shall be glad to hear it.

*Nicias's Elogy refus'd.* *Lach.* Indeed, *Nicias*, he must be a bold Man, that says that any Science whatever is not worthy to be learn'd: For it is very commendable to know every thing, and if this Exercise of Arms is a Science, as its Teachers alledge, and as *Nicias* says, I own it ought to be taught. But if it is not a Science, and if the Fencing-Masters impose upon us by their Bravado's; or if it is only an inconsiderable Science, to what purpose should we amuse our selves with it?

*The Example of the Lacedemonians alone, overturns all that Nicias had said.*

*They were the most warlike People of all the Grecians, and yet had no Fencing Masters.*

I mention this, because I am perswaded, if it were a very considerable Science, it would never have escap'd the *Lacedemonians*, who spend their whole life-time in enquiring after such things, as may render them superior in War to their Enemies. Nay, supposing it had escap'd the *Lacedemonians*; these Fencing-

Masters could not have been ignorant so long, that of all the Grecians, the *Lacedemonians* are the most curious in what relates to Arms; and that Masters of any Reputation here, would make their Fortune there, much better than elsewhere; just as Tragical Poets of any Note do here. For every one that has a Vein for Tragedies, comes straight hither with 'em, and does not travel from City to City to publish his Performances; whereas those valiant Champions

*A Satyrical Rub upon Athens, for being as fond of Tragedies, as Lacedemon was of Arms.*

Champions who teach Fencing, look upon *Lacedemon* (a) as an inaccessible Temple that they dare not approach ; and ramble round about it teaching their Art to others, particularly to those who own themselves inferiour to all their Neighbours in what relates to War. In a word, *Lysimachus*, I have seen a great many of those Masters engag'd in hot Actions, and I know perfectly what their Humour is ; upon which 'tis easie to form a just estimate of their Merit. It seems Providence has purposely so order'd it, that none of that Profession did ever acquire the least Reputation in War. We see several of other Professions, not only successful in the way of their Business, but likewise famous in War. But these Men are unfortunate by a peculiar sort of Fatality. For this same very *Stesileus*, who expos'd himself but now before this Crowd of Spectators, and spoke so Magnificently of himself. I say, I have seen this same Man make a far better show against his Will upon a better Occasion. When the Ship he was in attack'd a Merchant-Man, he fought with a Pike headed with a Sithe, that his Arms might be as remarkable as himself was among the Combatants. All the Prowess he shew'd does scarce merit a relation : But the success of this warlike Stratagem, in clapping a Sithe on the Head of a Pike, is worth our attention. While the Fellow was fencing with his new Arms, they were unhappily entangled in the Tackling of the Enemies Ship, and stuck there. He pull'd with all his force to get it clear, but could not obtain his End. While his Ship kept close to the other, he follow'd it and kept his hold ; but when the Enemies Ship steer'd off, and was going to hawl him in, he suffer'd his

*A great Elegy for Lacedemon.*

*Fine Masters indeed! Their Scholars are short of those who slight their Lessons.*

*Fencing-Masters decry'd in War.*

(a) He compares *Lacedemon* to the Temple of the Furies, which none durst approach ; for they had such a terrible Impression of these Goddesses, that they durst not either name 'em, or look upon 'em, or offer Addresses to them. These Fencing-Masters were equally afraid of *Lacedemon*. A noble Elegy!

Pike to slip by degrees through his Hands, till he had only hold of it by the small end. The Enemy's Crew made Huzza's upon the pleasant Accident : At last some Body having thrown a Stone that fell just at his Feet, he quit his beloved Arms, and the Enemy redoubled their Shouts, when they saw the armed Sickle hanging upon the Tackling of their Ship like a Trophy. It is possible, that, as *Nicias* says, it may be a very considerable and useful Science : But I tell you what I saw : So that, as I said in the beginning, if it is a Science, it is an uselefs one ; and if it is none, and if we are only inveigled by its fine Motto, then it does not deserve our regard. In a word, those who apply themselves

*Their Address inspires 'em with some assurance ; but for want of Courage they can carry on nothing rigorously.*

*As we say that such brave Ones are the Bullies of the School. This Notion of Cowards deserves to be remark'd.*

to that Art, are either Cowards or brave Men. If Cowards, they are the more insolent, and their Cowardice is only the more expos'd. If brave, all the World has their Eyes upon 'em : And if they happen to be guilty of the least false step, they must bear a thousand Jest and Railleries : For this is not an indifferent Profession ; it exposes 'em to Envy at a furious rate ; and if the Man that follows it, does not distinguish himself mightily by his Courage, he'll be ridicul'd without any possibility of avoiding it. These are my Thoughts of that Exercise. It remains that you oblige *Socrates* to tell us his Mind.

*Lyf.* Pray do *Socrates* ; for we want an Umpire to decide the Difference. Had *Nicias* and *Laches* been of one Opinion, we should have spar'd you the Trouble : But you see they are directly opposite. So that now our business is to hear your Judgment, and see which of the two you side with.

*Soc.* How now, *Lyfimachus*, are you for following the greatest Number then ?

*Lyf.* What can one do better ?

*Soc.* And you too, *Melesias* ? Were you to chuse Exercises to be learn'd by your Son, would you rather

rather be directed by the greatest Number, than by one Man that has been well educated himself, and had excellent Masters ?

*Mel.* For my part, *Socrates*, I would be directed by the latter.

*Soc.* You'd be more influenc'd by his Opinion, than by that of us all four ?

*Mel.* Perhaps I might.

*Soc.* Because a wise Judgment ought to be form'd from Knowledge, and not from the Multitude ?

*Mel.* Without doubt.

*Soc.* The first thing then, that we are to enquire into, is whether any of us is expert in the Thing we consult about, or not. If any one be, we must refer our selves to him, and leave the others ; if not, we must see for some such Man elsewhere. For do you, *Melesias* and *Lysimachus*, imagine that this is a Business of small Consequence, and that you run but an ordinary Risque ? Do not you deceive your selves, the Matter in hand relates to the greatest Good that is. All the Happiness of Families depends upon the Education of Children : And Houses rise or sink according as their Children are Vicious or Vertuous.

*'Tis Knowledge and not the Number that ought to determine us.*

*Of what Consequence the Education of Children is.*

*Mel.* You say well.

*Soc.* So that one cannot be too Cautious and Prudent upon this Score.

*Mel.* Most certainly.

*Soc.* How should we do then to try which of us Four is most expert and best skill'd in Exercises ? Should not we presently pitch upon him who learn'd 'em best and follow'd 'em most, and had the best Masters ?

*Mel.* So I think.

*Soc.* And before that, should not we endeavour to know the Thing it self that we would have our Children learn ?

*Mel.* How do you say ?

*Soc.* Perhaps you'll understand me better in this manner : Methinks, we did not at first agree upon

the nature of the Thing we are consulting about, in order to know which of us is most dexterous at it, and was taught by the most masterly Hand.

*Nic.* How do you mean, *Socrates*; are not we considering of Fencing, in order to know whether our Children ought to learn it, or not?

*Soc.* I do not say otherwise. But when a Man advises about a Remedy for the Eyes, and wants to know whether he should apply it or not; do you think this Consultation relates more to the Remedy than to the Eyes, to which 'tis to be applied?

*Nic.* It relates most to the Eyes.

*Soc.* And when a Man consults what Bit he should put upon his Horse, does not the Question relate more to the Horse than to the Bit?

*Nic.* Yes sure.

*Soc.* In one word, as often as a Man advises about a Thing with reference to another, (*a*) the direct Object of the Consultation is the Thing refer'd to, and not to that which is only minded for the sake of the other.

*Nic.* It is necessarily so.

*Soc.* Then we ought to examine well whether the Man we advise with is expert and skill'd in the Thing about which we advise.

*Nic.* That's certain.

*Soc.* At present we are consulting what our Children should learn: So that the Question turns upon the Children, and the Knowledge of their Souls is the Business.

*Nic.* 'Tis just so.

*Soc.* And by Consequence, the Question is, Whether there is any of us experienc'd in the Conduct of a Soul; who knows how to manage it, and has been taught that Art by the best Masters?

(*a*) For Instance, when we think of purging a sick Person, we consider of the Patient before we think of the Medicine: And having first discover'd the State of the Patient, then we think of a proper Medicine.

*Lac.* How, *Socrates*, did you never know any People that have become greater Proficients in some Sciences and Arts without any Master, than others with all the Masters that could be had ?

*Soc.* Yes, *Laches* ; I have known some : But tho' all that sort of Men should be proud of telling you that they are very Skilful, you would never intrust the least Affair to them; unless you saw 'em make, I do not say one, but several elaborate and well done Performances.

*Nic.* Right, *Socrates*.

*Soc.* Since *Lyfimachus* and *Melesias* have call'd us to give our Advice of the Education of their Children ; out of an ardent desire to form and dispose their Minds to Vertue: We are oblig'd, O *Nicias* and *Laches*, if we pretend to be endow'd with the Capacity that's necessary for it, to tell 'em what Masters we have had, who were very good Men, and after having instructed several Scholars, form'd and dispos'd our Minds to Honesty. And if any of us pretends to have had no Master, he must produce his Performances, and instance in some either among the *Athenians*, or among Foreigners, whether Free-men or Slaves, who have been benefited by his Precepts, according to the Testimony of all the World. If we can neither name our Masters nor shew our Works, we must send our Friends to see for Advice elsewhere, and not expose our selves to just Reproach upon a Point of that importance, by corrupting their Children. For my part, *Lyfimachus* and *Melesias*, I own I never had a Master for that Science, notwithstanding that from my youth I was passionately in love with it : But I had not Money enough to reach the dear Fees of those Sophisters who had boasted that they were the only Men that could benefit me : And by my own Ingenuity I have not yet been able to find out the Art. If *Nicias* and *Laches* have compass'd it by themselves, or have learn'd it of Masters, I shall think it no wonder: For being richer than I, they

could afford to have Masters; and being older than I, they may have learn'd it by themselves. And upon that Account I account 'em admirably well qualified for instructing a young Gentleman: And besides, if they had not been very well assur'd of their own Capacity, they would never have been so positive in determining what Exercises are useful and what are useless to the Youth. So that I submit to them in all Things. What amazes me, is, that they are of two different Opinions. However, since *Laches* intreated you to detain me and oblige me to speak; pray suffer me to intreat you in my turn, not to suffer *Laches* and *Nicias* to be gone, but to press 'em to make answer; by telling them that *Socrates* knows nothing of these Matters, and is incapable to determine which of them has the better of it: For he had no Masters, and could not find out the Art by himself. Wherefore *Nicias* and *Laches*, say you, pray tell us if ever you saw any excellent Man for the Education of Youth? Did you learn this Art from any Body, or did you find it of yourselves? If you learn'd it, pray tell us who was your Master, and who they are that follow the same Profession; to the end that if the Publick Affairs do not afford you so much leisure, we may go to them, and by Presents and Caresses oblige them to take Care of our Children and yours, and to prevent their reflecting dishonour upon their Ancestors by their Vices. If you found out this Art by your own Ingenuity, pray cite those you have instructed, who being Vicious before their coming to you, became Vertuous under your Care. If you are but yet beginning to teach, take Care that you do not make your first Essay upon little base Souls, but upon your own Children and those of your best Friends. Tell us then what you can do, and what not. This *Lyfimachus*, is what I would have you to ask of them: Do not let them go without giving you an Answer.

*Lys.*

*Lys.* In my mind *Socrates* speaks admirably well. Wherefore, my Friends, consider of answering all these Questions: For you may assure your selves that in so doing you'll oblige me and *Melesias* very much. I told you before that we call'd for your Advice, as fancying, that since you have Children as well as we, that will quickly be of that Age which requires a wise Education, you might have thought maturely upon it before now. So, if you are not busie, pray discourse the Matter with *Socrates*; for, as he said very well, this is the most important Affair of our Life.

*Nic.* It seems, *Lysimachus*, you have no knowledge of *Socrates*, otherwise than by his Father, and that you never frequented his Company: You never saw him, sure, but in his Infancy in the Temples or Publick Assemblies, or when his Father brought him to your House: For since he came to be a Man, it seems you never had any Correspondence with him.

*Lys.* What ground do you go upon for that, *Nicias*?

*Nic.* I go upon this: That I perceive you are ignorant that *Socrates* looks upon every Body as his Neighbour; and that whoever converses with him, he is as much oblig'd to him as if he were his Relation: Tho' at first he speaks only of indifferent Things, yet at last he is oblig'd by the Thread of his Discourse to give him an Account of the Conduct of his Life, and to tell him how he lives, and has liv'd. And when *Socrates* has once brought him that length, he does not part from him till he have founded him to the bottom, and got an account of all his good and evil Actions. I know it by Experience. So I see there's a necessity of passing that way, and I find that I my self cannot get off. However, I am very glad of it; and do always take a singular Pleasure in discoursing with him. For 'tis no great harm for a Man to be advertis'd of his Faults: And after that, he cannot but become more

*A Character of Socrates: His Love for all Men.*



Old Age  
does not  
bring Wis-  
dom along  
with it.

wife and prudent, if he minds and loves the Admo-  
nition ; and according to *Solon's* Maxim, is willing  
to be instructed, whatever his Age be, and is not  
foolishly persuaded that old Age brings Wisdom a-  
long with it. So that it shall neither seem new,  
nor disagreeable to me, if *Socrates* puts me to a  
Trial : And indeed I was aware from the beginning,  
that since he was here, 'twould not be our Chil-  
dren, but our selves that would be examin'd. For  
my part I submit to him with all my Heart. It re-  
mains that *Laches* should tell his Sentiments.

The only  
valuable  
Discourses.

*Lac.* My Sentiments are various. Sometimes I'm  
in one Humour and sometimes in another. Some-  
times I love nothing so much as discouraging, and at  
other times I cannot abide it. When I meet with a  
Man that speaks well of Vertue or any Science, and  
find him a Man of Veracity and worthy of his Profes-  
sion, I am charm'd with him, and take an unexpressible  
Pleasure in finding his Words and Actions all of a  
piece : Such a Man is to me the only excellent Mu-  
sician that makes a perfect Harmony, not with the  
Harp or Musical Instruments, but with the Sum to-  
tal of his Life. For all his Actions suit with his  
Words, not according to the (a) *Lydian*, *Phrygian*,  
or *Ionian* Tones, but according to the *Dorian* ;  
which is the only one that deserves the name of  
*Grecian Harmony*. When such a Man speaks, I am  
overjoy'd and charm'd ; and drink in his Words so  
greedily, that every Body perceives me to be fond of  
his Discourses. But a Man that acts the quite contra-

A good man  
is the only  
excellent  
Musician.

(a) The *Grecians* had four Measures or Tones which they  
call'd Harmonies, and multiplied these by joyning the other  
several ways. The *Lydian* was doleful and proper for Lamenta-  
tions, the *Phrygian* was vehement and fit to raise up the Passi-  
ons, the *Ionian* effeminate and soft, the *Dorick* was Masculine,  
and so prefer'd by *Socrates* to all the rest. Accordingly *Ari-  
stotle* in the last Chapter of his *Politicks*, says, That all the  
World is agreed, that the *Dorick* was most manly and smooth,  
and a sort of *medium* between the others ; upon which Ac-  
count it was more proper and suitable for Children. *Plato*  
absolutely condemns the *Lydian* and *Ionian* in the Third Book  
of his *Rep.*

ry, mortifies me most cruelly; and the more he seems to speak well, the more averſion I have to his Jargon. I am not yet acquainted with *Socrates* by his Words, but by his Actions I am; and think him worthy to ſpeak upon any Subject, and diſcourſe with all freedom. If he is ſuch a Man as you repreſent him, I am willing to enter into a Conference with him. I ſhall be very glad if he'll take the Pains to examine me, and ſhall never be unwilling to learn: For I am of *Solon's* Mind, that we ought to be learning in our old Age. I would only add a word to his Maxim, which I wiſh he had added, *viz.* That we ſhould learn of good Men. In earneſt, you muſt grant me this, That a Teacher ought to be a good Man, that I may not learn of him with reluctance, and that my diſreliſh may not paſs for Stupidity and Indocility. For I do not matter it at all, if my Maſter be younger than I, or has not yet gain'd a Reputation, and the like. So, *Socrates*, if you'll examine and inſtruct me, you ſhall find me very docile and ſubmiſſive. I have always had a good Opinion of you, ſince that day that you and I eſcap'd a conſiderable Danger, and you gave ſuch Proof of your Vertue, as became a good Man. Tell me then, what you pleaſe: And let not my Age be any hindrance.

*The fineſt Diſcourſes, not back'd by ſuitable Actions, deſerves nothing but contempt and hatred.*

*The only pleaſurable Learning is from good Men.*

*He ſpeaks this upon Socrates's Account, who was much younger than he.*

*Soc.* At leaſt we cannot complain, that you are not very ready to aſk good Counſel and follow it.

*Lys.* This is our buſineſs; I call it ours, becauſe it is upon our Account that you are engag'd in it. Wherefore, I beſeech you, for the love of theſe Children, ſee in my ſtead what we ought to aſk of *Nicias* and *Laches*, and joyn your Thoughts in Conference with theirs. As for me, my Memory is almoſt gone, by reaſon of my old Age: I forget moſt part of the Queſtions I deſign'd to aſk, and a great part of what they ſaid: I remember nothing of the Matter, when the principal Queſtion is thus croſs'd and carv'd by freſh Incidents. Diſcuſs this Matter among your ſelves; I and *Meleſias* ſhall

hear you ; and after that, shall do as you direct us.

*Soc.* *Nicias* and *Laches*, we must obey *Lyfimachus* and *Melefius*. Perhaps it will not be improper to discuss the Question we propos'd above, *viz.* Whether we had Masters in this Art, or if we have form'd any Scholars and render'd 'em better Men than they were? But methinks there's a shorter way of compassing our End, and at the same time of going nearer to the source, (*a*) for if we have a certain knowledge of any thing, that being communicated to another renders him better, and have likewise the Secret of communicating it to him, 'tis plain not only that we know the thing it self, but that we know what means are to be employ'd in acquiring it. Perhaps you do not understand me ; but an Example will let you into the meaning. If we know certainly that Sight communicated to the Eyes renders them better, and are able to communicate it ; it is certain that we know what the Sight is, and all that's to be done for procuring it. Whereas if we do not know what Seeing or Hearing is, our Advice will be to no purpose ; we cannot pretend to be good Physicians either for the Eyes or the Ears, or to furnish 'em with the means of Seeing or Hearing.

*Lyf.* You say well, *Socrates*.

*Soc.* Have not your two Friends, *Laches*, call'd you hither to advise with us, how Vertue may be made to grow in the Souls of their Children, in order to their Improvement ?

*Lac.* 'Tis true.

*Soc.* Is it not necessary then, that first of all we should know what Vertue is ; for if we are ignorant

(*b*) This is an important and very useful Principle. *Socrates's* Scope is, to make 'em sensible that Men may well know the Vices and Faults of one another, and the Vertues they all want to make 'em perfect, but do not know how to communicate that Vertue. God alone knows our Weakness and Misery, and he alone can heal it.

of

*In curing a sick Person, we must know the Remedy of the way of giving it.*

of that, how should we be capable of prescribing Means for acquiring it ?

*Lac.* By no Means, *Socrates*.

*Soc.* Then 'tis presum'd you know what it is.

*Lac.* Without doubt.

*Soc.* But when we know a thing, cannot we tell what it is ?

*Lac.* Yes, sure.

*Soc.* At present we shall not enter upon the Enquiry, What Vertue is in General : That would be too long and too perplex'd a Task, Let us content our selves with tracing one of its Branches, and try if we have all that's necessary for knowing that well. This will be a shorter and easier Enquiry.

*Lac.* Since you are of that mind, I am satisfied.

*Soc.* But what Branch of Vertue shall we pitch upon ? Doubtless it must be that which seems to be the only End of Fencing ; for the People alledge, that this Exercise tends directly to Valour.

*Lac.* Yes, that is the Plea.

*Soc.* Let's endeavour, *Laches*, in the first Place to form a nice Definition of Valour ; and then we shall pursue the Means of communicating it to these Children, as much as is possible, both by Habit and by Study. Say then, What is Valour ?

*Lac.* Indeed, *Socrates*, that Question is not very hard. A valorous Man is one that stands to his Post in Battle, that never turns his back, and that repulses the Enemy.

*The first Definition of Valour.*

*Soc.* Very well, *Laches* ; but perhaps 'tis my faulty Expression that occasion'd your giving an Answer remote from my Question.

*Lac.* How do you mean, *Socrates* ?

*Soc.* I'll tell you, if I can. A valiant Man is one that keeps his Post in the Army, and bravely attacks the Enemy.

*Lac.* That's what I say.

*Soc'*

Laches's Definition is faulty. Soc. So say I too. But as for him that fights the Enemy upon a flight, and without keeping his Post.

Lac. How, upon a Flight?

Soc. Yes, in Fleeing; as the *Scythians*, for Instance, who fight as fiercely upon a Retreat, as upon a Pursuit: And, as *Homer* says in Commendation of *Aeneas's* Horses, They were swifter than the Wind, in the Field of Battle, and knew how to escape and pursue an Enemy. And does not he commend *Aeneas* for his skill in the Art of Fleeing when he calls them expert in Retreat?

Lac. That's very true, *Socrates*; for *Homer* in that Place speaks of Chariots. And as for the *Scythians*, you know they were Troops of Cavalry; for that was their way of Engagement with Horse; but our Grecian Infantry fights by standing their Ground, as I said but now.

Socrates refutes his Distinction. These were Persian Troops, armed with Bucklers of Willows. The Flight of the Lacedaemonians at Plataea, brought 'em the Victory. Soc. Perhaps you'll except the *Lacedaemonians*; for I have heard in the Battle of *Plataea*, when the *Lacedaemonians* were engaged with the *Gerrophori*, who had made a Bulwark of their Bucklers, and kill'd many of their Men with their Arrows; the *Lacedaemonians*, I say, on this occasion thought it not proper to keep their Post, but fled; and when the Persian Ranks were disorder'd in the Pursuit, rally'd and attack'd the Cavalry you speak of, and by that means came off with a Noble Victory.

Lac. You say true.

Soc. And for that Reason, I told you but now that I occasioned your faulty Answer by putting the Question amiss. For I wanted to know what Valour is in a Man that's valiant not only in Cavalry, but in Infantry and all other sorts of War; that is, not only valiant in War, but in Dangers at Sea, in Diseases, in Poverty, in the Management of Publick Affairs; not only valorous in Grief, Sorrow, and Fears, but likewise in his Desires and Pleasures; a Man that knows how to make head against his Passions, whether by standing his Ground, or fleeing. For Valour extends to all these things.

Lac.

The Extent of Valour.

*Lac.* That's certain.

*Soc.* Then all these Men are valiant: One displays his Courage by opposing his Pleasures, another against his Sorrow: One controuls his Desires, and another his Fears: And upon all these Occasions a Man may be cowardly and mean-spirited.

*Lac.* Without question.

*Soc.* So I wanted to know of you, what each of these Contraries, Valour and Cowardice, is. To begin with Valour: Tell me, if you can, what is this Quality that is always the same upon all those different Occasions? Do not you understand me now?

*The Definition must include all these different Occasions.*

*Lac.* Not yet, perfectly.

*Soc.* What I would say, is this. For instance, If I ask'd you what that Swiftnes is, which extends it self to Running, Playing upon Instruments, Speaking, Learning, and a thousand other things. For we apply that Swiftnes to the Actions of the Hands, Feet, Tongue, and Mind: These are the principal Subjects. Is it not so?

*Lac.* Yes.

*Soc.* If any one ask'd me, what this Swiftnes is, that extends to all these different things? I would answer, *'Tis a Faculty that does much in a little space of Time.* For this Definition agrees to the Voice, to Running, and all the other things that the word can be applied to.

*A Definition of Swiftnes.*

*Lac.* Right, *Socrates*; the Definition is very good.

*Soc.* Define Valour then after the same manner. Tell me what Faculty this is, that is always the same in Pleasures, in Affliction, and in all the above-mention'd Cases; and that never changes either its Name or its Nature.

*Lac.* Since I must give a Definition reaching to all the different *Species* of that Vertue: It seems to me to be a Disposition of the Soul always ready to suffer any thing.

*A second Definition of Valour.*

*Soc.* To answer my Question fully, your Definition must certainly be such. But this Definition me-thinks is defective: for I reckon you do not take all the

*A Fault in this Definition.*

the

the Patience of the Soul to be Valour. I see plainly you place Valour in the number of fine things.

Lac. Yes, without doubt; and indeed the finest that is.

Soc. Accordingly this Patience of the Soul, when accompanied by Wisdom, is good and fine ?

Lac. Most certainly.

Soc. And when Imprudence is its Companion, is it not quite contrary ? Is it not then very bad and pernicious ?

Lac. Without question.

Soc. Do you call a pernicious thing fine ?

Lac. God forbid, Socrates.

Soc. Then you'll never call that sort of Patience by the Name of Valour, since 'tis not fine, and Valour is somewhat that's very fine ?

Lac. You say right.

Soc. Then, according to you, a wife and prudent Patience is Wisdom ?

Lac. So I think.

Soc. Let's see whether this Patience is only prudent in some things, or in every thing whether small or great ? For instance, A Man spends his Estate very patiently and prudently, with a firm Certainty that his Spending will one Day fetch him great Riches ; Would you call this Man valiant and stout ?

Lac. I would be very loth to do that, Socrates.

Soc. But a Physician has a Son or some other Patient lying ill, of a great Inflammation in the Breast: this Son teazes him for something to eat. The Physician is so far from yielding to his Importunity, that he patiently bears his Complaints and his Anger ; Would you call this Physician valiant and stout ?

Lac. No more than the other.

Soc. But as for War. Here's a Man of that Disposition of Soul, we now speak of. He has a mind to fight ; and his Prudence, supporting his Courage, tells him he will quickly be reliev'd, and that his Enemies are the weaker Party, and that he has the advantage of the Ground. This brave Man, that is thus

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For an imprudent Patience is Folly and a forgetting of ones self.

Socrates makes Laches fall into the common prejudice that an imprudent and indiscreet Temerity is Valour.

prudent, will you make him more valiant and courageous than his Enemy, who stands his Ground, notwithstanding the Disadvantages he lyes under, and that without these Reflections?

*Lac.* No, sure; the last is the bravest.

*Soc.* And, after all, the Courage of the last is far less prudent than that of the former.

*Lac.* That's true.

*Soc.* Then it follows from your Principle, that a good Horse-man, that in a Engagement behaves himself bravely, as trusting to his dexterity of managing a Horse, is less courageous than he who wants that advantage.

*Lac.* Yes, sure.

*Soc.* You'll say the same of an Archer, a Slinger, and all the other Orders of Soldiery?

*Lac.* Without doubt.

*Soc.* And those, who, without being acquainted with the Art of Diving, have the Courage to dive and are the first that throw their Heads into the Waters, are according to you, more bold and courageous than the expert divers?

*Lac.* Yes, sure.

*Soc.* According to your Principles it must be so.

*Lac.* And these are my Principles.

*Soc.* But after all, those artless and unexperienc'd Men, encounter Danger much more imprudently than those who expose themselves with the advantage of Art.

*Lac.* Yes, sure.

*Soc.* But we concluded just now, that indiscreet Boldness and imprudent Patience, are very scandalous and pernicious.

*Lac.* That's true.

*Soc.* And we look'd upon Valour to be a good and a fine thing.

*Lac.* I own it.

*Soc.* But now it is quite contrary: We give the Name of Valour to this indiscreet Boldness, that we despise so much.

*Lac.*



*Lac.* I own it.

*Soc.* And do you think it is well done ?

*Lac.* I am not such a Fool, *Socrates*.

The most  
perfect love,  
and the most  
worthy of  
Men, when  
their Affi-  
ons and  
Words are of  
a piece

*Soc.* Thus, *Laches*, by your own Principles, you and I are not upon the Foot of the Dorick Tone. For our Actions do not agree with our Words. If one took a view of our Actions, I presume he would say we are Men of Courage: but if he heard our Words, he would quickly change his Sentiments.

*Lac.* You say right.

*Soc.* But do you think it fit we should continue in this Condition ?

*Lac.* No, sure.

*Soc.* Are you willing we should act for one minute, conformably to the Definition we gave just now ?

*Lac.* What Definition is that ?

*Soc.* That true Courage, true Valour, is Patience: If you please then, let's shew our Patience, in carrying on our Enquiry, that so Valour may not laugh at us for pursuing her without Courage; since according to our Principles, Patience is Courage.

*Lac.* I am willing, *Socrates*, and shall not at all flinch, tho' I am a Novice in those Disputes. But I must own, I am out of humour and vex'd, that I cannot explain my Thoughts. For, methinks I conceive perfectly what Valour is; and I understand now that Idea does so balk me that I cannot explain it.

*Soc.* But, *Laches*, a good Huntsman ought always to run after the Beast he pursues, and not to weary himself in running at every thing he sees.

*Lac.* I agree to it.

*Soc.* Are you willing we should call *Nicias* to hunt with us, to try if he'll have any better Fortune ?

*Lac.* With all my Heart, why not ?

*Soc.* Come then, *Nicias*, come and help your Friends, if you can, who are in a sad quandary, and know not what hand to turn to: You see what Condi-

Condition we are in ; and how impossible it is for us to get clear of it. Pray, rescue us, by giving us to know what Valour is, and proving it.

*Nic.* I thought all along that you defin'd this Vertue amiss. How comes it to pass, *Socrates*, that you do not upon this Occasion make use of what I have heard you speak so often and so well ?

*Soc.* What's that, *Nicias* ?

*Nic.* I have often heard you say, that a Man is dexterous at the Things he knows, but very unhappy at what he does not know.

*Soc.* That's very true.

*Nic.* And by Consequence, if a valiant Man be good at any thing, he's good at what he knows.

*Soc.* Do you hear him *Laches* ?

*Lac.* Yes, I hear him : But I do not well understand what he means.

*Soc.* But, methinks, I perceive his meaning. As I take it, he means that Valour is a Science.

*Lac.* What Science, *Socrates* ?

*Soc.* Why do not you ask him ?

*Lac.* I desire the same Favour of him.

*Soc.* *Nicias*, answer *Laches* a little, and tell him what Science Valour is in your Opinion ; for 'tis neither the Science of playing upon the Flute, nor that of playing upon the Harp.

*Nic.* No, surely.

*Soc.* What is it then ? And what is the Subject of it ?

*Lac.* You ask him very well *Socrates* ; let him tell us then what Science it is ?

*Nic.* I say, *Laches*, that it is the \* Science of

\* *Nicias* himself knew not all the strength of this Definition, he understood only that Valour was the effect of Experience and Custom. For Example, Men who have run thro' many Dangers, are commonly more Valiant than those who had never seen any ; for as they have already escap'd those Dangers, they believe that they may likewise overcome all others. This is the Sentiment of *Nicias*, but it is not that of *Socrates*, who from his Definition draws a Principle far more Excellent, as will be seen by what follows.

A third  
Definition  
of Valour,  
which alone  
can give  
the true  
Idea of it.  
See the Re-  
mark.

Things that are terrible, and of those that do not surpass our Strength, and in which one may shew a stedfastness, whether it be in War, or in the other Contingencies of Life.

*Lac.* A strange Definition, *Socrates* !

*Soc.* Why do you think it so strange ?

*Lac.* Why, because Science and Valour are two very different Things.

*Soc.* *Nicias* pretends they are not.

*Lac.* Yes, he pretends it, and therein he dotes.

*Soc.* Good God, let us endeavour to instruct him; Reproaches are not Reasons.

*Nic.* He has no design to abuse me, but he wishes that what I have said may be of no weight, because he himself is deceived all along.

*Lac.* It is the very truth, and I shall die of Grief, or make it appear that you have not spoke better than I. Without going any further, don't the Physicians know what there is that's dangerous in Diseases? Do the most valiant Men know it better? Or do you call the Physicians valiant Men?

*Nic.* No, surely.

*Lac.* Neither do you give that Name to Labourers; yet they know what it is that's most terrible, in their Labour. It is the same with all other Tradesmen, they all know very well what it is that is most terrible in their Profession, and what it is that may give them Assurance and Confidence; but they are not the more valiant for that.

*Soc.* What say you, *Nicias*, of that Criticism of *Laches*? For my part I think there's something in it.

*Nic.* It certainly has something in it, but nothing of truth.

*Soc.* How so?

*Nic.* How? because he thinks that Physicians know not any thing more of Diseases, than to say that a Thing is healthful or unhealthful: 'Tis very certain that they know nothing more of it: For, in good earnest, *Laches*, do you imagine that the Physician knows

knows whether his Patient has more reason to be afraid of Health or of Sicknes? And don't you think that there are abundance of Sick to whom it would be more advantagious not to be cured than to be cured? Dare you say that it is always good to live, and that there are not abundance of People to whom it would be more Advantagious to die?

*Valour is not only the knowledge of what is terrible or not terrible, but also of what will be so. A great Principle!*

*Lac.* I am persuaded that there are some People who would be more happy to die.

*Nic.* And do you think that the Things that seem terrible to those who would willingly live, appear the same to those who had rather die.

*Lac.* No, doubtless.

*Nic.* And who will you be judged by on these Occasions? The Physicians? They don't in the least see into it. People of other Professions, they know nothing of the Matter. It belongs then only to those who are skilful in the Science of terrible Things: And 'tis those whom I call Valiant.

*Soc. Laches,* do you understand what *Nicias* says?

*Lac.* Yes, I understand that according to his reckoning there is none Valiant but Prophets. For who else but a Prophet can know if it be more advantagious to die than to live? And I would ask you *Nicias*, \* Are you a Prophet? If you be not, farewell to your Valour.

*Yes, we must be Prophets, we must foresee the Evils to come.*

*Nic.* How then? Do you think that it is the business of a Prophet to know himself in Things that are terrible, and in those wherein he can shew steadfastness?

*Lac.* Without doubt; and whose Business is it else?

*Nic.* Whose? His of whom I speak, the valiant Man; for the Business of a Prophet, is only to

\* *Laches* jeers *Nicias* here in obscure Terms, because of his Respect to the Diviners; for as he was a very religious Man, he had a great Respect for all Diviners, and kept one always in his House.

know the Signs of Things that are to happen, as of Deaths, Diseases, Losses, Defeats and Victories, whether it be in War or in other Combats: And do you think, that it is more proper for him than for another Man to judge which of all those Accidents are more or less advantageous to this Man or to that? Never had any Prophet the least thought of such a thing.

*Lac.* Truly, *Socrates*, I cannot comprehend his Meaning; for, according to his Account, there is neither Prophet, nor Physician, nor any other sort of Man, to whom the Name of Valiant can be applicable. This valiant Person, of whom he has an Idea, must then be a God. But, to tell you my Thoughts, *Nicias* has not the Courage to confess, that he knows not what he says; he only quibbles and shifts to conceal his Confusion. We could have done as much, you and I, if we had had nothing else in view but to hide the Contradictions we fall into. If we were before a Judge, this Conduct might perhaps be reasonable: 'Tis a Piece of Cunning to intangle a bad Cause; but in Conversation, like ours, to what purpose is it to endeavour to triumph by vain Discourse?

*This valiant Man is not a God, but he is animated and supported by God.*

*Soc.* Certainly that is a very ill thing: But let us see if *Nicias* does not pretend to say something to the purpose; and whether you don't injure him by accusing him of talking meerly for talkings sake. Let us desire him to explain his thought to us more clearly; and, if we find that he has reason on his side, we will be of his mind; if not, we will endeavour to speak better.

*Lac.* Ask him your self, *Socrates*, if you please; I have ask'd Questions enough of him.

*Soc.* I will do it; I will argue with him for you and me too.

*Lac.* If you please.

*Soc.* Tell me, I pray you, *Nicias*, or rather tell us, for I speak also for *Laches*, Do you maintain, that Valour is the knowledge of things that are terrible

rible and of things in which one may testify some assurance and confidence?

*Nic.* Yes, I do maintain it;

*Soc.* You maintain also, that this Knowledge is not given to all sorts of People, seeing it is not known neither to the Physicians nor to the Prophets, and that yet no body can be valiant without this Knowledge. Is not this what you said?

*It is not known to Physicians as Physicians, nor yet to Prophets as such.*

*Nic.* Yes, doubtless.

*Soc.* Then we may apply the Proverb in this Case : That it is not the same of every wild Sow, every wild Sow is not valiant and courageous.

*Nic.* No, surely.

*Soc.* It is evident by this, *Nicias*, that you are fully persuaded, that the wild \* Sow of *Crommion* was not courageous, whatever the Ancients have said of her. I do not tell you this in jest, but in good earnest; he, who speaks as you, must not of necessity admit of any Courage in Beasts, or grant, that the Lions, Leopards, Boars, know many things which most Men are ignorant of, because of their being too difficult. Besides, he who maintains, that Valour is what you say it is, must also maintain, that Lions, Bulls, Harts, Foxes, are born equally valiant one with another.

*Lac.* By all that's sacred, *Socrates*, you speak to admiration. Tell us then truly, *Nicias*, do you believe, that Beasts, which are generally reckon'd full of Courage, are more understanding than we, or dare you go against the common Opinion, and maintain, that they have not Courage?

*Nic.* I tell you in a word, *Laches*, that I don't call neither Beast nor Man, nor any thing whatever, that, through imprudence and ignorance, fears not

\* The Aim of *Socrates* is to try *Nicias* and to shake him in his Opinion by making him fear that his Principle would hurt their Religion; for if the wild Sow of *Crommion* had not been valiant and courageous, *Theseus* is not so great a Hero for having overcome her, nor *Hercules* for having defeated the Lion of *Nemee*.

the things that are terrible, valiant and courageous ; but I call them fearless and senseless! Alas ! Do you think, that I call all Children, who, through imprudence, fear no danger, valiant and courageous? In my Opinion, to be without fear, and to be valiant, are two very different things: There is nothing more rare than Valour accompanied with Prudence, and nothing more common than Boldness, Audaciousness and Intrepidity accompanied with Imprudence: for it is the property of most Men and Women, of all Beasts and Children. In a word, those whom you and most People call Valiant, I call Rash and Foolhardy, and I give the Name of Valiant only to those who are Prudent and Wise ; these only are the Persons I mean.

For Nicias was very prudent and very wise. See the Remark.

'Tis that Lamachus who was General of the Athenians with Nicias and Alcibiades in the Expedition of Sicily, where he was killed.

*Lac.* Do you see, *Socrates*, \* how he offers Incense to himself, as if he were the only valiant Man ; for he strives to rob all those, who pass for such, of that Glory.

*Nic.* That is none of my design, *Laches*, do not you fret your self, I know that you and *Lamachus* are prudent and wise if you be valiant. I say the same of many of our *Athenians*.

*Lac.* † Tho' I could answer you in your own Coin, yet I will not, lest you should accuse me || of being ill-natur'd and foul-mouth'd.

*Soc.* Don't say so. *Laches*, I see plainly you do not perceive that *Nicias* hath learned these fine

\* Wisdom and Prudence were the true Character of *Nicias*, who undertook nothing but where he saw at least an apparent Safety, and who, by waiting for Opportunities to act safely, did often let them slip ; which begot him the Character of a cowardly Man: however, he undertook things well and executed 'em better, performing his part always well.

† *Laches* speaks like one that's a little touch'd, for he would say, that he could answer *Nicias* that he is not valiant, because he is too prudent and too wise? As indeed the Poets themselves taxed his Prudence with Cowardice.

|| The Greek Copy says, Lest you should take me for a Man of the Tribe of Aixionides: For the People of that Tribe were much cry'd down for their railing Temper and ill Nature.

things

things of our Friend *Damon*, and that *Damon* is the intimate Friend of *Prodicus* the ablest of all the Sophists for that kind of Distinctions.

*Lac.* Oh, *Socrates*, it becomes a Sophist very well to make Ostentation of his vain Subtilties; but for a Man like *Nicias*, whom the *Athenians* have chosen to sit at the Helm of the Republick . . . .

*Soc.* My dear *Laches*, it well becomes a Man who hath so great Affairs upon his Hands, to study to be more learned and more wise than others; wherefore I think that *Nicias* deserves to be heard, and that we ought at least to enquire into his Reasons why he defines Valour thus.

*Lac.* Enquire then as much as you please, *Socrates*.

*Soc.* 'Tis what I am going to do; but don't think that I acquit you of it, and that you shall not assist me in some things: Listen a little then, and take heed to what I am going to say.

*Lac.* I shall do so, since it pleases you.

*Soc.* That is so far well: Now come on, *Nicias*; pray you tell us, in resuming the Matter from the beginning; Is it not true, that at first we considered Valour \* as a part of Virtue?

*Nic.* 'Tis true.

*Soc.* Did not you answer, that Valour was certainly but one part, and that there were other parts, which all together were called by the Name of Virtue?

*Nic.* How could I say otherwise?

*Soc.* You say then as I do: for, besides Valour, I acknowledge there are other parts of Virtue, as Temperance, Justice, and many others; don't you also acknowledge them?

*Nic.* Doubtless I do.

*Soc.* That's good, we are agreed upon this Point:

\* *Socrates* would prove, that Virtue being one, he, who has not all the parts that compose it, cannot brag of being virtuous.



Let us go then to those things which you call terrible; and wherein you say a Man may shew some Assurance and Confidence; let us examine them well, lest it happen that you understand them one way and we another; we are going to tell you what we think of them. If you don't agree with us you will correct us. We believe the things which you call terrible are such as inspire People with Terror and Fear; and that those wherein you say we may shew some Assurance are such as do not inspire us with that Fear: Now those that cause Fear, are neither things that have already happened, nor things that actually happen, but such as we expect; for Fear is only the Expectation of an Evil to come. Are not you of this Opinion, *Laches*?

*Lac.* Yes, yes perfectly.

*Soc.* This then is our Sentiment, *Nicias*. By those things that are terrible, we understand the Evils to come; and by the things wherein one may shew some assurance, we understand those things which are also to come, and which appear good, or, at least, don't appear to be ill. Do you admit our Definition or not?

*Nic.* Yes, yes, I admit it.

*Soc.* Then it is the Knowledge of those things which you call Valour?

*Nic.* Yes, it is.

*Soc.* Let us go to a third Point, and see if we can agree upon that too.

*Nic.* What is that?

*Soc.* You shall hear it presently. We say, that is, *Laches* and I, that in all things \* Science never differs from it self; it is not one thing, as to things past,

\* *Socrates* would make *Nicias* understand, that in defining Valour to be the Knowledge of things that are terrible, that is to say, of Evils to come, he has not been large enough in his Definition; for Knowledge extending it self to what is past, what is present, and what is to come, Valour must have all that extent if it be truly a Science. Then We must say, that it is the Knowledge of all the Evil and of all the Good that hath

past, to know how they passed; another, as to the things present, to know how they are and how they happen; and another upon the things to come, to know how they will be and how they will fall out; but it is always the same: For example as to Health, Let the Time be what it will, Physick never differs from it self, it is always the same Art of Physick that judges of it, and that sees what has been, what is and what will be healthful or unhealthful. Husbandry in the same manner judges of what has come, of what is now come and of what will come. And, as to War, you can very well testify, and will be believed, that the Art of a General extends it self to all, to what is past, what is present and to what is to come; that he has no occasion for the Art of Divination, and that on the contrary he has it at command, as knowing better than it, what happens and what ought to happen. Is not the Law it self express in that? For it commands not that the Diviner shall command the General, but that the General shall command the Diviner. Is not this what we say, *Laches*?

*For if the Diviner commanded the General, he would then be General himself.*

*Lac.* Yes certainly, *Socrates*.

*Soc.* And you, *Nicias*, do you also say as we do, and do you agree, that Knowledge, being always the same, judges equally of what is past, what is present, and what to come?

*Nic.* Yes, I say as you say; for I think it cannot be otherwise.

*Soc.* You say then, most excellent *Nicias*, that Valour is the Knowledge of things that are terrible, and of those that are not so? Is not that what you say?

*Nic.* Yes.

*Soc.* Have not we agreed, that those things that are terrible are Evils to come; and those things that

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hath been, that is, and that shall be; for Valour ought no less to judge of what has been, and of what is, than of what will be. But of what use is it? That *Socrates* will make plain by and by.

are not terrible, and in which we can shew some assurance, is some Good that we expect?

*Nic.* We are agreed upon it.

*Soc.* And that Knowledge does not extend it self only to what is to come, but also to things present and to what is past.

*Nic.* I agree in that.

*Soc.* Then it is not true, that Valour is only the Knowledge of things that are terrible, and of those that are not terrible; for it does not only know the Good and the Evil that is to come, but its Jurisdiction extends as far as that of other Sciences, and it also judges of what is past and of what is present, and, in a word, of all things whether they be near at hand or at a distance.

*Nic.* That seems to be true.

*Soc.* Then you have only defined to us the third part of Valour, but we desir'd you to give us a full definition of it: At present it seems to me, that, according to your Principles, 'tis the Knowledge not only of things that are terrible and not terrible, \* but also of almost all the Good and all the Evil at what distance soever they be from us before or after. Have you then changed your Sentiment, *Nicias*? what do you say?

*Nic.* It appears to me, that Valour has all the extent you say.

*Soc.* That being so, do you think that a valiant Man wants any part of Virtue, if it be true, that he knows all the Good and all the Evils that have been, that are, and that may be? and do you believe, that such a Man can want Temperance, Justice, and Sanctity? he to whom alone it belongs to use a prudent Precaution against all the Evils that may

*If he wanted any one of those Qualities he would not be valiant.*

\* *Socrates* will have us understand, that Valour puts us in a condition to attract the Good and to avoid the Evil that may happen to us on the part of Man and on the part of God; for it may serve to correct what is past, to dispose well of what is present, and to use wise Precautions against what is to come. It is so solid a Principle that nothing can shake it.

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happen to him on the part of Man and on the part of God, and to put himself in a condition to draw from thence all the Good that can be expected, seeing he knows how he ought to behave himself both towards Man and towards God.

*Valour consists then in shunning the Evils, and procuring to himself the Good that may happen to us, not only on the part of Men but also on the part of God.*

*Nic.* What you say now, *Socrates*, seems to have something in it.

*Soc.* Valour then is not a part of Virtue, but is Virtue in all its parts ?

*Nic.* So it seems to me.

*Soc.* Yet we said, that it was but a part of it.

*Nic.* We did so.

*Soc.* And what we said then does not now appear to be true.

*Nic.* I own it.

*Soc.* And consequently, *Nicias*, we have not yet found out what Valour is ?

*Nic.* \* I am of your mind.

*Lac.* Yet I should have thought, my dear *Nicias*, by the Contempt you shew'd of me, when I was answering *Socrates*, that you would have found it out better than another, and I had great hopes, that, with the assistance of *Damon's* high Wisdom, you would have accomplish'd it very well.

*Nic.* Cheer up, *Laches*, that is admirable. You think it nothing that you appeared very ignorant of what relates to Valour, provided I appear as ignorant as you ; you regard nothing but that, and you believe your self to be no way blameable, when you have me for a Companion, in that Ignorance which

\* *Nicias* does not comprehend, that which *Socrates* makes him almost touch with his Finger, that Virtue cannot be divided, and that every one of its parts is Virtue intire. Valour is not without Temperance, Sanctity and Justice, and there is not one of those without Valour. But how comes it about that *Nicias* and *Laches* do not understand this Language ? 'Tis because they were us'd to the unhappy Distinctions of Sophists, who had filled their Minds with their false Idea's, and who had ruined Virtue by dividing it and cutting it in pieces. This will be explained more at large in the following Dialogue.

is

In effect he answered better than Laches, and came nearer the Mark.

is so scandalous to Men of Quality : But that's the humour of Men, they never look to themselves, but always to others. For my part, I think I am answered indifferently well. If I am deceived in any thing, I don't pretend to be infallible, I shall undeceive my self, by taking Instructions, whether it be from *Damon*, whom you would so willingly ridicule, tho' you never saw, nor knew him ; or from any others ; and when I am well instructed, I will communicate my knowledge to you ; for I am not envious, and you seem to me to have great need of Instruction.

*Lac.* And for you, *Nicias*, if we may believe you, you'll suddenly be the eighth wise Man : In the mean time, for all this fine Reasoning, I advise *Lyfimachus* & *Melesias* to send us and our good Councils for the Education of their Children, a going, and if they'll believe me, as I have just now said, they'll fix only upon *Socrates* ; for, as for my part, if my Children were old enough, I would do so.

*Nic.* Oh! as for that I agree with you. If *Socrates* will take care of our Children, we need not look out for another Master, and I am ready to give him my Son *Niceratus*, if he will be so good as to take charge of him : But always, when I speak to him of that, he recommends me to other Masters and refuses me his Assistance. Try then *Lyfimachus*, if you can have any more Power over him, and if he will have so much Complaisance for you.

*Lyf.* It would be an Act of Justice : \* Because, for my part, I would do for him what I would not do for many others. What do you say then, *Socrates* ? will you suffer your self to be prevailed upon, and will you take charge of these Children to make them virtuous ?

*Soc.* He must be a very strange and cruel Man that

\* This Passage must not be translated as *des Serres* translated it, I would give him more. *Lyfimachus* had no thoughts of speaking of a Salary : That would have too much offended *Socrates*, who did not teach for Money ; nor does the Greek Expression bear more than I have said.

will

will not contribute to make Children as honest as they can be. For my part, if in the Conversation we have now had together, I had appeared more learned and the rest more ignorant, I would have thought you had reason to chuse me preferably to others: But you see very well, that we labour all under the same Uncertainty and Perplexity. Then why should I be preferred? I think that neither one nor other of us deserves preference: And, if it be so, consider if I am not going to give you good Advice: I am of opinion (we are alone, and we will not discover our selves) I am of opinion, that we should all seek the best Master, first for our selves, and then for these Children, and for that end not to spare Expences, nor any thing else in the World: for I shall never advise our remaining in the state wherein we now are. If any body deride us for going still to School at these Years, we will defend our selves by the Authority of *Homer*, who says in some place, *That 'tis very bad for the Poor to be shame-faced.* And thus, by laughing at all they can say, we shall take care of our selves and of these Children.

*In the 17th  
Book of his  
Odyss.*

*Lys.* That Council, *Socrates*, pleases me infinitely well; and, for my part, the older I am, the more desire I shall have to instruct my self at the same time with our Children. Do then as you have said, come to *Morrow-morning* early to my House; do not fail therein, I pray you, that we may advise how to put in practice what we have resolved upon. 'Tis time that this Conversation should break up.

*Soc.* I will not fail therein, *Lysimachus*, I will be with you to *Morrow-morning* very early, if it please God.

T H E

THE  
INTRODUCTION  
TO  
PROTAGORAS.

**A**fter that *Plato* had, in the foregoing Dialogue, giv'n, as it were, a Specimen of the false Notions that prevail'd in his Time, and had infected the chief Persons of the Republick, here he discovers their Authors, and attacks them with abundance of force. He therefore introduces *Socrates* disputing with *Protagoras*, who was the most considerable of all the Sophists, and the Person who, by the Art of poisoning Mens Minds, had acquired the greatest Reputation, and most Riches.

At first he shews, with a natural Simplicity, the Veneration Men had throughout all *Greece* for those Impostors. They were followed where-ever they went, and they no sooner arrived in any City but the News of it was spread abroad all over; People flock'd to them with all possible eagerness, and their Houses were filled betimes in the Morning. Men that were so followed could not be without some sort of Merit, and particularly in such a discerning Age as that. 'Tis also evident, that *Protagoras* was a Man of great Wit, and express'd himself with wonderful ease. What is it those two Qualities could not do, especially when supported by a deal of Presumption, which rarely fails to attend them? Instances of it are seen daily, so that it is needless to cite 'em. Who is it that goes to examine whether those

Do,

Doctors vent false Maxims? Who is it that is able to distinguish the false Gloss of Opinion from the true Light of Knowledge? They speak agreeably; they flatter our Passions and Prejudices; they promise us Knowledge and Virtue, and fill us with an high Conceit of our selves. What needs there more to make them be followed?

This was the Profession of the Sophists. As nothing is so opposite to that Spirit of Error as true Philosophy, *Socrates* was a mortal Enemy to those false Teachers, and *Plato*, who trod in his Footsteps, could not vex them worse than by preserving the Memory of all the Disputes that that wise Man had with them on several Occasions, and of all the Banterers he put upon them. This is what he does in several Dialogues, as the *Sophist*, *Euthydeme*, *Gorgias*, *Hippias*, and *Protagoras*.

I have put this last after *Laches*, because it is a natural Continuation of it; for here is examined that famous Question, If Virtue can be taught? and what Valour is, properly speaking.

Nothing is more natural than the Plan of that Dialogue, and nothing more solid than the Manner in which it is performed.

A young Man become fond of the Sophists, goes to *Socrates* before break of Day, to beg of him to conduct him to *Protagoras*, who was just arrived at *Athens*. *Socrates* agrees. They go to the House of *Callias*, where he lodged; and *Callias*, was one of the Chiefs of the Republick.

They find *Protagoras* walking in the midst of a Crowd of *Athenians* and Foreigners, who listened to him as to an Oracle. *Prodicus* of *Ceos* and *Hippias* of *Elée*, two of the greatest Sophists of the Age, were also there. And therefore the Victory which *Socrates* obtains in this famous Dispute, ought to be lookt upon as the defeat of all the Party of the Sophists, who assisted therein by their Leaders.

At



At first *Protagoras* seems to be an admirable Man; to prove that Vertue can be taught, he tells a very ingenious Story, and it must be confessed, that he gives his Opinion the most specious Colours that could be, he omits nothing that can be said, and what he says is every Day repeated by People who are far from thinking themselves to be Sophists.

*Socrates* confutes him with a dexterity that cannot be sufficiently praised; and by his way of treating them he teaches us, that at all times, when one has to do with that sort of People, the true Secret, to get the depth of them, is not to suffer them to speak so much as they would, and to make their chimerical Systems; for they avoid and shift off all your Arguments, and escape from you at last by their long Discourses. You must then oblige them to answer positively, and without rambling, to all you ask them: with this Precaution the Dispute will soon be at an end. That very Man who when suffered to Harangue and make Orations upon any thing has many times confounded every Body, seems to be Weakness it self when he is kept close and confined to the Limits of a regular Dispute. In short, 'tis seen that *Protagoras* has nothing but some confused Notions, that which he hath scrap'd up by his undigested Reading, and that instead of Knowledge he has nothing but a monstrous Heap of Opinions which contradict and destroy one another when they are founded to the bottom and compared together.

The Aim of *Socrates*, in this Dialogue, is not to confound and triumph over the Sophists, he has a more noble prospect; he would cure the *Athenians* of affecting them so much, and teach important Truths, the Ignorance of which is the only Source of all the Evils that happen to Men, not only in this Life but also in that which is to come.

The first Truth is, That there is nothing more dangerous than to submit our selves to all sorts of Teachers, and that it is not the same with Sciences which nourish the Soul, as with Food that nourishes

perishes the Body. The latter may be bought by every one; for, after they have bought it, they may carry it home in Vessels of small value, and, before they use it, they have time to advise with those who know whether it be good or bad, and can teach them how to use it: Whereas if one buy Knowledge of the first that comes, he exposes himself to very great danger; for in buying it he has no other Vessel to put it into but the Soul it self, which always favours of that which is put into it, and which, from the very Minute that it receives the Doctrin, is cured or poysoned for ever, unless some good Physician be found to restore it to its former state, which is very hard to do.

The second Truth is; That those false Teachers, by teaching that Virtue is composed of different Parts which have no dependance upon one another, do entirely destroy it, and corrupt the Mind and the Heart of their Disciples; for they bring them to vain Assurance, that they may have some Parts of Virtue without having the rest, and be, for example, temperate without being just; just without being temperate or pious, and valiant tho' impious; and thereby put them out of condition of ever becoming virtuous. To divide Virtue thus, and to tear it, if we may venture to say so, to pieces, is absolutely to annihilate it and destroy it.

Virtue is one in its Principle and Object; it is indivisible and eternal as they are, and all its Acts depend upon it self; tho' each of them have certain distinguishing Characters, yet they are inseperable and indivisible; they always hold together by some common tye; they can neither be limited nor momentary, but are all eternal as Virtue that produceth them, and as the Soul whereof they are the Life: In a word, Virtue is intire in every Act, and no Act of Virtue perishes, for all that perishes is not Virtue. A Demonstration of this might be made: Where the Spirit of God is not, there is no Virtue; and where the Spirit of God is, there Virtue is necessarily

family with all its Parts, and by consequence a just Man is temperate and pious; a temperate Man is valiant and just; and he who is valiant is neither impious, debauched, nor unjust. These are natural and incontestable Truths in spite of the Illusions of our Prejudices.

The third Truth that *Socrates* would teach is, That it does not belong to every body to explain the Poets; and that the Sophists, who boasted of great learning in that, could do nothing but spoil the finest Passages of the Poets; and those that contained the soundest Theology and the greatest Maxims of Morality. Here is found a small Dissertation upon a Passage of *Simonides*, who, in one of his Poems, which Time has robb'd us of, quarrelled with that famous Sentence of *Pittacus*, *It is a difficult thing to be virtuous*. *Simonides* finds fault with that; he would have had him say, it is a difficult thing to become virtuous, and at the same time that it is not impossible, but that it is absolutely impossible to be so always; for there is no Man upon Earth who is innocent and just all his Life-time, and we must not hope to find any such. God alone is unchangeable and constant in the perfection of Virtue, and those whom he supports and favours. This Theology, which is so agreeable to the Christian Doctrine, pleases *Socrates*, and 'tis he himself who draws pure Light from out of the middle of the Darkness wherein those Sophists had wrapt it up, by their bad Criticisms and false Explications. We may thereby see what profound Judgment a Man must have, to enable him to explain the Poets with success, that is to say for the publick good.

This Passage of *Simonides* leads *Socrates* to touch upon a fifth Truth, which is this, That in order to become good one must have been wicked, so to become wicked one must have been good. For no body can be called perverse but he who from a good Man is become wicked. This Maxime does not appear at first to be what it really is: It is very profound and

Perversus  
nondicitur  
nisi qui de-  
pravatus à  
recto est.  
S. Hierom.  
Eccl. Chap. 1.

draws

draws into the knowledge of this first Truth, which is one of the solid Foundations of Platonick Philosophy, that Men were created perfect, and that they have fallen from that perfection by the unhappy use they made of their liberty. Therefore we must not expect a perfect Man in this World: and, as *Simonides* did, we must, with all our Heart, love and praise those who have fewest Failings, and who commit nothing that is shameful.

From this Sentiment of *Simonides*, *Socrates* also draws the Explication of this sixth Truth, That the Injustice of Men ought not to obliterate in us those certain Sentiments which Nature has ingraven in our Heart, and which this Poet calls by the Name of *Necessity*, because we must absolutely submit unto and obey them, or cease to be Men. For example; all the Causes of Complaint that an ill-humoured Father and Mother, an unjust Country, or a cruel Master can give us, will never justify our Aversion to them, nor authorise a Spirit of Disobedience, Vengeance or Revolt. Let them treat us never so ill, we ought to love them, praise them, serve them, &c. And upon this Subject *Socrates* does, with an Eloquence, that may be called Christian, shew the difference there is in those Occasions between the Conduct of a good and a bad Man.

These great Truths which *Socrates* draws from the Poem of *Simonides*, do not hinder him from acknowledging, that Philosophers, who treat of difficult and important Questions, ought to have recourse to the Poets, and to change the Dispute into a Dissertation upon the Sense that ought to be given to a Verse; for we cannot address our selves to them to demand the reason of what they say. The most Ignorant will dispute with the most Learned even to the end of Time; for what will you do to convince him? his Willfulness and Ignorance are much stronger than your Reasons. And if you dispute with a learned Man, he will not always have the Courage to confess that he is in the wrong: private Interest, or

Jealousie and Vanity, too frequent Companions of that sort of Knowledge, will hinder him from submitting to the clearest of Truths, even tho' he himself be secretly convinced of them: Where then will be the end of the Dispute? The surest way is to leave the Poets there, and to press your Man upon his own Principles, for which he is obliged to give a Reason.

After this Precaution *Socrates*, to decide the Question that is the Subject of the Dispute, would have it agreed on what Knowledge properly is, and would have it determined if it be the Slave of the Passions, as People fanſie it to be; or, if it be strong enough to govern Men surely: And 'tis in this also that *Socrates* appears to be a divine Man, for he makes it appear that Knowledge is the strongest thing in the World, that it alone can put Man in a state never to be overcome by his Passions, and that it alone will always deliver him from the greatest Dangers, and will make him triumph over all the Powers of the Earth, that shall arm themselves to

force him to commit any thing contrary to the light of this Science. This agrees exactly with those admirable Words of our Lord spoken to the Jews, *Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free.* *Socrates* might have drawn this great Notion from the Words of *Solomon*, who says, that *the knowledge of Wisdom will give Life to him, that has it.* For by Knowledge *Socrates* means the Knowledge of God, and of the Truth. Knowledge, which is the Source of all Vertues, and which makes Temperance, Justice, Valour, Sanctity, Strength, &c. The Proposition of *Socrates*, applied to other Sciences, would be perfectly ridiculous.

The cause of Vertue being known, so is also that of Vice, by reason they are Contraries. 'Tis therefore Ignotance that occasions Vice: From whence it follows by necessary Conſequence, that those who commit Wickedness, do it whether they will or not.

Et cognof-  
cetis veri-  
tatem, &  
veritas li-  
berabit  
vos; S. John  
8. 32.  
Scientia  
ſapientiz  
vivificabit  
habentem,  
Ecclef. 7.

Moſt

Most Men will not agree to this Principle ; on the contrary, they maintain that we commit Evil when we know it, and that it depends upon our selves to shun it, and that we refuse to do Good, with an intire Knowledge and with a full Power to follow it. And when they are asked the Reason of this strange Conduct, they say that it is because Man is enslav'd by his sensual Pleasures.

'Tis therefore proper to enquire into this vulgar and ill understood Reason ; for when once that is well clear'd up, it will be evidently known what Vertue is, the resemblance that Valour has with all the other Parts of that Vertue, will appear, and it will be agreed that this Principle of *Socrates* is so certain a Truth, that even those who think themselves the furthest from it, and that contradict it most, comply therewith without perceiving it, and allow it, contrary to their Design, in terms of which they know not the Sense and Force.

These are the indisputable Maxims that *Socrates* establishes, and which are necessary for the decision of the Question.

Pleasure is a Good, and Grief is an Evil. Pleasure which leads to Grief is an Evil, and Grief which leads to Pleasure is a Good.

There is no Body but who seeks after Good, and flees from Evil.

These Principles being supposed, when 'tis said a Man knowing Evil, will notwithstanding commit it ; and that knowing Good, he doth not cease to flee from it ; because he is enslav'd by his sensual Pleasure, it is not meant there of Pleasure which leads to Grief, for that is an Evil ; neither is it meant of Grief which leads to Pleasure, for no Body commits Evil for the sake of Grief : It is spoke of Pleasure synonymous of Good. Which is as much as to say, that this Man shuns Good and follows Evil because he is thereunto inclin'd by Good ; which every Body will own to be ridiculous.

But why is not the Good that inclines us capable to surmount the Evil? And why are the Evils the strongest, even when Goodness inclines us? There is a manifest Contradiction there: Some will say it is because the Evils are greater and more numerous than the Good. But this is still more ridiculous, for from thence it will follow, that to be overcome by the Good, is to chuse the greatest Evils in room of the least Good.

From whence comes so strange a Choice? It can proceed only from this, that we cannot measure the greatness of the Good and of the Evil, and cannot distinguish the one from the other. Then we do not deceive our selves but for want of Knowledge; that is to say, through Ignorance: And this is what *Socrates* designs to prove. Therefore 'tis Knowledge that brings forth Temperance, Justice, Sanctity, Valour, Strength, &c. Or, rather, all those Vertues are nothing but Knowledge it self; and consequently Knowledge, far from being overcome by the Passions, is on the other hand able alone to triumph over them; always Mistress where ever it is: Knowledge alone can deliver us, and Ignorance alone can destroy us. This Doctrine is altogether consonant to what the Christian Religion teaches us, *That Men not being willing to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind. And God shall send them a Spirit of Error.*

Ro n. 1. 28.

2 Theff.

2. 11.

But how comes it that *Socrates* asserting that Vertue is a Science, maintains at the same time that it can't be taught? For it is certain that all Sciences can be taught. How then doth *Socrates* agree with himself? This Contradiction is not so difficult to reconcile as that of *Protagoras*, who would have Vertue to be quite another thing than Science, and who notwithstanding pretends that it may be taught. There are some Sciences which Men teach; but there is one that Men do not teach, and that can be learnt from no other but God. This is what *Socrates* would have us to understand, and what those

those false Teachers, who are accustomed to make ill use of human Sciences, could not perceive.

Since Science is Vertue, Valour can be nothing but Science; and consequently, all Boldness, that is not accompanied with Prudence, can't be call'd Valour; for, on the contrary, it is Ignorance. Valour is the Science of Things that are terrible; that is to say, that of two Things that are terrible, it induceth us to chuse that which is the least, and to chuse it even with the hazard of our Life; as we have seer in *Laches*.

I shall not enter upon the particular Beauties of this Dialogue, which consist in the variety, and in the liveliness of the Characters; in the Mirth and pleasant Humours of *Socrates*, in the Simplicity and Nobleness of the Narratives, and in the Knowledge of Antiquity therein discovered; those Beauties are perceptible enough.

But I can't but relate a Passage here which seems to me very remarkable, and which *Socrates* only touches *en passant*, without insisting upon it, as finding it too Sublime for those with whom he convers'd. It is when he says, *That even though the Pleasures of the World were not attended by any kind of Evil in this Life, yet they would be no less bad, because they cause Men to rejoyce; and to rejoyce in Vice, is the most deplorable of all States, and the Punishment of Sin.*

We must not finish this Argument without speaking of the Date of this Dialogue, as to which *Athenus* accuseth *Plato* to have committed very considerable Faults in Chronology. The whole strength of his Criticism consists in this. *Plato* tells us that this Dispute of *Socrates* against *Protagoras* happen'd the Year after the Poet *Pherecrates* his Play, call'd, *The Savages*, was acted. This Play was acted in the time of the *Archon Aristion*, in the 4th Year of the 89th Olympiad. The true Time then of this Dispute, according to *Plato*, is the Year after; that is to say, the first Year of the 90th Olympiad, in



the time of the *Archon Astyphilus*. Yet here are two things that contradict this Date.

The first is, That by a Passage in a Play of *Eupolis's*, which was acted a Year before that of *Pherocertes*, it appears that *Protagoras* was then at *Athens*: Now *Plato* says positively, that in the time of this Dispute, that is to say, the first Year of the 90th Olympiad, *Protagoras* arrived at *Athens* but three Days before.

The second is, That *Hippias d' Eleis*, was present at that Dispute, which could not be; for the Truce which the *Athenians* had concluded with the *Lacedemonians* being expired, no *Peloponnesian* could be at *Athens* at that time.

I should not have reviv'd this Censure, if *Cassanbon*, that wise and judicious Critick, had not been so struck with it as to write, that he did not see what could be answered in justification of *Plato*, whereas what he answer'd is not hard to find. It will quickly appear, that the Objections of *Athenens* serve only to fix the Time of this Dispute the more, as *Plato* has observ'd.

*Thucid. l. 5.* We know for certain, that the *Athenians* made a Peace with the *Lacedemonians* for fifty Years, in the time of the *Archon Alexus*, the third Year of the 89th Olympiad. It is true, that this Treaty was not faithfully observed on either side; but it is also true, that this ill-cemented Peace lasted six Years and ten Months, without coming to an open Rupture. Then *Hippias d' Eleas* might be at *Athens* two Years after this Treaty, which lasted five Years longer, after these two Years were expired. So much for the last Objection.

The first is no better founded: Let us see what *Eupolis* says. *Protagoras of Teos is within there*. He says nothing but that; and it may be observed at first sight, that he is deceived as to the Country of *Protagoras*; he assures us, that he is of *Teos*; and he was of *Abdera*. This Remark will be of use to us.

I say then, that *Atheneus*, instead of imploying this Verse of *Eupolis* to contradict *Plato*, ought rather to have made use of the Passage of *Plato* to understand the said Verse of *Eupolis*. The Poet and the Philosopher are in the right; and *Atheneus* is the only Person that is in the wrong, *Protagoras* had made two Journeys to *Athens*: *Plato* speaks of the second, and the Verse of *Eupolis* ought to be understood of the first: For tho' *Protagoras* was not at *Athens* when the Play was acted in the time of the *Archon Alceus*, it was enough that he had been there: The Poets have the privilege to bring the Times nearer and to take notice of things that are past as if they were present, besides, he might be there when the Poet compos'd it. Thus the Verse of *Eupolis* serves on the one hand for a Commentary to what *Hipocrates* says in this Dialogue: *Socrates*, I come to pray you to speak for me to *Protagoras*; for, besides that, I am too young, I never saw, nor knew him, I was but a Child when he made his first Journey.

And, on the other hand, this Passage of *Plato* serves to excuse the Ignorance of *Eupolis* about the Country of *Protagoras*; for *Eupolis* might very well be ignorant of it at this first Journey, that Sophist not being then very well known, whereas it would not have been pardonable in him to have been ignorant of it at the second.

This Fault of *Atheneus* is less surprizing than that of *Casaubon*, who follow'd him, and who in explaining his Reasons commits another more considerable Mistake, whilst he assures us that *Thucidides* does not speak of the one Year's Truce that was made between the *Athenians* and the *Lacedemonians* under the *Archon Isarchus*, the first Year of the 89th Olympiad, at the end of the eighth Year of the War and two Years before the Treaty of Peace that has been spoke of; for it is expressly set down in the fourth Book, and the Treaty is there relat-

He sets down the end of the eighth Year of the War, the 14th Day of the Month Elaphebolion (February) and the beginning of the Spring.

ted all at length, with the Date of the Year, of the Month, of the Day and of the Season.

The Wranglings of *Athenous* serve only to justify *Plato's* Exactness, and to make it appear that this Dialogue is beyond the reach of all Criticism; for if this Censurer had found any thing else to find fault with, the Envy with which he was animated against this Philosopher would not have suffered him to have forgot it.

According to *Diogenes Laertius*, this Dialogue is *κατακλιτικός*, A Dialogue of Accusation, a Satyrique Dialogue. One may say, that it is also *κατακλιτικός*, destructive. But those Names mark only the Turn and the Manner of the Dialogue. Its true Character is Logical and Moral.

# PROTAGORAS:

O R,

## The SOPHISTS.

*A Friend of Socrates.*

Socrates.

*Socrates* \* **F**ROM whence come you, *Socrates*? But Friend. Fought one to ask it, 'tis from your usual Chase. You come from running after the handsome *Alcibiades*. I confess, that I also pleas'd my self the other Day with looking upon him; he seem'd to me to be very fine and comely, tho' he be already a Man; for we may say it here, between us, he is not now in his Youth, and his Beard casts a Shadow already upon his Chin.

*It was observed that Socrates followed Alcibiades every where, to prevent his corrupting himself.*

*Soc.* What's that to the purpose? Do you think that † *Homer* was much in the wrong, in saying that the Age of a young Man, who begins to have a Beard, is most agreeable? That is, just the Age of *Alcibiades*.

\* Enquiry is made why *Plato* does not name this Friend of *Socrates*, and 'tis what will never be found out. It can only be guessed at. Perhaps *Plato* was afraid of exposing the Friend of *Socrates* to the resentment of the Sophists, who were in great credit at *Athens*, and who were revengeful; or that the part which this Friend acts here, not being considerable, it was not worth while to name him.

† This Passage of *Homer* is in the tenth Book of his *Odyssey*, where that Poet speaks of *Mercury*, who takes upon him the Shape of a young Man that begins to have a Beard. Thus *Socrates* compares *Alcibiades* to that God.

*Soc.*

*Soc. Friend.* You just come from him then; how are you in his Favour?

*Soc.* I am very well with him; I perceived this very Day, that I was more in his favour than usual, for he said a thousand things in my favour and always took my part: I have but just parted from him. And I'll tell you a thing that may seem very strange to you, which is, that whilst he was present I saw him not, and did not so much as think of him.

*Soc. Friend.* What happen'd to you both then, that you neither saw him nor thought of him? Is it possible that you have met with some finer young Man in the City than *Alcibiades*? I can't believe any thing of it.

*Soc.* It is ev'n so.

*Soc. Friend.* In good earnest? Is he an *Athenian*, or a Stranger?

*Soc.* He is a Stranger.

*Soc. Friend.* Whence comes he then?

*Soc.* From *Abdera*.

*Soc. Friend.* And did you think him so fine, that he hath effaced the Comeliness of *Alcibiades*?

Wisdom is  
more estim-  
able than  
Beauty.

*Soc.* The greatest Beauty is not to be laid in the Balance with great Wisdom.

*Soc. Friend.* You have just now come from a wife Man then?

*Soc.* Yes, a wife Man; nay, a very wife Man; at least if you look upon *Protagoras* to be the wisest of Men now living.

*Soc. Fr.* What do you tell me? Is *Protagoras* in this City?

*Soc.* Yes: He has been here these three Days.

*Soc. Fr.* And you have just now parted from him?

*Soc.* Yes, I have just now parted from him; after a very long Conversation.

*Soc. Fr.* Alas! will you not relate that Conversation to us, if you ben't in haste? sit down, I pray you, in that young Man's Place, who will willingly give it you.

*Soc.*

*Soc.* I will do it with all my Heart ; and shall be obliged to you, if you will give ear to it.

*Soc. Fr.* We shall be much more obliged to you, if you will relate it to us.

*Soc.* The Obligation then will be reciprocal. Your Business is only to hear me. This Morning while it was yet dark *Hippocrates*, the Son of *Apollodorus* and *Phaon's* Brother, knock'd very hard at my Gate with his Cane ; it was no sooner open'd to him, but he came directly to my Chamber, crying with a loud Voice, *Socrates* are you asleep? Knowing his Voice, I said, what *Hippocrates!* what News do you bring me? Very good News, says he. God grant it, reply'd I. But what News is it then, that you come so early? *Protagoras* is in Town, says he. I reply'd, he has been here these two Days. Did you not hear it till now? I heard it but this Night ; and having said this, he drew near my Bed, and feeling with his Cane, sat down at my Feet, and went on in this manner. I returned last Night very late from the Village of *Doimoe*, where I went to take my Slave *Satyrus* again, who had run away : I was resolv'd to come and tell you that I was going in search of him, but some other thing put it out of my mind. After I had return'd, snpp'd and was going to Bed, my Brother came to tell me that *Protagoras* was come to Town : At first my Thoughts were to come to acquaint you with this good News ; but considering that the Night was already too far advanced, I went to Bed, and after a small slumber, which refreshed me a little after my Fatigue, I arose and came running hither. I, who knew *Hippocrates* to be a Man of Courage, perceiving him all amazed, asked him, What the Matter was? Has *Protagoras* done you any Injury? Yes certainly, answered he, laughing ; he has done me an Injury that I will not forgive him, that is, that he is wise, and does not make me so. Oh! said I to him, if you will give him good Money, and if you can oblige him to receive you for his Disciple, he will also make you wise.

I wish to God, says he, that were all; I would not leave my self a Half-penny, and I would also drain my Friends Purfes. 'Tis only that that brings me hither: I come to pray you to speak to him for me; for besides that, I am too young, I never saw him nor knew him: I was but a Child, when he came hither first, but I hear every body speak very well of him, and they assure me that he is the most eloquent of Men. Let's go to him, before he goes abroad. I am told he lodges with \* *Callias*, Son of *Hipponicus*. Let us go thither I conjure you. 'Tis too early, said I to him; but let us walk in our Court, where we will argue till Day-light, then we will go: I assure you we shall not miss him, for he seldom goes abroad. Then we went down into the Court, and while we were walking there, I had a mind to find out what *Hippocrates's* Design was. To this end I said to him, Well, *Hippocrates*, you are going to *Protagoras* to offer him Money, that he may teach you something: What sort of Man do you take him to be, and what sort of Man would you have him to make you? If you should go to the great Physician of *Cos*, who is your name-fake, and a Descendant of *Æsculapius*, and should offer him Money, if any Body should ask you, *Hippocrates*, to what sort of Man do you pretend to give that Money, and what would you become by means of this Money? what would you answer? I would answer, That I give it to a Physician, and that I would be made a Physician.

And if you should go to *Polydorus* of *Argos* or to *Rhoidias* to give them Money to learn something of them, and any one should ask you the very same Question, to whom do you give that Money, and what would you be? what would you answer?

I would answer, says he, that I give it to a Statuary and that I would be a Statuary.

\* *Callias* was one of the first Citizens of *Athens*: His Father *Hipponicus* had been General of the *Athenians* with *Nicias* at the Battle of *Tanagre*.

That is very well. Now then we are going, you and I to *Protagoras*, with a Disposition to give him, all that he shall ask for your Instruction, if all that we have will satisfy him for it, or be enough to tempt him; and if it be not enough, we are also ready to make use of the Credit of our Friends. If any one perceiving his extraordinary eagerness should ask us, *Socrates* and *Hippocrates*, tell me, in giving so much Money to *Protagoras*, to what sort of a Man do you think you give it? what should we answer him? what other Denomination has *Protagoras* that we know of? we know that *Phidias* has that of Statuary and *Homer* that of Poet: How shall we call *Protagoras*, to describe him by his Profession?

*Protagoras* is call'd a Sophist, *Socrates*.

Well then, said I, we are going to give our Money to a Sophist.

Yes, certainly.

And if the same Person should continue to ask you, what do you design to become, with *Protagoras*?

At these Words my Man blushing, for it was then light enough to let me see what Alteration there was in his Countenance: If we will follow our Principle, says he, it is evident that I would become a Sophist.

How, by all that's good, said I to him, would you not be ashamed to give your self out to be a Sophist among the Greeks?

I swear to you, *Socrates*, seeing I must tell you the truth, I should be ashamed of it.

Ha! I understand you, my dear *Hippocrates*; your design then is not to go to the School of *Protagoras*, but as you went to that of a Grammarian, Music-Master, or Master of Exercises: For you went not to all those Masters to learn the depth of their Art and to make profession thereof; but you went thither only to exercise your self, and to learn that which a Gentleman and a Man that would live in the World ought necessarily to know.

Your



You are in the right, said he; that's exactly the use that I would make of *Protagoras*.

But, said I, do you know what you are going to do?

As to what?

You are going to trust a Sophist with your Understanding; and I dare lay you a Wager, that you do not know what a Sophist is; and, since it is so, you know not then with whom you are going to trust that which is most valuable to you, and you know not whether you put it into good or bad hands?

Why? I believe I know very well what a Sophist is.

Tell me then, what is it?

A Sophist, as his very Name testifies, is a learned Man, who knows a thousand good things.

We may say the same thing of a Painter or an Architect. They are also learned Men who know a great many good things: But if any body should ask us wherein are they learn'd? we should certainly answer them, that 'tis in what regards drawing of Pictures and building of Houses. If any one should ask us in like manner, wherein is a Sophist learned? what should we answer? What is the Art positively that he makes profession of? and what should we say it is?

We should say, that his Profession is to make Men Eloquent.

Perhaps we might speak true in so saying; that is something, but it is not all; your Answer occasions another Question, to wit, In what it is that a Sophist renders a Man eloquent? For a player upon the Lute, does not he also render his Disciple eloquent in that which regards the Lute?

That is certain.

In what is it then that a Sophist renders a Man eloquent, is it not in that which he knows?

Without doubt.

What is it that he knows then and teaches others?

*A Master of the Lute speaks better of the Lute than the most eloquent Man in the World.*

In

In truth, *Socrates*, I cannot tell.

How then? said I to him, taking the advantage of this Confession; alas! don't you perceive to what frightful Dangers you are going to expose your self? If you had occasion to put your Body into the Hands of a Physician whom you know not, and who might as well destroy it as cure it, would not you look to it more than once? Would you not call your Friends and Relations to consult with them? And would you not take more than one Day to resolve on the Matter? You esteem your Soul infinitely above your Body, and you are perswaded that on it depends your Happiness or Unhappiness, according as it is well or ill disposed; and, notwithstanding its Welfare is now at stake, you neither ask Advice of your Father, nor Brother, nor of any of us who are your Friends; you don't take so much as one Moment to deliberate whether you ought to entrust it with this Stranger who is just now arrived; but having heard of his arrival very late at Night, you come next Morning, before break of Day, to put it into his Hands without considering on it, and are ready not only to employ all your own Riches for that purpose, but also those of your Friends. You have resolved upon it, you must deliver up your self to *Protagoras*, whom you know not, as you your self confess, and with whom you have never spoke: You call him only a Sophist, and, without knowing what a Sophist is, you throw your self into his Hands.

*Nothing is more dangerous than to give our selves up to Teachers of all sorts.*

All that you say, *Socrates*, is very true; you are in the right.

Don't you find, *Hippocrates*, that the Sophist is but a wholesale Merchant and a Retailer of those Things wherewith the Soul is nourished?

*The Sophist is but a Merchant.*

So it seems to me, *Socrates*, said he; but what are the Things wherewith the Soul is nourished?

Sciences, I answered him. But, my dear Friend, we must be very careful that the Sophist, by boasting too much of his Merchandize, do not deceive us, as those People do who sell all that is necessary for the

the Nourishment of the Body: For the latter, without knowing whether the Provisions which they sell be good or bad, commend them excessively, that they may sell them the better; and those who buy them know them no better than they, unless it be some Physician \* or Master of Exercise. It is the same with those Merchants who go into the Cities to sell Sciences to those who have a mind to them; they praise indifferently all that they sell. It may very well be, that most of them know not if what they sell is good or bad for the Soul: But all those who buy any thing of them are certainly ignorant as to that Matter, unless they meet with some Person who is a good Physician for the Soul. If you are skill'd in that Matter, and know what is Good or Bad, you may certainly buy Sciences of *Protagoras* and of all the other *Sophists*; but if you are not skill'd therein; have a care, my dear *Hippocrates*; that when you go there you don't make a very bad Market, and hazard that which is dearest to you in the World; for the risque we run in buying Sciences is far greater than that which we run in buying Provisions for Nourishment: After we have bought the last, they may be carried home in Vessels which they can't spoil; and before using them we have time to consult and to call to our assistance those who know what we ought to eat and drink and what not, the quantity we may take and the time when, insomuch that the danger is not very great: But it is not the same with Sciences, we can't put them into any other Vessel but the Soul, as soon as

*He who knows sound Doctrine and is a good Physician of the Soul, may hear all sorts of Teachers.*

*The buying of Provisions for the Soul is more dangerous than that of Provisions for the Mouth.*

\* In *Hippocrates* time and a little before, the Physicians, having neglected the Study of *Diet*, which requires an exact Knowledge of every Thing in Nature, the Masters of Exercise laid hold on it as on a deserted Estate, and took upon themselves to order their Disciples such *Diet* as was agreeable to them in regard to their Temperament and Exercises. *Hippocrates* began to put himself again in possession of it, and by degrees the Physicians regained the places of Exercise. There were but few Masters of Exercise who kept it up in the time of *Plato*. Most of them had hired Physicians, &c.

the

the Bargain is made it must of necessity be carried away, and that too in the Soul it self; and we must withdraw with it, being either enriched or ruined for the rest of our Days. Let us therefore consult People of greater Age and Experience than our selves upon this Subject; for we are too young to determine such an important Affair: But let us go on however, seeing we are in the way; we shall hear what *Protagoras* will say, and, after having heard him, we will communicate it to others: Doubtless *Protagoras* is not there all alone, we shall find *Hippias of Eleas* with him, and I believe we shall also find *Prodicus de Ceos* and many others besides, all of 'em wise Men and of great insight into things.

This Resolution being taken, we go on. When we came to the Gate, we stopt to conclude a small Dispute we had had by the way: This continued a short time. I believe the Porter, who is an old Eunuch, heard us, and that the Number of Sophists that came thither constantly, had put him in an ill Humour against all those who came near the House. We had no sooner knockt, but opening the Gate and seeing us, ' Ah, ah, (said he) here are more of our Sophists, he is not at leisure. And taking the Gate with both his Hands, he shut it in our Teeth with all his Force. We knock again, and he answers us through the Door, ' Did not you understand me? Have not I already told you that my Master will see no Body?

My Friend, said I, we don't come here to interrupt *Callias*, we are no Sophists; you may open without fear; We come to see *Protagoras*: For all this, it was with much ado, that he opened to us. When we entered, we found *Protagoras* walking before the Portal, and with him on one side *Callias*, the Son of *Hipponicus*, and his Brother by the Mother, *Paralus*, the Son of *Pericles*, and *Charmides*, the Son of *Glaucou*, and on the other were *Xanthippus*, the other Son of *Pericles*, *Philippides*, the Son of *Philomelus*, and *Antimoerus* of *Sicily*, the most famous

Disciple of *Protagoras*, and who aspires to be a Sophist. After them marched a Troop of People most of which seemed to be Strangers that *Protagoras* brings always with him from all the Cities through which he passes, and whom he attracts by the sweetness of his Voice, like another *Orpheus*. There were also some *Athenians* amongst them. When I perceived this fine Troop, I took great pleasure to see with what Discretion and respect they marched always behind, being very careful not to be before *Protagoras*. As soon as *Protagoras* turned with his Company, this Troop opened to the Right and Left, with a Religious Silence to make way for him to pass through, and after he had past began to follow him.

Next to him, \* to make use of the Expression of *Homer*, I consulted *Hippias* of *Elaas*, who was seated upon the other side of the Portal, on an elevated Seat, and near him, upon the Steps, I observed *Eryximachus* the Son of *Acumenus*, *Phedras* of *Myrrhinuse*, *Andron* the Son of *Androtion*, and some strangers of *Elaas* mixed with the rest. They seem'd to propose some Questions of Physick and Astronomy to *Hippias*, who answered all their Doubts. I also saw *Tantalus* there. *Prodicus* de *Ceos* was also there, but in a little Chamber, which was usually *Hipponicus's* Office, and which *Callias*, because of the Number of People that were come to his House, had given to those strangers, after having fitted it up for them. *Prodicus* then was still abed, wrapt up in Skins and Coverings, and *Pausanias* of *Cerame* was seated by his Bed-side, and with him a young Man, who seem'd to me to be of noble Birth and the comeliest Person in the World. I think I heard *Pausanias* call

Myrrhinuse a  
Town of  
Attica.

Ceramis or  
Cerame, a  
Burrough of  
Attica.

\* This word was taken from the 11th Book of the *Odysses* of *Homer*, where *Ulysses* descended to Hell and saw the Ghosts of the dead. By this word alone *Socrates* means that these Sophists are not Men, but Shadows, and vain Phantoms, *εἴδωρα*. This oblig'd me to make use of this word, *Πεῖρα ἀνίστα, I consulted*: Which is somewhat old, but better and more usual.

him

him *Agathon*, and am much deceived if he be not in love with him. There were also the two *Adimantes*, the one the Son of *Cephis* and the other the Son of *Leucolophides*; and some other young People. Being without, I could not hear the Subject of their Discourse, altho' I wished passionately to hear *Prodicus*, for he appears to me to be a very wise, or rather a divine Man; But he has so big a Voice that it caused a sort of *Eccho* in the Chamber, which hinder'd me from understanding distinctly what he said. We had been in but a Moment, when after us came *Alcibiades* the comely, as you used to call him, and *Critias* the Son of *Calaischrus*.

After we had been there a short time and considered a little what pass'd we went out to joyn *Protagoras*. In accosting him, *Protagoras*, said I to him, *Hippocrates* and I are come here to see you.

Would you speak to me in private, said he, or in public?

When I have told you what brings us hither, answered I, you your self shall judge which will be most convenient.

What is it then, said he, that hath brought you? *Hippocrates*, whom you see there, replied I, is the Son of *Apollodorus*, of one of the greatest and richest Families of *Athens*, and as nobly born as any young Man of his Age; he designs to make himself illustrious in his Country, and to acquire Reputation; and he is perswaded that to succeed therein, he has need of your help for some time. See then whether you will entertain us upon this Subject, in private or in public.

That is very well done, *Socrates*, to use this Precaution towards me, for a stranger, who goes to the greatest Cities, and perswades young People of the greatest Quality to leave their Fellow-Citizens, Parents, or others young and old, and only to adhere to him, that they may become more able Men by his Conversation, cannot make use of too much Precaution: for it is a very nice Art, much exposed

The usual  
Folly of all  
the Sophists,  
they would  
have their  
Art, Pro-  
fession, &c.  
to be very  
ancient.

to the Darts of Envy and which attracts much Hatred and many Snares. For my part I maintain, that the Art of Sophistry is very ancient, but those who professed it at first, to hide what it has odious or suspected, have sought to cover it, some with the Vail of Poetry, as *Homer*, *Hesiod* and *Simonides*; others with the Vail of Purifications and Prophecies, as *Orpheus* and *Museus*; some have disguised it under the Name of Gymnastique, as *Iccus* of *Tarentum*, and as one of the greatest Sophists that ever was, does now at this time, I mean *Herodicus de Selymbra* in *Thrace*, originally from *Megara*; and others have conceal'd it under the specious Pretext of Musick, as your *Agathocles*, a great Sophist, if ever there was any, *Pythocles* of *Ceos*, and an infinite number of others.

All those People, as I tell you, to shelter themselves from Envy, have sought after Sally-ports to withdraw themselves out of Trouble in time of need. And in that I am in nowise of their Opinion, being perswaded that they have not done what they intended to. For it is impossible that they can hide themselves long from the Eyes of those who have the chief Authority in Cities, they will at last discover your Subtleties. It is very true, that the People do not usually perceive them, but that does not save you, for they are always of the Sentiment of their Superiors and speak only by their Mouth. Besides, there is nothing more ridiculous than to be surprized like a Fool when one would hide himself; that does nothing but procure you still a greater number of Enemies and renders you more suspected; for then you are suspected to be a dissembler and crafty in all things. For my part, I take the opposite way; I am downright; I make an open profession of teaching Men; and I declare my self a Sophist. The best Cunning of all is, to have none: I had rather show my self than be discovered: With this Frankness I fail not to take all other necessary Precautions; inso-much that, thanks be to God, no Misfortune has befall'n me as yet, tho' I proclaim, that I am a Sophist and

and tho' I have practis'd that Art for a great many Years; for by my Age, I should be the Father of all of you, be as great as you please: So that nothing can be more agreeable to me, if you are enclined to it, than to speak to you in the presence of all those that are in the House.

I immediately knew his drift, and saw that he sought for nothing but to value himself before *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, and to make an improvement of our having address'd our selves to him, as being inamour'd on his Wisdom. Then I said to him, to oblige him, But must not *Prodicus* and *Hippias* be call'd, that they may hear us? Yes certainly, said *Protagoras*; who desired no better. And *Callias*, catching the Ball upon the rebound, Shall we, said he, prepare Seats for you, that you may speak more at your ease? That seem'd to us to be a very good thought, and at the same time, being impatient to hear such able Men discourse, we set all Hands to work to disfurnish the House of *Hippias*, and to pull all the Chairs out of it. This was no sooner done but *Callias* and *Alcibiades* return'd, bringing with them *Prodicus*, whom they had made to rise, and all those that were with him. When we were all feasted, *Protagoras*, address'ing his Discourse to me, said, *Socrates*, Now you may tell me, before all this good Company, what you had already begun to say to me for this young Man.

*Protagoras*, said I, I shall pass no other Compliment upon you here than what I have already done, and I shall tell you plainly why we are come hither. *Hippocrates* there has an earnest desire to enjoy your Conversation, and he would willingly know what advantages he shall reap from it. That is all we have to say to you.

Then *Protagoras*, turning towards *Hippocrates*, My dear Child, said he, the advantages which you shall reap from being with me, are, that from the first Day of this Correspondence you shall return at Night more learn'd than you were that Morning you came;



the next Day the same, and every Day you shall find that you shall have made some new progress.

But, *Protagoras*, says I, there is nothing extraordinary in this, and what is not very common; for you your self, how old and learned so ever you be, if any Body teach you what you knew not, you will

*We must not  
strive sim-  
ply to learn  
but to learn  
something  
that's good.*

also become more knowing than you were. Alas! that is not what we demand. But suppose *Hippocrates* should all of a sudden change his Mind, and that he takes a fancy to apply himself to that young Painter who is lately arrived in this City, to *Zeuxippus d'Heracleus*; he addresses himself to him as he does now to you; that Painter promiseth the same things as you have done, that every Day he shall become more learn'd and make new progress. If *Hippocrates* asks him, wherein shall I make so great a progress? will not *Zeuxippus* answer him, that he will make a progress in Painting?

Suppose he should have a mind to join himself in the same manner to *Orthagoras* the *Theban*, and that after having heard the same things from his Mouth; as he has heard from yours, he should ask him the same Question; wherein should he become every Day more learned? Will not *Orthagoras* answer him, that 'tis in the Art of Playing upon the Flute? The Matter being so, I pray you, *Protagoras*, to answer us likewise as positively. You tell us, that if *Hippocrates* join himself to you, from the first Day, he will return more learned, the next Day still more, and every Day after make new progresses, and so on all the Days of his Life. But explain to us wherein it is he will be so learned, and the Advantages he shall reap from this Learning.

You have reason, *Socrates*, said *Protagoras*; that's a very pertinent Question, and I dearly love to answer those who put such sort of Questions to me. I tell you then that *Hippocrates* needs not fear, with me, any of those Inconveniences which would infallibly happen to him, with all our Sophists; for all the other Sophists do notably prejudice young People,

*The Sophist  
always de-  
spises all  
all those of  
his Profes-  
sion.*

in forcing them, by their fine Discourses, in spite of their averſion to them, to learn Arts which they care not for, and which they would in no wiſe learn, as Arithmetick, Astronomy, Geometry, Muſick, and in ſaying, that he look'd upon *Hippias*, deſigning as it were to point him out: whereas with me a young Man will learn nothing but the Science for which he has addreſſed himſelf to me; and that Science is nothing elſe but Prudence, which teaches one to govern his Houſe well, and which, as to things that regard the Republick, renders us capable of ſaying and doing all that is moſt advantagious for it.

See, ſaid I to him, if I conceive you aright: It ſeems to me, that you would ſpeak of Politicks, and that you pretend to be able to make Men good Citizens?

It is ſo, ſaid he, that is the thing that I boaſt of.

In truth, ſaid I to him, *Protagoras*, that's a wonderful Science you have, if it be true that you have it, for I ſhall not ſcruple to tell you freely what I think. I have hitherto thought, that it was a thing that could not be taught; but ſince you ſay, that you teach it, how can we but believe you? In the mean time it is juſt, that I ſhould give you the Reaſons why I believe it cannot be taught, and that one Man cannot communicate that Science to another. I am perſwaded, as are all the *Greeks*, that the *Athenians* are very wiſe. \* I ſee in all our Aſſemblies, that when the City is obliged to undertake ſome new Buildings, they call all the Architects before them to aſk their Advice; that when they deſign to build Ships, they ſend for the Carpenters that work in their Arſenals; and that they do the ſame in all other things that are capable to be taught and

\* The firſt reaſon of *Socrates* founded upon the Practice of all Men. Upon Things that can be taught, they aſk Advice only of thoſe who have learnt them; but upon Virtue they adviſe with every Body; a certain Mark that they are perſwaded that Virtue is not acquired.

learn'd; and if any body else, who is not of the Profession, take upon him to give Advice, tho' he be never so fine, rich and noble, yet they don't so much as give ear to him; but they laugh at him, hiss him, and make a terrible noise, till such time as he retires, or is carried out by the Officers, by Order of the Senate. This is the Manner of the City's Conduct in all Things that depend upon Art.

But when they deliberate upon those Things that relate to the Government of the Republick then every Body is heard alike. You see the Mason, Locksmith, Shooe-maker, Merchant, the Sea-man, the Poor, Rich, Noble, the Waggoner, &c. rise up to give their Advice, and no Body takes it ill; there is no Noise made then, as in other Occasions, and none of them is reproached for Intruding to give his Advice in Things he had never learned and in which he had not had a Master; an evident Demonstration, that the *Athenians* do all believe that that cannot be taught. And this is what is not only seen in the general Affairs relating to the Republick, but also in private Affairs and in all Families; for the wisest and the ablest of our Citizens can't communicate their Wisdom and Ability to others.

Without going further, *Pericles* has carefully caused his two Sons, who are there to learn all that Masters could teach them; but as to Wisdom he does not teach them that; he does not send them to other Masters, \* but they feed in common in all Pastures, like Beasts consecrated to God, that wander without

\* This Passage, which is very fine, had not been intelligible, if I had translated it *verbatim*; for the *Greek* says all this in one Word, *ὅσων ἀπέσι*. It was therefore requisite to explain the Figure which is excellent. *Socrates* compares Men to those Beasts which the Ancients consecrated sometimes to the Gods. As those Beasts had no Herds but those Gods themselves, so it is the same with Men, chiefly as to what relates to Virtue. Not only God, to whom they are consecrated by their Birth, can conduct them to the pure Springs, healthful Waters and fat Pastures. It is the same Notion as *David* had in *Psalms* 22. *In loco pasture ibi me collocavit;*

a Herd, to see if of themselves they can light by good Fortune upon those healthful Herbs, which are Wisdom and Virtue. 'Tis true, that the same *Pericles*, being Tutor to *Alcibiades* and *Clinias*, separated them, lest the latter, as being much younger, should be corrupted by his Brother *Alcibiades*; and placed *Clinias* with *Ariphron*, to the end that that wise Man might take care to bring him up and instruct him. But what was the Issue of it? *Clinias* had not been six Months there, before *Ariphron*, not knowing what to do with him, returned him to *Pericles*.

I could quote you an infinite Number of others who, tho' they were very virtuous and learned, yet they could never make their own Children nor those of others the better People, for all that. And, when I think of all those Examples, I confess, *Protagoras*, that I continue of this Sentiment, \* that Virtue can't be taught: But at the same time, when I hear you speak as you do, it makes me waver, and I begin to believe, that what you say is true, being perswaded, that you have great Experience, that you have learned much of others, and that you have found out many Things your self that we are ignorant of. If therefore you can plainly demonstrate to us, that Virtue is of a nature to be taught, don't conceal so great a Treasure from us: But I conjure you to communicate it to us.

Well, said he, I will not conceal it from you, but chuse: Shall I, as an old Man, who speak to young People, demonstrate it to you † by way of a Fable, or shall I do it by a plain and coherent Discourse.

\* It is an uncontrovertible Truth; For who is it that can correct him whom God hath abandoned, because of his Vices? Who can make that straight which he hath made crooked?

† Fables were the strength of the Sophists. It was by them that Natural Religion, if we may say so, was supplanted; and that *Paganism*, which is the Corruption thereof, was introduced in its room: wherefore *St. Paul* exhorts the Faithful with so much care to avoid Fables. When a Man refuses to hearken to the Truth, he, in course, gives ear to Fables.

At

At these Words most of those who were present cried out, that he was the Master, and that the Choice was left to him.

Since it is so, said he, I believe, that a Fable will be most agreeable.

\* There was a time when the Gods were alone, before there were either Beasts or Men. When the time appointed for the creation of these last came, the Gods form'd them in the Earth, by mixing the Earth, the Fire and the other two Elements, whereof they are compos'd, together. But, before they brought them to the light, they order'd † *Prometheus* and *Epimetheus* to adorn them and to distribute to them all Qualities convenient. *Epimetheus* begg'd of *Prometheus* to suffer him to make this distribution; which *Prometheus* consented to.

Behold then *Epimetheus* in his Office. He gives to some Strength without Swiftneſs, and to others Swiftneſs without Strength. To these he gives Natural Arms and denies them to others, but at the same time gives them other Means to preserve and defend themselves; he assigns Caves and Holes in the Rocks for the retreat of those to which he gives but small Body, or otherwise, by giving them Wings, he shews them their safety is in the Air. He makes those, to whom he has allotted Bulk, understand that that Bulk is sufficient for their preservation. Thus he finish'd his Distribution with the greatest Equality he possibly could, taking particular Care

\* In this Fable, which is very ingenious, are trac'd great Foot-steps of Truth; as, that God was from everlasting before the Creation of Man; that there was a Time destin'd by Providence for that Creation; and that Man was created of the Earth, in which were hid the Seeds of all Creatures.

† By *Prometheus*, is here meant the Superiour Angels; to whom some think God recommended the Care of Man in the Creation; tho' they act solely by his Spirit; for they only execute his Orders. And, by *Epimetheus*, are meant the Elementary Virtues, which can give nothing but what they have received, and which go astray when they are not led and guided by the Spirit that created them.

that

that none of those Kinds could be extirpated by the other:

After having provided them with Means to defend themselves from the Outrage of each other, he took care to provide them against the Injuries of the Air and against the Rigour of the Season: For this purpose, he cloathed them with thick Hair and very close Skins, able to defend them against the Winter-frosts and the Summer-heats, and which, when they have occasion to sleep, serve them instead of a Quilt to lye upon and of a Covering over them; he provides their Feet with a very firm and thick Hoof and with a very hard Skin.

That being done, he assigns to each of them their Food, *viz.* to one Herbs, to another the Fruits of the Trees, to some Roots, and there was one kind which he permitted to feed upon the Flesh of other Creatures: But lest that kind should come at last to destroy the others, he made it less fruitful and made those that were to nourish them extraordinary fruitful. But as *Epimetheus* was not very wise and prudent, he did not take notice that he had employed all his Qualities to the use of irrational Creatures, and that Man was still wanting to be provided for; he therefore knew not on what side to turn himself, when *Prometheus* came to see what Partition he had made. He saw all the Creatures perfectly well provided for; but found Man \* quite naked, without either Weapons, Shooes or Covering.

The Day appointed to take Man out of the Bosom of the Earth and to bring him to the Light of the Sun, being come, *Prometheus* therefore knew not what to do to make Man capable of preserving himself. At last he made use of this Expe-

\* *Epimetheus* had given him all that he could give; for Man ought to furnish himself with all things necessary for his preservation, only from Reason.

*The Flesh-eating Creatures less fruitful than the other, and why.*

*Epimetheus being left to himself, and not being guided by Prometheus, knows not what he does.*

dent :

dient: \* He robb'd *Vulcan* and *Minerva* of their Wisdom relating to Arts; he also stole the Fire; for without Fire this Wisdom could not be possessed; it would have been quite useless; and he presented them to Man. After this Manner Man received † Wisdom sufficient to preserve his Life; but he did not receive the Wisdom which relates to Politicks; ‖ for *Jupiter* had it, and *Prometheus* had not yet the liberty to enter into ∴ that Sacred Mansion of this Master of the Gods. The Way to it was defended by ∴ terrible Guards: But, as I just now told you,

\* *Vulcan* and *Minerva* are the two Causes of Arts. *Vulcan* (the Fire) furnishes the Instruments and the Operation, and *Minerva* (the Spirit) gives the Design and the Knowledge by the Imagination, which is as it were a Ray that she sends from above; for Arts are only Imitations of the Spirit and of the Understanding, and they only give the Form and adorn the Matter upon which they act. *Procl.*

† According to this Fable, the Knowledge of Arts preceded Politick and Moral Virtues in the Soul of Man; and there is no body who knows not the falsity of this Tradition.

‖ Yes; but *Jupiter*, the Sovereign of the Gods, had adorned the Soul of Man therewith from the very Minute of his Creation. It is true, that this first Man lost it very soon by his Fall, and that his Posterity had need of a *Mercury*, that is to say, a Minister of God to bring it back to them. Politick Wisdom is with *Jupiter*, as *Proclus* says, because God by the most wise Laws which he had established for the Government of the World, hath given the most perfect Model of the most excellent Polititian.

∴ This Mansion of *Jupiter* is call'd here by a word which signifies *Fortress*, and by which the ancient Theologues, says *Proclus*, understood the upper Region of the Heaven and the *Primum Mobile*; from whence they conceived, that God gave Motion to all Things, and communicated his Light and his fruitful Irradiations to the inferiour Gods for the creation of Beings, without being subject to any Cause. And 'tis of this Fortress that *Homer* would speak, when he says, that *Jupiter* keeps himself at a distance upon the highest Pinnacle of the Heavens.

∴ Those terrible Guards which defend the Way to this Fortress of *Jupiter*, serve, according to *Proclus*, to point forth the Immutability of his Decrees and his Indefatigable Watchfulness for the Support of that Order which he has established. We may also say, that those Guards are to let us know, that

you, he flipt into the common Room, where *Vulcan* and *Minerva* were at work, and having robb'd that God of his Art which is practis'd by Fire, and this Goddess of hers which relates to the Design and Conduct of the Works, he gave them to Man, who by this Means found himself in a condition to provide all things necessary for Life. 'Tis said, that *Prometheus* was afterwards punished for this Robbery, which he committed only to repair the Default of *Epimetheus*.

When Man had received such Shares of all those Divine Advantages, he was the only one of all the Creatures, who, because of his Kindred, that linked him to the Divine Being, thought that there were Gods, who rais'd Altars and erect-ed Statues to them; he also settled a Language and gave Names to all Things: he built himself Houses, made himself Cloaths, Shooes, Beds, procur'd himself Food out of the Bowels of the Earth.

*Man, the only one of all the Creatures, that has Knowledge of God, whom he honours and serves: and this Knowledge came to him from his first being.*

*As Moses says, and the Name that Adam gave to every one of the Creatures, was its true Name.*

Notwithstanding all those Helps that Men had from their very Birth, yet they liv'd disperfed; for there was yet no City. Therefore they were miserably devoured by the Beasts, as being every where much feebler than they. The Arts they had were a sufficient Help for them to nourish themselves, but very insufficient for defence against Enemies and to make War with them; for they had not as yet any knowledge of Politicks, whereof the Art of War is

that all the Celestial Spirits cannot enter into the Secrets of Providence, but in so far as God has a mind to call them thereunto by his Goodness. Wherefore *Jupiter* says in *Homer*, In the first Book of his Iliads. that the other Gods cannot enter into his Councils, and that they can know nothing, but what he pleases to communicate to them. Those Guards may also have been feign'd from the Cherubims that God placed at the entrance of the Terrestrial Paradise, and who defended the same with a flaming Sword.



one part. \* They therefore thought only of gathering themselves together, for their Preservation and of Building of Cities. But they were no sooner together than they did one another more Mischiefs, by their Injustice, than the Beasts had formerly done them by their Cruelty. And those Injustices proceeded only from this, that they had not yet any Idea of Politicks. Therefore they were soon obliged to separate themselves; and were again exposed to the Fury of the Beasts.

*Jupiter*, being moved with Compassion and also fearing that the Race of Man would be soon extirpated † sent *Mercury* with Orders to carry Shame and Justice to Men, to the end that they might Adorn their Cities and Confirm the Bonds of their Amity.

*Mercury*, having received this Order, asked *Jupiter*, how he should do to communicate unto Men Shame and Justice, and if he should distribute them as *Promethæus* had distributed the Arts. For, added he, the Arts were distributed thus: For example, He who has the Art of Physick given him, is able alone to serve many particular Persons. It is the same also with all other Artists. Will it therefore be enough if I follow the same Method, and if I give Shame and Justice to a small Number of People? Or shall I distribute them indifferently to all? To all without doubt, replied *Jupiter*, they must all

\* This is a Principle which the Ungodly would turn to their advantage, in maintaining that the Society of Men had no other Motive but their preservation. That is most false; Men were united long before they thought of building Cities. God had planted in their Hearts the Seeds of Love, and of Charity for one another, and this Seed was nourished and augmented by Religion; the Motive of Preservation was only a more remote Motive, which even necessarily supposes a precedent good Will.

† The Ancients therefore knew this Truth, that God could make use of the Ministry of a God, or of an Angel, to acquaint Men with his Will, to cure their Weaknesses and to communicate Virtues to them.

have

have them: For if they are communicated only to a small Number, as other Arts are, there will never be either Societies or Cities. Moreover, thou shalt publish this Law in my Name, that every Man, who has not Shame and Justice, shall be cut off as the the Plague of Cities.

This is the reason, *Socrates*, why, when the *Athenians* and other People consult about Affairs relating to Arts, they listen only to the Council of a small Number, that is to say, of Artists. And if any others, who are not of the Profession, take upon them to give their Advice, they do not allow him, as you have very well observed, and as indeed it is but reasonable. But when they treat of Affairs relating only to Policy, as this Policy ought always to run upon Justice and Temperance, then they hear every Body, and that with very good reason, for every Body is obliged to have those Virtues, otherwise there can be no Cities. That is the only reason of this difference which you have so well argued against.

*Yes, he is oblig'd to have them, but, after having lost them, Men can't restore them.*

And, that you may not think that I deceive you, when I say, that all Men are truly perswaded that every Person has a sufficient Knowledge of Justice and of all other Politick Virtues, I will give you a Proof which will not suffer you to doubt it; to wit, that in other Arts, as you have very well observed, if any one should brag, that he excells therein, and that a Man, for example, should boast, \* that he is an excellent player upon the Flute, without knowing any thing of it, every Body hisses at him, and his Friends make him retire as a Man who has lost his Wits. On the other hand, when we see a Man, who, as to Justice and other Politick Virtues, says before every Body, and testifies against himself, that he is

*Every one had it, but they have lost it; but this the Sophist did not know.*

\* It is a false reasoning of the Sophist. We plainly see when a Man knows not how to play upon the Flute; but it is not so easily seen whether a Man be just or only counterfeits Justice.

nei-

neither just nor virtuous, tho' in all other occasions, there is nothing more commendable than to tell the truth, and that it is a Mark of Shamefacedness; at the same time it is taken in this Case for a sign of Folly, and the reason of it is said to be, that all Men are obliged to alledge they are just, even tho' they be not; and that he, who at least cannot counterfeit a just Man, is a perfect Fool, seeing there is no Person who is not obliged to participate of that Vertue, or otherwise he must cease to be a Man. You see then, that it is with good reason every Body is heard speak when Politicks are talked of, because every one is perswaded, that there is no Man who has not some share of it.

Now that the World is perswaded, that those Virtues are neither the Present of Nature, nor an Effect of Chance, but the Fruit of Reflections and of Precepts, is what I am now going to demonstrate to you.

\* You see that no Body blames us for the Faults and Vices, which we are perswaded are natural to us, or which come to us by chance, no Body admonishes us, no Body reforms us, and, in a word, no Body chastises us to make us otherwise than we are. On the contrary, they pity us. For who would be so mad as to undertake to reprehend a Man who is a Cripple, one ey'd, deform'd, or a Dwarf for being so? Is not every one perswaded, that those Defects of the Body, as well as its Beauties, are the Work of Nature, or an Effect of Fortune, which often changes what Nature has made? It is not the same as to other things which are certainly known to be the

\* This way of Argument, how specious soever, is false. It is impossible for a *Man* to alter some Defects in his Body; but there are certain Defects of the Soul that are changed by natural Light which is not wholly extinguished in us. *Man* is not changed *radically*, if we may be allowed to speak so; but he is brought to obey Reason to a certain point, or to put a restraint upon himself in obeying the Law, which is sufficient for civil Society, but this is far from being virtuous.

Fruit

Fruit of Application and Study; when any Body is found who has them not, or who has Vices opposite to those Vertues which he ought to have, then we are really angry with him; he is admonished; he is reprimanded; and he is chastised; among these Vices are Injustice, Impiety, and, in a word, all that is opposite to Politick and Civil Vertues. As all those Vertues are to be acquired by Study and Labour, this makes every one exclaim against those who have neglected to learn them.

*If God does not concur with and bless the Labours of Men, they can't be acquired, but they may be counterfeited.*

This is so true, *Socrates*, that if you will take the pains only to examine what that one word is, *to punish the Wicked*, what force it bears, and what end is proposed by this Punishment; that alone is sufficient to persuade you of this Truth, that Virtue may be acquired. \* For no Body punishes a Miscreant merely because he has been wicked, unless it be some Sa-

*Another false Principle: See the Remark.*

vage Beast, who punishes 'em to satisfy his own Cruelty. But he who punishes with Reason, does not do it for by-past Faults, for it is impossible to hinder what has been done from being done; but for Faults that are to come, to the end that the guilty may not relapse, and that others may take example by their Punishment. And every Man, who has this for his End, must of necessity be persuaded, that Virtue may be taught. For he punishes only for the future. Now it is plain, that all Men, who

*Not at all; he is strongly persuaded that Men may*

\* All that *Protagoras* says here is false. There are two things to be considered in the punishment of the wicked; the punishment of the Sin, which is a satisfaction to Divine Justice, whereof the Justice of Men is only the Eccho, if we may be allow'd so to speak. Judges, as Stewards or Dispensers of the Divine Power, take away the Life, or inflict other punishments on the wicked, to the end that Sin may be punished. And, as Heads of the Government, who do all for the good of the State, they order that this punishment shall be executed publickly, that every one may take warning; for the Fool himself becomes more wise when the wicked Man is punished: *Pestilente flagellato stultus sapiencior erit, Prov.*

*upon themselves and obey the Law.*

punish the Wicked, whether it be in private or in publick, do it only for this End; and your *Athenians* do it as well as others. From whence it follows, by a most just and necessary Consequence, that your *Athenians* are perswaded as well as other People, that Vertue may be acquired and taught. Thus it is with a great deal of reason, that your *Athenians* give ear in their Councils to a Mason, a Smith, a Shooe-maker, &c. and that they are perswaded, that Vertue may be taught: Methinks this is sufficiently proved.

The only Scruple that remains is, that which you make about great Men; for you ask whence it comes that great Men teach their Children in their Infancy, all that can be taught by Masters, and make them very learned in all those Arts, and that they neglect to teach them their proper Vertues, which at the same time cause all their Grandeur and their true Character. To answer you that, *Socrates*, I shall have no further recourse to Fables as before, but shall give you very plain Reasons.

\* Don't you believe, that there is one thing above all, to which all Men are equally obliged, or otherwise there can be neither Society nor City? The Solution of your Difficulty depends upon this one only Point alone; for if this only thing exists, and that it be neither the Art of a Carpenter, nor that of a Smith, nor that of a Potter, but that it is Justice, Temperance and Holiness, and, in a word, all that

\* This is another false Argument of the Sophist. It is certain, that Vertue exists; that all Men are obliged to partake of it, and that God has given them Vertue. But it is also certain, that they have lost it by the ill use they made of their Free-will, and that they can't recover it but by the help of God. Education, which is a Means to assist Nature, is of no efficacy, unless God give a Blessing to it: It may curb the wicked for some time, by reviving some Sparks of their almost dead Reason and by frightening them with the punishments of Vice, and it is here that it usually terminates; but that alone will never infuse Vertue. Man plants and Man waters, but 'tis God who giveth the encrease.

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is comprehended under the Name of Vertue, if that thing exists and that all Men are obliged to partake thereof, inſomuch that every particular Perſon, who would inſtruct himſelf or do any other thing, is obliged to guide himſelf by its Rules, or to renounce all that it deſires; that all thoſe who will not partake thereof, Men, Women, and Children, muſt be reprov'd, reprehended, and chaſtiz'd, till Inſtructions or Punishments reform them; and that thoſe who will not be reform'd, muſt either be puniſhed with Death or Banish'd; if it be ſo, as you can't doubt of it, and that notwithstanding this, thoſe great Men, of whom you ſpeak, ſhould teach their Children all other things, and ſhould neglect to teach them this only thing, I mean Vertue; it muſt then be \* a Miracle if thoſe Children, ſo much neglected, become People of Worth and good Citizens. I have already prov'd to you, that every Body is perſwaded that Vertue may be taught in Publick and Private. Since it may be taught, do you think that Fathers teach their Children all the things that they may be ſecurely ignorant of, without incurring either the Pain of Death, or the leaſt Penalty; and that they neglect to teach them thoſe things the Ignorance whereof is uſually attended by Death, Priſon, Exile, Confiscation of Goods, and, in a word, by the utter ruine of Families? For this is the thing that happens to thoſe who are not brought up vertuouſly. Is there not a greater likelihood that they will employ all their Pains and all their Application to teach them that which is ſo important and ſo neceſſary? Yes, without doubt, *Socrates*, and we ought to think, that thoſe Fathers, taking their Children in their younger Years, that is to ſay, as ſoon as thoſe Children are capable of underſtanding what is ſaid to them, never ceaſe all their

*It is rather the part of thoſe who have not been brought up to it, to counterfeit the ſame.*

\* Yes, without doubt, it is a Miracle; for we are naturally ſo corrupt, that God muſt intervene to reſtore the Soul to the State which it has loſt. This Sophiſt thinks he ſays ſomething that's abſurd and impoſſible, but at the ſame time ſpeaks a very great truth.

Life-time to teach and reprehend them, and not only the Fathers, but also the Mothers, Nurses, and Præceptors: They all chiefly endeavour to make Children honest and virtuous, \* by letting them see upon every Thing they do and upon every Word they speak, that such a Thing is just, and such a Thing is unjust; that this is handsom, and that unhandsom; that this is holy and that impious; that we must do this, and shun that. If Children voluntarily obey these Precepts, they are rewarded and praised; and, if they don't obey them, they are threatned and chastized; they are propt up and set right, like Trees that bend and become crooked.

When they are sent to School, it is earnestly recommended to their Masters not to apply themselves so much to teach them to read well and to play well upon Instruments, as to teach them Honesty and Modesty. Therefore those Masters take very great care of it. When they can read and understand what they read, instead of giving them Precepts by word of Mouth, they make them read the best Poets, and oblige them to get them by heart. There they find excellent Precepts for Virtue, and Recitals which contain the Praises of the greatest Men of Antiquity, to the end that those Children, being inflam'd with a noble Emulation, may imitate and endeavour to resemble them.

The Masters of Musick, and those who teach 'em to play upon Instruments, take the same Pains, they train up young People to Modesty, and take particular care that they do nothing unhandsom.

When they understand Musick and can play well upon Instruments, they put into their Hands the Poems of the Lyrique Poets, which they make them sing and play upon the Harp; to the end that those Numbers and that Harmony may insinuate them-

\* All this Education did then only tend, and does no more now, for the most part, but to accustom Children to obey the Laws of Honour, Decency and Justice *a la mode*, and to govern themselves in all things not by Principles of Religion, but by Maxims of Policy. Is that to teach Virtue?

elves

selves into their Souls, whilst they are yet tender and that being thereby rendred more soft, tractable, polite, and, if we may say so, more harmonious and more agreeable, they may be more capable of speaking well and doing well: for the whole Life of Man has need of \* Number and Harmony.

Not being satisfied with those Means, they send them also to Masters of Exercise, to the end that having a sound and robust Body, they may the better execute the Orders of a Masculine and sound Spirit, and that the Weakness of their Constitution may not oblige them to refuse to serve their Country, whether it be in War, or in other Functions; and those who send their Children most to Masters, are such as are best able to do it, that is to say, the richest, insomuch that the Children of the richest begin their Exercises the earliest and continue them the longest; for they go thither in their tender Years, and don't cease going till after they are Men.

*By this reason the Children of the richest ought to be the most virtuous.*

*But the Laws neither change the Mind nor Manners.*

They have no sooner quitted those Masters, but their Country obliges them to learn the Laws; and to live according to the Rules they prescribe, to the end that they may do all things by Reason, and nothing out of Conceit and Fancy. And, as Writing-masters give their Scholars, who have not as yet learn'd, a Rule under their Paper, that in copying their Examples, they may always follow the Lines that are traced out; so the Country gives Laws to Men that were invented and established by the ancient Legislators. It forceth them to govern and to submit to be governed according to their Laws; and if any one goes astray it punisheth him; and this Punishment is called with you, as in many other Places, by a Word which properly signifies *to reform*; as Justice reforming those who turn aside from the Rule which ought to guide them.

\* Yes, but it is of such Numbers and Harmony as Men don't teach: the Harmony which they teach oftentimes serves only to render them more unfit for the other.



After so much Pains taken, both in publick and private, to inspire Virtue, are you amazed, *Socrates*, and can you have the least doubt that Virtue may be taught? This should be so far from surprizing you, that you ought, on the other hand, to be very much surprized if the contrary should be true.

But you will say, how comes it to pass, that many of the greatest Mens Children become the most dishonest People of the World? Here's a very plain Reason, that has nothing amazing in it, if what I have already supposed be firm and unshaken; that is to say, if it be true, \* that every Man is indispensably obliged to have Virtue, to the end that Societies and Cities may subsist. If that be so, as without doubt it is, choose among all the other Sciences or Professions that Men are employ'd in, which you shall think fit, and you shall see what I would be at.

Another  
false rea-  
soning. See  
the Re-  
marks.

Let us suppose, for example, That this City could not subsist, unless we were all Players on the Flute: † Is it not certain, that we should all addict our selves to the Flute, that both in publick and private we would teach one another to play upon it; that we would reprehend and chastize those who should neglect to play, and that we would no more make that Science a Mystery to them, than we do that of Justice and Law? For does any Body refuse to teach another Justice? And does any Body keep that Science secret, as is practiced in other Arts? No, certainly. And the reason of it is this, That the Virtue

\* He is obliged to have Virtue, and God hath given him a Light capable to guide him to the true Fountain; but Societies and Cities don't examine if he be truly virtuous; it is enough for them that he counterfeits it, and that he lives as if he were so. The Sophist argues always upon a false Principle.

† This Sophist always mistakes himself. It is not the same with Virtue as with other Arts; a Man is an able Artist tho' he has not acquired the highest perfection in Art; but a Man is not virtuous, unless he has all Virtue; for if one part of it be wanting all is wanting. *Protagoras* is going immediately to fall into a manifest Contradiction.

and

and Justice of every particular Man is useful to the whole Body. That's the reason why every Body is always ready to teach his Neighbour all that concerns Law and Justice. If it were the same in the Art of Playing on the Flute, and that we were all equally ready to teach others, without any reserve, what we know of it, do you think, *Socrates*, that the Children of the most excellent Players upon the Flute, would always become more perfect in that Art than the Children of the worst Players? I am persuaded you believe nothing of it. \* The Children who would be found to be the most happily born for that Art, would be those who should make the greatest progress therein, and who should render themselves the most famous for it, the rest would fatigue themselves in vain and would never gain any Name on it, as we daily see the Son of an excellent Player upon the Flute to be but an indifferent Scholar; and, on the other hand, the Son of a Block-head to become a very able Musician: But in general they are all good enough, † if you compare them with the ignorant and with those who never handled a Flute. We must hold it for certain, that it is the same in the present case; such an one as would appear to you now to be the most unjust of all those

\* *Protagoras* contradicts himself by this Argument; for if none but those who are happily born acquire the perfection of Arts, and that Men can't change an unhappy Birth, it follows from this Principle, that Men cannot even teach the perfection of Arts; and it is a certain truth. How could they inspire us with Virtue then? for we must be as happily born for Virtue. What is it then to be happily born? is it to have our Reason less chang'd and corrupted? In this state Education cultivates the natural Seed which God hath sow'd in our Souls, and God, by his Blessing, makes them grow and brings them to their perfect Maturity. Then 'tis neither Nature alone that procures Virtue, nor Labour alone, nor both together, 'tis God alone; for 'tis he who corrects our depraved Nature and blesteth our Labour.

† One may be comparatively able in Arts, but not so in Virtue. We may be less wicked than others, but that does not make us virtuous.

who are brought up in the knowledge of the Laws and in civil Society, would be a very just Man and even able to teach Justice, if you should compare him with People who have neither Education, Law, Tribunals, nor Judges, who are not forced by any necessity to apply themselves to Virtue; and who, in a word, would resemble \* those Savages which *Pherecrates* caused to be acted last Year, at the † Country-feasts of *Bacchus*. Believe me, if you were among Men, like those Misanthropes that that Poet introduces, you would think your self very happy to fall into the Hands of an || *Euribates* and a *Phrynondas*, and you would sigh after the Wickedness of our People, against which you declaim so much now. But your Distemper comes only from too much ease: because every Body teaches Virtue as they can, and you are pleased to cry out and to say, that there is not so much as one Master that teacheth it. It is just as if you should seek in *Greece* for a Master who teacheth the Greek tongue, you will find none; Why? Because every Body teacheth it. Indeed if you seek for one who can teach Tradesmens Sons the Trade of their Fathers with the same Capacity as their Fathers themselves or sworn Masters can perform it, I confess, *Socrates*, that such a Ma-

\* The Poet *Pherecrates* had acted a Play, whereof the Title was *Αγριοι, The Savages*. And there is some appearance, that he represented therein the unhappy Life that the first Men led before they were united by Society; and his aim was, to let the *Greeks* see that there was no Happiness for them, but to be well united, and faithfully to execute the Treaty of Peace, which had so lately terminated a long and fatal War.

† At the Country-feasts of *Bacchus*. He says the Country-feasts, because there were other Feasts of *Bacchus*, that were celebrated in the City the beginning of the Spring, and the Country-feasts were celebrated the latter end of Autumn in the Fields.

|| *Euribates* and *Phrynondas* were two notorious Profligates, who had given occasion for the Proverbs, *An Action of Euribates, to do the Actions of Euribates, 'tis another Phrynondas*. Here the Sophist complies to Reason. It is without all doubt that Men can teach Men the Virtue that those People had,

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ster would not easily be found ; but there is nothing more easie than to find one who can teach the Ignorant. It is the same with Virtue and all other Things. And how little soever the advantage be that another Man has over us, to push us forward and to make us advance in the way of Virtue, it is always a very considerable thing, and for which we ought to think our selves very happy. Now I am certainly one of those who have all the necessary Qualities for that ; for I know better than any other Person in the World, all that must be done to become perfectly an honest Man: and I can say, that I do not rob them of the Money which I take; nay, I deserve more, even in the Opinion of my Scholars. Wherefore this is the Bargain that I usually make: When any Body has learned of me, if he will, he pays me what others used to give me; if not, he may go into a Temple, and, after having sworn that what I have taught him is worth so much, deposit the Sum which he designs for me. *Socrates*, This is the Fable and the simple Reasons I have thought fit to make use of to prove to you, that Virtue may be taught, and that the *Athenians* are all perswaded of it; and to let you see, that we must not be astonished if the Children of the greatest Men are commonly very little worth, and if those of the ignorant and of the poorest succeed better, since we even see that the Sons of *Polycletus*, who are of the same Age with *Xantippus* and *Paralus*, are nothing, if compared with their Father, and so of many other Children of our greatest Masters. But for those whom I just now nam'd, it is not time to judge them, there is still hopes, and their Youth is a Refuge for them.

This long and fine Discourse being pronounced with much Ostentation and Pride, *Protagoras* held his Tongue, and I, after having been a long time put to a stand, as a Man charm'd and ravish'd, I lookt upon him as if he ought to speak on still, and to tell me things that I very impatiently expected. But seeing that he had actually done, and having at last

refu-

*But Virtue is not the Business of the Ignorant.*

*Observe the Pride of the Sophist.*

resumed Courage with much difficulty, I turned towards *Hippocrates*. In truth, *Hippocrates*, said I to him, I cannot express how much I am indebted to you, for having obliged me to come hither; for I would not for all the World not have heard *Protagoras*: hitherto I believed, that it was nowise by the help and care of Men, that we became honest People: but now I am perswaded that it is a thing purely humane. There is only one small Difficulty remaining, which *Protagoras*, who has just now demonstrated such fine things, will easily resolve. If we should consult some of our great Orators upon those Matters, perhaps they would entertain us with such like Discourses, \* and that we should believe we heard a *Pericles*, or some of those who have been the most Eloquent; and, after that, if we should make objection to them, they would not know what to say nor what to answer, but be as mute as a Book. But tho' one should ask them never so little upon what they might have already said, they would never end, and would do as a Brass Kettle, which, being once struck, keeps its sound a long time, unless one puts his Hand upon it and stops it; for that's just what our Orators do, so soon as they are touched they resound without end. It is not the same with *Protagoras*, for he is not only very capable of holding long and fine Discourses, as he has just now made it appear, but also of answering precisely and in few Words, to the Questions that are asked him, and can start others, and wait for and receive the Answers as he ought, which few People are able to do.

Now then, *Protagoras*, said I to him, there wants but a small thing to content me upon the whole, and I shall be fully satisfied when you shall have

\* This is a difficult Passage, if we have no regard to the time; that is to say, if we do not observe the Date of the Dialogue. It is that which deceived *Henry Stephens*, who translated it as if *Pericles* were still alive, whereas he had been dead eight or nine Years.

had the goodness to answer it. You say, that Virtue can be taught, and if I may believe any Body in the World upon that, 'tis you. \* But I pray you to remove the Scruple which you have left in my Mind : You have said, that *Jupiter* sent *Shame* and *Justice* to Men; and in your whole Discourse you have spoke of *Justice*, *Temperance* and *Sanctity*, as if Virtue were one only thing which includeth all those Qualities. Explain it to me then exactly, if Virtue be one, and if *Justice*, *Temperance*, *Sanctity*, are only its Parts, or if all those Qualities which I have now named be only different Names of one and the same thing. This is what I further desire of you.

There is nothing more easie, *Socrates*, than to satisfie you in that point: For Virtue is one thing, and those are its Parts.

*The Sophist acknowledges, that Virtue is one, but that it is composed of different parts.*

But, said I to him, are those its Parts, as the Mouth, Nose, Ears and Eyes are the Parts of the Face? Or are they Parts like Parts of Gold, that are all of the same Nature as the Mass, and differ from each other only in Quantity?

They are without doubt parts of it, as the Mouth and the Nose are parts of the Face.

But, said I, do Men acquire, some one part of this Virtue, and others another? Or is there a necessity that he who acquires one must acquire all?

By no means answered he. † For you see every Day People who are valiant and unjust, and others who are just without being wise.

For

\* *Socrates* does not trouble himself to answer all the Sophisms of *Protagoras*, which are too gross; but he goes at once to the main point of the Question, which consists to know the Nature of Virtue; for Virtue being well known, it will be clearly seen, that it is not possible for Men to teach it.

† That's the Poison of this Doctrine, which is but too much spread abroad to this Day. Some fancy, that Virtue may be divided, so as a Man may have some of its parts without having the rest; which is contrary to all the Light of Reason, as has been explained in the Argument. It was in opposition to

For Valour and Wisdom are only parts of Virtue.

Assuredly, said he, and Wisdom is the greatest of its parts.

And is every one of its parts different from another?

Without doubt.

And every one has its Properties: As in the parts of the Face the Eyes are not of the same use with the Ears, and have different Properties and Faculties, and so of all the other parts, they are all different and don't resemble each other neither in Form nor Quality. Is it the same of the parts of Virtue; does not one of them in no wise resemble another? and do they absolutely differ in themselves and in their Faculties? It is evident, that they do not resemble each other at all, if it be the same of them as of the Example which we have made use of.

Socrates, that is very certain and the Example is just.

Then, said I to him, Virtue has no other of its parts which resemble Knowledge, Justice, Valour, Temperance nor Sanctity.

No without Doubt.

Come then, Let you and I see and examine to the bottom the Nature of every one of its parts. Let us begin with Justice: Is it any thing or nothing? For my part, I find it is something; what do you think?

I also think it to be something.

Socrates is going to prove, that Justice and Sanctity are but one and the same thing.

If then any Body should apply himself to you and me, and should say to us, Protagoras and Socrates, explain to me, I pray you, what is that which you just now call'd Justice; is it something that is just or unjust?

to this very Error that Solomon wrote in the Ecclesiastes, Ch. 9. He who sinneth in one thing shall lose much Riches. For it is one of the Explanations that St. Hierome gives to this Passage, That one only Sin causeth many former good Works to perish, and that all Virtues accompany one another, insomuch that he who has one has all; and he who sins in one thing is subject to all Vices without exception.

I should answer him off-hand, that it is something that is just; would not you answer the same?

Yes certainly.

Justice consists then, he would say, according to you, in being just?

We would say yes; is it not so?

Without doubt, *Socrates*.

And if he should ask us after that, Don't you also say, that there is a Sanctity? should not we answer him in the same manner, that there is?

Affuredly.

You maintain, he'd reply, that it is something; what is it then? is it to be holy or to be prophane? For my part, I confess, *Protagoras*, that at this Question I should be all in a passion, and should say to the Man, Speak Sense, I pray you; What is there that can be holy, if Sanctity it self be not holy? Would not you answer thus?

Yes indeed, *Socrates*.

If after that, the Man should continue to question us, and should say, But what did you say a Minute ago? have I misunderstood you? It seem'd to me, that you said the parts of Virtue were all different, and that one was never like another. For my part, I should answer him, You have reason to alledge, that that was said; but if you think it was I who said it, you misunderstood me; for it is *Protagoras* who affirmed it, I only ask'd the Question: doubtless he would not fail to apply himself to you, *Protagoras*; he would say, Do you agree to what *Socrates* says? Is it you alone that assure me, that none of the parts of Virtue are like to one another? Is that your Opinion? What would you answer him, *Protagoras*?

I should be forced to confess it, *Socrates*.

And, after this Confession, what could we answer him, if he should continue his Questions and tell us, According to you then Sanctity is neither a just thing, nor Justice a holy thing; but Justice is prophane and Sanctity is unjust. Is then the just Man

*For that must of necessity be, if the parts of Virtue were unlike.*

PRO- unlike.



prophane and impious? what should we answer him, *Protagoras*? I confess, that for my part, I should answer him, that I maintain Justice to be holy, and Sanctity to be just; and, if you your self did not prevent me, I should answer for you, that you are perswaded, that Justice is the same thing with Sanctity, or at least a thing very like it, and that Sanctity is the same thing with Justice, or very like it. See then if you would hinder me to answer so for you, or if you would confess it to me.

I should not confess it to you, *Socrates*; for that does not seem to me to be true at the bottom, and we ought not to grant so easily, that Justice is Holiness, and that Sanctity is Justice: There is some difference between them; But what will you make of that? If you will, I consent that Justice is Holy, and that Sanctity is Just.

How, *if I will*, said I to him, I have nothing to do with that, it is not as *I will* that is in question, it is You or I, it is our Perswasion and our Principle, and, if we refute one another, that *if*, which does nothing but darken the Truth and render Proofs useless, must be removed.

*For to argue against Suppositions, is to argue against a Chimera.*

However, we may say, answered he, that Justice resembles Sanctity in something; for one thing always resembles another in some sort; White it self has in some measure a resemblance to Black, Hard to Soft, and so of all other Things which seem to be the most contrary to each other. Those very parts which we have agreed have each different Properties and Faculties, and that one is not

*A sorry Evasion of the Sophist, who will establish between the parts of Virtue, a remote and almost insensible resemblance, that he may not acknowledge that which is very near, very natural and very sensible.*

like the other, I mean the parts of the Face; if you look to them narrowly, you will find, that they resemble each other a little, and that they are in some measure one like another: and, after this manner, you may very well prove, if you will, that all things are like one another. But, however, it is not just to call

call things alike, that have but a small resemblance to each other, as it is not just neither to call those things unlike that differ but a very little from each other: As a light resemblance does not render things alike, to speak properly, so a small difference does not make them unlike.

Being amazed at this Discourse of the Sophist, I ask him, Does then the just and holy seem to you to have only a light resemblance to each other?

That resemblance, *Socrates*, is not so small as I have said, but at the same time it is not so great as you say.

Well, said I to him, since you seem to me to be in so ill an Humour against this Sanctity and Justice, let us leave them there, and let us take some other Subject. \* What do you think of Folly, is it not entirely contrary to Wisdom?

It seems so to me.

When Men have govern'd themselves well and and profitably, don't they seem to you to be more temperate and more moderate than when they do the contrary?

Without contradiction.

Are they not then govern'd by Moderation?

It cannot be otherwise.

And those who have no good government over themselves, don't they act foolishly, and are in no wise moderate in their Conduct?

I agree with you in that.

Therefore is not acting foolishly contrary to acting moderately?

It is agreed.

That which is done foolishly, does it not come from Folly; and does not that which is done discreetly proceed from Moderation?

\* *Socrates* is going to prove, that Temperance and Moderation are the same thing with Wisdom, seeing they are contrary to Folly; for one Contrary can have but one Contrary! And thus Temperance, Moderation and Wisdom are the similar parts of Virtue. And consequently, &c.

That

That is true.

Is not that which proceeds from Force, strong; and that which proceeds from Weakness, feeble?

Certainly.

Is it not, from Swiftness that a thing is swift, and from Slowness that a thing is slow?

Without doubt.

And all that is done the same, is it not done by the same, and is not the contrary done by the contrary?

Yes, doubtless.

Oh! let us see then, said I, Is there not something that is called Beauty?

Yes.

This Beauty, has it any other Contrary than Ugliness?

No.

Is there not something that is called Good?

Yes.

This Good, has it any other contrary than Evil?

No, it has no other.

Is there not in the Voice a Sound which is called Acute.

Yes.

And that Shrill, has it any other Contrary than Grave?

No.

Every Contrary then has but one Contrary, and there are no more?

I confess it.

Let us see then; let us make a Recital of the Things wherein we are agreed. We have agreed,

1. That every Contrary has but one only Contrary.

2. That Contraries are made by Contraries:

3. That that which is done foolishly is done after a quite contrary manner to that which is done discreetly.

4. That that which is done discreetly proceeds from Moderation, and that which is done foolishly proceeds from Folly.

'Tis

'Tis agreed.

That therefore which is done a contrary way ought to be done by the Contrary ; that which is done discreetly is done by Moderation, and that which is done foolishly is done by Folly, of a contrary Way and always by Contraries.

*For Contraries always produce Contraries, as the same produce the same.*

Certainly.

Is not Moderation then contrary to Folly?

So it seems to me.

You remember however, that you agreed just now, that Wisdom was contrary to Folly.

I confess it.

And that one Contrary had but one Contrary.

That is true.

From which then of those two Principles shall we recede, my dear *Protagoras*? shall it be from this, That one Contrary has but one Contrary? or from that which we asserted just now, That Wisdom is some other thing than Temperance or Modesty; That each of them are parts of Virtue, and that as they are different, they are also unlike, both by their Nature and Effects, as the parts of the Face? which of those two Principles shall we renounce? for they don't agree well, and they make a horrible Discord. Ah, how is it possible they should agree, if there be a necessity that one Contrary must have but one only contrary, and can't have more, and that it be found in the mean time, that Folly has two Contraries, which are Wisdom and Temperance. Does it not appear so to you, *Protagoras*? He has agreed to it whether he will or not.

Wisdom and Temperance then must of all necessity be but one and the same thing, as we found just now, that Justice and Sanctity were a little while ago. But don't let us weary our selves, my dear *Protagoras*, and let us examine the rest. I ask you, A Man, who does an unjust thing, is he prudent in being unjust?

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For the Vulgar believe, that there are many Injustices which are prudent while they are profitable.

For my part, *Socrates*, said he, I should be ashamed to confess it. However it is the Opinion of the People.

Well, would you have me apply my self to the People, or shall I speak to you?

I beg it of you, said he, direct your self only to the People.

That's equal to me, said I, provided you answer me. For it imports me nothing that you think that or that; I examine only the Opinion: But it may very well be that in examining the Opinion, 'tis my self when I examine, and sometimes also the Person who Answers me.

Upon that *Protagoras* made some scruple, disdain- ing to be thus questioned, and saying, that the Mat- ter was thorny. But at last he took his part and re- solved to answer me. Then I said to him, *Protago- ras*, Answer, I pray you, to my first Question. Do you think any of those who act Injustice are pru- dent?

I think there are some, said he.

Is not to be prudent, to be wise?

Yes.

Is not to be wise, to have right Aims, and to take the best part even in Injustice it self?

I grant it.

But do the Unjust take the right side when they succeed well or when their Success is nought?

When they succeed well.

You affirm then, that there are certain good things. Certainly.

Then do you call those things that are profitable to Men; good?

Yes, by *Jupiter*; and frequently I don't stick to call those which are not profitable to Men, also good.

The Tone in which he spoke to me, made me know, that he was exasperated, in a great Disorder, and ready to be transported with Anger; seeing him in this Condition, I had a mind to make the best of him:

The Sophist is very angry that *Socrates* should have forc'd from him this Con- fession that he calls that which is pro- fitable good.

him: Therefore I asked him with greater Precaution and Discretion; *Protagoras*, said I to him, Do you call good, those things that are not profitable to any Man, or those that are no ways profitable?

Not at all, *Socrates*. For I know many that are absolutely useless to Men, as certain Drinks, certain Foods, certain Medicines, and a thousand others of the same nature; and I know others that are useful to them. There are some that are indifferent to Men and excellent good for Horses. Some are only useful to Cattle, others only to Dogs. Such a thing is of no use to Animals, and very good for Trees. Moreover, that which is good for the Root is often bad for the Twigs, which you should make to dye if you should cover them with it. Without going further, Oil is the greatest Enemy to all Plants and to the Skin of all Cattle, and it is very good for the Skin of Man. It is so true, that that which is called good, is various; for Oil it self, which I speak of, is good for the exterior parts of Man, and very bad for the interior. For that reason the Physicians absolutely forbid the sick to eat it, or at least give them but very little and only enough to correct the bad Smell of certain things which they make them take.

*Protagoras*, having thus spoken, all the Company clapt their Hands, as if he had said Wonders: And I said to him, *Protagoras*, I am a Man naturally very forgetful, and, if any Body makes long Discourses to me, I immediately forget the Subject of the Dispute. Therefore, as if I were something deaf, and you had a mind to discourse with me, you would resolve to speak a little louder to me than to others, even so I desire you to accommodate your self to this Fault that I have. And since you have to do with a Man whose Memory is very short, shorten your Answers, if you intend that I should follow you.

*Protagoras smells what Socrates would be at, and, to evade being caught by him, he throws himself into all these Distinctions, where, in commenting upon an impertinent Science, he puts off the chief Questions.*

How would ye have me abridge my Answers? Would you have me make them shorter than they ought to be.

No, said I.

Then is it as short as it must be?

It is.

But who shall be judge of it, and to what measure shall we cut it, must it be mine or yours?

I have always heard *Protagoras*, that you were a very capable Man, and that you could make others capable of making as long and as short Discourses upon all sorts of Subjects as one pleas'd, and as no body enlargeth so much as you when you think fit, so no body can explain himself in fewer words. If then you have a mind that I should enjoy your Conversation, make use of the latter with me; few words I conjure you.

*Socrates*, said he, I have had to do with many People in my Life, and even with the most renowned; you cannot but have heard of my Disputes, but if I had done, what you would have me to do now, and if I had suffered my Discourses to be cut short by my Antagonists, I should never have obtained so great Advantages over them, and the name of *Protagoras* would never have been so famous among the *Greeks*.

By this Answer I found that this manner of Answering precisely to questions did not please him, and that he would never submit to be questioned. Seeing then that I could no longer be of that Conversation, *Protagoras*, said I to him, I do not press you to dispute with me whether you will or not, and to follow a method that is disagreeable to you; but if you have a mind to speak to me 'tis your part to proportion your self to me, and to speak so as that I may be able to follow you: For as all the World says, and as you your self say, it is equal to you to make long or short Discourses. You are very learned, there is nothing to say against that. For my part it is impossible for me to follow

Discour-

Discourses that are so long winded. I wish I were capable of it, but no Man makes himself. And seeing that is indifferent to you, you ought to have that complaisance for me, to the end that our Conversation may continue. At present, seeing you have it not, and that I have not time to hear you so prolixly, for I must be going, farewell, I am just going, what Pleasure soever I might have without doubt taken in your curious Dissertations. At the same time I rose, as having a mind to retire, but *Callias* taking me with one hand by the Arm, and with the other holding me by the Cloak, we will not suffer you to go, *Socrates*, said he, for if you go all is done, there will be no more Conversation. I conjure you then in the name of God to stay, for there is nothing that I would so willingly hear as your Dispute : I beg it of you, do us this Favour.

I answered him standing as I was ready to go, Son of *Hipponicus* I have always admir'd the love you have for Sciences, I admire it still now, and I commend you for it. Truly I would with all my Heart do you the Favour you ask of me if you demanded a thing that was possible. But as if you should command me to run a Race with *Crison d'Himere* or some of those who run the Race six times together, or with some Courier, I would say, *Callias*, I should demand nothing more than to have all the swiftness necessary ; I could wish it as much as you, but that is impossible. If you would see us run, *Crison* and me, you must obtain of him that he will proportion himself to my weakness, for I cannot go very swift, and it lies on him to go slowly. I tell you the same on this Occasion, if you have a mind to hear *Protagoras* and me desire him to answer me in few words as he had begun to do : For otherwise what sort of Conversation will it be ? I have hitherto heard Men say and always believed it, that to converse with one's Friends, and to make Harangues were two very different things.

*This Crison d'Himere had the price of the race of a furlong three times successively.*



Callias favours a listle of the Commerce he had with the Sophists lodged with him. He loves long discourses.

Nevertheless, *Socrates*, said *Callias* to me, me thinks that *Protagoras* demands a very just thing, seeing he desires only to be permitted to speak as much as he shall think fit, and that you may have the same Liberty; the Condition is equal.

That's exactly the character of *Alcibiades* he fancies that *Socrates* disputes only through Vanity, and that if *Protagoras* should acknowledge himself inferior, *Socrates* would pretend to no more.

You are deceived *Callias*, said *Alcibiades*, that is not at all equal. For *Socrates* confesseth that he has not that abundance, that affluence of Words; and he yields that Advantage to *Protagoras*. But as for the Art of Dispute, and to know how to question and answer well, I shall be much surprized if he yields it either to *Protagoras*, or any body else who-soever. Let *Protagoras* then confess, in his turn with the same Ingenuity, that he is more weak in that Point than *Socrates*, that will be enough; but if he brags that he will oppose him, then let him enter the List with equal Arms, that is to say; by questioning, and being questioned without enlarging without end, and without deviating upon every question on purpose to imbroil the Discourse, to shun the giving of an Answer and to make the Auditor lose the State of the Question. For as for *Socrates*, I will be security for him that he will forget nothing; he jeers us when he says he is forgetful. So it seems to me that his Demand is the more reasonable, for every one must speak and tell his Sentiments in all Disputes.

At these Words of *Alcibiades*, *Critias* directing his Discourse to *Prodicus* and *Hippias* said, me thinks, my Friends, that *Callias* has declared himself openly for *Protagoras*; and that *Alcibiades* is an Opiniator, who strives to dispute, and to exasperate Mens Spirits. As for us, let us not fall out with one another in taking part some with *Protagoras* and others with *Socrates*: Let us rather join our Prayers to obtain of them, not to part in so fair a way, but to continue such an agreeable Conversation.

The Duty of those who are present at a Dispute,

You speak extraordinary well, *Critias* said *Prodicus*, all those who are present at a dispute, ought to be neuters, but not indifferent, for these two things

things ought not to be confounded; to be neuter is to give to each partly all the Attention which he requires; and not to be indifferent is when one reserves his Vote for him who is in the right. For my part if you would follow my Advice, *Protagoras* and you, *Socrates*, here is a thing wherein I would willingly have you agree between you, that is to dispute and not to quarrel; for Friends dispute between themselves for their better Instruction, and Enemies quarrel to destroy one another. By this means this Conversation would be very agreeable and very profitable to us all. First the Fruit which on your side you would reap there from, would be, I don't say our Praises, but our Esteem: Now The difference between Esteem and Praise, Esteem is a sincere Homage, which causes a Soul to be truly touched and perswaded, whereas praise is frequently, but a vain and deceiving Sound, which the Mouth pronounces contrary to the proper Sentiments of the Heart. And we, the Auditors should get thereby, not that which is called \* a certain Pleasure, but a real and sensible Satisfaction. For Satisfaction is the contentment of the Spirit, which is instructed, and which acquires Wisdom and Prudence, whereas Pleasure is only, properly speaking, the tickling of the Senses.

Most of the Auditors highly applauded this Discourse of *Prodicus*, and the wise *Hippias* afterwards beginning said: My Friends I look upon you all so many as are here, as Kinsmen, Friends, and Citizens of one and the same City, not by Law but by Nature; † for by Nature every thing is tyed

\* By this Passage it appears that the *Greeks* made some difference between *ὑποτίμησις* & *ἡδονή*, that by the first they meant the delights of the Spirit and by the other the pleasures of the Body. That was not always exactly observed: But at the bottom these Words are determined to this Sense by their Root.

† For the Law establishes several Corporations that are contrary one to another, whereas Nature unites all that are of the same kind. Therefore there is a principle of Union in Humane Nature.

to its like. But the Law, which is a Tyrant over Men, forceth and layeth violent hands upon Nature on many Occasions. It would be a very shameful thing, if we, who know the Nature of Things perfectly, and who pass for the ablest among the *Greeks*, should be come into *Athens*, which for Sciences ought to be look'd upon as the august Prytanæum of *Greece*, and should be assembled in the greatest and richest House of the City, to do nothing there worthy of our Reputation, and to spend our Time in wrangling and contesting about Trifles, like the most ignorant of Men. I conjure you then *Protagoras* and *Socrates*, and I advise you, as if we were here your Arbitrators, to regulate you, to pitch upon a Temperament and a Medium. You *Socrates*, don't you stick too rigorously to the plain and concise Method of a Dialogue, unless *Protagoras* will acquiesce therewith. Leave him some Liberty, and slacken the Reins to his Discourse, that it may appear more magnificent and sublime to us. And you, *Protagoras*, don't swell the Sails of your Eloquence, so as to carry you into the High-Sea, and to make you lose the sight of the Shoar. There is a Medium between those two Extremities. Therefore if you will give Ear to me, you shall chuse a Moderator, a President who shall oblige you both to keep within Bounds.

This Expedient pleas'd all the Company. *Callias* told me again, that he would not suffer me to go, and they press'd me to name the President my self: I declin'd it, saying it would be a shame for us to take a Moderator of our Discourses. For, said I, he whom we shall chuse shall be, either our Inferior or our Equal. If he be our Inferior, it is not just that the most uncapable should give Laws to the most learned; and if he be our equal, he will think as well as we, and that choice will become altogether useless.

But, it will be said, you shall name who is more learned than you; it is easie to say so, but in truth

truth I don't think it possible to find a more able Man than *Protagoras*, and if you should chuse one who is not so able as he, and whom you pretend however to be more able, you your selves see what distaste you give to a Man of that Merit, in subjecting him to such a Moderator. For, as for my part, that in no ways concerns me, it is not my Interest that makes me speak, I am ready to renew our Conversation to satisfy you. That if *Protagoras* will not Answer let him Question; I will answer, and at the same time shall endeavour to show him the manner how I think every Man who is questioned ought to answer. When I have answered him as often as he shall have thought fit to question me, he will give me leave to question him in my turn, and he will answer me after the same manner. That if he scruples to answer me, then you and I will join to beg that favour of him which you desire of me at present, which is not to break the Conversation, and there is no necessity to name a Moderator for that; instead of one we shall have many, for you shall all be so.

Every Body said that this was what ought to be done. *Protagoras* was not much for it; but in fine, he was obliged to submit, and to promise that he would Question first, and that when he should be weary of questioning, he should permit me to do it in my turn, and should answer in his turn precisely to the Question without roaming.

Then he began after this manner.

\* Methinks *Socrates*, that the best part of Erudition, consists in being very well versed in reading the Poets. That is to say, to understand all they say so well as to be able to distinguish what is well said and what is ill said; to give Reasons for it,

\* The *Sophists* boasted that they understood all the Poets perfectly well, and we are going to see the difference in that point between a *Sophist* and a Man who is truly learned.

and

and make every Body sensible of it. Don't fear that I am going to remove my self far of from the Subject of our Dispute, my Question shall run upon Virtue. All the difference there shall be therein, is that I shall transport you into the Country of Poetry. *Simonides* says in some place, directing his Discourse to *Scopas*, the Son of *Creon* the *Theſſalonian*: ' It is very difficult to become truly Virtuous, and to be in Virtue as a Cube, that is to say, ' that neither our Carriage, our Actions, nor our ' Thoughts shall shake us, and shall never draw us ' from that state of our Mind; and that they shall ' neither deserve the least reproach nor the least ' blame. Do you remember that Passage, or shall I relate it to you ?

There is no need, said I, I remember it, and have studied it with great pains.

You are in the right; but do you think that Piece is well or ill done?

It seems to me to be perfectly well done, and is of very great Sense.

But would you call that Piece well done, if the Poet contradicts himself in it ?

No, without doubt,

Oh! said he, another time examine Things better, and look into them more narrowly.

As for that, my dear *Protagoras*, said I, I believe I have sufficiently examin'd it.

Since you have so well examin'd it, you know then, that he says in the sequel: ' The saying of ' *Pittacus* does not please me at all, tho' *Pittacus* ' was one of the Sages. For he says that it is difficult to become Virtuous. Do you comprehend that the same Man said this after what he had said but a little before ?

Yes I do.

And do you find that those two Passages agree ?

Yes, *Protagoras*, said I, and at the same time, least he should go upon some other Thing, I asked him, Don't you find that they agree ?

How

How should I find that a Man agrees with himself when he blows cold and hot? At first he fixes this Principle, *That it is difficult to become Virtuous.* And a minute after he forgets that fine Principle, and in relating the same Motto spoke in his own sense by *Pittacus*, *That it is very difficult to become Virtuous*; he blames him, and says in plain terms, that that Sentiment does not please him in any wise, and yet it is his own. Thus when he condemns an Author, who says nothing but what he had said himself, he manifestly cuts his own Throat, and he must of necessity speak ill either there or here.

He had no sooner spoke, but a great Noise was raised, and the Auditors fell a praising of him. As for me, I confess it, like a Fencer who had receiv'd a great blow, I was so stunn'd that I neither saw nor heard, and my Brains turn'd as well with the Noise they made, as with what I had heard him say. In fine, for I must tell you the Truth, to gain time to dive into the meaning of the Poet, I turn'd my self toward *Prodicus*, and directing my Discourse to him; *Prodicus*, said I to him, *Simonides* For *Prodicus* was a Native of Ceos as well as *Simonides* is your Country-man; 'tis therefore just that you should come to his Assistance, and I call you to it, as *Homer* feigns that the *Scamandre* being vigorously pressed upon by *Achilles*, calls *Simois* to his Succour, in saying to him:

*Let you and I repel this terrible Enemy.*

I say the same to you, let us take care least *Simonides* be turn'd topsie turvy by *Protagoras*. The defence of this Poet depends on your Ability which makes you to distinguish so subtilly between \* *Will* and *Desire*, as two very different things. It is that same Ability which has furnished you with so

\* Distinctions were the strength of the *Sophists*. *Socrates* is going to put *Prodicus* upon it to make some, and whilst he guides him *Prodicus* speaks to a miracle; but so soon as he has laid a Snare for him, the *Sophist* fails not to fall into it.

many

many fine things that you just now taught us. See then if you will be of my Opinion, for it does not at all appear to me that *Simonides* contradicts himself. But tell me first I pray what you think of it. Do you think, that to be, and to become, are one and the same thing, or two different things?

A fine Question! two very different Things; assuredly, answered *Prodicus*.

In the first Verse then, *Simonides* declares his Thought, in saying, *That it is very difficult to become truly Virtuous.*

You say true, *Socrates*.

And he blames *Pittacus*, not, as *Protagoras* thinks, for having said the same thing as he, but for having said something very different from it. In effect, *Pittacus* has not said as *Simonides* did, *That it is difficult to become Virtuous*, but *to be Virtuous*: Now my dear *Protagoras*, *to be* and *to become*, are not the same thing even in the Judgment of *Prodicus*. And if they be not the same thing, *Simonides* does in no wise contradict himself.\* Perhaps that *Prodicus* himself and many others, entering into *Simonides* Thought, might say with *Hesiod*, *That it is very difficult to become Virtuous*: For the Gods have placed Labour before Virtue, but when a Man is come to the Pinnacle of the Mountain where it dwells, then tho' it be very difficult, it is easie to possess it.

*Prodicus* having heard me speak thus, praised me extremely. But *Protagoras* answering, said, *Socrates* your Explication is still more Vicious than the Text, and the Remedy worse than the Disease.

Then I have done very ill according to your reckoning, *Protagoras*, answer'd I; and I am a pleasant Physician indeed, seeing that in designing to cure a Distemper, I make it to grow worse.

It is just as I tell you, *Socrates*.

How so?

The Poet, said he, would be Impertinent and Ignorant, if he had spoke of Virtue as of a thing which

For to be denotes a fixed state, and to become denotes an alteration, or a going from one state to another.

\*Tis a Passage of *Hesiod* in his Poem of Works, v. 287.

which is vile, despicable and naughty, \* that it is easie to possess it, for every body agrees that it is very difficult.

Being amaz'd at this Quibble; in truth, said I, *Protagoras*, we are very happy that *Prodicus* is present at our Dispute. For I fancy that you are very well persuaded that the Science of *Prodicus* is one of the Divine Sciences, that you call those of the ancient Times, and which is not only as old as *Simonides*, but also much more ancient. You are certainly very able in many other Sciences; but as for that you seem to me to be but little instructed in it. For my part, I may say that I have some tincture of it, because I am one of *Prodicus's* Disciples. † Methinks that you don't comprehend that *Simonides* does not give the word *difficult* the sense which you give it. Perhaps it is with that word || as with those of *dreadful, terrible*. At all times when I make use of them in a good part, and

*This is founded upon what Protagoras said at the beginning, in speaking of the Antiquity of the Sophists.*

\* *Protagoras* changes sides here, according to the good Custom of the Sophists; and instead of demonstrating the pretended Contradiction of *Simonides*, he throws himself upon *Hesiod*, who says, that it is easie to possess Virtue; and in that he puts a very ridiculous Quibble upon him. This the Character of the Sophists. They were very Ignorant at the bottom; but with some reading, which had spoiled their Minds, and which they supported with abundance of Impudence, they made themselves to be admired by Fools.

† At all times, when a word seems to signifie something contrary to the design of the Poet, all the different Significations that that word can have in the Passage in Question ought to be examin'd into. This Maxim is extraordinary good, and of very great use in Criticism, as *Aristotle* hath very well observed. *Socrates* makes use of it here in appearance to defend *Simonides*, and in effect to make those Sophists perfectly ridiculous.

|| *Socrates* cunningly makes the Impertinence of those Sophists appear here, in the Criticism which they made upon words: For example, upon the word *δαιμόν*, they would not have it used in a good Sense, because it was never used but in speaking of Things that are bad, as Poverty, Prison, Sickness. But these Sophists ought to have observed this difference, that this word is always truly taken in an ill Sense, when



and say, for example, to praise you, Protagoras is a terrible Man, Prodicus is always at me for it, and asks me if I be not ashamed to call that which is laudable, terrible; for, says he, that word is always taken in all Sense. This is so true, that you shall find no Body who says, terrible Riches, terrible Peace, terrible Health: But every Body says, a terrible Sickness, a terrible War, a terrible Poverty, that word always denoting Evil but never Good. How do you know but that \* perhaps by this Epithete difficult, Simonides and all the Inhabitants of the Isle of Ceos have a mind to express something that is bad, vexatious, or other thing which we don't understand. Let us ask Prodicus. For it is reasonable to ask him the Explication of the Terms which Simonides made use of. Tell us then, Prodicus, what would Simonides say by that word difficult.

He would say bad.

Behold then, said I, my dear Prodicus, why Simonides blames Pittacus for having said that it is

when applied to inanimate Things, but that it may be taken in a good Sense when applied to Persons. Homer, who understood and wrote his Language better than all those Sophists, has more than once joined δεινός with αἰδέσιος, venerable. As in the beginning of the 8th Book of the Odysses, in speaking of Ulysses; for δεινός, as our word terrible, signifies often, astonishing, extraordinary, and which attracts consideration, respect.

\* The Snare which Socrates lays here for those Sophists would be too plain, if the word χαλεπός difficult, did never signify bad, vexatious, but it is taken in this last Sense by all the Poets. Homer himself has used it in that Sense, as in the beginning of that fine Ode of Anacreon, χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλεῖν. It is a vexatious thing not to love. 'Tis that which deceives Prodicus, whose Ignorance he makes to appear in going about to persuade him, that perhaps it was the Inhabitants of the Isle of Ceos, who used that word in that Sense. Prodicus being deceived, would value himself upon this Remark, and acting the great Critick, he says that Simonides reproaches Pittacus who was a Man of Lesbos, whose Language was gross and barbarous, for having used that word ignorantly. Protagoras is a little more cunning.

difficult

*difficult to be Virtuous*, imagining, without doubt, that he meant thereby that it is a bad thing to have Virtue.

Do you think, *Socrates*, answer'd *Prodicus*, that *Simonides* meant any other thing, and that his aim was not to upbraid *Pittacus*, who neither knew the force nor the difference of Terms, but \* spoke coarsely, like a Man born at *Lesbos*, and accustomed to barbarous Language?

*Protagoras*, do you understand what *Prodicus* says, and have you any thing to answer?

I am very far from your Opinion, *Prodicus*, said *Protagoras*; and I take it for a Truth that *Simonides* understood nothing more by that word *difficult*, than what we all understand, and that he meant not that that was bad but that it was not easie, and that it must be acquir'd with much Pains and Labour.

To tell you the Truth, *Protagoras*, I doubt not in the least but that *Prodicus* knows very well what *Simonides* meaning is. But he plays upon you a little, and lays a Snare for you to see if you will fall into it, or if you have the Cunning to avoid it, and to maintain your Opinion. For here is an indisputable Proof that *Simonides* does not call *difficult* that which is bad, because he adds immediately after, *And God alone possesses that precious Treasure*. For if he had meant that 'tis a bad thing to be Virtuous, he would never have added that God alone has Virtue, he would have been very wary of making so bad a Present to the Divinity alone. If he had done it, *Prodicus*, far † from calling *Simonides* a Divine Man, would not fail to call him

\* The Language of the *Lesbians* barbarous. The Rudeness of Language usually accompanies Clownishness of Manners.

† Here is a very small fault; yet it fails not to corrupt the Text extremely, and to alter the Sense of it. To follow the Letter, we should have render'd it, *very far from calling him*  
a Man

him a Blasphemer and a Profligate. But since you are something curious to know if I be well vers'd in that which you call the reading of the Poets, I am going to tell you the meaning of that small Poem of *Simonides*; or if you had rather explain it to me, I shall willingly hearken to you.

*Protagoras* hearing me say so, fail'd not to take me at my word, and *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, with the rest, besought me not to defer giving them that Satisfaction.

I am going, said I, to endeavour to explain to you my Sentiments upon that Piece of *Simonides*. You must know then, that Philosophy is very ancient among the Greeks, \* particularly in *Creete* and *Lacedemon*. There are more Sophists there than in all the World beside; but they conceal themselves, and make as if they were simple and ignorant People, just like the Sophists you spoke of, that it may not be discover'd that they surpass all the Greeks in Learning and Science, and that they may be only look'd upon as brave Men who

a Man of *Ceos*; for the Greek says,  $\chi\epsilon\iota\sigma\tau\alpha\mu\omega\acute{\nu}\epsilon\varsigma\ \nu\epsilon\iota\tau\omicron\varsigma$ , and not in the least a Man of *Ceos*. But there is no Body but will agree that it ought to be read  $\chi\epsilon\iota\sigma\tau\alpha\mu\omega\acute{\nu}\epsilon\varsigma\ \theta\epsilon\iota\omicron\tau\omicron\varsigma$ , and not in the least a Divine Man, for *Simonides* was call'd so. What sense would a Man of *Ceos* bear in opposition to Blasphemer and Profligate? That was never heard of before. But 'twill be said, the Piety of the Men of *Ceos* might be so recommended and so famous; that perhaps they might say a Man of *Ceos*, for a pious Man. It was quite contrary. The Inhabitants of the Isle of *Ceos* were an impious People, witness the Law they made to put to death all the old Men above Sixty Years of Age; and that when they were besieged by the *Athenians*, they put to death all those who were not able to bear Arms, which struck the *Athenians* with so much Horrour, that they rais'd the Siege to stop the Current of such horrible Impiety.

\* He put *Creete* with *Lacedemon*, because *Lycurgus* had brought back from *Creete* to *Lacedemon* many of the Laws that were made by *Minos*, and had drawn from thence the Idea of the Government which he had establish'd. See the Remarks of *Plutarch* upon the Life of *Lycurgus*, Tom. 1. p. 199.

are

are superior to others by their Courage and contempt of Death. \* For they are persuaded that if they were known, for what they are, every Body would apply themselves to that Study, and the Art would be no longer valued. Thus by concealing their Ability, they deceive thro' all the Towns of Greece, those who affect to follow the *Lacedemonian* way of living. The most part, in imitation of them, cut their Ears, have only a Cord for their Girdle, use the hardest Exercises, and wear their Cloaths so short that they don't cover half their Body. For they persuade themselves that 'tis by those Austerities that the *Lacedemonians* have made themselves Masters of Greece: And the *Lacedemonians* are so jealous of the Science of their Sophists, that when they have a mind to discourse with them freely, and are weary of seeing them in secret and by stealth, † they turn out all those Apes that counterfeit them; that is to say, all those Strangers they find in their Towns, and then discourse with those Sophists without admitting any Stranger to those Conversations. Neither do they suffer their young People to travel into other Towns, for fear they should forget what they have learn'd: And the same thing is done in *Crete*. Among those great Teachers there are not only Men, but also Women: And a certain mark that I tell you the Truth, and that the *Lacedemonians* are perfectly well instructed in Philosophy and Learning, is, that if any Body will discourse with the most pitiful Fellow of the *Lacedemonians*, he will at first

*The folly of most of the Towns of Greece which affected to imitate the austere Life of the Lacedemonians.*

*For the Women were educated as the Men.*

\* This Passage favours and supports what *Thucydides* wrote, That *Lycurgus* banished all Foreigners, for fear they should imitate his Policy, and learn to love Virtue: And 'tis for this that *Plutarch* thought he ought to justify him. See the Life of *Lycurgus*, p. 243.

† *Lycurgus* shut up the Gates of *Sparta* against all Strangers whose Curiosity only drove them thither, and came not for any Advantage or Profit; he also forbid Travelling. *Plutarch* gives very fine Reasons for it, p. 248.

T t

take

They accus-  
tom'd their  
Children to  
make quick  
and sharp  
Repartees,  
and to wrap  
up abund-  
ance of  
Sense in a  
few words.

take him for an Idiot; but in the sequel of the Conversation, that Idiot will find means pertinently to place a short and quick Repartee, and full of Sense and Strength, which he will shoot like an Arrow out of a Bow. Infomuch that he who had so bad an Opinion of him, will find himself but a Child in comparison to him. Also abundance of People in our Age, and the Ages past, have conceived that to *Laconize*, is more to study Philosophy than to work, being well persuaded, and justly, that it belongs only to a Man who is well instructed and well educated to speak such fine Sentences. Of this number were *Thales* of *Miletum*, *Pittacus* of *Mitylene*, *Bias* of *Priene*, our *Solon*, *Cleobulus* of *Lynde*, *Myson* of *Chen*, a Town of *Laconia*, and *Chilon* of *Lacedemon*. All those Sages were zealous Followers of the *Lacedemonian* Learning, as appears still by some of their good Sentences that have been preserved. Being one day all together, they consecrated to *Apollo*, as the first Fruits of their Wisdom, those two Sentences which are in every Body's Mouth, and caused them to be wrote in Letters of Gold upon the Portal of the Temples of *Delpbos*: *Know thy self*, and *Know nothing too much*.

Why is it that I relate to you those Pieces of Antiquity? It is to let you see the Way and Character of the Philosophy of the Ancients was a certain *Laconick* Brevity. Now one of the best Sentences that was attributed to *Pittacus*, and that the Sages most boasted of, is deservedly this, *It is difficult to become Virtuous*. *Simonides* then, as Emulating *Pittacus* in that career of Wisdom, conceived that if he could overthrow this fine Sentence, and triumph over it as over a Champion of Reputation, who had carried away the Acclamations of every Body, he would thereby acquire an immortal Renown. It is then this Sentence he only carps at, and 'tis with a design to destroy it, that he hath composed this whole Poem, at least I believe it so; let us examine

amine him together, to see if I be in the right.

First, the beginning of this Poem would be senseless, if to express only, *That it is difficult to become Virtuous*, the Poet should say, *It is difficult, I confess, to become Virtuous*; for that word, *I confess*, is added without any sort of Reason, unless we suppose that *Simonides* had considered the Sentence of *Pittacus* to quarrel with it. *Pittacus* having said, *That it is difficult to be Virtuous*. *Simonides* opposeth that, and corrects that Principle in saying, *That it is difficult to become Virtuous, and that that is truly difficult*. For observe well, that he does not say that it is difficult to become *truly Virtuous*; as if among the *Virtuous* there might be some who were truly *Virtuous*, and others who were *Virtuous* without being truly so; that would be the Discourse of a Fool, and not of a wise Man, as *Simonides*. Therefore there must needs be a Transposition in this Verse, and the word *truly* must be transpos'd and put out of its place to answer *Pittacus*. For 'tis as if there was a kind of Dialogue there between *Simonides* and *Pittacus*. The latter says immediately, *My Friends, it is difficult to be Virtuous*: And *Simonides* answers; *Pittacus, you advance a false Principle there, for it is not difficult to be Virtuous, it is yet worse: But it is difficult, I confess, to become Virtuous, so as not to be shaken, and to be firm in Virtue as a Cube on its Basis; and that neither our Carriage, our Thoughts, nor our Actions, can draw upon us the least reproach or blame; that it is truly difficult*. At this rate 'tis plain that he has Reason to put this word, *I confess*, there. And that the word *truly* is very well placed at the end. The whole sequel of the Poem proves that this is the true Sense; and it would be easie to make it appear that all its parts agree together, that they are perfectly well compos'd, and that all possible Grace and Elegance is found in them, with abundance of Strength and Sense; but that would

us too far to run it all over, let us content our selves to examine the Idea of the Poem in General, and the Aim of the Poet, to make it appear that he only proposes to himself by all that Poem, to refute that Sentence of *Pittacus*.

This is so true, that a little after, as if it were to give a Reason for what he had said, *That to become Virtuous is a thing truly difficult; he adds, However that it is possible for some time; but after one is become so, to persist in that State, and to be Virtuous, as you say, Pittacus, that's impossible and above the Strength of Man: This happy Privilege is only for God alone, and it is not humanly possible for a Man not to become wicked when an insurmountable Calamity falls upon his Head.*

He is going to prove that in all things Vice supposes a State of Virtue which preceded. A very remarkable Truth.

But what sort of People are they that insupportable Calamities afflict, so as that they are no longer themselves? For example, among those who sit at the Helm of a Ship? It is evident that they are not the Ignorant and the Idiots, for the Ignorant are cast down even in a Calm. As one does not throw to the Ground a Man that is lying upon it but one that is standing upright; so Calamities only deject and change an able Man, and they never change one who is Ignorant. A terrible Tempest which turns the Sea topsie turvy all of a sudden, astonishes and overcomes a Pilot; irregular and stormy Seasons astonish and overcome the Husbandman; a wise Physician is confounded by Accidents, that he could not foresee with all his Art of Physick; in a word, 'tis the Good that happen to become Wicked, as another Poet testifies in this Verse, *The Good are sometimes Good and sometimes Wicked.*

But it never happens to the Wicked to become Wicked, he is always so. It is only the Learned, the Good, and the Wise, to whom it happens to be Wicked when a frightful and sudden Calamity overthrows them. And it is humanly impossible that it can be otherwise. And you, *Pittacus*, you say, *That*

That it is difficult to be Good; say rather, That it is difficult to become so, and that yet it is possible; but to persist in that State, is what is impossible; for you must agree that every Man who does Good is good, and that every Man who does ill is wicked. What is it then to do Good, for example, in Learning, and who is the Man that you call Good in that? Is it not he who has Knowledge and who is Learned? What is it that makes a good Physician? Is it not the Knowledge to cure or to comfort the Sick? And is not that which makes an ill Physician his want of skill to cure? Whom then shall we call a bad Physician? Is it not evident that a Man must in the first place be a Physician, before we can give him that Name, and that in the second place he must be a good Physician, for it is only the good who is capable of becoming a bad Physician? In effect we who are ignorant in Physick though we should commit Faults in that Art, yet we should never become bad Physicians, seeing we are not Physicians our selves.

He that does not know what Architecture is, can never properly be what is called a bad Architect, for he is no Architect at all: And so in all other Arts. Every Man then, who is no Physician what ever faults he commits in acting the Physician, is not however in a strict Sense a bad Physician. It is the same of the Virtuous Man, he may become Vicious, without Contest, whether it be by Age, Labour, Sickness, or by any other Accident; but he can't become Vicious unless he was Virtuous before. Therefore the only Scope of the Poet in this Work, is to make it appear that it is not possible to be, and to persevere always in that State; but that it is possible to become Virtuous, as it is possible to become Vicious. The Virtuous are absolutely those whom the Gods love and favour. Now the Sequel of the Poem makes it plainly appears that all this is said against Pittacus. For he adds: 'Wherefore I shall not fateague my self to seek that

*This Principle of Socrates tends naturally to this truth that all Men being born corrupt were virtuous in their Original.*



We must not hope to find an innocent Man upon Earth without sin, non est homo justus in terra. *Ecles. 7. 21.*

which is impossible to find, and I shall not consume my Life in flattering my self with the vain Hopes of seeing a Man without Blame, and intirely innocent amongst us Mortals who live upon what the Earth presents to us. If I were happy enough to find him, I should quickly tell it you. And in all his Poem he carps so much at this Sentence of *Pittacus*, that he says a little after. 'For my part, every Man who does not a shameful Action, voluntarily I praise him, I love him. I do not speak of Necessity, that is stronger than the Gods themselves, all this is also spoke against *Pittacus*. In effect *Simonides* was too well taught to refer this *Voluntarily* to him, who commits shameful Actions, as if there were People who did ill Voluntarily. For I am perswaded that of all the Philosophers there is not one to be found who says that there are Men who sin Voluntarily. They all know that those who commit Crimes, commit them whether they will or not. Therefore *Simonides* does not say that he will praise him who does not commit Crimes Voluntarily; but this *Voluntarily* has reference himself. He says that he will praise him Voluntarily and with all his Heart: For he was perswaded that it frequently happens that an honest and a good Man is forced to love and to praise certain People. For Example, a Man has a very unreasonable Father and Mother, an unjust and cruel Country, or some other such like thing. If that happens to a wicked Man, what does he? First he is very glad of it, and afterwards his chief care is to complain publicly and to make the ill Humour of his Father and Mother and the Injustice of his Country known every where in order thereby to free himself from the just Reproaches that might be made against him for the little care he has of them and for having abandoned them; and under this very Notion he multiplies the Subjects of his Complaint, and adds a voluntary Hatred to that forced Enmity. The Conduct of an honest Man if far

*There was never a Philosopher who durst assert that Men sinned voluntarily.*

*There are certain People that we ought always to praise and love whatever mischief they do us. All that Socrates says here is wonderful.*

far different in such Occasions: His sole care is to hide and to cover the Faults of his Father and Country; far from complaining of them, he hath so much command of himself as always to speak well of them. That if any crying Injustice hath forced him to be angry with them, he himself is their Mediator to himself, he argues with himself for them, and tells to himself all the Reasons they can bring to appease him and to bring him back to his Duty; and he is never at peace with himself till that being Master of his Resentment, he has restored them his Love and praised them as before. I am perswaded that *Simonides* himself \* has frequently found himself under an Obligation to praise a Tyrant, or some other considerable Person. He has done it † but he did it in spite of himself. This then is the Language he speaks to *Pittacus*.

‘ When I blame you *Pittacus*, it is not because I  
 ‘ am naturally inclined to blame, on the contrary,  
 ‘ it suffices me that a Man is not wicked and use-  
 ‘ ful to no good purpose, no body shall ever see me  
 ‘ quarrel with any Person, who may be of any  
 ‘ use to his Country. I do not love to find fault,  
 ‘ for the Race of Fools is so numerous that if any  
 ‘ Man should take upon him to reprehend them he  
 ‘ should never have done. We must take all that  
 ‘ for good and fine, wherein we find no shameful mix-  
 ‘ ture, or scandalous Blot. When he says, We  
 ‘ must take all that for Good, &c. It is not the  
 same as if he said, ‘ We must take all that for  
 ‘ white wherein we find no mixture of black, for  
 that would be altogether ridiculous. But he would

\* He speaks this, because *Simonides* had kept a very good correspondence with *Pausanias* King of *Lacedemon*, who gained the Battle of *Platees*, and with *Hiero* the wisest of all the Ancient *Tyrants*.

† That is to say, that he did it in obedience to the Law of Nature, confirmed by the written Law, and which he called by the Name of Necessity.

have them to understand that he contents himself with a Mediocrity, and that he reprehends and blames nothing wherein this Mediocrity is found. For we must not hope to meet with perfection in this World. ' Wherefore, saith he, I don't look ' for a Man who is altogether innocent among all ' those who are nourished by the product of the ' Earth. Were I happy enough to find him, I should ' not hide him from you, but should quickly shew ' him to you. Till then, I shall praise no Man as ' being perfect. It sufficeth me that a Man be in ' this laudable Mediocrity, and that he do no ill. ' Those are the People whom I love and praise. And as he speaks to *Pittacus* who is of *Mitylene*, he speaks in the Language of the *Mitylenes*, *Voluntarily I praise them and I love them.* This Word *Voluntarily* has no reference to what precedes, but to what follows. He means that he praises those People of his own accord, whereas there are others whom he praises of Necessity. ' Thus then, *Pittacus*, continues he, if you had kept your self in ' that Mediocrity, and told us things that were probable, I should never have reprehended you; but ' in lieu thereof you impose upon us, for Truths, ' Principles that are manifestly false, and which is ' worse, about very essential Things; wherefore I ' contradict you. Behold, my dear *Prodicus* and my dear *Protagoras*, what in my Opinion is the meaning and the Scope of this Poem of *Simonides*.

Then *Hippias* answering said, Indeed *Socrates* you have perfectly well explained the hidden meaning of that Poem: I have also a short Speech to make to you to confirm your Explication. If you please I will communicate my Discoveries to you.

That is very well, said *Alcibiades*, interrupting him, but it must be another time. At present it is reasonable that *Protagoras* and *Socrates* make an end of their Dispute, and that they stand to the Treaty they have made. If *Protagoras* inclines still to  
 Questi-

Question, *Socrates* must answer; and if he has a mind to answer in his turn, *Socrates* must question. I leave it to *Protagoras's* Choice, said I, let him see which is most agreeable to him. But if he would be advised by me, we should leave off the Poets and Poetry. I confess, *Protagoras*, that I should be wonderfully well pleased to dive with you into the depth of the first Question I proposed, for in conversing thus of Poetry, we do as the ignorant and common People, when they feast one another, \* for not being able to discourse among themselves of fine things, and to maintain Conversation, they are silent, and borrow Voices to entertain one another; they hire at a great charge Singers and Players upon Flutes to supply their Ignorance and Clownishness. Whereas when honest Men who have been well Educated and Instructed, eat together, they don't send for Singers Dancers and Players on the Flute; they find no trouble to entertain one another without all those Fopperies and vain Amusements that are only pardonable in Children: But they speak and hear one another reciprocally with Decency and good Behaviour, even when they excite one another, the most to drink, and they prefer the Harmony of their Discourse to all Voices and Flutes. It ought to be the same in this kind of Conversation, especially when it is between such People as most of those who are here value themselves to be; they have no occasion for strange Voices, nor for Poets, of whom they cannot ask a reason for what they say, and to whom most of those who cite them attribute some one Sense, some another, without being ever able to convince one another or to come to an agreement. That's the reason why able Men ought to let alone those Dissertations upon the Poets

*Good Conversation.  
preferable  
to the most  
excellent  
Musick.*

\* The Musicians and Players upon Instruments were introduced to Feasts by clownish People who were incapable of entertaining themselves. Does not the Violent Passion that is observed now a days for Musick proceed from the same defect? Perhaps we sing only because we cannot discourse.

and

and to entertain themselves together, in founding and examining one another by their Discourse, to give a Proof of the Progress they have made in the Study of Wisdom. That's the example which methinks you and I ought rather to follow. Letting the Bets alone then, let us Discourse together, or if I may say so, let us fence together to see how far we are in the right. If you have a mind to question me, I am ready to answer you; if not, give me leave to propose the Question to you, and let us endeavour to bring the Inquiry which we have interrupted, to a happy issue.

When I had spoke thus, *Protagoras* knew not which Part to take, and made no answer. Wherefore *Alcibiades* turning towards *Callias*, said he, that *Protagoras* does well in not declaring what he will do, whether he will Answer or Propound.

No, without doubt, said *Callias*; let him enter the List then, or else let him tell why he will not, that we may know his Reasons, and that thereupon *Socrates* may dispute with some other, or that some one of the Company may dispute with the first who shall offer himself.

Then *Protagoras* being ashamed, as I thought, to hear *Alcibiades* talk so, and to see himself solicited by *Callias*, and almost by all those who were present, at last, resolved with much difficulty, to enter into Dispute, and desired me to propose Questions to him.

Presently I began to say to him, *Protagoras*, do not think that I will converse with you upon any other design than to search into the bottom of some Matters whereof I still daily doubt; for I am persuaded that *Homer* hath very well said, *Two Men who go together see things best, for one sees what the other sees not.* In effect, we poor Mortals, all of us whatever, when we are together, we have a greater Felicity for all that we have a mind to say, do, or think; whereas one Man alone, tho' never so able and witty, seeks always some Body to communicate his Thoughts, and to conform himself

In the tenth  
Book of his  
Iliads.

till

'till such time as he has found what he sought. Behold also why I converse more willingly with you than with another, being very well persuaded that you have better examin'd than another Man all the Matters that an honest Man ought in duty to search into the bottom of, and particularly all that relates to Virtue. Alas! to whom could one address himself rather than to you? First you value your self on being a very honest Man; and besides that, you have an Advantage that most honest Men have not, that is, that being Virtuous you can also make those Virtuous who frequent your Company: You are so sure of doing it, and rely so much upon your Wisdom, that whereas the other Sophists hide and disguise their Art, you make publick Profession of it, by posting it up, if I may say so, in all the Cities of *Greece*, that you are a Sophist; you give your self out publickly to be a Master in the Sciences and in Virtue; and you are the first who have set a value upon your self, and put a price upon your Precepts: Why then should we not call you to the Examination of Things that we enquire after, and that you know so well? Why should not we be impatient to ask you Questions, and to communicate our Doubts to you? For my part, I can't refrain it, and I die with Desire that you would make me remember the Things that I have already asked you, and that you would explain to me those which I have still to ask.

The first Question I ask'd you, if I remember it well, is, if Science, Temperance, Valour, Justice, and Sanctity; I say, if these five Names are applicable to one only and the same Subject, or if every one of those denotes a particular Essence, a Thing which has its distinct Properties, and is different from the other four. You answer'd me, that these Names were not applicable to one only and the same Subject, but that each of them served to denote a Thing separate and distinct, and that they were all parts of Virtue, not similar parts as those

of

of Gold, all which resemble the whole Mass whereof they are parts, but dissimilar parts, as the parts of the Face which are all parts of it without any resemblance to each other and without resembling the whole, whereof they are parts, and which have every one their different Properties and Functions. Tell me then if you are still of this Opinion; and if you have alter'd it, explain your Thoughts to me; for if you have changed your Opinion, I will not hold you to the rigour, but leave you an entire Liberty to gainsay your self; and shall not in the least be surpriz'd that you have broached those Principles at first, as it were to try me.

But I tell you most seriously, *Socrates*, answer'd *Protagoras*, that those five Qualities which you have named, are parts of Virtue. To tell you the Truth, there are four of them which have some resemblance to each other: But Valour is very different from all the rest, and by this you shall easily know that I tell you the Truth; you shall find an infinite number of People who are very unjust, very impious, very debauched, and very ignorant; yet at the same time they are valiant to Admiration.

*Socrates is going to prove that Valour cannot be without Knowledge, and that consequently Valour is inconsistent with Imprudence and Ignorance.*

I stop you there, said I, for I must examine what you have advanced. Do you call those who are bad, Valiant? Is that your meaning?

Yes, and those who go headlong where others fear to go.

Let us see then, my dear *Protagoras*, don't you call Virtue a fine Thing? And don't you boast of teaching it as something that is fine?

Yes, and as something that is very fine, otherwise I have lost my Judgment.

But is that Virtue fine in part and ugly in part, or is it altogether fine?

It is altogether fine, and that very fine.

Don't you find some People who throw themselves headlong into Wells and deep Waters?

Yes,

Yes, our Divers.

Do they do it because it is a Trade they are accustomed to and expert in; or for some other reason?

Because it is a Trade they are expert at.

Who are those who fight well on Horse-back? Are they such as know how to manage a Horse well, or those who cannot?

Doubtless those who can manage a Horse.

Is it not the same with those who fight with a Buckler?

Yes certainly, and in all other things the same, those who are expert in them are more brave and courageous than those who are not, and the same Troops after having been well disciplin'd and inured to War, are far different from what they were before they had learn'd any thing.

But, said I, you have seen People who without having learn'd any thing of what you say, are notwithstanding very Brave, and very Courageous upon all Occasions?

Yes certainly, I have seen some, and those most Brave.

Don't you call those People who are so brave and so bold, valiant Men?

You don't consider, *Socrates*, what you say; then Valour would be an ugly and shameful thing, for those Men are Fools.

But I say, have not you call'd bold Men valiant Men?

Yes so far.

And nevertheless now those bold Men seem to you to be Fools, and not valiant; and just now quite contrary you thought the most learned and the most wise to be the most Bold. If they are the most bold, then according to your Principles, they are the most Valiant; and consequently Science is the same thing as Valour.

You don't well remember *Socrates* what I answered to; you demand if valiant Men were bold, I answered



*'Tis an E-  
rason of  
the Sophist  
drawn  
from the  
rule of uni-  
versal affir-  
mative pro-  
positions,  
which are  
not conver-  
tible but  
by adding  
some re-  
striction to  
the attri-  
bute, which  
become the  
Subject.  
That's true  
also, and  
Socrates  
will soon  
make it ap-  
pear in the  
Sequel.*

swered yes. But you did not at all ask me if bold Men were Valiant; for if you had, I should have brought a distinction, and have told you that they are not all so. Hitherto my Principle, that the Valiant are bold, remains in its full Strength, and you have not been able to convict it of any falshood. You make it appear very well that the same Persons are more bold when they are instructed and well trained up, than before they had learn'd any thing, and that disciplin'd Troops are more bold than those that are not disciplin'd; and from thence you are pleas'd to conclude that Valour and Science are but one and the same thing. By this fine way of Arguing, you will also find that Strength and Science are but one and the same thing. For first you'll ask me after your usual way of Gradation. \* Are the strong Puissant? I should answer you yes. Then you'd add, are those who have learn'd to wrestle more puissant than those who have not learn'd? And the same Wrestler, is he not more puissant after having learned, than he was before he knew any thing of that Exercise? I should still answer yes. And from those two things which I should have granted you would believe that by making use of the same Proofs you might lawfully draw this Consequence, that by my own Confession, Science is Strength. Fair and sofety I pray you; I have not granted, neither do I grant that the Puissant are strong, I only say that the strong are puissant. For Puissant and Strength are far from being the same

\* To understand *Protagoras's* way of Arguing, we must know that by *Strength*, he means the natural Disposition of a robust Body; and that by *Puissance*, he means a supernatural Vigour like that of a frantick Person, who in his Fits breaks Chains, and he also means acquired Vigour, like that of a Champion. This is the reason why he grants that the Strong are Puissant, and denies that Puissant are Strong, for Strength is natural, and Puissance springs from Habit, or from an impulse of the mind. But in the Bottom 'tis nothing but a meer Quibble, wherein the Sophist even contradicts himself, as will be seen immediately:

thing

thing. Puissance comes from Science and sometimes from Choler and Fury; whereas Strength comes always from Nature and from the good Nourishment, that is given to the Body. It is thus that I have said that Boldness and Valour were not the same thing, and that there were, some Occasions wherein the Valiant were Bold, but that it could not be infer'd from thence that all the Bold were Valiant. \* For Men become Bold by exercise and art, and sometimes by Anger and Fury, just as they become puissant. But Valour proceeds from Nature and the good Nourishment that is given to the Soul.

† But don't you say, my dear *Protagoras*, that certain People live well, that is to say agreeably, and that others live ill, that is to say disagreeably?

Without doubt.

And do you say that Man lives well, when he spends his Life in Troubles and Grief.

No assuredly.

But when a Man dies after having spent his Life agreeably, don't you think he lived well?

Yes I do.

After your reckoning then is it not a good thing to live pleasantly, and is it not very bad thing to live disagreeably?

\* He means that the more Men are disciplin'd, trained up to war, or transported with Anger, they are the more bold. He compares Boldness to Puissance and Valour to force. But he does not see that in Confessing that Valour proceeds from the good Nourishment given to the Soul, he acquiesceth with *Socrates's* Principle, that Valour is nothing but Science. *Socrates* is going to lead him another way.

† To know well what Valour is, one must first fix well what Grief and Pleasure is; and this is what *Socrates* is going to do after an admirable way worthy of so great a Philosopher.

'Tis

\* 'Tis according as one delights in what is Decent and Honest, said he.

What, *Protagoras*, said I, will you be of the Opinion of the Vulgar, † and will you, with them, call certain things that are agreeable, bad, and some others that are disagreeable, will you call them good?

Yes certainly.

How say you? Those agreeable things are they bad in that which makes them agreeable, independantly from all that may happen? And those disagreeable things are they good after the same manner independantly on all Consequences?

|| Yes, it is just so.

∴ Then they are not bad in so far as they are disagreeable.

In Truth, *Socrates*, said he, I know not if I ought to make my Answers as simple and as general as your Questions, and if I ought to assert absolutely, that all agreeable things are good and that all disa-

\* *Protagoras* is ashamed of what he just now confess'd, for he sees the Consequence of it; therefore he contradicts himself all of a sudden, and he acknowledges that a Man who spends his Life in honest Things, and who delights therein, lives agreeably, even tho' the said Things be painful. *Socrates* makes good use of this Confession, and is going to pursue this Principle which will overthrow the Sophist immediatly.

† For the Vulgar are persuaded that there were some agreeable things that are bad, and some disagreeable things that are good. But they reckon them good or bad only by their Consequences; for to consider them in themselves they find the things that are agreeable to be good, and the disagreeable bad.

|| This Sophist confesseth one thing here whereof he is not in the least persuaded; he also retracts it in the following Answer, for he foresees very well that that Confession would engage him too far. He knows not how to rid himself out of the Trouble and Confusion he is in.

∴ 'Tis a necessary Consequence of what this Sophist confess'd just now. For if disagreeable things are good independant from what may follow, they can't be bad because they are disagreeable.

agreeable

agreeable things are bad. Me thinks that not only in this Dispute, but also in all others that I may have, it is surest to answer that there are certain agreeable things that are not good, and that among the Disagreeable there are certain things that are not bad; and that there is a third kind which keeps the middle and which are neither good nor bad.

But don't you call those Things agreeable that are join'd with Pleasure, and which give Pleasure?

Most assuredly.

I ask you then if they are not good in so far as they are agreeable, that is to say, is not the Pleasure they cause something of good?

To that, *Socrates*, said he, I answer you what you daily answer others, that is, that we must examine it, and if it agrees with reason, and we find that the agreeable and the good are but one and the same thing, we must acquiesce therewith, if not, there's an open Field for Dispute.

Which do you like best then, *Protagoras*, said I, will you be pleas'd to lead me in this Inquiry, or shall I lead you?

It is most reasonable that you should lead me, for you began.

I will do it, said I, and here's perhaps a means, that will make the thing appear plain, as a Master of Exercise, or a Physician seeing a Man whose Constitution he would know, in order to judge of his Health or the Strength and good Disposition of his Body, does not content himself with looking on his Hands and Face, but says to him, strip your self I pray you, and let me see your Breast and your Back; that I may judge of your State with the more certainty; I have a mind to use the same Conduct with you for our Inquiry; after having known your Sentiments of Good and of Agreeable, I must still say to you as that Master of Exercises, my dear *Protagoras*, discover your self a little more, and tell me your Thoughts of Science. Are your Thoughts of that like those of the Vulgar, or are you of

U u

other

For the Knowledge of things that are agreeable or disagreeable depends solely upon Science.

The Opinion that the Vulgar has of Science.

A fine portrait of Science, the character whereof was explain'd in the Argument.

The Vanity of the Sophist.

other Sentiments? For this is the Opinion of the Vulgar in reference to Science or Knowledge: They think it is a thing that is neither strong, capable of Conduct, nor worthy to command: They can't fancy to themselves that it has any of those Qualities; and they persuade themselves that when Science is found in a Man, it is not that which leads and conducts him, but a quite different thing; that sometimes 'tis Anger, sometimes Pleasure, sometimes Sadness, at other times Love, and most frequently Fear. In a word, the Vulgar take Science to be a vile Slave always insulted and domineer'd over, and drag'd along by the other Passions. Are you of the same Opinion with them? Or do you think on the contrary that Science is a firm thing, that it is capable of commanding Man, and that it can put him into a State never to be conquered by any Passion, and that all the Potentates upon Earth shall never be able to force him to do any thing but what Science shall command him, for it is alone sufficient to deliver him?

\* I do not only think all that you have said, *Socrates*, answered *Protagoras*, of Science; but I add, that it would seem worse in me than in any other Man not to maintain that it is the strongest of all Humane Things.

You have reason, *Protagoras*, that is true. However you know very well that the Vulgar don't believe us upon this Subject, and that they maintain that most Men do to little purpose know what is most just, and what is best, for they do nothing of it, although it be in their Power, and that frequently they act quite contrary. Those of whom I have asked the cause of so strange a Conduct, have

\* Yes, but *Socrates* speaks of another Science far different from that which the *Sophist* means, and whereof he boasts, for he speaks of the Knowledge of God, and of the Knowledge of the Truth, which alone can deliver Man; whereas the *Sophist* speaks of Humane Science, which is more capable of destroying a Man than saving him.

all

all told me that those People are overcome by Pleasure or by Sadness, or vanquished, and carried away by some other Passion. I am apt to believe that those whom I have consulted, are deceived in that, as in many other things. But, let us see, endeavour with me here to teach them, and to make them plainly know what this unhappy Inclination is, and wherein it consists, which occasioneth them to be overcome by Pleasures, and that they do not act that which is best, though they know it. For perhaps if we should say to them, Friends you are deceived, and you have a false Principle, they would ask us in their turn, *Socrates*, and you, *Protagoras*, What! Is it not a Passion to be overcome by Pleasures? Tell us then what it is? from whence it comes, and wherein it consists?

How, *Socrates*, said my Antagonist, are we obliged to stand to the Opinions of the Vulgar, who speak at random all that comes into their Heads.

However, me thinks, answered I, that this serves in some Measure to make us understand the Coherence that Valour may have with the other parts of Virtue. If therefore you will stand to what you at first accepted of, which is that I should lead you through that way which I think the best and the shortest, follow me, if not, as you think fit, I give it over.

On the contrary, said he, *Socrates*, I pray you to continue as you began.

Resuming my Discourse then, if those same People, said I, my dear *Protagoras*, should persist to ask us, how do you call that State which we call to be overcome by Pleasures? What should we answer! For my part this is the way I should take to answer them. I should immediately say to them, my Friends harken I pray you, for *Protagoras* and I, are going to endeavour to give a satisfactory Answer to your Question. Do you think that any other thing happens to you than what really happens, at all times when you are enticed by the

Pleasure of Feasting, or by that of Love, which seems very agreeable to you, you yield to the Temptation, though you know very well that those Pleasures are very bad and very dangerous? They would not fail to answer, that 'tis nothing else. We should afterwards ask them, why say you that those Pleasures are Evil? Is it because they give you a sort of Pleasure in the very minute that you enjoy them, and that they are both agreeable? Or is it because in the Sequel they ingender Diseases, that they throw you headlong into Poverty; and that they draw after them a thousand and a thousand Misfortunes that are as fatal? Or suppose they should not be followed by any of those Mischiefs, would you always call them bad, \* because they cause Man to rejoice, and to rejoice in Vice is the most deplorable of all Vices, and the Punishment of Sin? Let us consider, *Protagoras*; what other thing could they answer to us, than that they are not bad, by reason of the Pleasure they occasion at the time of enjoyment, but because of the Diseases and other Accidents which they draw after them?

† I am persuaded, said *Protagoras*, that that's what all of them almost would answer,

Does not, say I, all that which destroys our Health or which causeth our Ruin, vex us? I fancy they would agree to it,

\* For that's what would be needful to say to confess, as *Protagoras* has already done, that agreeable things are bad independant of their Consequences. This is a Principle altogether Divine. *Socrates* does not insist upon this, because he finds it too sublime, for the Vulgar; and that he knew very well that it is not their Opinion.

† And consequently *Protagoras* has spoke against his own proper Sentiments, when he answered p. 506. that certain agreeable things were bad by the very same thing that made them agreeable, and independant from all that might happen, and that certain disagreeable things were good after the same manner, independant of all that may follow. We must observe this wonderful art whereby *Socrates* makes *Protagoras* contradict himself so plainly, without ever offending him.

With-

Without doubt, said *Protagoras*.

Then should I continue, you think my Friends as we say, *Protagoras* and I, that those Pleasures are not bad but because they terminate in Sorrow, and deprive Men of other Pleasures which they desire to enjoy? They would not fail to acquiesce therein.

*Protagoras* consents to it.

But, say I, if we should take the contrary side, and should ask them, my Friends, you say that disagreeable things are good, how do you understand it? Will you speak by example of bodily Exercises of War, of Cures that the Physicians perform by Incision, by Purgations or by the strictest of Diet? Do you say that those things are good, but that they are disagreeable? They would be of that Opinion.

Without any difficulty.

Why do you call them good? Is it because at the very minute they cause the greatest of Aches and infinite pain? Or because by their Operation, they occasion Health and a good habit of Body, that they are the preservation of Cities that they raise to Empire, and that they heap Glory and Riches upon certain States? Without doubt they would make no scruple to take the last Part: And *Protagoras* acquiesceth therein.

But suppose I should go on and ask if all those things which I have named are good for any other reason than because they end in Pleasure, and that they remove and chase away Vexation and Sadness? For could you have any other Motive which should oblige you to call those things good, than the removing of Vexation, and the expectation of Pleasure? I can't believe it.

Nor I neither, said *Protagoras*.

Therefore don't you seek after Pleasure as a good thing, and don't you avoid Vexation as an Evil?

Without contradiction.



And consequently you take Vexation for an Evil, and Pleasure for a Good? You call Pleasure itself an Evil when it deprives you of certain Pleasures that are greater than those which it procures you, and when it causes you Troubles more sensible than all its Pleasures. For if you should have any other reason to call Pleasure an Evil, and if you should find that it had any other end, you would make no difficulty to tell it us, but I am sure you can't find it.

I am also sure that they can't find any, said *Protagoras*.

Is it not the same thing with Grief or Pain? Don't you call it good when it delivers you from certain Anguishes that are greater than those which it occasions you, or when the Pleasures it procures, you are greater than its Vexations? For if you could propose to your self any other end than what I have told you for calling pain Good, you would without doubt tell it us; but you can't.

That is very true *Socrates*, said *Protagoras*.

Suppose, continued I; you should ask me in your Course, why I turn the thing so many ways? I should say pardon me, my Friends, this is my way of examining into Subjects on all sides. For first it is not easie to demonstrate to you what that is which you call *to be overcome by Pleasures*. And on the other hand there is no other Means to make certain and sensible Demonstrations. But you are still at your Liberty to declare unto me if you find good to be any other thing than Pleasure and Evil to be any other thing than Pain and Sadness. Tell me, would not you be very well satisfied to spend your time agreeably, and without Vexation? If you are contented therewith, and if you can't find that Good and Evil are any other thing than what I say; hearken to what follows.

That being presupposed, I maintain that there is nothing more ridiculous than to say as you do, that a Man knowing Evil to be Evil, and being able to prevent his abandoning himself thereunto, to cease

not

*The only way to make sure Demonstrations is to examine into the Subjections on all sides.*

not to commit it, because he is hurried along by Pleasure, and that it is no less absurd to advance as you do, on the other side, that a Man knowing good yet refuseth to do it, because of some present Pleasure that puts him off from it. The Ridiculousness that I find in those two Propositions will visibly appear to you if we don't make use of many Names, which only serve to imbroil us, as *Agreeable, Disagreeable, Good, Evil*. Seeing therefore we speak but of two things, let us make use only of two Names: Let us at first call them by the Names of *Good and Evils*; and afterwards we shall call them by those of *Agreeable and Disagreeable*. That being granted, let us say, *That a Man knowing Evil, and being sensible that it is so ceaseth not to commit it*. We shall certainly be asked *why does he commit it?* We shall answer him *because he is overcome*. And by *what is he overcome*, they will say? We can answer no more by *the agreeableness of it*, that is to say, by *Pleasure*, for 'tis a word that is banished, and in lieu thereof, we have agreed to make use of that Word *Good*. Therefore we must make use of that Term only, and we must answer, *That that Man commits Evil only because he is overcome and surmounted*. By *what?* We must cut short the Words, *overcome and surmounted by Good*. If he who questions us has never so little Inclination to raillery, and if he be a Man that can push us home, you see what a fine Field we give him. He will laugh immediately with all his might, and will say to us, in truth that's a very pleasant thing, that a Man who knows Evil, and is sensible that it is so, and being able to forbear doing of it, ceaseth not to commit it, because he is overcome by Good. He will add, do you think that good is incapable of surmounting Evil? Or is it capable of it? Without doubt we will answer that it is not capable of it, for otherwise he whom we say to be overcome by Pleasure would not have sinned. But for what reason is Good incapable of

*For if Good had been capable of surmounting Evil he would have done it, and consequently the Evil would not have been committed.*

surmounting Evil? Or why has Evil the strength to surmount Good? Is it not because one is greater and the other less? Or because one is more numerous and the other less? For we have no other Reasons to alledge to them.

Then it is evident from this, would he add, that according to you, *to be overcome by Good, is to choose the greatest Evils in room of the least Good.* There's an end on that side. Now let us change those Names by calling this *Good and Evil* by the Names of *Agreeable and Disagreeable*. And let us say that a *Man does*, we have hitherto said *Evil*, but let us now say *disagreeable things*. *A Man then does things that are disagreeable knowing that they are so, he does them because he is overcome and surmounted by those that are agreeable, and that notwithstanding are incapable to overcome and surmount.* And what is it that makes *Pleasure* incapable of surmounting *Grief*? Is it not the excess or the defect of the one in reference to the other? that is to say when the one is greater or less than the other? When one is more or less flat and dull than the other.

But if any body should object to us \* that there is a great difference between a present † *Pleasure*, and a

\* That's the last refuge of those who maintain that Men commit Evil voluntarily, because they are carried away by Pleasures, for the Man prefers a present Pleasure to a future one, and this Pleasure is still more preferable than Pain that he only foresees. This is what *Socrates* is going to refute after a very plain manner and with much Strength.

† This is *Socrates's* Answer to the foregoing Objection. Pleasure and Pain differ only in the number or degree of the Pains and Pleasures. Therefore it is ridiculous to think that a Man should be so much an Enemy to himself as voluntarily to prefer a small present Pleasure to a great Pleasure that he is sure of, and to run after a Pleasure which he sees is followed by a certain Pain. For it is agreed that every Man seeks the Good and shuns the Evil. All that is in question is to take a ballance and to weigh the Good and the Evil, seeing they are known. This is not done, and it is a sure token that they are not known, and consequently 'tis the want off Knowledge, that is to say, Ignorance that precipitates us into Evil. This is without all doubt.

Pleasure

Pleasure or a Pain that is to come and expected. I ask upon that Head ; but do they differ by any other thing than by Pleasure or Pain ? They can differ in nothing else. Now I say that a Man who knows how to balance things well, and who puts agreeable things on one side, and disagreeable things on another, as well these that are present as those that he may foresee are to come, knows very well which are the most numerous. For if you weigh the Agreeable with the Agreeable, you must always chuse the most numerous, and the greatest ; if you weigh the Disagreeable with the Disagreeable, you must chuse the least in number, and the smallest ; and if you weigh the Agreeable with the Disagreeable, and that the last are surmounted by the first, \* whether it, be that the present are surmounted by the absent, or the absent by the present, we must always chuse the greatest number, that is, the first, the Agreeable : And if the latter, I mean the Disagreeable weigh down the Scales, we must beware of making so bad a Choice ; Is not that all the Art to be used ? Yes, without doubt they would say. *Protagoras* also agrees to it.

Since that is so, I would say, answer me I pray. Does not an Object appear greater near at hand than at a distance ? Don't you understand a Voice better when it is near you, than when it is far off ?

*If our Happiness depended upon the greatness of Subjects, every body would measure with all possible exactness.*

Without contradiction.

If therefore our Happiness consisted always in chusing and doing that which is greatest, and in rejecting that which is least, what should we do, and to what should we have recourse to assure us of Happiness all our Life time ? Should we have recourse to the art of Measuring, or should we content our

\* That is to say, whether the present Pains be less numerous than the Pleasures that are expected, or the Pains that are expected fewer than the present Pleasures, the greatest number ought always to be chosen ; In a word, we must run after good when it is greater than Evil, whether that Evil be present or absent. A great Principle.

elves

elves with Appearances, and with a simple Glance of the Eye? But we know that the Sight has often deceived us, and that when we have judged by the Eye, we have been often obliged to change our Opinion when the Question to be decided has been which is the greatest? Whereas the art of measuring has always removed those false Appearances, and by making the Truth appear has set the Mind at ease, which relied upon this Truth, and has ascertain'd the Happiness of our Life. What would our Disputants say to that? Would they say that our Safety depends upon the art of Measuring, or upon any other Art?

Upon the Art of Measuring without doubt.

*If our Safety should depend upon numbers there is no body but who would learn to Cipher.*

And if our Safety should depend upon the Choice of even and odd, every time that one must chuse the least, and compare the most with the most, the most or the least with the least, and the one with other, whether they be near or at a distance, upon what Art would our Safety depend? Is it not upon the Art of Arithmetick? For the Art of Measuring, which teacheth us nothing but the greatness of things is no longer the Business in Question; it would be requisite to know the Even and the Odd, and nothing but the Knowledge of Arithmetick can teach us that. Would not our People agree to that?

Assuredly, said Protagoras.

\* That's well then, my Friends. But since it has appeared to us that our Safety depends upon the good Choice which we should make between Pleasure and Pain, that is to say, between that which in those two Kinds is the greatest, or the least, the most numerous or the least, the nearest or the furthest off; Is it not true that the Art of Measuring is the Art of examining the largeness of Things, and of comparing their different Resemblances?

\* Our Safety depends upon the good Choice between Pleasure and Pain. We are only unhappy because we deceive our selves in our Choice. Our Misfortunes proceed only from our Ignorance, for no body desires to be unhappy.

It

It can't be otherwise.

Then the Art of Measuring must be \* an Art and a Science, they could not disagree to it. We shall examine another time what that Art is, which at the same time is an Art and a Science, now that the Art of measuring is a Science, we agree to it, and that suffices for a Demonstration that we ought to give, you *Protagoras* and I, upon the Question that you have proposed to us; for at the same time that you and I have agreed that there is nothing so strong as Science, and that wherever it is found it is victorious over Pleasure and all other Passions, you have contradicted us, in assuring us that Pleasure is often victorious, and that it triumphs over Man, even when he knows the Poison of it; and as we have not agreed to your Principle, then if you remember it, you have demanded, *Protagoras* and you *Socrates*, if that be not to be overcome by Pleasure, tell us then what it is, and how do you call that Inclination that carries us away. If we should have answered you upon the Spot, that we call'd it *Ignorance*, you would have laughed at us. Laugh on now, and you will laugh at your selves. For you have confessed that those who deceive themselves in the Choice of Pleasure and of Pain, that is to say of Good and of Evil, are not deceived, but for want of Knowledge; and afterwards you further agreed not only for want of Knowledge, but for want of that Science which teacheth to measure. Now every Action wherein one is deceived for want of Knowledge you know very well your self that it is an Ignorance, and by consequence it is a very great Ignorance to be overcome by Pleasure. *Protagoras*, *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, boast that they can cure this Ignorance, and you because you are persuaded that

\* It is an Art, because there are Rules and a Method; and 'tis a Science, because its Object are things necessary and immaterial, and because it makes its Demonstrations by Infallible Arguments built upon necessary Principles that are incontestable and certain,

this

this unhappy Inclination is some other thing than Ignorance; you will not apply your self, and will not send your Children to those Sophists who are such excellent Masters, as holding it for a certain Truth that Virtue can't be taught, and you save the Money which you would be obliged to give them. And it is that fine Opinion that causes all the Misfortunes, not only of the Republick, but also of particular Persons.

That's what we would answer to those honest People. But I apply my self now to you, *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, and I ask you as well as *Protagoras*, if you think what I just now said to be true or false?

They all agreed that they were very sensible Truths.

You agree then said I, that Agreeable is that which is called Good, and Disagreeable that which is called Evil. For as for that Distinction of Names which *Prodicus* would have introduced, I kiss his Hands. In effect, *Prodicus*, call Goodness, Agreeable, Delectable, Delicious, Charming, and invent still more Names if that pleases you, it is alike to me. Answer only to what I ask you.

*Prodicus* agrees to it, smiling, as do also the others.

Every Action which tends to make us live without pain is fine, and consequently good and useful.

Then what do you think of this, my Friends, said I, are not all Actions fine, which tend to live agreeably, and without pain? And is it not a fine Action at the same time good and useful?

They agree to it?

If it be true that Agreeable be good, and that it be the Good, then it is not possible that a Man knowing that there are better things than those which he does, and knowing that he can do them, should notwithstanding do the Evil and leave the Good. Therefore to be overcome by Pleasure, is nothing else than to be in Ignorance; and to overcome Pleasures is nothing else than to have Knowledge.

They

They acquiesced therein.

But, said I, to them, what do you call it to be <sup>What is it</sup> in Ignorance? Is it not to have a false Opinion, and <sup>to be in Ig-</sup> to deceive one's self in Things that are very essen-<sup>norance.</sup> tial and very important?

Without Contradiction,

It follows then from this Principle, that no Person runs voluntarily into Evil, nor into that which he takes to be Evil. \* And it is not at all in the Nature of Man to run after Evil, as Evil, in stead of running after Good. And when one is forced to chuse one of two Evils, you will find no Body who would chuse the greatest, if it were in his power to take the least.

That seem'd to us all to be a manifest Truth.

Then, said I, what you call Terror and Fear, speak *Prodicus*. Is it not the expectation of an Evil, whether you call it Terror or Fear?

*Protagoras* and *Hippias* acquiesced, that Terror and Fear were nothing precisely but that, and *Prodicus* confess'd it of Fear, but denied it of Terror. But that is no matter, my dear *Prodicus*, answer'd I. The only important Point is to know if the Principle which I just now asserted be true. If it be so, all your Distinctions are useless. In effect, who is the Man who would run after that which he fears, when he might go before that which he fears not? That is impossible by your own Confession; for from the time that a Man fears a thing, he confesseth that he believes it to be bad; and there is no Body that voluntarily seeks after and receives that, which is bad.

They agreed to it.

Those Foundations being laid down, *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, said I, *Protagoras* must now justify and prove the Truth of what he at first asserted; or ra-

\* For it is a certain Truth, our Will never inclines to any thing but that which pleaseth it most. And there is nothing but Good, or what it takes for such, that pleases it.

ther



ther I must grant him Quarter for what he advanced at first, for he said that of the five Parts of Virtue, there is not one that resembles another, and that they had each of them their own Qualities and a different Character. I will not insist upon that, but let him prove what he said afterwards, that of those five Parts there were four which had some resemblance to each other, and one which was altogether different from the other four, that is to say Valour.

He added, that I should know this Truth by this evident Mark, that is, said he, *Socrates*, that you shall see Men who are very Imperious, unjust, Debauch'd and Ignorant, and yet have a heroick Valour; and you will understand by that, that Valour is extremely different from the other parts of Virtue.

I confess that at first I was very much surpriz'd at this Answer, and my Surprise hath been greater since I examin'd the Thing with you. I ask'd him if he did not call bold and resolute Men, Valiant? He told me that he gave that Name to those bold Spirits who run headlong into danger; for you remember it very well, *Protagoras*, that was the Answer you made me.

I do remember it, said he.

Tell us then wherein are the Valiant bold, is it in Things that the Timorous undertake?

No, without doubt.

Is it in others? In those that the Brave undertake?

Affuredly.

Don't Cowards run on upon those Things that seem to be safe, and the Valiant upon those that seem to be terrible?

So People say, *Socrates*, answered *Protagoras*.

You say true, *Protagoras*; but that's not what I ask you, I would know your Sentiment. Wherein do you say are the Valiant bold? Is it in Things that are terrible, and that they themselves find so?

Don't

Don't you remember, *Socrates*, that you have plainly made it appear already that that was impossible.

*For he has made it appear that Terror is the expectation of an Evil, and that no Body runs voluntarily to Evil.*

You are in the right, *Protagoras*, I had forgot it. Then it is a Thing demonstrated, that no Body runs upon Things that he finds to be terrible, because it is most certainly an Ignorance to suffer one's self to be overcome by Passions.

'Tis agreed to.

But on the other side, both the one and the other, \* the Brave and the Coward run upon Things that seem to be safe and without danger, and by that means the Cowards undertake the same Things as the Brave.

There is a great Difference, *Socrates*; the Cowards do the quite contrary to what the Brave do; without going further, the one seeks War and the other flies from it.

But do they find it to be a fine thing to go to War?

Yes, certainly, most fine.

If it be fine it is also good, for we have agreed that all Actions that are fine are good.

That is most true, said he to me, and I have always been of that Sentiment.

I am very glad of it. But who are those then who will not go to the War which they find to be so fine and so good?

They are Cowards, said he.

\* 'Tis a necessary Consequence of what *Protagoras* just now confess'd, That the Brave don't run upon terrible Things because it is an Evil. Then they run upon Things that are safe, and that appear to be without danger; and by consequence they do the same thing as the Cowards, and they tend to the same Mark: That is certain; but here's the difference between the Cowards and the brave Men, that the brave Men acting always by Knowledge, are never deceiv'd in the Side they chuse; for they certainly know what is terrible and what is not. Whereas the Cowards acting by Ignorance, and fixing safety where danger is, and danger where safety is, are always deceiv'd. How many great Truths are cleared by this Principle!

In

In the mean time, said I, to go to War is a fine and a good thing: Is it not also agreeable?

It is a sequel of the Principles which we have agreed to?

*They don't know it, then they are in Ignorance.*

Do the Cowards refuse to go to that which is finer, better and more agreeable although they know it to be what it is?

But *Socrates*, if we should confess that, then we overthrow all our first Principles.

How, say I, does not the brave run upon all that he thinks to be the finest, the best, and the most agreeable?

It can't be denied.

*The Brave fear where one should fear, but not otherwise.*

Then it is evident that the Brave have not a shameful Fear when they fear, nor a shameful Assurance when they are firm and assured?

'Tis true.

If they are not shameful, then they are fine and honest; Is it not so? And if they be honest, they are good?

Yes.

*Cowards and Fools fear unreasonably, and trust after the same manner.*

And are not the Cowards, tho' rash and furious, quite contrary? Have they not unworthy Fears and shameful Assurances?

I confess it.

And from whence come those unworthy Fears and shameful Assurances? Is it not from Ignorance?

That is certain.

But, what do you call that which makes Cowards, Cowards? Do you call it Valour or Cowardise?

I call it Cowardise, without doubt.

Then the Cowards appear to you to be so, because of their Ignorance of sensible Things?

Most assuredly.

Then 'tis that Ignorance which makes them Cowards?

I agree to it.

You have agreed that 'tis Cowardise that makes Cowards.

Assuredly.

According

According to you, Cowardise is the Ignorance of Things that are terrible, and of those that are not? He made a Signal that he agreed to it. At the same time Valour is opposit to Cowardise? He made the same Sign of Approbation.

And consequently the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, and of those that are not in opposition to the Ignorance of the same Things? He gave another sign of his Consent.

Is Ignorance Cowardise?

He pass'd this over with some Difficulty.

And is not the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, and of those that are not, Valour, seeing it is contrary to the Ignorance of the same Things?

Oh, upon that nere another sign, and not one Word.

How, said I, *Protagoras*, will you neither grant me what I demand, nor deny it me?

Come to an end only, said he.

Then I ask you only one small Question more. I He has made it appear that that's impossible. ask you if you still think as you did lately, that there are Men who are very Ignorant, and yet very Brave?

Seeing you are so pressing, said he to me, and that you will oblige me to answer you still, I will do you that Pleasure. I tell you then, *Socrates*, that that which you ask me, seems impossible according to the Principles that we have established.

I assure you, *Protagoras*, said I to him, that I propose all those Questions to you with no other Design than to examine narrowly into all the parts of Virtue, and to know well what Virtue it self is: For I am persuaded that that being well known, we should certainly find what we seek for, and what we have discoursed so much upon, I in saying that Virtue can't be taught, and you in maintaining that it can. And at this close of our Dispute, if I durst presume to personate Virtue, I should say that it mightily upbraids us and laughs at us, in saying to us, you are pleasant Disputants, *Socrates* and *Protagoras*!

goras! You, *Socrates*, after having mentained that Virtue can't be taught you are now running to contradict your self, by indeavouring to make it appear that all is Science, to wit, Justice, Temperance, Valour, &c. which is just going to draw a Conclusion, that Virtue can be taught: For if Knowledge be different from Virtue, as *Protagoras* endeavours to prove it is evident that Virtue cannot be taught whereas if it pass'es for a Science as you would have it be acknowledged, \* Men will never apprehend that it can't be taught. And *Protagoras* on the other hand, after having mentained that it can be taught, contradicts himself also by indeavouring to persuade us that it is some other thing than Knowledge.

*But let us leave the Fiction.* For my part, *Protagoras*, I am heartily sorry to see all our Principles so horribly confounded and turn'd topsy turvy; and I could passionately wish that we could disintangle, and explain them; that after having searched

\* That is founded upon this Erroneous Opinion which is very common, that every Science can be taught. *Socrates* sensibly proves it to be an Error, seeing he mentaining that Virtue is a Science, he asserts at the same time, and proves after a most solid manner that Men can't teach it: And it is not difficult to see what he aims at: He means that it can be learn'd of no body but God; for he is the God of Sciences, *Deus scientiarum*, as he is call'd in the Holy Scripture; wherefore *David* says to him, *Lord teach me Knowledge*, and he assur-eth us that 'tis he who teacheth it to Men, *qui docet hominem scientiam*. If that be true of Knowledge, it is also true of Valour, seeing *Socrates* hath already proved that Valour and Knowledge are but the same thing. *Plato* was not the first Heaten who had the Idea of those excellent Truths; above three hundred Years before him *Homer* had said, when he brings in *Agamemnon* speaking to *Achilles*, *If thou be so valiant, from whence comes thy Valour? Is it not God who gave it thee?* And almost 300 Years before *Homer*, *David* had said, *'tis God who teacheth my hands to War, qui docet manus meas ad prelium*. But one will say, why does not *Socrates* explain his Meaning? 'Tis because a Philosopher ought to fix what Virtue is before he explains from whence it comes, and who are the Masters that teach it; for Virtue being known, it's Author is also consequently known, and the Proof is made.

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1 Kings 2.  
Psal. 119.  
66.

Psal. 94. 10.

In the first  
Book of this  
H.

Psal. 18.

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144. 1.

into all the parts of Virtue, we might plainly shew what it is in it self, and that putting our chief Question at last to a Hearing again, we might examine if Virtue could be taught or not, to the end, we might know what to stand by: For I am very much afraid that your *Epimetheus* has deceived us in our Examination, as you say he deceived, and forgot us in the Distribution he made. I will also tell you frankly that in your Fable, *Prometheus* has pleased me much better than that Lover of Confusion *Epimetheus*; and 'tis by following his Example that I take all Care and Precaution to frame my whole Life well, imploying my self solely in those Injuries, and if you would, as I told you just now, I would most willingly dive into the bottom of all those Matters with you.

*We ought to follow Prometheus and not Epimetheus, that is to say, to govern our selves by the Spirit of God, and not by that of the World, which is quite contrary to God.*

*Socrates*, said *Protagoras* to me, I extremely commend your good Intentions, and your way of treating upon Subjects. I can boast that I have no Vice, but above all, that I am furthest from that of Envy; no Man in the World is less inclin'd to it than my self: And as for you I have often said that you are the only Person of all those I converse with, whom I admire the most, and that there is none of all those of your Age, but who I think are infinitely below you, and I add, that I shall not in the least be surprized that you be seen one day among the Number of those great Persons who have made themselves famous by their Wisdom. But we shall speak another time of those Matters, and it shall be when you please. At present I am oblig'd to go home about some other Business.

We must then, *Protagoras*, said I to him, put off the Dispute 'till another time, seeing you will have it so; besides, I should have been gone a great while ago, where I am expected; but I tarry'd to oblige handsome *Callias*, who deserved it of me. That being said, every one retired whither his Affairs call'd him.

THE  
 ARGUMENT  
 OF THE  
 RIVALS.

**T**HIS Dialogue is only a Recital of a Conference which *Plato* feigns that *Socrates* had with some young People in the School of a Grammarian; or perhaps that *Plato* has preserv'd it for us, such as *Socrates* actually had it, and such as he related it to his Disciples. It's intitled, THE RIVALS; for the Ancients quote it by this Name: It is Moral, and treats of Philosophy. *Socrates* disputes here against two Errors which run in the Heads of the young People of his Time, some misunderstanding a Passage of *Solon*, fancied that Philosophy consisted in knowing all the Sciences. And others believed that to deserve the Name of Philosopher, it was sufficient to have a little smack of Sciences and Arts, that they might be able to discourse of them with Masters; and to acquire the Reputation of an universal Man who could judge of every Thing. *Socrates* argues very solidly against those two Principles. He overthrows the last, in making it appear that there is nothing more ridiculous than to fancy the Philosopher to be a superficial Man, inferior in all to Masters in each Science, and consequently fit for none. And he refutes the first, by insinuating that as too much Food hurts the Body, so, too great a heap of Sciences and Knowledge hurts the Soul; whose Health, like that of the Body, proceeds from a just Measure

*disputas  
 and not  
 disputat.*

Measure of the Food that is given it. The most skilful is not always he who knows most, but he who knows well the Things that are necessary. Which puts me in mind of a fine Saying of one of the most learned Men of this Age, and whose Works are known to every Body, He said, *That he should have been as ignorant as many others, if he had read as much as they.* Mr. Le Neve.

There are Millions of Things usefess to lead us to true Philosophy, and which instead of advancing us, put us behind. Philosophy is something greater than Arts, and more admirable than that which is commonly called the Sciences; for it is nothing else but the Knowledge of Things Divine and Human, which disposeth us to submit to the first, and to guide and govern others by the Rules of Prudence and Justice, insomuch as that we may be useful to our Neighbours and to our Selves, in opposing Vice and making Virtue to grow and to flourish. 'Tis by this that one Friend gives good Advice to another; by this a Magistrate does Justice well; by this the Master of a Family governs his House; and in a word, by this a King governs his People: These are the Truths that *Socrates* teaches in this short Conversation which is very valuable. One would say, that he is *Solomon's* Disciple, and that he had heard what Wisdom spoke from his Mouth: *To me belong Council, Equity, Prudence, and Strength; 'tis by me that Kings Reign, and that Lawgivers establish Laws; 'tis by me that Princes command, and that the Powers of the Earth decree Justice.*

Another very important Truth which *Socrates* also teacheth here, is that the most learned are not always those who are the best disposed to true Wisdom. The most Ignorant is frequently nearer to it, than he who has grown old in Books, and who has seen all and read all. We have Instances of it every day.



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# THE RIVALS.

Socrates  
always ob-  
serves the  
Corruption  
that reign-  
ed at A-  
thens.

**S**ocrates. I went t'other day into the School of *Denis*, who teacheth Learning. I found there some of the handsomest young People, and of the best Families of the City, with their Lovers. I there observed above all, two of them who were disputing together, but I could not understand the subject of their Dispute; it seem'd to me to be upon some Points of the Doctrin of *Anaxagoras* or *Oenopidas*, for they were drawing of Circles, and quite stooping; they were imitating certain Turnings and Motions of the Heavens with a wonderful Attention. Curious to know what it was, I address'd my self to a young Man who sat by me; and it happen'd that he was the Lover of one of those who were disputing together. I asked him then, jogging him a little with my Elbow, what occasions this great Attention? Is the subject of the Discourse so great and so fine as to require such a serious Application?

Good, answer'd he, so great and so fine, they are prating of heavenly Things, and they do nothing but speak Folly with all their Philosophy.

Surprized at the answer, how, said I, my Friend, do you think it is Folly to be a Philosopher? How comes it that you speak so harshly? Another young Man that was seated by him, who was his Rival, and who had heard my Question, said to me, In truth, *Socrates*, you will not find your account in applying your self to that Man, and in asking him if he believes Philosophy to be Folly, don't you know that he has spent all his Life in eating, sleeping,

fleeping, and in bodily Exercifes? Can you expect any other answer from him, unless it were, that there is nothing more shameful nor more foolish than Philosophy? He who fpoke to me thus, had always applyed himself to Sciences; whereas the other whom he treated fo ill, applyed himself wholly to Exercifes.

I thought it convenient to let alone that Champion who had neglected the Mind only to exercise the Body, and to keep to his Rival who pretended to be more able. And that I might the better draw from him what I desired, I said, what I asked at first, I asked it of you both in common. And if you think you are more able to answer me than he, I apply my self only to you. Answer me, do you think that it is a fine thing to be a Philosopher? Or do you believe the contrary? The two Disputants, who had heard us, gave over their Dispute, and drawing nearer, they resolved to hear us with a deep silence. I know not what Influence this Approach had on our two Rivals; for my part, I was surprized at it, for it is usual to me, I cannot see handsome young People \* without admiring them.

He to whom I spoke did not seem to be less touched than my self; however, he did not fail to answer me with some sort of Assurance and Self-love: For my part, *Socrates*, if I thought it was a shame to be a Philosopher, I should not believe my self to be a Man: And whoever has that Thought I have altogether as bad an Opinion of him. By that he hit his Rival home; therefore he raised his Voice that he might be understood by him whom he lov'd.

Then 'tis a fine thing, answered I, to be a Philosopher. Yes assuredly, said he. But, answered I, do you think it possible for one to decide whether a

\* It was an Admiration that produced in him the desire of being able to contribute to the making of them as Virtuous as they were Handsome. See what *Maximus de Tyr* has said on this Passage.

thing be fine or ugly, unless he knows it before? Do you know what it is to be a Philosopher? Without doubt, said he, I know it. Then I ask'd him, what is it?

'Tis nothing else, answered he, than what *Solon* said: *In making my self old, I learn an infinity of Things.* For me thinks that he who would be a Philosopher ought to learn something every day of his Life, both in his Youth and in his old Age, to the end, that he may know all that can be known.

At first me thought he spoke something. But after having paused a little upon it, I asked him if he held that Philosophy was nothing else but a Polymathie, that is to say, a Heap or a confus'd Mass of all the Sciences? He told me it was nothing but that. But, say I, do you think that Philosophy is only a fine thing, or do you believe it is also a good thing. I believe it to be very good, answered he. Do you think that is particular to Philosophy, continued I, or do you find the same thing in other Arts? For Example, do you think the love of Exercises is as good, as it is fine, or are you of Opinion that it is neither fine nor good? In my Opinion, answered he, jesting merrily, for you, that Love is very fine and very good, but as for him, speaking of his Rival, it is neither t'one nor the t'other. And do you believe, said I, that the Love of Exercises consists in having a mind to do all Exercises? Without doubt, said he, *as the Love of Wisdom*, that is to say, Philosophy, consists in having a mind to know all things. But, I askt him, do you think that those who apply themselves to Exercises have any other aim than that of the Health of their Body? No, without doubt, said he, they propose to themselves no other end. And consequently, said I, is it not the great number of Exercises that makes People enjoy their Health?

Would it be possible, answered he, that one could be in good Health by applying himself only to a few Exercises? Upon

Upon that I thought fit to stir up my Champion a little, that he might come to my Assistance with the Experience he had in Exercifes: Then directing my Discourse to him, why are you silent, said I my Dear, when you hear your Rival speak of your Art? Do you also believe as he, that 'tis the great number of Exercifes that cause Health? Or on the other hand, do you think that 'tis to use such of them as you shall think fit, and neither to exercise your self too much nor too little.

For my part, *Socrates*, he answered me, I am still periwaded, as I have always been, that there is nothing more true than what the common Proverb says, that moderate Exercifes cause a good Health, Is not that a fine Proof of it? That poor Man with his Application to study, and his Desire to know every thing, see how he is: He has lost his Appetite and does not sleep: He is as stiff as a Stake and as dry as a Match.

At these words the two young Men fell a laughing and the Philosopher blush'd.

Seeing his Confusion I turn'd towards him, what do you pretend to then, said I? Don't you confess now that 'tis neither the great nor the small number of Exercifes that cause Health? But moderate Exercifes, and to keep directly in the mid-way. Will you resist two?

If I had to do with him only, said he, I would make my part good, and I find my self strong enough to prove to him what I have advanced, even though it should be far less probable; he's so far from being a dangerous Enemy. But with you *Socrates*, I will not dispute against my Opinion. I confess then that it is not the great number of Exercifes but moderate Exercifes that cause Health.

Is it not the same with Food, said I? He agreed to it, and I made him confess the same, as to all other things that relate to the Body, that it was the just middle that was useful, and in no wise the too much nor the too little, And as to what relates

lates to the Soul, said I afterwards, is it the quantity of Food that is given it which is useful or is it only a just Measure?

'Tis the just measure said he to me.

But, continued I, are not Sciences of the number of those Foods of the Soul? He acknowledged it. And consequently said I to him, It is not the great number of Sciences that nourish the Soul well, but the just Measure, which is equally distant from too much and too little? He acquiesced in it.

To whom then should we reasonably address our selves, continued I, to know exactly what is that just Measure of Food and Exercises that is useful for the Body? We all three agreed that it must be to a Physician or to a Master of Exercises. And as to sowing of Seed, to whom should we apply our selves to know that just Measure? To a Husbandman without doubt. And as to other Sciences, I add; whom shall we consult to know the just Medium that must be kept in sowing or planting them in the Soul? Upon that we found our selves all three equally full of Doubts and Uncertainties. Seeing we can't overcome this Difficulty, I told them smiling, shall we call those two handsom young Youths to our Assistance, or shall we be ashamed to call them, \* as *Homer* says of *Penelope's* Lovers, who not being able to bend the Bow, would not have it that any other could do it?

When I saw that they despaired of finding what we sought after, I took another Method. What Sciences, said I, shall we fix upon that a Philosopher ought to learn? For we have agreed that he ought not to learn them all, nor even the greatest part.

The learned Man, answering, said they ought to be the finest, the most Agreeable, and those that

In the 21 Book of the *Odysse*. v. 285. the Lovers of *Penelope*, openly testify the fear they were in that the Beggar, who was not yet known to be *Ulysses*, should bend the Bow, whereof *Penelope* was to be the Reward,

could

could do him the greatest Honour, and that nothing could do him more Honour than to seem to understand all the Arts, or at least the most part, and the most considerable, and that thus a Philosopher ought to learn all the Arts that were worthy of an honest Man's Knowledge as well those that depend upon the Understanding as those that depend upon Handiwork.

You mean, continued I, for Example, the Joyners Trade: One may have a very able Joyner for five or six Marks. That's a Trade that depends upon Handiwork. And the Art of Architecture depends on the Understanding. But you can't have an Architect for ten thousand Drachms; for there are very few among the Greeks. Are not those the sorts of Arts you mean? When he had answered me yes, I asked him if he did not think it impossible that a Man could learn two Arts perfectly, and much more to learn a great number, and those also the most difficult?

*For 15 or 20 Pistols.*  
*For 100 Crowns. Architects scarce in Greece in Socrates time.*

Upon that he answered me, don't you understand me, *Socrates*, 'tis not my meaning that a Philosopher should know those Arts as perfectly as the Masters, who practice them, it is sufficient that he knows them like a Gentleman, so as he may understand what those Masters say better than the Vulgar sort of Men, and also be able to give his Opinion, to the end that he may make it appear that he has a very fine and delicate taste of all that is said or done in relation to those Arts.

And I, as still doubting what his meaning was, said, see, I pray you, if I apprehend your Idea of a Philosopher; you pretend that a Philosopher should be the same with the Tradesmen\* as a Pentathle or Champion who does five sorts of Exercises in the Academy.

\* This Passage is extraordinary fine, and furnish'd *Longinus* with the Idea of the Comparison he made of *Demosthenes* with *Hiperides*, and which I have explained in the Remarks upon that Rhetorician, *Chap. 28. p. 173.*

with the Runner or the Wrestler; for he is overcome by all those Champions in the Exercises that is proper to each, and holds but the second Rank after them; whereas he is above all the other Champions who enter the Lists against him. Perhaps that's the effect which you pretend Philosophy produces upon those who follow it; they are truly below Masters in the Knowledge of every Art, but they are also superior to all other Men who pretend to judge of them. Inasmuch, that according to you, we must conceive a Philosopher, as a Man who in every thing is below the Master that professeth it. That, I believe, is the Idea that you would give of a Philosopher.

Very well, *Socrates*, said he to me, you have admirably well comprehended my meaning, and there is nothing more just than your Comparison; for the Philosopher is truly a Man who does not keep to one thing, only like a Slave, so as to neglect all others, as the Tradesmen do, in order to carry it to the last Perfection: But he applies himself indifferently to all.

After this answer, as if I still desired to know his meaning more clearly, I asked him if he believed that able Men were useful or useless?

I believe them to be very useful, *Socrates*, answer'd he.

If the able are very useful, reply'd I, the unable are very useless?

He agreed to that.

But, said I, are the Philosophers useful or not?

They are not only useful, answer'd he, but also very useful.

Let us see then, reply'd I, if you say true, and let us examine how it can be that those Philosophers, who hold only the second Rank in any thing whatsoever, should be so useful; for by what you just now said, it is clear as the day, that the Philosopher is inferior to Tradesmen in all the Arts which they profess.

He

He agrees to it.

Oh! said I, let's see, if you or any of your Friends for whom you had a great love were sick; tell me, I pray you, would you call a Philosopher, that inferior Man, or would you send for a Physician to recover your Health, or that of your Friend?

For my part, I would send for both, answered he.

Ah! don't tell me that, answer'd I, you must chuse which of them you would rather call?

If you take it that way, said he, I think there is no Body would hesitate, but would much rather call the Physician.

And if you were in the middle of the Sea, toss'd with a furious Tempest, to whom would you abandon the Conduct of your Ship, to the Philosopher or to the Pilot?

To the Pilot, without doubt, said he.

Thus then, both in a Storm and in Sicknes, and in all other Things, while the Artist or the Master of every one of those Things is present, is not the Philosopher very useles? Would he not be as it were a dumb Person?

So methinks, answer'd he.

And consequently, reply'd I, the Philosopher is a very useles Man: For we have Artists in every Thing, and we have agreed that the able are only useful, and that others are not. He was obliged to agree to it. Shall I presume to ask you some other Things, said I to him, and will not you look upon it as clownish and rustick to ask you so many Questions?

Ask me what you shall think fit, answer'd he.

I want nothing more than that we should agree again on what we have said. Methinks that we have agreed on one side, that Philosophy is a fine Thing; that there are Philosophers; that Philosophers are able Men; that able Men are useful; and that unable Men are useles; and that on the other hand, we have agreed that Philosophers are useles when we have People by that are Masters of every Profession, and there are always some. Is not that what we have agreed to? 'Tis



'Tis so, answer'd he.

And consequently, say I, seeing Philosophy, according to you, is only the Knowledge of all Arts, while Arts shall flourish among Men, the Philosophers will not have any Lustre among them; on the other hand, they will be altogether useles. But believe me the Philosophers are not what we have fancied to our selves; and to be a Philosopher is not to meddle with all Arts, and to spend his Life in all Shops stooping and working like a Slave. Neither is it to learn many things. Upon my word it is something more sublime and more noble. For that Application is shameful, and those who take it upon them are only called Mechanicks and mean Tradesmen. The better to see, if I speak true, answer me further I pray you, who are those that can break a Horse well? are not they such as can make him better?

Yes.

And is it not the same of Dogs?

Yes.

Thus one and the same Art breaks them and makes them better.

Yes.

But that Art which breaks them, and makes them better, is it the same by which one knows those that are bad? Or is it another?

No, said he 'tis the same.

Will you say the same thing of Men replied I? The Art which makes them better is it the same with that which reclaimes them, and which knows those who are good and those who are bad?

'Tis the same, said he.

Does the Art which judges of many judge also of one, and that which judges of one does it also judge of many?

Yes.

Is it the same, said I, of Horses, and of all other Animals? He agrees to it. But say I, how do you call the Science or Art which Chastiseth and reclaimes the wicked Rake Hells that are in the Cities,  
and

and who violate the Laws? Is it not Judicature? And is not this Art or Judicature, that which you call Justice?

Without doubt, answered he.

Thus said I to him, that Art which serves the Judges to correct the Wicked, serves also to make them know who are wicked and who are good?

Affuredly.

And the Judge who knows one of them may also know more; and he who can't know many of them can't know one? Is it not so?

I confess it, said he.

Is it not also true, said I, that a Horse which knows not the other Horses that are good or bad, do's not know what he is himself? I say as much of all other Animals.

He agreed to it.

Why then, added I, a Man who knows not Men if they be good or bad, is he not also ignorant what he is himself, tho' he be a Man?

That's most true, said he.

Not to know ones self, is it to be wise or to be a Fool?

To be a Fool.

And consequently, continued I, to know ones self is to be wise. Thus the Precept that is wrote upon the Gate of the Temple of *Delphos*, Exhorts <sup>Know thy self.</sup> us to apply our selves to Wisdom and Justice. It is the same Art that teacheth us to chastise and punish the Wicked; by the Rules of Wisdom, we know how to know them, and to know our selves also.

That seems to me to be very true said he.

And consequently say I, Justice and Wisdom are but the same thing. And that which makes Cities well govern'd, and peopled, is the Punishment of the Wicked. Is not that the occasion of good Government?

He agrees to it.

When a Man say I, governs a City or State well, what name is given to that Man? Is he not call'd King?

Without doubt.

Then

Then he Governs by a Royal Art, by the Art of Kings, and is not that Art the same with those we just now spoke of? So me thinks.

When a private Man govern his House well, what name is given to him? Is he not call'd a good Steward or good Master? Yes.

By what Art does he govern his House so well? Is it not by the Art of Justice?

Certainly.

Then me thinks that King, Politician, Steward, Master, Just, and Wise are but one and the same thing: And that Royalty, Policy, Oeconomy, Wisdom and Justice are but one, and the same Art?

He agreed with me.

What then, continued I, shall a Philosopher be ashamed when a Physician shall speak before him, of Distempers, or some other shall speak of his Art, I say shall he be ashamed that he does not understand what they say, and that he can't give his Advice? and when a King, a Magistrate, a Politician, an Oeconomist shall speak of their Art, he should not be ashamed that he can't understand them nor say any thing of his own Head?

How should it not be much more shameful; Socrates, said he to me not to be able to say any thing upon so great and so important things.

But, continued I, shall we fix it, that upon these same things the Philosopher should be as the Pentathle, whom we just now spoke of, that is to say, always below the Masters, and that he is but of the second Rank so that he will always be useless when those Masters are present? Or shall we rather say that he ought to be Master himself, that he may not be of the second Rank, and may not give his House to the Conduct of another, but that he may manage it himself in the Rules of Wisdom and Justice, if he would have it well govern'd, and that it should prosper?

He agreeth with me.

In fine, said I to him, if his Friends should abandon themselves to his Conduct, or his City call him to the Office of the Magistracy, or should order him to be Arbitrator upon publick or private Affairs, would it not be a shame for him to be only of the second or third rank instead of being the head?

So me thinks, said he.

Then my Dear, Philosophy wants much of being a Love of all Sciences or an Application to all Arts. At these words the learned Man being confounded knew not what to answer, and the illiterate Man assured me that I was in the right. All the rest likewise submitted to those Proofs.

F I N I S.







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