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P L A T O ' S

D I A L O G U E

O F T H E

*Immortality of the Soul.*

Translated from the *Greek,*

By Mr. *THEOBALD*, Author of the *Life of Cato Uticensis.*

Οὐ πολλῶ ἀνθρώποι ζῶντι χεῖνον, ἀλλ' ἐπίκαιρον.  
Ψυχὴ δ' ἀθάνατος, καὶ ἀγήρωσ ζῆ δια παντός. Phocyl.

— *Anne aliquas ad Cælum hinc ire putandum est  
Sublimes animas?—*

*Ignens est ollis vigor, & Cælestis Origo  
Seminibus, —* Virg.

L O N D O N :

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T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**T**H E Town having receiv'd the Tragedy of Cato with so general an Applause, and a considerable Part both of its Audience and Readers being unacquainted with the Motives from which the Death of the Hero, the principal Incident of the Play, arises; I thought it could not be improper to set that Action in a full Light, by a Translation of this Dialogue of Plato on the Immortality of the Soul. It being the very Treatise, which Cato read no less than twice before he kill'd himself: The Treatise shew'd him all the Calamities of Life magnified and redoubled, which made him justly weary of so frail a Being, while it pointed out to him a bright Dependance of Eternity,

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## The P R E F A C E.

*turity, a Disengagement from corporeal Pain and Anxiety, and an Eternal Resort of Happiness for the Soul, purchased by Virtue.*

*I shall here give a short Account how Plato has introduc'd this Dialogue, what are its principal Aims, and what the Proofs by which those Aims are supported.*

*The Athenians (who were a People so bigotted to their Idolatries and Superstitions, that they were perpetually apprehensive of any Innovations which offer'd at subverting their Principles, or intruding on them new Points of Faith, tho' they freed them from Errors) indicted Socrates, who labour'd to bring them to the Knowledge of the true God, of Impiety, of disowning his Country's Gods, introducing new Deities, and corrupting the Youth with Doctrines contrary to their receiv'd Religion. The Strength of the accusing Faction, and the Prepossessions of the People in Prejudice of Socrates, effected his Condemnation by a Majority of Two Hundred and Eighty One Votes: After  
his*

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*his Sentence past, he was committed to Prison, and after thirty Days Confinement had the Mortal Draught administer'd to him, which he drank off with wonderful Resolution, and dy'd with a Serenity worthy of a Philosopher.*

Plato (who was a Disciple of Socrates) took an Opportunity of honouring his Great Master in the Scene of his Death, and could not do it in a more effectual manner, than in putting the noble Arguments contain'd in this Dialogue in the Mouth of the Dying Philosopher: Tho' Diogenes Laertius, who has writ both their Lives, attributes the very Discourse to Socrates, and says Plato has digested it into Form in his Phædo.

The Argument is divided into two parts; the one of a Moral, the other of a Theological Nature: The former, working us up to a Contempt of Death, by shewing us that it has no Terrors to a good Man; and the latter, supporting this Position with the best of Reasons, a Proof of the Soul's Immortality.

The

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*The Substance of what is advanc'd on the first Head (that a Dissolution is to be wish'd for by the Good and Wise) is as follows; That the Soul is made for Knowledge; that the Body is a Clogg, and Obstacle to her Contemplations, deceiving her with specious, but false Representations from the Ministry of the Senses: Hence arises this Conclusion; that if the Union of the Body interrupt the Soul in her Search after Wisdom, then perfect Knowledge is reserv'd only for the Life to come. That Philosophy therefore teaches, to Contemn the Body and be weary of its Commerce, which debars us such Felicities: Instructing us, how to Dye; and that our Aversions to Death only proceed from our being Slaves to Carnal Appetites, which weaken the Soul, and break in upon her Views of Eternity. That therefore Men who have struggled to Controul their Passions, and ween themselves from the sensual Pleasures of the World, look upon Death as a Passage to a Better Life, and therein hope for a Reward of their Actions.*

*Upon*

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Upon the Topick of the Soul's Immortality, he inforces his Proofs by Examining all Objections, and then removing them: His first Demonstration is from this Thesis, that all Contraries produce their Contraries reciprocally; that Life and Death are each other's Contraries, and therefore that as Death is the Product of Life, so Life must necessarily Spring from Death, or else Nature would be defective in her Operations: The next step to this Important Proof is, that the Soul had an Existence before its Union with the Body; and that all the Ideas and Knowledge, which we attain by Study in this Life, are but a Remembrance and Recollection of what we knew as well before we were born. That the Immortality of the Soul is likewise grounded on its Nature; being Simple, and Immaterial; and that only Compounded Beings are subject to Dissolution. That by looking back into the Causes of Things, we shall find that God placed every thing in the most convenient State; that therefore our Enquiry must be  
wherein

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wherein the particular Good of the Soul consists, and the Solution will direct us to a Discovery of its Immortality.

To Sum up all his Proofs, were to make my Preface too Prolix; besides that it were Impossible to give you them in the same genuine Beauty, as they appear in the Dialogue; so Artful in their Introductions, so surprizing in their Consequences, and so strongly defended against Objections.

I dare not pretend to have done the Original Justice in my Phrase, but hope I have not mistaken him in his Meaning; and then perhaps his Conceptions may strike the Mind as powerfully, as if they were cloath'd in a more stately or florid Habit.



PLATO'S





PLATO'S  
DIALOGUE  
OF THE

*Immortality of the Soul.*

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Between *Echecrates* and *Phædo*.

*Eche.*



UT prithee, *Phædo*, were you your self at *Athens* on the Day when *Socrates* drank the Poison in Prison? Or had you the Relation from some other that was present?

*Phæ.* No; I my self was there.

*Eche.* And what then did that Great Man say before he dy'd? And how did he expire? I am impatient to hear: For our Gentlemen of *Phlius* but seldom take a Progress to *Athens*, and 'tis a long time since any Person from thence has come hither, that could relate that Action to us with all its Circumstances, only agree-

ing that he dy'd by Poison, and on the other Heads are entirely silent.

*Phæ.* Then have you not been inform'd of his Conviction, and how the Case was carried in the Court against him?

*Eche.* Yes, we had some Accounts of those Proceedings: And it seem'd strange to us, that after his Sentence pass'd, they gave him so much Time e'er they would execute the Law upon him: Whence arose this Mercy, *Phædo*?

*Phæ.* 'Twas an indulgent Chance of Time, *Echecrates*, that favour'd *Socrates* in that Reprieve; for the Day before he took his Tryal, the *Consecrated Vessel* was adorning, which the *Athenians* yearly fit out for *Delos*.

*Eche.* What do they mean by't?

*Phæ.* Why this is the very Ship (as the *Athenians* wou'd persuade us) wherein *Theseus* heretofore with his fourteen Companions embark'd for *Crete*, and wherein he return'd safe, and preserv'd likewise his young Associates; for they made a solemn Vow to *Apollo*, that if they escaped the Dangers of this Expedition, they would annually make a Voyage of Thanks to his Temple at *Delos*: And from that Time has this Ceremony been continually kept up in Gratitude to the Deity: Therefore from the Moment this Solemnity is begun, by their Laws they make *Lustrations* in the City, and no Executions are done on Criminals, from the Time the *Vessel* sets out for *Delos* till its Return to *Athens*. And sometimes this Procession takes up a considerable Time, when the Winds do not set fair. Now the Beginning of this devout Voyage is computed from the Time that *Apollo's* Priest first adorns the *Stern* of the *Ship* with Garlands. And this very Pomp commenc'd, as I told you, the Day before the Trial came on: Wherefore the Interval between *Socrates's* Condemnation and Death was of some Duration.

*Eche.* But oh, *Phædo*, what did he say in his expiring Moments; how did he behave himself? Who of his Acquaintance were with him: or did the Rigour of the Magistracy deny his Friends Access to him, and force him to dye abandon'd and alone? —

*Phæ.*

*Phæ.* Not so; they were assembled in Numbers to him.

*Eche.* Oblige us then with the distinct Account of all the Particulars you can, if your Time will permit.

*Phæ.* I am at present at leisure; and will endeavour to relate every Circumstance: For to remember *Socrates*, to speak of him, or even hear him spoken of, pleases me above all Subjects.

*Eche.* *Phædo*, be assur'd you cannot take more Pleasure in speaking, than I in hearing; begin therefore, and be careful nothing be omitted.

*Phæ.* I was affected most unaccountably with the Scene of his Death; for I felt in my self no soft Compassion or Pangs of Sorrow for the Death of a Man that was my Friend; but even envy'd him the Glory of his Fate, when I heard his Sentiments, and consider'd his Behaviour: For he departed with that Bravery and Sedateness of Soul, that, free from all Apprehensions of dying, he seem'd to have a Summons from the Gods to exchange his Mortality for an happier State above, if ever Man was crown'd with such Felicity: So that I could neither force my self into a State of Sorrow; nor could I take that sincere Pleasure in his Discourse as I used at other times to receive from his Disputations of Philosophy: For tho' his Reasoning had all its usual Strength and Elegance, yet the Confusion of our blended Passions robb'd us of its Force, when we reflected on the Speaker as a Man that was every Moment expected to leave us. Yet were every one of us dispos'd alike, and divided between Smiles and alternate Sorrows: particularly *Apollodorus*; for you know the Man, and his Temper and Manners.

*Eche.* How should I not?

*Phæ.* Why even he was in the same Medley of Perturbation with us all.

*Eche.* But who had you there, good *Phædo*?

*Phæ.* Several Citizens of *Athens*. *Apollodorus*, and *Critobulus* and his Father *Crito*: *Hermogenes*, *Epigenes*, *Æschines*, and *Antisthenes*; nay, there were *Ctesippus*,

*Menexenus*, and others: And as for *Plato*, I think, he was sick.

*Eche*. But were there no Foreigners?

*Phæ*. Yes, there were *Simmias* the *Theban*, and *Cebes*, and *Phædon*: and *Euclides* and *Terpsion* of *Megara*.

*Eche*. But were not *Aristippus* and *Cleombrotus* attending?

*Phæ*. No, truly; they were said to be at *Agina*.

*Eche*. And were there no more?

*Phæ*. To the best of my remembrance I have nam'd all the Company.

*Eche*. But tell me then, what was the Subject of their Discourse.

*Phæ*. I'll endeavour to satisfy you from the very beginning. I and several others made it our constant Custom to visit *Socrates* once a Day: Our Place of meeting was in the very *Court* where he receiv'd his Sentence; for it was very near his Prison; there we pass'd away the Time 'till the Prison was open'd, which was never very early; and then we went in to *Socrates*, and often spent the remainder of the Day with him. The Morning before his Death we went sooner than ordinary, for the Evening before, as we were going from him, we were inform'd the *Consecrated Vessel* was arriv'd from *Delos*: And thereupon we agreed amongst our selves to be very early at the usual Place: We kept to our Appointment: And the Turn-key, that was always our Guide, now prevented our Entrance, and begg'd our Patience 'till further Orders; for that the *Eleven Magistrates* were loosing *Socrates* from his Bonds, and preparing him for the Death which he was that Day to suffer. He did not make us wait long, before we were suffer'd to go in. Entering, we found *Socrates* just discharg'd from his Fetters; and *Xantippe* sitting by him with a young Child in her Arms. She no sooner saw us, but breaking out into all the Vehemence of Sorrow, incident to Women upon such Occasions, she cry'd, O *Socrates*, this is the last Interview thou shalt have with thy Friends, or they with thee! he casting his Eyes on *Crito*, Let some body (says he)  
convey

convey this Woman home, *Crito*: Immediately some of *Crito's* Servants led her away in all the Agonies of Grief and Passion: *Socrates* sitting on his Bed, drew up his Leg that had been loaded with Irons, and stroaking it with his Hand, address'd himself to us thus. What an unaccountable thing is this, my Friends, which Men term Pleasure, what a wonderful Agreement there is betwixt it and Pain, tho' they seem Opposites in kind, because they never both attack the same Object at once: Yet whoever goes in Pursuit of either of the two, is forc'd to take up with the Company of its Antagonist also, as if they were Twins and inseparable by Nature. I am of Opinion, if the facetious *Æsop* had ever made this Remark, we should have had a Fable upon it: That *Jove* having a mind to reconcile Contraries, and having no other way to effect their Union, chain'd their Heads together, and by this means whatever Person the one Quality visits, its Opposite presently is obtruded on the Company: As I have been convinc'd by Experience. For my Leg, while oppress'd with the weight of my Fetters, gave me violent Pain, and now they are taken off, my Torment is succeeded by Ease and Pleasure—*Cebes* interrupting him, For God's Sake, *Socrates* (says he) now you put me in mind of it: Concerning those *Hymns* you made in Praise of *Apollo*, and *Fables* versify'd by you from *Æsop*; a great many People, and particularly *Evenus*, have put the Question to me, how you came to set about Works under your Confinement which you had never attempted in your State of Freedom; if you are inclined therefore that I should give *Evenus* or others any particular Reason (for I am certain I shall be ask'd) tell me what Reply I shall make.—The truth, *Cebes*; and nothing but the truth; (says *Socrates*,) that I did it not to set my self on the level with him and his Poetry; for that were no easie Task: But in Obedience to some Dreams I had, that often enjoin'd me to exercise Musick: Thus it was: Thro' the whole Course of my Life, I have been perpetually haunted with such Dreams, which tho' they have address'd me in differing Forms and Phantasies, yet they retain'd their Design of persuading me to the Practice of Musick:

sick: I look'd upon these things but as Commands to proceed in that Course of Studies I from my Youth had follow'd; and as 'tis usual for us to spur up our Racers with Terms of Encouragement, so I thought my self exhorted to use all my Vigour in cultivating my Philosophy, as the Source of Musick, and Soul of Harmony: But here of late, when I had receiv'd my *Sentence*, and that the *Festival* of *Apollo* occasion'd the deferring of my Death, I was of Opinion that the repeated Injunctions of my Slumbers pointed at the common sort of Musick: And that I should not stand out, but comply with the Summons. For I thought it safer, as I was a dying Man, to reconcile my self to the Gods by an implicate Obedience to their Wills, and acquit my self of their Commands by an Attempt in Poetry, than to neglect or despise their Orders: Therefore I began with an *Hymn* to *Apollo*, whose *Festival* was then celebrated; and after that, considering that Numbers alone did not make a Poet, without Skill in composing of Fables; and being no Fabulist my self, I turn'd into Verse such Fables of *Æsop*, as I had by Heart, and which first occur'd to my Remembrance. This let *Evenus* know, good *Cebes*; and that the best Wishes of a dying Man attend him, who, if he be wise, will follow my Steps: I am this Day going to my last Home, as I think, for so the *Magistrates* of *Athens* have Decreed—Then said *Simmius*, What are these Commands, O *Socrates*, that you leave for *Evenus*? I have often fell into the Company of that Gentleman, and as far as I can guess of him, he will have no great Inclination to pursue your Directions.—What! (says *Socrates*) is not he a Philosopher? — I think he is, reply'd *Simmius*—Then (says *Socrates*) *Evenus*, and every Body else that is worthy of that honourable Title, must pursue my Steps: I mean not, every one will lay violent Hands on himself: For some disallow this Proceeding. — At this he drew his Legs from off the Bed; and in that Posture continu'd his Discourse. Then *Cebes* put this Question to him, How do you Explain that, *Socrates*? — That Self-murder is not warranted, and yet that a Philosopher must wish to follow you in your Death? — What? (replies he,)

he,) *Cebes*, have not you and *Simmius* heard *Philolaus* handle that Subject, and yet were intimate with him? — Never to clear the Point, replies *Cebes*. — Nay, I tell you but what I have heard on this Head (says *Socrates*,) and shall not grudge you the Repetition of the Argument: For perhaps it is the properest Discourse for a dying Man; to talk with Deliberation of, and search deeply into, the Nature of the Journey he is about to take: What can he do better, to the last gasp of his Breath? — But upon what Grounds (says *Cebes*) do they infer it unlawful for a Man to kill himself? Indeed, as you question'd me, I have heard *Philolaus* in his Conversation touch on this Theme, and agree with some others as to the Heinousness of the Fact; but never heard any of them come to their Proofs upon the Argument. — 'Tis a Subject requires your best Attention, (says *Socrates*) and perhaps it may startle you to hear, the Result of this Topick is an unalterable Conclusion, and not like other Maxims that will admit to be controverted, *whether 'tis better for a Man to die, or to drag on an insipid Being*; now if 'tis more expedient for some to die, 'twill seem strange to you, that they shall not have Liberty to set themselves at large, but must wait for the slow Season of their Deliverance. — But *Cebes* with a Smile reply'd, *Jupiter* only can determine this Point fully — Nay, says *Socrates*, let the Argument look absurd at the first View, nevertheless it has Reason on its Side: Now indeed to me the Notions, that are instilled in the People in mysterious Lessons of Religion, have in them something Great and of Consequence. That Man is as it were upon Guard under God, and cannot quit his Post without Leave from that great Superior. For it seems to me, good *Cebes*, very reasonable, That the Gods do preside over and take care of our World, and that the Race of Man are their Properties and Possession: Are not these your Thoughts? — To a Tittle, says *Cebes* — Why therefore, replies *Socrates*, make it your own Case, would it not provoke you, to have one of your Slaves peremptorily kill himself, without the least Intimation from you of dismissing his Service? And would you not shew your Anger, by revenging

the Contempt, if you had it in your Power?—('Tis granted, says *Cebes*.)---By the same Rule therefore 'tis not improper to judge, that an Attempt of this kind is not permitted to any Man, 'till God has pointed out an absolute Necessity of Dying, as it is the Case with me at this Instant.—There is much likelihood in this, (says *Cebes*) but what you started but now, seemingly implies a Contradiction to it, *Socrates*; that Philosophers should be fond of Dissolution, if we determine it reasonable, that God should take Care of us, and that we are his Properties: For it is inconsistent, that the wisest and most prudent of Mankind should not feel Regret at being discarded by the Gods, who are the best Rulers of Nature. For sure a prudent Man would scarce presume to think, he could better square his Actions from his own Sufficiency, than the Divine Direction: But Madmen and Fools perhaps may esteem it right to throw off the Tuition of Providence, and do not consider that what is Good is not to be eschew'd, but always adher'd to; therefore would be Independent at any rate: But Men of reasoning Souls will always embrace the Conduct of Superior Excellence. And therefore, *Socrates*, the contrary of your late Assertion must carry the Day: *That Wise Men ought with Reluctance to quit this Being, and Fools only to desire Death.*—*Socrates* seem'd pleas'd with the facetious Reasons *Cebes* urg'd; and turning to us, This *Cebes*, says he, is always labouring after Objections, and will never admit any Position, till he has first disputed it.—But (reply'd *Simmius*) *Cebes*'s Argument, Dear *Socrates*, has no small Force with me: For upon what Grounds shall Wise Men throw off the Authority of better Masters than they can be of themselves, and abdicate a Benefit? And *Cebes* seems to drive his Argument at your Conduct, who so serenely relinquish us, and the Protection of those Powers, which, by your own Confession, are our best Directors.—Your Accusation is just, says *Socrates*, and I doubt not, but you as much expect I should labour to clear my self, as if I were upon my Trial:—Most certainly, says *Simmius*, and therefore proceed to your Defence.—I shall be more earnest to maintain this Point, (replies *Socrates*)



*crates*) than I was to save my Life in Court: And upon my Faith and Credit with you both, unless I were assured in my self, that I shall be committed to the Care of other good and wise Gods, and shall converse with Men infinitely better than these on Earth, I should condemn my self in courting of Death: But, depend upon it, I am in so full an Hope of having an Abode with the Righteous, that I should not else be so fond of vindicating my Conduct: And that we shall find Gods for our gracious Governors in that other World, I dare as positively affirm, as on any Subject of this disputable Nature; because I have no startling Apprehensions of Death, as I should have, but for this informing Instinct, and go with a full Dependance of a future Being, and a State, where (as I have all along profess'd) the Virtuous shall fare better than ill Men.— What then (replies *Simmius*) did you think to depart with these Sentiments, and not let us share in the Knowledge of them, when 'tis the common Concern and Interest of us all to learn this Lesson? And when it is your full Justification, if we are convinc'd of the Force and Equity of the Argument. I shall endeavour (says *Socrates*) to bring you over to this Opinion; but give me leave first to hear what *Crito* has to say, who, I think has endeavour'd for some time to put in a Word.— Nothing more, says *Crito*, than what your Executioner advises, that you should be sparing of your Voice, because the Warmth of Disputations often so far correct the Quality and Operation of the Poison; that some of his Patients, for this Reason, have been forc'd to drink a double, nay a treble Quantity to end them: — No more of his Philosophy (says *Socrates*) let him but obey the Commands of his Office in my Dispatch, tho' he mix me a double or treble Proportion to effect it. — I was confident, (says *Crito*) that would be your Answer; but the Fellow was importunate in his Request. — Well, no Matter, (replies *Socrates*) I shall now open my Reasons to you that are my Judges; wherefore I think, that a Man who has been vers'd in Philosophy from his Cradle, should expect the Hour of Death with an intrepid Soul, and a full  
Hope,

Hope, that after his Decease he shall enjoy the Height of Felicity. And as my Opinion leans on this Belief, good *Simmius* and *Cebes*, I shall endeavour to strengthen it with my Arguments: Whoever study and make the true Use of their Philosophy; abandon the Care of all other Subjects, and make it their Concern to learn to die, and be ready for the Stroke; which, if granted, 'twere ridiculous for them, after a whole Life spent in an anxious Disquisition to this End, to forfeit the Fruits of all their Application at once, and be stagger'd with Irresolutions at the Point of Death. — Here *Simmius*, with a Smile reply'd, Indeed, *Socrates*, you have forc'd a Laugh from me, at a Time when I am no ways dispos'd to such Mirth; but if a great many had heard you, they would agree, that you had exquisitely hit the Case of the Philosophers; and all our Countrymen would subscribe to your Verdict, that those studious Gentlemen ought to die, and put that Lesson in immediate Practice, which they are only fit for: — Perhaps they may be right in this, *Simmius*, (reply'd *Socrates*) but they must not pretend to know it to be so: For they are ignorant on what Grounds a true Philosopher studies his Death, or is worthy of it. But let us leave *Athens* to her own Sentiments, and come back to our own Subject. Do we think Death to be any Thing? — Without Question it must be something (says *Simmius*). — Ay, but any thing more, replies *Socrates*, than a Parting of Soul and Body; so that by this Dissolution the Body is in a State distinct from the Soul, and the Soul actuates by itself, without the Incumbrances of Flesh and Sinews? — Even so, and no otherwise, says *Simmius*. — Let us examine then, my good Friend, (replies *Socrates*) whether our Opinions answer in every Particular; for by this means we shall have a true Knowledge of the Scope of our Enquiry. Do you think it then consistent with the Character of a Philosopher, to run in Pursuit of what are accounted Pleasures, to indulge his Appetite in Banqueting and Riot? to yield to the Allurements of a Love-passion, or to be nice in the Ornaments of Dress and Fashion? Is he, in your Opinion, to set a Value on these things, or to despise them in all other respects,

spects, than as the Necessities of Nature demand a Sustainance and Covering?----In my Mind, (says *Simmius*) a true Philosopher must of consequence contain these empty Trifles.----Do not you suppose (reply'd *Socrates*) that the Studies of these Men cannot condescend to the cultivating a Body, but fly a Pitch so far above it, that their whole Care is employ'd on the Soul? — (I agree to it, says *Simmius* :) Is it not therefore apparent, that a Philosopher, more than all Sects of Men, makes it his Business to keep his Soul from all Commerce with the Body? And 'tis a general Opinion, *Simmius*, that the Man that is dead to the Pleasures of the World is not worthy of this Life; but that being insensible in gratifying the Body, he is almost in Effect dead. — Nothing more true, reply'd *Simmius*. — What if we advance then to the Search after Wisdom, says *Socrates*; Would the Body be a Clogg to our Proceedings, if made a Partner in that Enquiry? Let me be understood on this Head; are our Eyes and Ears infallible to us; may we rely on their Informations? Or is it, as the Poets say, that we cannot depend on the Testimonies of Sounds or Objects? And if these nobler Senses impose upon us, we can put no Confidence in those that are weaker and more fallible: Are not these your Thoughts? — Altogether, says *Simmius*. — When then does the Mind attain true Notions, says *Socrates*; for when it would be assisted by the Body in its Search, it is sure to err and be deluded: Is it not by the Power of reasoning, if ever at all, that we become acquainted with Truth? And we certainly then reason best, when no Interruptions, either of the Senses or Passions, weaken our Intellects; but when the Soul, entirely collected within it self, drops all Views and Communications with the Body, and strains after Knowledge, without pinioning our Conceptions down to Sense. — 'Tis very true, says *Simmius*. — Therefore *Simmius*, (replies *Socrates*) does not the Soul of a Philosopher look down with Disdain on a poor Carcass, got out of the Reach of its Frailties, and long to live entirely to it self? — It stands to Reason, says *Simmius*. — But give me Leave, *Simmius*, (says *Socrates*) is Justice  
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any thing, or nothing? — Something without Doubt, replies *Simmias*. — And is it not fine and good, says *Socrates*? — Who disputes it, says *Simmias*. — But did ever you see them with your Eyes. — No — Did you ever touch their Essences? Or by Sense of Body grow acquainted with Magnitude, Health, Fortitude, and the like; or dive into their Natures by external Faculties? Or is it so, that whoever puts his whole Stress of Thought and Soul to the Business, will the sooner attain the propos'd End? — Questionless — Would not the Man then come to the most genuine Conclusions, that employ'd the Faculties of his Soul in their purest Perfection, neither allay'd or rebated with the Mixture of Sense and outward Objects; but that rely'd on the pure workings of Thought and Reasoning for a true Distinction, without being beholding to the Offices of the Eyes and Ears, or, in short, any Concurrence of the Body that does but annoy the Mind, shorten the Prospects of Contemplation, and darken all the Views that would lead to Truth and Wisdom by its obnoxious Union. Are not these the Means, *Simmias*, (if any) that can answer our Design? — There is Truth and Excellence in all you advance, O *Socrates*, (reply'd *Simmias*.) — Therefore must not we conclude from what has been said, (added *Socrates*) That Maxims of this Sort should be the constant Subjects of Philosophers among one another? For even our Reason points out to us the Path of these Principles; that while we dragg about this Body, and that the Soul is kept under, and buried in such a Mass of Frailties, it can never reach the Mark of its Endeavours or Desire. For the Body contributes a Number of Impediments even from the Necessity of its Support: We are pull'd back from our Disquisitions of Truth by accidental Illness; we are diverted from it by Love, Desires, Fears, and Varieties of Ideas and habitual Trifles; that it may be truly affirmed, The Body will never let us grow Masters of true Wisdom: For it is the Body, and its whimsical Desires, that provoke us to Wars, Seditions, and Battles. For all Wars spring from Avarice, and Thirst after Money. And Money must be had, to be the Slave of our

Luxury, and procure Trappings for the Body; and by all these Inconveniences are we balk'd in our Exercises of Philosophy: Lastly, even when an Interval offers for Thought, and we catch at it, with Design of improving our Notions, the Body will grow impertinent with intruding its Offices, distract and confound our Meditations with Tumult and disjointed Ideas, that we are again intangled in Disorder, and lost to the Enquiries of Truth: Now I have clearly demonstrated to you, that if we would pierce into real Discoveries of Nature, the Essence and Powers of the Soul must be abstracted from the Body, and act and determine entirely by its own Ministry: and thence, as it is apparent, we shall attain our Desires, and be bless'd with that Wisdom we profess our selves Lovers of, when we are dead; according to the Scope of my Arguments; but never in this Life: For if it be granted, that we can have no perfect Knowledge of any thing while engaged with the Body; one of these Positions is unavoidable, that we either never can arrive at Knowledge, or that we may after Death: For then the Soul will be discharg'd of all corporeal Impediments, and never 'till then. But while we live, we can only make poor Approaches to Wisdom, as we can distance the Operations of the Body, and have no Communication with its Organs, but of the last Necessity; nor imbibe its drossy Nature, or grow infected with its Corruptions, 'till God comes to set us free; and then our pure Essence, disengag'd of the Flesh's Follies, shall be in a State of Purity, as 'tis reasonable to suppose; and then we shall have sincere Views of Things, and of Truth it self: For Impurity can never dwell with Perfection. These are Sentiments, *Simmias*, that all true Philosophers should preach and inculcate to one another. Are not you of this Mind? — Most entirely, *Socrates*, replies *Simmias*. — Therefore, if my Conjectures are true, my Friend, says *Socrates*, there is abundant Hope, that whoever shall arrive where I am going, shall there, if any where, be crown'd with those Blessings which we toil and labour after vainly in this Life. This makes me launch out into the Sea of Eternity with such Satisfac-

on, and which others will do with the same serene Pleasure, that are persuaded their Souls will be purg'd and refin'd thereby---(Most undoubtedly, says *Simmius*:)--Which Purgation (continu'd *Socrates*) does it not consist, as I have before observ'd, in the Soul's being secreted from the Body, in being collected within it self, pure and uninfected with the Corruptions of the Flesh? And living by it self, as far as possible: And both in this as well as the future State in being separate, and discharged from the Bondage of the Body? --- (Most certain, says *Simmius*.)---Therefore is not this call'd Death, which is a Separation of Soul and Body? And are not true Philosophers, the only Men that earnestly wish for this Dissolution? And are not their Cares and Meditations employ'd on this desir'd End?--- I think the same, says *Simmius*-----Then would it not be absurd and ridiculous, as I said before, for a Man who has thro' the whole Course of his Life been learning to die, and framing all his Actions to that important End; to repine, when the expected Hour should come? --- Certainly---Depend on it therefore, *Simmius*, that your true Philosophers contemplate Death, and are the least of all Men scar'd at its Approach. View their Reasons thus: That as they altogether condemn the Body, and desire their Souls in a State of Separation from it, would it not be a Contradiction in their Principles, to be terrify'd and in anguish at the Hour of Death, and to shew an Uneasiness to take that Journey, where they hope to be possess'd of what they courted and pursu'd in this Life (the true Wisdom) and also to be freed from that Body whose Union was their Incumbrance? Have not many relinquish'd Life to follow a lov'd Companion, Wife or Child, in Hopes to see and converse with them after Death? And shall a true Lover of Wisdom, that is fully perswaded this admir'd Blessing is not to be attain'd but by an Hereafter, retreat from the Embraces of Death, and not willingly leap into Eternity? I must believe, my dear Friend, the Man who is a true Philosopher, will dwell on this Sentiment with all its weight, That he cannot possibly attain the Perfection of Knowledge, but in that State of Futurity. Upon this Concession, would it not be unreasonable and extravagant, as I said

said before, that such a Man should fear Death?—The height of Madness, by *Jove*, says *Simmius*.—Therefore this will be a sufficient Ground to suspect the Philosophy of such a Man, and look on him as one given up to Frailty and Appetite, tempted by Avarice or dazled with Ambition: or possess'd by some, or all of these deprav'd Affections.—'Tis true as you say, replies *Simmius*—Moreover, *Simmius*, is not that Virtue we term Fortitude, essential to a Philosopher? Is not Temperance (which, as they say, teaches us not to be subject to our Affections, but despise them, and practise Moderation and Sobriety) a proper part of his Character that disdains the Frailties of his Nature, and lives up to the Rules of Philosophy? — Without Question, says *Simmius* — But if we were to observe the pretended Fortitude and Temperance of common Men, they would appear Absurdities to us. — In what respect, good *Socrates*?— You are sensible that all Men but Philosophers consider Death as the greatest Evil—'Tis granted.—— Then do not the most valiant of these Pretenders, whenever they become Accessaries to their Fate, fly to Death to avoid some more terrible Event?—Right.—— Therefore to their Fears, all but Philosophers, owe their Courage: Tho' 'tis something inconsistent, that Men should grow bold from timorous Apprehensions.—— You say true.—— But what? Is the Case any whit different with your Men of Decorum and Moderation? Are they not Temperate thro' some Intemperance? Tho' this looks improbable: Yet some darling Extravagance is the Source of their insipid Moderation. For indulging themselves in some Pleasures and fearing to be debarr'd of that Pursuit, they grow abstemious to its Contraries, are carry'd away by their favourite Appetite, and yet term it Intemperance to be rul'd by the Affections: Tho' even while they exclaim thus *Stoically*, and are subduing some one Passion, they are Slaves to some other. Is not this to the Effect of what I said but now, that they are Temperate thro' some Intemperance?— Directly, says *Simmius*.—— But oh, my happy Friend *Simmius*, let us not Dream that we are in the Road to Virtue by parting with one Pleasure to procure another, by trafficking with our Passions,  
and

and exchanging one Fear for another, as we change our Mony into less Pieces. But Prudence and Wisdom are the Treasures to which we should sacrifice all our Imperfections; they are the true Sterling that will buy in Fortitude, Temperance and Justice. And in a word, where true Virtue is consoled with Prudence, it listens not either to Fear or Pleasure, or any of the Train of Passions; but where-ever it is not attended with Prudence, but is shuffling and dealing with the Affections, 'tis but a dark Imitation of it self; a servile precarious Virtue, that has no Truth or Perfection in it: But the true Examination of Virtue consists in being purg'd and drain'd of these Frailties: And Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, and Prudence contribute to this Purgation. Wherefore the Instituters of Purifications in my Mind deserve our regard, as they tacitly insinuate to us by those Mysteries, that whatever Person descends to the Shades uninitiated and unpurify'd, must lie in Darkness; but whoever departs cleansed and expiated, shall have an Abode with the Immortals. But as 'tis commonly said in these Religious Ceremonies, *That many bear the Ensigns of the Devotion, but few are possess'd with the Godhead*: So those that are truly inspir'd, are in my Mind only the Philosophers. To be admitted in which Number I have all along, to the utmost of my Pow'r, endeavour'd, and labour'd in the Means to effect it: What will be the Consequence of my Toil and Study, I am now going to try; and shall soon, by God's Permission, find in my Death, whether I have squar'd my Actions right to that End. This is my Defence, good *Simmias* and *Cebes*; and these are the Reasons that make me neither loth nor uneasie to leave you my Friends, nor the Gods, the Guardians of my Life: For I hope to find in the State of Futurity both good Friends and gracious Protectors. But this Notion has not Credit with the Many. If therefore my Arguments have more Influence on you in my Favour, than they had in my Trial, I am satisfy'd.

When *Socrates* had made an End, *Cebes* took up the Discourse to this Effect: I willingly assent to all your Assertions, *Socrates*, but that in Relation to the Soul:

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For 'tis a Matter of much Question in the World, whether it has any Separate State from the Body; or whether it does not die with the Man, and in the Moments of Death suffer an entire Dissolution, and like Air or Smoak, is scatter'd and vanishes into nothing, and has no manner of Existence afterwards: Indeed if it were collected within it self, and capable of a distinct Being, when disengag'd of the Incumbrance of the Body, as you inferr'd; there were good and ample Hopes, *Socrates*, that your Expectations are well grounded. But I am afraid it will require much force of Argument and a large Faith, to perswade us that the Soul survives the Separation from the Body and has any Energy, or Sense of Knowledge.----You say nothing but the Truth, *Cebes*; (reply'd *Socrates*) and what's to be done? Shall we enter upon the Reason and Probability of this Subject, now we are together?----Indeed, (says *Cebes*) I would very gladly hear your Sentiments upon it.----I am of Opinion, (replies *Socrates*) that no Man, not even a Writer of Comedies, who should hear me on this Subject, could suggest, that I trifled or consum'd the time in Discourses low and unbecoming the Mouth of a Dying Man: If therefore 'tis your Will that I should examine this important Question, whether the Souls of the Departed have any Existence in the other World, I think we should begin our Enquiry thus. I remember, it has been an Opinion of some Date, that the Souls of the Dead retire to the Regions below, and after some time return to this World to animate fresh Bodies. Now if this be admitted for a Certainty, that after one Dissolution, the Soul again revisits the frail Tenement of the Body, then the Soul must have a Being below, otherwise it could not be capable of a Return: And this Opinion will be sufficiently supported, if we can make it plain, that Life has its Source from Death: But if this be deny'd, we must have recourse to further Demonstration.---Certainly, says *Cebes*.-----Nor must we explain this only by Instances drawn from Man, says *Socrates*, but take in all the Animal and Vegetable Products of Nature: To find whether all things have not the same Birth, and derive their Beginnings from their

Contraries: As we see the Quality of Handsome, owes its Distinction to its contrary Ugliness, Just is opposite to Unjust, and so in a thousand other particulars. Now let us examine whether there be a Necessity for those Contraries, to produce their Contraries. As for Example, when any Substance grows bigger, this Increase of Bulk of Necessity infers the Thing's having been less first. And if any Substance shrinks away, this Diminution presupposes a Magnitude. Thus Strength grows from Weakness, Speed from Slowness; If any thing grows worse in Quality, was it not before better? If Juster in Kind, was it not more Unjust before? Therefore we are sufficiently convinc'd by all these Instances, that Contraries arise from Contraries: What more? Is there not a Medium betwixt these two opposite Effects? Are there not two Births or Advances from one of these Contraries to the other, and from this other to that again? For between a greater and a less Substance, are not the Mediums, a growth and wasting? And we can say, this is Increasing, that is Dwindling: Do not all things likewise gradually mix and separate; and by Progressions arrive at Heat and Cold? And even where we want Words to distinguish and explain these Conceptions, yet in the Formation of every thing that produces its Contrary, there is a Necessity of an Inter-birth or Progression to these alternate Effects.----Most certainly, says *Cebes* --- -What then? Has not Life a Contrary, as Sleeping is the Contrary to Watching: And what is this Contrary, but Death? And do not they mutually spring from each other, as being Contraries: Are there not two Births or Mediums between their two Essences?----There's no Contradiction to this, says *Cebes* ----I'll now derive to you, says *Socrates*, the Concords and Unions of these opposite Effects, of which I just now spoke, and the Progresses to such Unions, and you your self shall trace the other: I say then as before, that Sleep produces Watching, and Watching, Sleep: Now the Generations of these two Effects, are falling asleep, and awaking: Are you convinc'd of what I say?--- (Most fully, replies *Cebes*)-----You may say the same thing in the Case of Life and Death: Are they not

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Contraries and spring from each other: Therefore what is the issue of our Life; but Dying: And what are the Fruits of this Death; we must certainly determine, Life. Thus then 'tis evident, that an Existence proceeds from Death, and are not then our Souls dispos'd of in the Regions below? Now the Generation of one of these contrary Effects, is plain and obvious to our Sense: 'Tis manifest to us that we die; then shall we dispute the contrary Generation to Death, and hold Nature defective only in this Effect? Are we not rather necessitated to allow this unapparent Contrary? And what can it be, but a Resurrection, or return to Life? And if the Reviving be allow'd, does it not imply a Being sprung from Death to produce it? Upon this Confession then, Life is no less generated by Death, than Death is the Consequence of Life: And if so, 'tis an unanswerable Demonstration that the Souls of the Dead are lodged somewhere, from whence they are to return.—Indeed I think, *Socrates*, (reply'd *Cebes*) this is but a Consequence of the preceding Concessions.----Nor in my Mind, says *Socrates*, are these Concessions any ways forc'd or unreasonable: For if these Contraries did not reciprocally circulate in their Operations, but only proceed to one opposite Effect, and that Opposite not dispense back its generative Power, be assur'd, the Energy of Beings would cease, and the self-same Figure and unactive Disposition affect the whole Works of Nature.----How do you mean? says *Cebes*.-----There's no great Mystery in what I am saying, replies *Socrates*: For Instance, if we were to fall into a Sleep, and never wake, you are sensible the whole Creation would gradually drop into this *Endymion's* eternal Slumber, and all Production rest and be dissolv'd: In the like manner, if all Matter and Qualities were to be jumbled together and blended in one Mass, and never again to be sorted in a distinct Form and Species, *Anaxagoras's* Lesson of General Confusion would be effectually ratify'd. By the same Rule, my worthy Friend, if all living Things were to die, but being dead remain in that quiet State, incapable of reviving; is it not certain that all things in time must fall into Annihilation, and the Source of Being be lost? For

if living Things must perish, and obtain no new Existence from that Dissolution, there could be no Method or Possibility of supporting Generation.-----None in the World, O *Socrates*; (reply'd *Cebes*) and unanswerable Truths shine in all you say.----Indeed my Sentiments, says *Socrates*, make me firmly presume thus: Nor shall we be deceiv'd in embracing these Principles; That there is certainly a return to Life, that we shall receive Beings from Dissolution, and that the Souls of the Departed do exist; those of the virtuous in a State of Felicity, and those of the wicked in a State of Unhappiness---These Assertions, good *Socrates*, (says *Cebes*) naturally make way for another Tenet of yours, which you have often advanc'd, that the Learning we acquire by Pains and hard Study is but a Remembrance and Recollection of our Ideas: And at this rate, we must of Necessity have formerly learnt, what we now recollect: Now this is impracticable, unless our Soul had a Being somewhere, before it came to animate this humane Frame: And in this View, we have Grounds to think it Immortal.-----But what Proofs, *Cebes*, have you for this Position, says *Simmias*; favour me with the Recollection of this Point: For indeed I have lost the Knowledge of them at this Instant.-----I'll give you one admirable Confirmation (says *Cebes*) which is, that Men being question'd on any Subject; if the Question be fairly and rightly stated, are never at a loss for a true Answer: Which could not be without Reason and internal Knowledge: Nay try them upon Schemes and Problems in Geometry, or such like Difficulties, and they shall presently apprehend the Reasons of the Solution. — If this Proof, *Simmias*, do not satisfy you (reply'd *Socrates*) lend me your Ear and Attention to bring you over into my Argument. You cannot persuade your self to believe, that which is term'd Learning is nothing but Recollection. — I am not wholly Unbelieving, says *Simmias*; but I would fain be Master of this Recollection you speak of: And even from what *Cebes* has advanc'd, I begin to remember and be convinc'd; however let not this Confession rob me of your Notions thereupon, *Socrates*. — Why, thus I determine: we admit in some kind, that what e-

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ver any Man remembers, he must have at some time before known. — Without doubt. — Do we admit likewise that Knowledge coming to us in a peculiar Way, is Remembrance? What I mean by a peculiar Way is this; That when looking upon or hearing of, or by any other of our Senses, being inform'd of any particular thing, we not only know the Object presented, but form Ideas of some different thing, which we owe to a different Instinct; must we not reasonably call this a Remembrance of a thing we have such Extempore Notions of. — How's that? says *Simmius*. — Thus (replies *Socrates*) the Knowledge we have of a Man, and of an Harp, require different Ideas: And yet, you know, 'tis common for Lovers, when they behold an Instrument, a Garment, or any thing else which is used by their darling Friend, not only to know the Implement, but also to entertain in their Thoughts an Image of the admir'd Object of their Wishes: And this is a Remembrance: Or we may suppose it often happens, that a Person seeing *Simmius*, thinks of *Cebes*: I might produce you a thousand Instances of this Nature. Therefore are not things of this kind meer Recollection? But especially in Cases where we have lost the Impressions of any Object, either thro' Length of Time, Absence, or Carelessness of Temper. Well; then what shall we say of this, where seeing the Picture of an Horse or a Lyre, we bethink us of a Man; Or where we see the Picture of *Simmius*, and bethink us of *Cebes*? And yet we may know it design'd for *Simmius*. Then at this Rate, 'tis usual for Recollection to spring from a Likeness of the thing remember'd, and from what is unlike too: But when we recollect any Object, from its Likeness presented to our View, must we not be Judges at the same time, whether this Likeness is defective, or whether it comes up to the Original we remember by it. — It must be of Consequence, replies *Simmius*. —

Then observe well, good *Simmius*, (replies *Socrates*) if my ensuing Remarks are just: Have not we Notions of Equality? I speak not of that Equality betwixt one Piece of Timber and another, one Stone and another, nor any thing like that, but of a peculiar Equality exclusive of these Forms:

Do we know when this Equality is? If so, whence did we derive this Knowledge? Was it not had from the Objects I mentioned; as from seeing Trees, or Stones, or such Things equal to one another, we frame our Thoughts to Proportions in other Qualities. Let us examine this Argument thus: Do not the very Trees and Stones, that are always the same, sometimes appear equal, sometimes unequal to us? What, can Equality assume a Semblance of Inequality? Never: Then this Equality, and the Thing we frame it by, are different. — 'Tis agreed. — But yet this very Object of Proportion, which varies from Equality, supplies us with our Ideas and Knowledge of intellectual Equality: Is it not the same, whether the Object of the Eye has a Proportion to the Image in our Mind? There is no manner of Difference: For as when we look on any Object, and from that View reflect on a different Image, that may or may not bear a Resemblance to the Thing present, it is necessary that we call this Remembrance: So shall we say the Consequence is the same from the Instance of the Wood or Stone? Are they so equal as to come up to our inward Ideas of Equality; or are they defective and short of this imagined Proportion? — Certainly defective — But do not we admit, that where ever a Man thinks one thing would be equal to another, tho' the Object is not really equal to the Idea, but far short; that the Person who frames this Comparison of Equality in his Thoughts, must have a Knowledge of that imagined Species to which he thinks the Object bears a Likeness, tho' not in its full Perfection. — 'Tis undeniable. — What then? Is not the same Effect produc'd from measuring this Equality by Things really equal: Then 'tis Demonstration that we had a prior Knowledge of this Equality, or else we could not form Comparisons of it from Objects, tho' not entirely so equal as our Conceptions. Nay, we go yet further in our Concessions, that we neither deriv'd these Ideas, nor could possibly attain them, but from the Ministry of some of the Senses: And all Essences will fall under the same Distinction: — Then your Proofs will easily rise to the Argument in hand, *Socrates*; — Then we

we must owe this Notion to our Sense; that all Objects of the Senses make, in some Measure, Approaches to the abstracted Equality of our Thoughts, tho' not fully proportion it. — Doubtless — But then, even before we began to see, or hear, or have any Sensation, we must have possess'd an internal Knowledge of Equality, to be capable of making Judgments of it from Objects, so as to perceive how far they bear a Resemblance to our Ideas, and where they give out. — That is but a natural Result from the foregoing Argument, *Socrates*. — But do we not see, hear, and feel the Operations of Sense immediately from our Births: But, as I said before, our Knowledge of Equality was prior to our Familiarity with Sense; therefore it seems plain, we were endued with that Knowledge before we were born. — It is clearly so. — If then we had it before our Birth, we were born with it; and if so, then before our Birth too, and immediately after, we had the true inherent Notions, not only of Equality, but of Magnitude, Smallness, and all such Things: For the same Argument does not only comprehend our Knowledge of Equality, but of Beauty, Goodness, Justice, Sanctity, and, as I may say, of all Qualities which have a Being, and are allow'd such in our Disputations; and implies, that the Knowledge of them all was implanted in us before we were born. And if we were not continually forgetting the Knowledge of these Impressions, there were the same Necessity for us always to know them, as to be born with them. For the Definition of Knowing, is to retain, and not lose, what we have learnt: And the Definition of Forgetting, is the losing that Knowledge we before were possess'd of. — 'Tis granted, *Socrates*. — If then we had such Knowledge, before born; and lose it in the Crisis of our Nativities; then recover it again by the Assistance of the Senses: Is not then this kind of Learning a Recollection of Ideas foreknown, and should we not properly term it Remembrance? — Certainly. — And we have before explain'd that Position, That when we from any of our Senses grow acquainted with any Object, we thence recover Ideas of some other thing which we had till then forgot, and which this Object reviv'd in our Minds, either thro' a

Resemblance or Difference of Form: So that we must admit one of these two Assertions: That we all had this Knowledge at our Birth, and preserv'd it thro' the whole Course of our Lives; or that those who learn it, do but recollect what they before knew; and that this Discipline is properly Remembrance. — It is exactly so, *Socrates*. — Which of these two Principles then do you embrace, *Simmias*? That we are born with this Knowledge, or that we afterwards recollect what we before had learnt? — I am uncertain, *Socrates*, which of the two to adhere to. — Well then; can you give me your Sentiments on this Head, whether a Man of Knowledge can give a Reason for what he knows? — Without Question, *Socrates*. — But do you think every Body can give a Reason for what we have been discoursing? — I wish they could, (reply'd *Simmias*) but I much more fear, that to-morrow's Sun will not see a Man left that dares aspire to that Pitch. — Then sure you do not think, *Simmias*, that all Men have this Knowledge in them? — By no Means. — Do they then recollect what they have known? — Possibly they may — When then did our Souls receive this Knowledge? Not after we entred on this State of Human Life. — No certainly. — Then we had it before we were born? — Yes. — Then, *Simmias*, our Souls had an Existence separate from the Body, and a reasoning Knowledge, before its Union with Mortality. — Unless, *Socrates*, we receive this Knowledge just at the Instant of our Birth. For this Interval is not yet excepted. — Well, granting this, my Friend *Simmias*, at what Juncture did we lose this Knowledge? For we were not born with it, as was before admitted: Did we then forfeit it again, the very Moment we receiv'd it; or can you point me out the Time? — No indeed, *Socrates*; but I was not aware I trifled. — Then, *Simmias*, may we determine thus, replies *Socrates*; If that Justice and Goodness, which we daily talk of, have actual Beings, by whose intellectual Function we can compare external Objects; and if finding in our selves this Sufficiency, we lay it out afterwards on forming Judgments by the Sense, it follows of Necessity, that as these Qualities are inherent to us, prior to the Observations we make from them;



them; so it follows also that our Souls have an Existence before they contribute to the animating these Forms. If these Things are not so, our Arguments then stand on a very precarious Foot: For are there not the same cogent Reasons, that these Essences as well as our Souls are antecedent to our Births; and that if their Existences are denied, the Nature of the Soul must fall under the same Conclusion.— Your Arguments, O *Socrates*, wonderfully persuade me to the same Opinion, (reply'd *Simmias*) and the most exquisite Reasons guide us to this Confession, with a comfortable Prospect, that our Souls, as well as those very Essences you were speaking of, were produc'd before our Births; for I am assured of nothing more, than of the Existences of all these inherent Principles of Justice, Piety, and the like; and am fully satisfied in the Proofs of your Discourse.— But what says *Cebes* to it, (replies *Socrates*) for I must endeavour to reconcile him to their Tenor.— I am apt to think (says *Simmias*) tho' he were the most hard of Belief and obstinate in Objections, he must be here fully convinc'd; and that he is perfectly persuaded our Souls had a Being before our Births: But whether they will survive the Decease of the Body, is not altogether, *Socrates*, so evidently made out in my Opinion. For that strong Doubt of the Vulgar, which *Cebes* touch'd on but now, is yet unanswer'd, *Of the Soul's Dissipation when the Body dies*: For as I see no great Improbability in the Soul's Existence, and being summon'd from its first State to an Union with the Body; so after it has run thro' this Command, what hinders but it may be annihilated, and perish with its Companion?— You say true, *Simmias*, reply'd *Cebes*, I join with you, that but one Part of the Controversie is prov'd of the Soul's Existence before our Birth; and if he designs his Argument should prevail in all its Force, he must support it with this Demonstration, That after our Deaths the Soul exists as certainly as before we were born.— 'Tis already prov'd to you both, Gentlemen, (replies *Socrates*) if you please to join this Proof to what you have already admitted, *That all living Things spring from Death*: For if the Soul has an Existence before it is coupled to hu-

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mane Nature, that Existence arises from nothing but  
 Death; must it not of consequence follow that it should  
 survive the Body, since it must return to Life. And  
 thus this Assertion is fully prov'd: But you, and *Sim-  
 mias*, seem to have a Mind to discuss this Matter far-  
 ther; and perhaps, like Children, are possess'd with a  
 Fear, that the Air may have a Power of dissolving and  
 scattering the Frame of the Soul as it is quitting the  
 Body; especially where this Death does not fall under  
 a temperate Climate, and where the Winds are less  
 ruffling and turbulent.----- *Cebes*, smiling, reply'd to  
 this, Then imagine we have these Fears, *Socrates*, and  
 beat us out of them: Nay, do not think our Appre-  
 hensions merely feign'd; but perhaps there is some such  
 boyish Spirit really amongst us; Therefore attempt to  
 subvert that Cowardice, that he may not look on Death  
 as a Hobgoblin. ——— O! such Fears. (says *Socrates*) must  
 be corrected by daily and continued Applications, and,  
 as it were, Exorcisins, 'till the Party be restor'd to truer  
 Notions. — But where (replies *Cebes*) shall we meet  
 with this Cure when you are gone from us, *Socrates*?  
 ----- Oh, *Greece* is a wide Place, (says *Socrates*) and  
 stor'd with Men of Skill and Probity; and there are  
 many other Nations to be consulted on this important  
 Subject, in which you ought neither to spare your Bo-  
 dies or Estates. For you cannot expend your Stock in  
 a nobler Cause; Nay, take Directions from your own  
 good Counsels, and I question if you will any where  
 find more potent Antidotes than from your selves.-----  
 Well; but enough of this, (says *Cebes*) and, if you  
 please, let us return from our Digressions to the mat-  
 ter in hand. — It pleases me well, replies *Socrates*, for  
 why should it not? In order to this, we must examine  
 to what this Pathos, or Quality of Dissipation is inci-  
 dent, where it is chiefly to be feared, and on what  
 Side; then we must enquire into the Nature of our  
 Souls, and from this Search either depend on our  
 Hopes, or submit to our Fears. Now does it not seem  
 reasonable that a compounded Being should be subject  
 to this Accident, and be scatter'd by the same Rule that  
 it is compounded: But whatever is uncompounded, that  
 along

alone is not obnoxious to Dissolution: Now those Things that are always in the same Posture and Condition, are they not, think you, of a pure and simple Nature? But those things that differ in their Complexion and Quality, and admit Change, are of a compounded Essence. Now let me return to the Examination of those Essences I but now was speaking of; and whose Definition we agreed on in the preceding Argument, to find whether they are of a Property liable to Change, or not: Do Equality, Beauty, and all those Beings, suffer any Transformation; or do they continue Uniform, Unmixt and Incapable of Change? — Of Necessity, says *Cebes*, they must be of a pure and unalterable Nature. — But how shall we determine, replies *Socrates*; of many Objects of Beauty, as Men, Horses, fine Garments and the like, that are own'd to have Beauty and regular Proportion in them, and in short of all such things; do they retain their Nature pure and unchang'd? or are they always shifting their Qualities and Complexions, and never Stable or Permanent: — Never, (says *Cebes*,) in the same Condition. — Because these things, replies *Socrates*, are to be seen and felt, and are communicable to the Senses; but all those Essences that are incapable of Change, are also Invisible, and can only be discern'd by the Eye of Reason and Knowledge. — (True, says *Cebes*) — Shall I then consider these two Species's, under the distinct Classes of Visible and Invisible? Is it not granted that the Invisible is Unchangeable; the Visible, always varying? — We must admit it. — To proceed then; does the Composition of Man consist in any thing more than a Body and Soul? To which Species is the Body most Ally'd? — Undoubtedly, to the Visible. — To which, the Soul; is that also Visible? — Not to Mankind. — But I spake (says *Socrates*) only in reference to such Essences, as are either to be seen or not seen by Human Nature. Therefore what shall we say of the Soul, is it Visible or not? — Certainly Invisible. — Then the Soul only is to be rang'd under that Class; the Body, under visible Things. And does it not happen, as I above remark'd; that when the Soul takes in the Body a Partner in its Contemplations, and  
makes

makes use of its Corporeal Offices to see, hear, or any other ways Minister to her Conceptions (for the Association of the Body is always an Appeal to the Senses) is she not pull'd down by the Body to converse with changeable Matter, and is embroil'd and confounded in Error and Perplexity; and stagger'd, like a Man in drink, by that gross Communication; But when collected only within her self, and working by her own Powers, there the Commerce is entirely perfect, and her Views Immortal and Unchangeable; and as being a-kin to such Objects she dwells upon them as long as possible, and for such time keeps herself uncontaminated and pure, as conversing with that which admits no Change or Error, and this Passion of the Soul is term'd Wisdom or Prudence. — You speak admirably well and truly, O *Socrates*. — Then again I ask you upon the Premises, (says *Socrates*) to which you think the Soul bears greatest Conformity? — I think *Socrates*, replies *Cebes*, that none can be so blockish or stubborn but must yield upon your Arguments, that the Soul in all things resembles the unchangeable Quality, and the Body the mutable Species. — Let us examine it again thus, says *Socrates*; while the Body and Soul are United, Nature has ordain'd that the one shall submit and be the Slave; the other direct, and impose Command. Which then do you think the proper Office of the Divine Part? Is not its Divine Essence appointed for Rule, and the Mortal Part fit for Subjection? Which seems most consonant to the Soul? — 'Tis evident, *Socrates*, that the Soul is conformable to a Divine Existence, the Body to a Mortal Being — Observe then, my dear *Cebes*, (replies *Socrates*) whether our foregoing Arguments do not hang together and produce one another? That the Soul most strictly resembles a Divine, Immortal, Intellectual, Uniform, Indissoluble, and Unchanging Essence; but our Body is as nearly related to the Human, Mortal, Sensible, Compounded, Dissolvable and Ever-changing Nature. Can any Objections be started here, *Cebes*, to invalidate this Part of our Depositions? — Certainly, no. — Upon this Assertion then does it not follow, that the Body should be soon Incident to Dissolution.

but the Soul never liable to Dissipation, or any thing like it? Do you not further perceive, that when the Man dies, the Visible Body, that is laid out in View, and which we call the Carcass, and which is obnoxious to Dissolution, Perishing, and Corruption; yet does not immediately suffer these Changes; but if it was, when living, of a strong and hale Constitution, it preserves its Beauty and Flower untainted for some time: Bodies, that are dry'd and embalm'd after the *Ægyptian* manner, are kept whole for an incredible Season: And even where the Flesh does Corrupt, yet some Parts of the Body, as Bones and Nerves, if I may so say, last for ever: But the invisible Soul, retiring to a Region like it self, Excellent, Pure, Invisible, and hid from Mortal Eyes, returns to a God of Wisdom and Goodness: whither my Soul, if God so permit, shall presently retire: Shall a Soul then of such an Essence and Constitution, as soon as ever it is disengag'd from the Body, be dissipated and perish, as many alledge? It is far otherwise, my dear *Cebes* and *Simmius*. And especially where the Soul takes its flight, clogg'd with none of the Corporeal Grossness, but full of its own Essential Purity, as having had no Commerce with the Frailties of the Flesh during its Union, but avoiding the Pollutions of Matter, collected within it self, and always contemplating its own Essence, which Contemplations are only the true Study of Philosophy, and Art of Dying. For is not it this that makes us fit to Die? Therefore does not a Soul thus affected depart to a State of Divinity like it self? a State of Divinity, Immortality, and Wisdom? where, when arrived, she becomes entirely Happy, disburthen'd of that Train of Errors and Ignorance, Fears and Affections, and those perplexing Passions she labour'd under in her Human Conversation; and as it is said of those who are initiated in sacred Mysteries, her whole time is taken up amongst the Gods. May we conclude thus, or no, *Cebes*?—Without Question, replies *Cebes*.—But if on the contrary she take leave of the Body, polluted and impure, as having been a constant Partner in its Actions, lov'd and serv'd it only, and having been so far enchanted and seduc'd with its Pleasures

Pleasures and Affections, as to look out for no further Solidity or Truth, but what was Corporeal and was digested by the Eye, Touch, Palate, or carnal Appetite; as having all along abjur'd and detested, dreaded and avoided the Knowledge of Ideas invisible and Strangers to the Eye of the Body, of Intellectual Essences, and only discernable by Philosophy: Does, I say, a Soul under these Circumstances retain all its Native Purity and depart Uninfected? — By no means, says *Cebes* — Rather in my Mind, replies *Socrates*, it is contaminated with Filth, from an habitual Intimacy and Mixture with the Flesh, from descending to its Frailties, and conforing its own Purity with Corruption of the Body. Therefore, my Friend, this Soul drags with it heavy, gross, earthy, and visible Qualities, which retard her Flight, and keep her down in these visible Regions; aw'd with the Prospects of incomprehensible Light, and, as 'tis said, skulking about Monuments and Sepulchres: Where frequently obscure Phantoms have appear'd, which are no other than these restless and polluted Souls, that thro' their Impurities assume a Form and Visibility. — And this Conjecture is very reasonable, says *Cebes*. — But then 'tis reasonable, replies *Socrates*, that we judge these only the Souls of Ill Men that are condemn'd to these Wandrings, as a Punishment for the Criminal Transactions of their Lives: And they continue in these impure Wandrings, untill, thro' the Affection to a Corporeal State, which attends them, they again are cloath'd with a Body, and renew the Practice, in all Probability, of the same Impurities they pursued in their former Life: As for Example, *Cebes*, those who wasted the Hours of Life in a Course of Luxury and Looseness, abandon'd to Shame and Intemperance, are fit only to assume the forms of Asses and such Brutes: Are not your Sentiments the same? — 'Tis most probable, replies *Cebes*. — And those whose Passions have chiefly inclin'd them to Oppressions, Tyranny, and Rapine, are they not fittest for Wolves, Hawks and Kites? or can such Souls be better disposed of? — Not a jot. — I might Instance the same, of the other Passions; that they are invested with a Species and external Form, suitable to the Tenor and Bent of their Manners.

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— It is most evident, says *Cebes* — But then, replies *Socrates*, are not the most happy of these Ranging Souls, and such as are allotted to more agreeable Errors, the Spirits of Men who have exercised the Popular and Civil Virtues, which are called Temperance and Justice, that without the Concurrence of Philosophy, and exalted Reason, have attain'd these Principles by Habit and strict Observance. — But what must be their Degree of Felicity? — Why, 'tis reasonable they should animate some Gentle and Politick Species, such as of Bees, Wasps, or Pismires, or that they should again transmigrate into Humanity, and become calm and reasonable Men; but there is no thought of any being admitted into the Society of the Gods, but those who have ardently aspir'd to true Wisdom, liv'd up to the strict Dictates of Philosophy, and departed this Life entirely pure. This Blessing is only in reserve, my dear Friends, for the true Philosophical Livers, that abstain from ever gratifying the sensible Appetite, that persevere in Virtue, and never surrender themselves to Frailty, that are not baulk'd by the Apprehensions of Poverty or Calamities of their Race (for too many have those Interests at Heart,) that can look down upon Contempt and Ignominy of Malice, as they who hunt after Dignity and Honours cannot, and even avoid all those glittering Temptations. — It were to forfeit their Character, replied *Cebes*. — Most certainly, says *Socrates*, and therefore such as cultivate their Souls, and are never enslav'd by the Bodily Affections, but despise its Insinuations, tread in a different Path from those that do not see the way before them. They are convinc'd they should not run Counter to their Philosophy, but expect to be purify'd and deliver'd by it, and follow its Steps where-ever they direct. — How is that, *Socrates*, replied *Cebes*? — I'll explain my self, says *Socrates*: These true Lovers of Knowledge are persuaded, that Philosophy must make its Attempts upon the Soul, bound and intangled in Flesh, and as it were forc'd to look out on Objects thro' the Prison of the Body, and not being in a Capacity to pursue these Views alone, is plung'd into Depths of Error and Ignorance; and that Philosophy seeing the Strength of the Chain, and that the Cord is streightned

streightned and indulged by fond Desires of the Spirit, which conspire against it self, and assist Captivity: I say, the Lovers of Knowledge perceiving, that Philosophy must engage the Soul at all these Disadvantages; know, that she gently enters on the Work; begins the Rescue by Undeceiving the Soul, by shewing her what treacherous Judgment the Eyes, Ears, and other Senses make of things, by weaning her from their Faction, and advising her only to employ them as Properties of Necessity; to call her own Powers only to Council, to rely alone on her self, and singly to survey all Beings naked, and in their abstracted Qualities, and to account all Objects false and deceitful, which she must grow acquainted with thro' the Offices of the Body; that all such Essences are barely visible, and subject to the Fallacy of Sense; but that the Discoveries purely her own are intellectual and invisible. Thus therefore the Soul of a true Philosopher being perswaded that he ought not to retard her Freedom, resists Pleasures, Desires, Sorrows and Fears to the utmost of his Power; judging, that by being over-pleased or frighten'd at, over-fond, or afflicted at any thing, he exposes himself not only to the common attending Evils, such as the contracting Distempers, or wasting of Substance, but falls into the last and greatest of Mischiefs, and which is not to be foreseen by frail Sense. — What Mischiefe do you mean *Socrates*? reply'd *Cebes*. — That when the Soul of Man is drawn by the Affections to be mightily rejoyc'd or griev'd at any Accident, and looks on the Object of such Concern as a Truth and Reality in Nature, when at the same time 'tis but a meer Phantom of the Sense; and are not all visible Essences of the same Stamp? And is not the Soul cramp'd and chain'd down by these Corporeal Passions so strongly, that they even grapple her close, and make her a-piece with the Body, nail her down with Pleasures and Sorrows, and infect her so grossly, that she accounts all the Suggestions of Nature to be veritable Principles; for by embracing the same Opinions with the Body, and the same Course of Pleasures, she is compell'd to assume the same Manners and Constitution, so that she can never depart pure into the future State; but full of the Tinctures and Stains



of Human Nature; and therefore it soon Relapses into another Body, and there, as if it were Sown, springs up a-fresh to Action: And by these Impurities becomes incapable of a Commerce with the Divine, pure and uncompounded Essence. — 'Tis very true, *Socrates*, reply'd *Cebes*. — Upon these Persuasions therefore, *Cebes*, your true Admirers of Wisdom court Temperance and Fortitude, and not on such Scores as the Vulgar imagine: Are your Thoughts the same? — Certainly, *Socrates*. — A Philosopher must always think thus, nor ever incline to a Notion; that when Philosophy has once releas'd the Soul from the Bondage of the Sense, it must again surrender it self to Pleasures and Disquiets, again put on the Fetters of Passion, and like *Penelope* unravel all it had been doing; but rather in a Calm and Tranquility of Temper, following the Dictates of Reason, and never departing from them, it contemplates its true Divine and incomprehensible Essence; is supported and nourished by such Thoughts, and instructed how to live; and convinc'd that when Death comes it shall be rescued from the Miseries of this Life, and have an Abode with an Essence of Purity like itself: From such a Foundation of Principles and Practice, my dear Friends, can we fear for our Souls, that when they are discarded from our Bodies, their Essence shall be dissipated and scatter'd by the Wind, and suffer a total Annihilation?

When *Socrates* had said thus, all were silent for a considerable time; and during the Pause he seem'd to muse on what he had said, and we indeed were all employed in the same kind; but *Cebes* and *Simmius* were still whispering together between whiles, which *Socrates* observing, And what are your Sentiments, Gentlemen, upon the whole? (says he) Is any part of the Argument not so fully handled as you desire? For, I doubt not, but many Doubts remain, and Objections may be started, if any of you would be at the trouble to run thro' 'em. If your Conference be on other Matters, I would not be Inquisitive; but if you hesitate on any Points of our Discourse, do not refuse or be cautious of producing what you are dissatisfied in, or where you think my Proofs may be mended; but take me into your Enquiries, if you ima-

gine I can contribute to your further Satisfaction.— I'll tell you the real Truth, *Socrates*, replies *Simmi*; we were both in some small Doubts, and urging one another to start our Queries in order to be resolv'd. But we were afraid, least under these unhappy Circumstances, our Demands might be distasteful and irksome. *Socrates* hearing this, with a calm Smile, reply'd; Good Gods! Sure I should find it a hard Task to convince Strangers that I am under no Oppression at my Sentence, when I cannot even work you to this Belief: For you seem to fear I should now be more dejected and uneasy, than in any former part of my Life: And that I have less Prescience than the Swan, who feeling the Approach of Death, sings in more sweet and cheerful Notes than ever he was wont, as if delighted to go to the Deity, his Patron. But those Men who themselves have dreadful Apprehensions of Death, cast the same Reflection on this Harmony of the Swan, as if he bewail'd his Death, and exercis'd Sorrow in his Melody. But these Men have not made it their Observation, that no Bird whatever will sing, when either very Cold or Hungry, or in any Melancholy, not even the Nightingale, Swallow or Lapwing, whose Notes are said to spring from a Cause of Sadness: But I am as far from thinking their Musick is owing to any such Source, as that of the Swan, who being a Fowl consecrated to *Apollo*, in my Opinion has some glimmering Knowledge of the Felicity of his next State, and therefore sings and exults before his Death more than at any other time: Nay I look on my self as a Fellow-Servant of that Bird, that I am equally consecrated to *Apollo*, that he has imparted to me likewise a Portion of Divination, and that I am not in the least more backward, than the Swan, to quit this Being: Therefore you are free to Discourse and Question me on whatever you please, as long as the Eleven Magistrates of *Athen* have permitted me to Live.— You talk gloriously, *Socrates*, reply'd *Simmi*; and have encourag'd me to speak my Doubts, and afterwards *Cebes* shall declare what he cannot easily admit: I am of Opinion with you, *Socrates*, that 'tis very hard, or even Impossible to come

to the Knowledge of the Truth in this World; but after what has been alledg'd on this Head, not to sift and examine the Argument to the Bottom, or to give over the Scrutiny, before every Thought has been rack'd and Objections tir'd out, I think, would argue a very indolent and careless Disposition; 'tis a Duty incumbent on us, either to search after Truth our selves, or permit our selves to be instructed. If we can profit by neither of these Means, our next Work is to lay hold on the best and safest human Reasons, and to embark with them, as in a Ship, to waft us over all the Storms of this Life; when we cannot be furnish'd with a Vehicle of better Strength, or the Guidance of some Divine Promises, to rescue us from Dangers and assure our Safety: And now I shall make no Scruples to put my Questions, since you are inclin'd to hear them; least when too late I should have Cause to condemn my self, for not having spoke my Thoughts. In Sincerity *Socrates*, when *Cebes* and I were tracing back your Arguments, we did not find your Proofs satisfactory.— Perhaps, says *Socrates*, there may be very good Grounds for Objection; but inform me, my Friend, where the Weakness of my Demonstrations lies.-----In this Point, replies *Simmius*, That your Arguments may be applicable to Harmony and an Harp; that this Harmony is something Invisible and Incorporeal; and when the Instrument is rightly in Tune, most Exquisite and Divine: But that the Harp it self and the Strings are a Body, of real Matter, compounded, Earthy, and Mortal in kind: Now tho' the Harp it self should be split, or its Strings be cut or break, by the same Rule you advanc'd, we might assert of Consequence, that the Harmony has still an Existence and is not injur'd by these Fractions: For we cannot suppose it reasonable, that the Matter which composes an Harp should remain after the Strings are broke off, and the Strings themselves tho' of a corruptible Nature; and yet that the Harmony, which is of a Divine and Immortal Essence, should be dissolv'd before the perishable Substance: But then it might be objected; Oh, this Harmony has only chang'd its Seat, and has still a Being somewhere, and the Wood and Strings shall

shall rot to nothing, before that feels any Decay : Now I think, *Socrates*, that this Comparison has no small Tendency to your Proofs, and that you reckon the Quality of our Souls bears a Conformity to this Harmony: And that as our Bodies are compos'd of a Mixture of cold and hot, moist and dry, and such like Qualities, our Souls are the Harmony resulting from a just Temperature, and happy Composition of these Qualities: If then our Soul is a sort of Harmony, whenever our Body is by Diseases or Accidents immoderately screw'd up or slacken'd, there is a Necessity that our Soul (tho' of a Divine Essence) must immediately perish, as much as any other Harmonies, that proceed either from Vocal or Instrumental Sounds: And that the Reliques of every Body must out-last it, 'till they are either consum'd by Fire, or wasted in their own Corruption: Consider therefore how this Objection may be answer'd, if 'tis admitted that the Soul exists in this just Temperature of Qualities in the Body, and that it is the first Sufferer upon a Dissolution.

*Socrates*, who had often and earnestly ey'd us round during this Discourse, smiling, answer'd: There is Reason in what you say, *Simmias*; if therefore any of you are supply'd with a stronger or more sprightly Faculty of taking off this Objection, than my self, why will he not begin? Indeed, *Simmias* has not enter'd into the Argument amiss: And if I must answer him, I would chuse first to hear *Cebes*'s Exceptions likewise, and gain that Interval of Thought, in order to my Reply. And when I am Master of both your Reasons, to submit to them, if they are just and well grounded; if otherwise, to evince them by better Proofs and embrace my own Assertions: Wherefore, good *Cebes*, proceed to let me know what it is troubles your Assent to my Opinion. — I'll tell you, (says *Cebes*;) And my Reasons are running back upon an Objection already made, and which your Proofs have not overthrown. For that the Soul had an Existence before it animated an human Body, I do not deny but there is a world of Justice and Beauty in this Notion; and unless this were a Principle of such Weight and Consequence, I should not stick to affirm it

it is fully made out: But that our Souls survive the Decease of the Body, I cannot think that so plainly demonstrated: Nor yet can I yield to *Simmius* in his Argument, that the Soul is not more strong and durable than the Body: For I am of Opinion, that the Soul has many Degrees of Excellence beyond the Body. But then the Objection comes upon me here with all its force, and asks me, why I entertain my Doubts? For if looking on a dead Man, you are convinc'd that what you reckon the weakest part of his Composition is still remaining; do not you think that his more lasting Essence is at the same time preserv'd, and in Being? Now observe, what I have to reply: And I must support my Reasons with an Allusion, as *Simmius* did: And to me the Scope of that Argument seems to imply thus much; as if upon the Death of an old Weaver, somebody should argue, This Man is not dead, but probably has an Existence somewhere: And should then produce the Garment, which he wore while in his Business as a Proof of the Allegation, that he was still in being and not dead: And if any one would not swallow this for Demonstration, he would ask, Which do you look upon to be most durable, a Man, or his Cloaths which are in wearing every Day: Oh, certainly the Man, you must reply; and then he would advance it for an incontestable Proof, that the Man must undoubtedly Exist, when his frailer Properties (his Cloaths) were still in being: But this Position is not rightly founded, *Simmius*; therefore be pleas'd to observe my Replication. For there's no Body but must see thro' the Absurdity of such an Assertion. For this Weaver, who had wove many Garments and wore them out when he had done, did not die 'till he had wore them out, and yet dy'd before his last Sute came in wear: And upon this, it does not follow, that the Man is weaker, or of a more vile Essence; than that Sute of Cloaths. I think this has a mighty Resemblance to the Case of the Soul and Body; and whoever would make the Parallel, I think might do it very reasonably: That the Soul is the more lasting, but the Body weaker and less durable; and might alledge, that one Soul might wear out more than one Body, especially

if it lives a Number of Years. For if the Body waste and decay, even while the Man's alive, and the Soul weave it self out a new Being from such Decays; yet when that it self comes to die, 'tis evident it has its last Garment on, and can only perish before that last Body: But before the Dissolution of the Soul, that the Body confesses all its Weakness at once, and is in haste for Corruption: So that we can lay no great stress on an Assertion, that our Souls shall survive our Decease: If then we should admit to any one, that should carry his Opinions farther than you have done, that our Souls had not only an Existence before our Births, but that there is no Contradiction to its out-lasting some Bodies; and be brought to confess it may renew its Being in fresh Bodies, and be separated again from them: For that the Soul is a Creation of such Validity, that it can hold out the Dissolution of several Bodies; yet after all this is granted, we could never allow, but that this Soul running thro' so many Generations must be harrass'd and worn; and, after its Stages of renew'd Life, drop it self with one of its Bodies into an entire Dissolution: But then we could never pretend to know, which Body should bring the Soul to such End: For that is a Mystery too deep for human Sense to fathom. But if the Ordinance of Nature be such, none but Ideots can die with Confidence, unless able to prove that the Essence of the Soul is Immortal and Indissoluble: For otherwise 'tis an unavoidable Consequence, that every one at the Point of Death must be in Apprehensions for his Soul, and be always anxious lest its next Separation from the Body should bring it to nothing.

We were universally troubled to hear these Notions started, as we afterwards confess'd to each other, because when we had mightily built on the Truth of the first Controversie, these Arguments sapp'd the Foundations of our Beliefs: And put us into such desponding Uncertainty, that we could neither depend on the Principles already laid down, nor on what *Socrates* was about to reply; and were suspicious that we either were not proper Judges of such Debates, or that the Matters in Dispute were in no kind to be decided or rely'd on.

*Eche.*

*Eche.* I can very well dispense with your Fears, *Phædo*; when I am possess'd with the same Jealousies, at your recounting their Arguments. In short, what can we pin our Faiths on? When *Socrates's* Reasons, that seem'd so well grounded, are now stagger'd and have lost their Credit. For that Suggestion wonderfully affects me, and always did, that goes about to prove the Soul a kind of Harmony; and when you mention'd it, I immediately recollected that I my self had once the same Notions. So that now I as much want to be convinc'd, as before I heard the Debate, that the Soul does not die with the Body. Therefore I conjure you to tell me, how *Socrates* went thro' with the Dispute; was he under the same Disorder, as you say you all were, or did he assert his Arguments with Calmness; and moreover did he defend his Opinions to your Satisfaction or no: Oblige me in being as particular on these Heads as you can.

*Phæ.* Tho' I always had an extream Veneration for *Socrates*; yet I never heard him, *Echecrates*, with near the Pleasure and Admiration, as at that Instant. That he should have an Answer ready to their Objections, gives me no such Cause for Wonder; but I was equally surpriz'd, to see with what Sweetness, good Nature, and Serenity he heard the Cavils of these young Reasoners; to see how sensible he was of the Impressions their Objections had made on us: And then how effectually he retriev'd us from the Confusion they had put us in; rally'd us when defeated, and as it were running away, and brought us to stand the Shock of a fresh Conviction from his Arguments.

*Eche.* How could he bring it about?

*Phæ.* You shall hear: I luckily was seated on his right Hand, on a low Stool near his Bed: So that he sat a pretty deal higher: And stroaking my Head, and pressing my Hair in my Neck (for whenever I came in his way, he us'd to divert himself with my Hair) Perhaps (says he) *Phædo*, to Morrow you may cut off this lovely head of Hair: — I believe, I shall *Socrates*; said I. — Not if you will be rul'd by me, reply'd he: — Why? said I. — Because, said he, both you and I too

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should cut off our Hairs to Day, if our strength of Reasoning is so entirely dead, that we have no Hopes of reviving it: And if I were you, *Phædo*, and so defeated, I would make a Vow (as the *Argives* did) never to let my Hair grow again, 'till I had turn'd the Tables on *Simmias* and *Cebes*.—But, said I, *Hercules* himself could never Encounter two at once. Then call on me for your *Iolaus*, (reply'd he) while yet the Day's before you. I do invoke your Assistance (said I,) not as *Hercules* did *Iolaus*, but as *Iolaus* should *Hercules*:—No matter for the Distinction, (said he) but above all let us be arm'd against one Misfortune.—What is it, said I?—That we do not grow Reason-haters, as there are Man-haters; reply'd *Socrates*: For we cannot fall under a worse Inconvenience than this: And both the Aversions are deriv'd from the same Cause: For we are prejudic'd against a Person, when we have unadvisedly put our Confidence in him and depended on his Sincerity, and afterwards found him a false and treacherous Varlet: And thus when we have been often impos'd on, by those on whom we most repos'd our Trust, we are at length brought to a general ill Opinion, and a Belief that there is no such thing as Sincerity in Man: Are not you sensible that 'tis often thus, *Phædo*?—I have indeed made it my Observation, said I.----Is it not trifling then, said he, and shews our Ignorance of the World, to engage with Men at this rash rate? For if we examin'd and made Trials of them, we should foresee Consequences; and know that there are very few Men either extreamly good, or wicked; but Millions indifferently so.—How is that, said I?—Why 'tis the same as in the Case of any Great or Little Objects; (reply'd he:) Is any thing more rare than to meet with a Man, or Dog, or any thing else of a prodigious large Bulk, or very Minute: Or things of a very swift, or slow Nature, very handsome or very disagreeable; very white, or very black? Are you not appris'd, that the very Extreams of all Qualities are next kin to Wonders, but that their Mediums are every Hour to be seen in Multitudes?---I am sensible of this, said I.---Well then, says *Socrates*, if a Prize were to be fought for Wickedness,



ness, would not very few enter the Lists, or be proud of the top Character in the Contention? — I grant it, said I. — You must, replies *Socrates*: But the Parallel of Men and Reasons do not entirely agree. I'll come to you with my Meaning gradually. The Comparison holds good only in this; that when any one who is not a Master in the Solidity of Reasoning, embraces an Argument for Truth, and afterwards finds it has deceiv'd him: And that he now thinks he must believe thus, a little after, otherwise; and is at War with his own Sentiments: (as it is often the Case with those who are much engag'd in Disputations) such a Man at least imagines he is climb'd to the top of Wisdom, and has certainly discover'd, that there is no Truth or Dependance on any thing, or any Reason, but that, like the Tide of *Euripus*, all things are of a fluctuating Nature, to be bandied backwards and forwards, and that they never hold a steady Course one way for above a Minute. Now is not this a wretched Infirmary in us, *Phædo*, that when there are sure and solid Reasons, and that may be comprehended such, upon listening to Objections that one while seem just, another while meer Cavils, we should be stagger'd in our Opinions, and not accuse our own Indolence in giving up the Cause without a struggle, but in a Pet transpose the Blame from our selves upon the Reasons, and from that time hate and condemn all Argument, and by such peevish Laziness forfeit the Benefits of Truth and Knowledge? — By Heav'n, said I, this is a wretched Infirmary indeed. — Let us take special Care then (replies *Socrates*) that we do not fall into this Sickness of Judgment, to imagine that some Reasons are not just and unshaken, but rather let us believe our selves Erroneous and wanting in the Examination of them: Let us use our best Endeavours to attain a Solidity: 'Tis your Duty and every one's who are to live in the World, and it is no less mine, who am at the Point of Death: And who am in Fears, least at this Instant I do not behave my self like a true Philosopher, but like a wrangling and obstinate Disputant, who whenever Doubts are to be remov'd does not directly aim at a true Solution of the Question, but blusters thro' a medley

ley of Arguments, and only labours to make his Positions seem plausible to his Hearers: And I am afraid I only differ from those Sophisters in this, that my Scope is not only to draw over my Audience to my Principles (not that this Aim would be impertinent) but to convince my self of the Solidity of my Assertions: These are my Designs, my dear Friend, and observe the Advantages accruing from my Reasons: If my Depositions are real Truths, 'tis worth my while to depend on them; if there should be no Being after Death, yet by my believing otherwise, I shall not make you uneasy with any Disquiets, or Lamentations of mine at parting with this Being. But I shall not be now long under the Misfortune of this Suspence, but be soon deliver'd from it: Upon these Presumptions I am ready to undertake the Cause with you, *Simmias* and *Cebes*; and desire you to pay no Regard to my Opinions, as 'tis *Socrates* speaks, but as he speaks the Truth; if this appear to you, I must expect your Consent; if not, oppose me with all your Vigour; and let your Jealousies prevent me thro' a Warmth of Argument from involving you in my Deceit, and flying away, like a Bee, with my Sting left behind: But to come close to the Purpose.

If my Memory deceives me, says *Socrates*, in the stating your Objections right, pray lend me your Assistance: *Simmias*, I think, distrusts, and is in Fear for the Soul, because, tho' of a more divine and nobler Essence than the Body, as it is a sort of Harmony, it must perish before the Body: But *Cebes* seem'd to admit the Soul to be more durable than the Body; but that there was no Certainty, but after its having animated several Bodies, it should at length come to Dissolution, and that this last Death is purely a Death of the Soul, for that the Body never ceases from Corruption: Is this the Substance, O *Simmias* and *Cebes*, of what I am to reply to?— They admitting it was, he proceeded thus: Do you disallow all my Arguments, or only some Part?—Some we deny, said they, but others we are willing to grant. — But what say you then, (reply'd he) to my Assertion, that all Learning was Remembrance, the Result

of which is, that the Soul must have had a Being somewhere before it was confin'd to a Body? — For my own part, says *Cebes*, I was wonderfully affected with it from the first Moment, and shall adhere to it as firmly as to any Principles. — I am no less wedded to it, replies *Simmias*, and should think it strange if I ever alter'd my Opinion. — But my worthy *Theban*, says *Socrates*, you will be under a Necessity of altering your Opinion, if you stick to your other Maxim, that the Soul is a kind of Harmony resulting from the equal Temperature of Qualities that compose the Body: For you can never grant that such Harmony is prior to the Matter whereof it is compounded. — By no Means. — You must be sensible then that you contradict your self, when you own the Soul has an Existence before its animating the Body; for then it must have a Being before those Qualities, whereof it is compounded, did really exist. Nor is Harmony of the same Nature as the Thing to which you compar'd it: For the Harp it self, the Strings, and even discordant Sounds, must precede the Being of Harmony, which is last produc'd, and dies first. How therefore does your Hypothesis answer your first Argument. — Not at all, says *Simmias*. — And certainly a Discourse, if ever, ought to be consonant, where it treats of Harmony. But your Reasons, *Simmias*, are at Variance with one another: Therefore you must make Choice of one of these Principles, either that *Learning is Remembrance*, or that the *Soul is an Harmony*. — I embrace the former, *Socrates*, reply'd *Simmias*. — For that Argument, says *Socrates*, made its Way by Demonstrations that did not depend on Comparisons or Images which win over the Croud: And I look on all Proofs that are founded on Similes, to be precarious and empty, very apt to mis-lead us, without the extremest Caution, even when deriv'd from Geometry, or any other of the Sciences. But my Assertion of Learning's being a Remembrance stands on a Foundation worthy to be credited: For I told you that the Soul had an Existence somewhere before it was united to a Body, as being in its Essence related to that only which always is. And I flatter my self, that this Principle was justly  
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and sufficiently made out.— So that (says *Simmius*) for those Reasons, for the Future, I must neither credit my self nor any Body else that should assert the Soul to be an Harmony.— What say you, *Simmius*? (replies *Socrates*) Can you suppose that Harmony, or any other compounded Essence can exist, but by the Particles wherewith it is compounded? No; nor can it either act or suffer, but in Consort with those Parts. Therefore we must admit it for a Consequence, That the Harmony is not prior to, but an Effect of the Parts that make it up; and therefore likewise cannot have Motions or Sounds contrary to the Causes of such Motions or Sounds: Does not all Harmony spring proportionably to the Temperature of its Parts?— (I do not well understand that, says *Simmius*) — Will it not be more or less Harmony, as its Parts are more or less temper'd to a Consonance?— Certainly.— Can we say the same thing of the Soul, that for a small Difference in its Essence, one Soul is more or less a Soul than another?— No.— For God's Sake resolve me then; Is a Soul fill'd with Wisdom and Virtue call'd Good; and another, fill'd with Vice and Folly, call'd Evil; and have they not rightly these Epithets?— 'Tis granted. — What then will those that maintain the Soul to be a Harmony, say of these Essences of Virtue and Vice in the Soul? That one is an additional Harmony, and the other an additional Discord: That the good Soul is in its Nature harmonious, and doubly so from its Virtue: And that the evil Soul is discordant, and without the second Harmony.— I have no Answer to make to this (says *Simmius*)— But 'tis evident to me, that whoever espouses an Opinion of the Soul's being a Harmony, must have such Notions.— But, says *Socrates*, 'tis already agreed between us, that one Soul is not more or less a Soul than another; that is, that the Harmony of one Soul is not more nor less than the Harmony of another. And therefore what is not more or less a Harmony, is not more or less temper'd to Concord. And what is not more or less temper'd to Concord, can it be harmonious in a larger or smaller Degree.

gree, or all equally so? — In an equal Proportion. — Wherefore, as one Soul, in its Essence, cannot be more a Soul than another; so, of consequence, one cannot be more equally temper'd than another. — True. — And since the Soul is of this Constitution, it is not endued with a greater Proportion of Harmony or Discord; nor possesses a larger Share of Virtue or Vice; if Vice is stated to be a Discord, and Virtue, Harmony. Now upon the foregoing Principles, *Simmias*, if the Soul be a Harmony, it cannot be affected with Vice: And when any Harmony is true and perfect, it cannot admit of Discord: Neither can a Soul in its Perfection admit of any Vice: For allowing the Premises, how can it be? By this Rule therefore, the Souls of all Animals must be equally good, since by their Constitution they are equally Souls. — My Sentiments are entirely the same, *Socrates*, (replies *Simmias*.) — And does the Consequence seem just and natural, upon allowing it to be true, That the Soul is a Harmony? — By no means. — What then? Of all the Parts that help to compose a Man, do you think any one more proper for Sway than the Soul, especially if enrich'd with Wisdom? — None. — But does it merit this Command, by giving Way to the Affections of the Body, or by resisting and overcoming all Passions? I say, for Instance, when we are parch'd up with Drought from a Feavour, does not the Soul caution and restrain us from Drinking? If we are craving after Meat, does it not forbid us to heighten our Distemper with Food? And in many other Cases we find it resisting the Appetites of the Body: But did we not admit in the foregoing Arguments, that if the Soul were an Harmony, it could not emit Sounds contrary to the Nature of the Particles that either heighten'd or depress'd it, or gave it any other Motion; but must sympathize, with what it is compos'd of; and that it must submit to their Direction, and can never precede: But upon another Foot, is it not evident that the Soul has the Direction of all those Qualities, whereof the preceding Argument pretends it is compos'd, that it acts in Opposition to them in the whole Course of its Actions, and controuls them in all kinds? Sometimes, like

a strict Mistress, does she not inflict the Punishments of Exercise and Medicine on them, and at other times more mildly correct them with Menaces and Admonitions against fond Desires, Passions and Fears, like a Being that argues with a different and more ignoble Essence, as *Homer* has judiciously represented it in his *Odysses*, where

*The sage Ulysses, knocking at his Breast,  
In Counsels his reluctant Heart address:*

“Bear up, my Heart, nor sink beneath thy Fate,  
“For thou hast struggled with a mightier Weight.

Now do you suppose *Homer* put these Words into his Hero's Mouth, as believing that the Soul was an Harmony which could be controul'd by the Passions of the Body, and was not capable of managing or lording it over them; or rather as apprehending it of a far more divine Quality than any Harmony? — I protest, *Socrates*, I believe *Homer* had that true Notion of its Essence, reply'd *Simmias*. — Then there is no Ground, my very good Friend, (says *Socrates*) to imagine that the Soul should be a Harmony; for in that we should neither agree with the Divine Poet, nor yet with our selves. — I submit, says *Simmias*. — Then, says *Socrates*, I have pretty well evicted your *Theban* Harmony: but how, or with what Address, *Cebes*, shall I attack your *Cadmean* Argument? — I scarce think you will be at a Loss, replies *Cebes*; for you have defeated the Principle of Harmony to Admiration, which I little expected; for when I heard *Simmias* make his Objections, I thought it beyond the Possibility of Reason to turn his Argument upon him: And this Prepossession confounded me, when I saw he was worsted by your very first Assertion: So that I shall scarce think it strange now, that my *Cadmean* Exceptions should make your second Triumph: — O spare my Applauses, good *Cebes*, (reply'd the Philosopher) lest Envy should attend them, and mar the Consequences of my Discourse. But be that as the Gods please, while Hand to Hand, as *Homer* expresses it, I put my self on the Tryal of your Arguments:

ments: I think the Heads of what you would be convinc'd of are these:

That I ought to demonstrate the Soul immortal, and incapable of Corruption; that so a Philosopher might meet his Death with a confident Hope of more Happiness in a future State, and not be deceiv'd by the absurd Conjectures owing to his Philosophy. But to prove that the Soul is a lasting and divine Essence, and that it had an Existence before we were born, you say, is no Demonstration that it must be eternal in its Nature, only that it is more durable than the Body, and was prior to it many Ages, endued with a Capacity of Action and Knowledge: But that it is not the more entitled to Immortality by these Concessions, but that its very Entrance into a humane Body, is as a Sickness to it, and the first Step to its Dissolution; so that she is harass'd and miserable in the Union, and at last, when the Body dies, is totally annihilated. And you are of Opinion, that whether it animates the Body but once, or whether it passes thro' several Bodies, is no Consideration to extenuate our Fears; but that all, but Idiots, must be under a continual Concern, as having no Knowledge or sound Argument of its Immortality. These are your main Objections, *Cebes*, and I have purposely dwelt on a Repetition of them, that I might have the whole Prospect of your Reasoning before me, and might give you a Power either of adding to, or taking from their Substance. — I have no Design at present (says *Cebes*) of altering or adding to them; and you have summ'd up the whole of my Exceptions.

*Socrates*, after a pretty handsome Pause, having compos'd himself to Argument, It is no slight Task you require at my Hands, says he, *Cebes*; for to give you a perfect Solution, I must dive into the very Bottom and Causes of Generation and Corruption: If you'll give me leave, I'll tell you what Pains I have taken to this End; and then if any Part of my Discourse tend to the establishing the Probability of your Assertions, you are free to make Use of them. — And I shall, says *Cebes*. —

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Give me your Attention then, replies *Socrates*: When I was very Young, *Cebes*, I was wonderful hot in the pursuit of that kind of Knowledge, which is call'd *Nature History*: For I thought it the Perfection of Knowledge, that let me into the Causes of all Beings, their Productions and Decays, and the Reasons of the same: I put my Spirits into a continual Hurry, with examining first into these Enquiries, whether Animals are not produc'd from a Putrefaction of cold and hot Qualities: Whether our Intellect is seated in the Blood, or whether it has its Source from Air or Fire; or if the Brain alone is the Agent and main Spring of the Senses, of hearing, seeing, smelling; whether from hence we derive our Memory, and Sentiments; and if from a right Digestion of the Memory and Sentiments, our Knowledge has its Rise: Then I apply'd my Thoughts to the Searching into their Dissolutions; and the Accidents to which both the Heavens and Earth are subject; till after much Time and Pains lost, I found my self wholly unfit for these Studies. And I'll give you a clear Proof of this; I was so bewilder'd with these curious Contemplations, that both in my own and Friends Opinion, I began to unlearn those things, which I before knew and could Account for, as particularly for the Growth of a Man: For before I thought it was evident to most People, it proceeded from his Food; for when by a right Digestion of Nourishment Flesh was added to Flesh, Bones to Bones, and proper Particles to every other Substance of the Body, a small Bulk gradually shot up to a larger Size, and a little Man soon became more gross. This was my Opinion; and does it not seem reasonable? ----- Indeed it does to me, says *Cebes*.  
 — Then observe me further, replies *Socrates*; I thought whenever I saw one Man taller by the Head than another, or one Horse a Hand higher than another, I knew how it came to pass: And it seem'd plainer to me yet, that Ten was more than Eight, because Two Numerals are added to it; and that two Cubits were more than one, because they exceeded the other by one half, ----- And do you not form the same Judgement of these things, says *Cebes*, to this Day? — So far different, by Heaven,  
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(replies *Socrates*) that I do not think I know the Reason of one of these things, nor can pretend to convince myself, that One being added to One, the Unit to which the other is so added, is swell'd to Two; or that the Additional Unit and the One to which it is tack'd, contribute together to make up Two by such Conjunction. For I am puzzled that both these Units separately are each reckon'd One, and not Two; and that being clapp'd together, this should be the Cause of their becoming Two: Nor am I less, at a loss, that by dividing any one Number, this Division should be the Cause of its becoming Two: For this Effect is produc'd quite contrary to the former; the former working from the Conjunction of the Units, and the latter from the Division or Separation of a Numeral: Nor how this One thing is produc'd, can I believe that I am sensible: Nay in short, by the Light of that Science I have not been led to the Knowledge of one thing either why Created, how subsisting or how dissolved, but have been forced to apply Methods of my own, and not rely on its Informations. But when I heard one reading a Passage out of a Treatise of *Anaxagoras*, as he said, where that Philosopher asserts, that the Intellectual Essence is the Source and regular Disposer of all Beings, I was extremely well satisfied with this Opinion; and thought it very agreeable to Reason that the Intellect should be this Cause and Agent, and if so that the Intellect dispos'd things in Order, I believ'd that every Species and Individual Substance was rang'd and dispos'd in the best and most advantageous Condition. So that whoever had a mind to trace the Cause of any things Rise, Existence or Dissolution, must consider and examine in what Respects it was best for such Thing to be produc'd, to exist, or to be dissolv'd: And by this Rule, a Man had nothing further to consider, relating to himself, or other Beings, than what would be respectively best and most useful: For the Discovery of this naturally leads him to the Knowledge of what is worst and most unprofitable: Since both these Enquiries hang on the same Chain of Knowledge: After such Revolutions of Thought, I grew Transported, at having found so great a Master in *Anaxagoras*, who would satisfy my ardent Desires, and

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instruct me in the true Causes of Things ; who would tell me precisely whether the Earth is flat or round ; and then would subjoin me his Reasons, of the Cause and Necessity why it must be so or so ; because it is best, and how, that it should be so : Then if he asserted that the Earth was poised in the Centre of the World, he would demonstrate to me, that it was best it should have such Position ; and if he gave me Proofs of this kind, I was perswaded in my self I need search no further after Causes and their Necessity : Besides, I flatter'd my self that I should be resolv'd in all my Doubts concerning the Sun, Moon and other Planets, as to the Celerity of their Revolutions, Conjunctions and other Accidents, and the Reason why every particular Movement and Disposition was best : For I could not conceive, that when he propos'd in the Entrance of his Argument, to make out, that all created Beings were dispos'd in their respective Stations by the Intellect, he would confine the Reasons for this curious Method to this small Compass, that every thing was best so and so ; but that in giving us the Cause of any single Product, as well as general Causes, he would inform us how any Disposition was particularly commodious to such Product, as well as wherein the common Good of General Causes was designed : Nor had I set a small Value on this Dependance of my Hopes, but procur'd his Books and run them over with the strictest Diligence, as being Impatient to be taught what was the Advantage and Detriment of Beings. And pursuing his Lectures with such mighty Expectation, I soon met with a Disappointment, when I found he made no Use of the Intellect, nor assigned any other Cause for the nice Disposition of things, but the Air, Water and Elements, and such like absurd and inconsistent Reasons : In which Arguments he seems to me to have reason'd as weakly, as any one would, that should assert all *Socrates's* Actions flow'd from his Intellect ; then by an Examination and laying down of Reasons, he should Maintain that the Cause of my sitting down at this present, is because my Body is compos'd of Bones, and Nerves ; that the Bones are a solid Substance, and are socketted and dispos'd in distinct Joints ; but that the Nerves and Muscles are of a  
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Nature capable of Extension and Contraction, and that the Bones are wrapp'd up and inclosed with Flesh and Skin: But that they having a freedom of Motion at their Joints, the musculous Parts assist their Bendings and Extensions, and give every Member a Faculty of several Postures; and so this is the Reason, that you see me thus crumpled upon this Seat; and in like manner if he would explain to you the Reasons for my present Discourse, he would assign you some such Second Causes of a Voice, and the Air, and a Faculty of hearing, and so forth; and not say a Word of the real Source of it, that because the *Athenians* have been pleas'd to condemn me, therefore in Submission to their Decree, I sit and expect the Execution of my Sentence; for I solemnly protest, that I believe these Bones and Nerves had sought a safer Resting-place either among the *Megarans* or *Bæotians*, if I would have been rul'd by them, and had not thought it more just and honourable to undergo the Inflexions which my own Country lays upon me, than to steal my self privately from their Resentments, and live in Exile: But to term these Properties the Springs of Actions, is absurd to the last Degree; but if any one should maintain, that without Bones and Nerves, and such other Parts of this frail Composition, I could not have put any Designs of Flight in Action, the Assertion is just; but to assert that they are the Motives of my Deeds, while I act from my Intellect, and not the Choice of proceeding in what is best for them, is a very simple Argument: For it cannot distinguish, that the true Cause is one thing, and the Effect another, which is the Substitute of that Cause; and which the blinder part of the World, who only feel or perceive Objects at second hand, and by other People's Eyes, misconstrue for the real Cause: By this means some have averr'd, that the Earth is surrounded with a Vortex, and supported by a continual Rotation of Matter in the very Centre of the World; others, that it lies flat on a broad Basis of Air, as on a Dish: But the Power and Energy by which it is thus disposed for the best, they neither enquire after, nor imagine that it is from any Divine Influence: They fancy in their own fond Thoughts, they have found an abler and more Immortal *Atlas* to bear up the whole Mass

of Matter; and the truly Good Connector and Preserver of this Uniformity, they look upon as a Fiction in Nature: But I would willingly have put my self under any Body's Discipline, to be instructed in this great first Cause; but when I was depriv'd of such a Blessing, and could neither attain it by Study or Instruction; if you are desirous to know, I'll tell you how I embark'd a second time in quest of this Important Secret?-----I could not wish for any thing more, replies *Cebes*.-----When I had fatigued my self with an importunate Scrutiny to no purpose, I began to think I should beware of the Fate that commonly attends those who pretend to fix their Eyes on the Sun in Eclipse; for they are thereby darken'd for some time, and robbed of their Sight, nor can endure the Glare of it, but by Water, or some other smooth Object that will shew it them by Reflection: I was under Apprehensions of a like Accident, lest my Soul should be darken'd with poring after Objects with the Eyes of the Body, or attempting to know them by any of the Senses: I found I must have Recourse to Reason, and by her Direction pursue the true Essence of Things. But perhaps my Simile may not be truly proper; for I cannot absolutely admit, that the Objects we view by our Reason are seen only by Reflection, and not in their actual Appearances: But, however, this was the Course I took: I made Reason my Foundation and ablest Guide, and whatever appear'd Consonant to her I looked upon to be true, and determin'd from it both on the Causes and Effects of Being; but what was not conformable to her I rejected as a Fallacy. But I'll give you a further Explanation of this, for I believe you do not fully comprehend me as yet. Upon my Faith, says *Cebes*, I do not take you readily.-----And yet, replies *Socrates*, I am upon no New Doctrine; but what I have all along, and even in our preceding Controversie, maintain'd: For I am about to explain to you the Species of that Cause, which I have so busily hunted after; to do which I must return, and begin my Arguments from those Qualities which are a common Topick; laying it down for a Maxim, that there are such real Essences as Beauty, Goodness, Magnitude, and the like; which if you grant, and go so far along with me, I hope by the Concession to  
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make Proof of the Cause, and discover to you the Immortality of the Soul.-----But, says *Cebes*, you shall not stay for my Grant, to retard the Conclusion of your Point.-----Give your Attention then, says *Socrates*, to my ensuing Discourse, and see if you agree to my Principles. For I am of Opinion, if there are any Objects of Beauty (exclusive of the Essence of Beauty,) their Charms are owing to, and derived from a Participation of that Essential Beauty: And I conclude of all other Qualities in the same Manner; do you concur with me in these Sentiments?-----I do, says *Cebes*.-----For I cannot conceive, says *Socrates*, or stretch my Understanding to those other pregnant Causes that are assigned to these Effects. And if any one were to put the Question to me, why such a thing is handsome, and whether its Beauties do not spring from a Floridness of Complexion, or Symmetry of Features or the like: I drop all these specious Reasons (which do but amuse and distract my Judgment) and by a short and artless Decision, which perhaps is too Simple, resolve it thus, That nought renders an Object beautiful, but the Presence and Participation of the Essence of Beauty; by what ever Ways and Means it Approaches and Communicates it self with the Object: For I do not presume to assert the Methods; but only maintain in General that all lovely Things, are oblig'd for that Perfection to the Essence of Beauty: This Solution seems most satisfactory to my self and to others; and as long as I embrace it, I believe I shall never be deceiv'd, but may securely answer to my self and all Enquirers, that beautiful Objects derive their Beauty from the very Essence of Beauty: That large Things owe their Bulk to Magnitude, and that small Things are Minute from the Essence of Littleness: Do you agree to this?-----Certainly.-----Then you would never admit, that any one should Maintain a thing larger or less by the Head than another; but would give them this Definition, that all large Substances owe their Proportion to Magnitude, all small ones to Littleness; And be under this Suspicion, as I conceive, that if you said any thing was greater or less by the Head, your Expression might be subject to Objections, as first that you assigned one Cause for the greater and the less Bulk; and at the

same time inferr'd, that the Head, which is but small, makes the largeness of the greater; and that this would be a Prodigy, that Magnitude should have its Rise from Littleness; should you not fear such a Cavil? — (*Cebes* smiling, agreed he should.) — Should you not with the same Caution assert then, Ten was more than Eight by Two, and that it owed its Superiority to that Cause, rather than to a Multiplication of Numerals: And that two Cubits are larger than One by the Half, rather than by the Magnitude: For is there not the same room for Exceptions? — The very same. — Or should you not scruple to maintain, that upon One's being added to One, that Addition was the Cause of the Number becoming Two? Or any Number being split, that the Division was the Cause of that Duality? And should you not more earnestly exclaim, that you knew no other Cause of these Effects, but a Participation of that peculiar Essence, to which the Thing effected bears a Resemblance? And that you knew no other Reason of One and One becoming Two, but a Participation of Duality, and how One is created but by a Participation of Unity? So that foregoing the nice Terms of Divisions and Additions, and such florid Quaintness, you should leave them to wiser Disputants to use at Will; and fearing your own Shadow, or Ignorance (as the old Saying goes,) would you not adhere to your Principle, as the best Reply? And if your Antagonists still dispute the Reason of it, would you make them an Answer, or let them proceed, till you had weigh'd the Consequences of the Arguments, and judg'd of their Consistency one with another? But at last if you should be reduc'd to strengthen your Assertions with further Reasons, would you not endeavour to have them Conformable, and that whatever Positions you advanc'd should be well grounded, till your Reasoning Search run back on a sure and convincing Proof? Never confounding your Notions, as litigious Sophisters do, when your Theme is on Causes and their Consequences, if you would attain the true Knowledge of such Things: For their Aim perhaps is not after Truth; but to shew a Capacity, and amuse themselves in a learned Confusion. But you that would fill up the Train of True Philosophers, I believe will follow

follow my Advice.— To which both *Simmias* and *Cebes* voted a Consent.

*Eche.* I protest, *Phædo*, and with a World of Reason they did so; for I think he has wonderfully explain'd his Reasons and Meaning even to the Dullest Comprehension.

*Phæ.* Indeed, *Echecrates*, he gave all that were present Satisfaction.

*Eche.* I do not dispute it; when we who were not present, but only hear his Arguments related, are convinc'd of their force. But how did he proceed?

*Phæ.* If I am not mistaken, when they had agreed to *Socrates's* Principle, and admitted that every Species or Quality had a real Essence, and that whatever Being participated thereof, deriv'd its Name from the Participation of that Quality; then *Socrates* put this Question to them. If the Premisses are granted, when you say *Simmias* is bigger than *Socrates*, but less than *Phædo*, does not your Speech infer, that both Magnitude and Littleness are centred in the same Man *Simmias*? Yet you allow that *Simmias* is bigger than *Socrates*, but that the Position is not so infallible as it seems to be. Do you not? For *Simmias* cannot be said to be bigger in being *Simmias*, but in being possess'd of Magnitude; nor *Socrates* less, because *Socrates* is *Socrates*, but because *Socrates* has Littleness in Comparison of the other's Bulk; nor that he is Out-topp'd by *Phædo*, as *Phædo* is *Phædo*, but as *Phædo* has a Magnitude in Comparison of *Simmias's* Littleness. So that *Simmias*, is call'd both big and little; as being plac'd in the middle of these two Qualities, exceeding the Littleness of the one by Magnitude, and yielding to the others Magnitude by his Littleness. Here *Socrates* smiling, continu'd; I am afraid, I am too punctual, and tedious on this Argument, but it is as I say: And I have insisted thereon the longer, that it might be as plain to you as to my self: I am perswaded, that not only Magnitude it self can ever be at the same time Great and Small, but even the Participation of Magnitude which is in us, cannot admit of Littleness, or is desirous to be surpass'd; for either it flies and retreats when its contrary Littleness makes approach; or entirely perishes, when once it has receiv'd it: And having

receiv'd it, does not covet an Alteration. Thus I having receiv'd a Participation of Littleness, while I am as I am, am in my self Little. Now that which is big, can never admit of Littleness; nor the Quality of Littleness in us, of Magnitude. Nor does any of the Contraries, as long as it is it self, decline into its Contrary, but on its Approach either retires, or is quite extinguish'd in the Operation.—I entirely agree to it, says *Cebes*. But some of the Company, tho' who by Name I do not recollect, cry'd out, Good Gods, did not we admit the quite Contrary to this Argument, in the foregoing Controversie, that Magnitude was produc'd of Littleness, and Littleness of Magnitude, and that the Generation of every Contrary was from its Contrary: And now you seem to imply this as an Impossibility.—*Socrates* leaning forward his Head, and listening to the Objection, reply'd: That it was very well remembered, but that the Objector did not distinguish between his former Argument, and what he now was advancing: For I first asserted, that Contraries spring from their Contraries; but now I am saying, that no contrary Quality, whether in our selves or the other Works of Nature, can subsist with its Contrary; then, my Friend, I was discoursing to you of Essences that had their Contraries, and explaining to you their Names and Definitions; now I am talking of things, that receive their Names from these inherent Qualities by a Communication with them; and which I say can never be susceptible of their Contraries: Then looking upon *Cebes* he continu'd, Did the Objections which were started on this Head *Cebes*, give you any Disturbance?—No, indeed; (replies *Cebes*,) I am so serenely disposed, that I affirm to you very few things would disquiet me.—Then, says *Socrates*, we are come to a Conclusion on this Principle, that no Contrary can be Contrary to its self: Therefore pray observe if we agree on the subsequent Article. Are we to call Heat and Cold any thing?—Certainly.—But are they like Fire and Snow?—Not at all.—Then Heat is an abstracted Essence and differing from Fire, and Cold an abstracted Essence and differing from Snow: But I believe you are sensible, that Snow, while it is Snow, can never admit Heat, as



I above inferr'd: Nor is any longer the Snow it was, when Heat approaches it; but on its Attack, either shrinks, or is dissolv'd. In the like manner Fire, when a cold Quality presses on its Essence, is either damp'd or quite extinguish'd, and cannot hold a Communication with Cold, and at the same time be the Fire it was. Now there are some Things, that not only preserve their Denomination to their Species, but communicate it to an inferior Essence, that assumes its Form, and wears it, while it has a Being. Perhaps I should be more particular in my Meaning: An Odd thing, for Instance, must always retain its Title: But my Enquiry is, whether that only has such a Name; or whether some other thing that is not the real Essence of Odd, is not complimented with that Title, as well as its own peculiar Name, because it is ordain'd by Nature never to be without Odds. Such as the Number Three, and so forth. But let us make that our Example. Are not you sensible that it always retains its own Name of Three, and is likewise called an odd Number? And yet the Essence of Odd; is not always like Three: But yet the Nature of Three, and Five, and all such Identities of Number, is Odd, tho' they are not the very Essence of Odd: On the contrary, Two and, Four, and all Numbers under that Class, tho' they are not the Essence of Even, yet respectively are for ever Even Numbers. This I suppose you admit: Now therefore what I aim at from these Premisses, is this. That not only Contraries do not admit of each other; but likewise such things as are not contrary to each other, (yet have their Contraries too) can never receive that Species or Figure, which is opposite to the Species they are possess'd of, but their Essence gives way and is drown'd in the Union: May not we say that Three would sooner perish, or any thing, than continue to be Three, and yet become an even Number? Yet two is not the Contrary of Three. So that not only Contrary Species's never receive one another; but likewise other things cannot tolerate the Ingress of an Opposite: Are you desirous I should endeavour to define this Proposition to you?----  
With all our Hearts. — Is it not the Energy of Qualities, that where-ever they communicate themselves, they oblige

oblige the Object not only to retain their Idea or Form, but likewise not to bear any Impression of their Contrary?—How say you *Socrates*? Reply'd *Cebes*-----No more than what I said before; you know that wherever the Species of Three is centred, the thing must of Necessity not only be Three, but be Odd: And that this can never admit the approach of a Contrary to that Essence which constitutes it: Now Three wears the Figure of an odd Number; and its Contrary the Form of an even Number: Therefore the Form of Equality can never be intruded on Three; whereby Three is incapable of ever becoming Even, and is consequently Odd: Therefore my Definition comes to this Point, that such things, which are not really Contraries to another do not admit that other more than if it were a direct Contrary: Just as in the Case of the Number Three, which tho' it self not contrary to Even, yet is incapable of becoming Even. For Two always brings a Contrariety with it to an Odd; as Fire to Cold, and a thousand things in like manner. Now consider therefore if you would not concur in this Definition, that not only Contraries are unsusceptible of Contraries, but also of any Essence which brings a Contrariety with it to the Essence of the Thing it approaches, and by which Contrariety the thing approach'd would lose its peculiar Form.—Pray, says *Cebes*, oblige me with a Repetition of this: For 'twill not be amiss to hear it more than once.-----The Number Five, replies *Socrates*, will never bear to be Even: Nor will Ten, which is twice as much, ever be Odd. For Even and Odd are Contraries, and can never admit of each other's Species: No more can any one Fraction of an Integral Number, admit the Figure of an Integer: Do you apprehend me in this, and agree to my Notions?----Both, says *Cebes*.----Trace then this Argument with me, back to its Head, replies *Socrates*. And answer me to the Questions I shall put, not directly, but use me for your Guide, and reply to the Causes of Things: For I say that besides the direct and true way of answering any thing I have spoken of already, there is another Method arising from the Premises that is as true and direct in the End. For In-

stance,

stance, suppose you say to me; *Socrates*, what is it in the Body that makes it hot; I should not give you this sure but simple Answer, That it is Heat; but a more exquisite one from the Cause, which is Fire. So if you should ask me, what is it that makes the Body sick; I should scarce reply a Disease, but a Fever: Or what it is makes a Number Odd, I should scarce say its Oddness, but Unity: And so of other things. But do you observe now the Scope of my Discourse? If so, tell me then, what must there be in a Body to make it live?-----A Soul-----And is this Soul always the same?-----Yes-----And does the Soul animate, whenever it enters?-----Undoubtedly-----Has this Life any Contrary, and what is it?-----Death-----But that the Soul can never submit to an Effect Contrary to its own Operations, is admitted from the preceding Arguments. What was it which, we said but now, would not admit of the Form of Even?-----An odd Number.-----What is it, is not capable of Justice, and Elegance?-----Injustice, and Rusticity.-----How do we call that which is incapable of Death?-----That which is Immortal:-----Now the Soul cannot die, and therefore the Soul is Immortal: Do you consent that this is prov'd, or not?-----Most fully, O *Socrates*.-----Well then, *Cebes*; if it was the Nature of an odd Number to be incapable of perishing, would not Three be then incorruptible? If whatever is without Heat, be incorruptible; tho' you should apply Heat to Snow, would not the Snow escape safe, and unmelted? and not be dissolv'd or admit the Impressions of Heat? In the like manner, as I conceive, if any thing is incapable of admitting Cold and Dissolution, tho' extreams of Cold were to attack its Fires; it would neither be extinguish'd or diminish'd, but remain in it's full Force: We draw the same Inferences from an immortal Essence. For if whatever is Immortal, cannot die; 'tis impossible, that the Soul should suffer by the approach of Death. For it is evident from what has been said, that the Soul can neither admit Death, nor be dissolv'd: No more than the Number Three, as I said, can ever be Even; or any other odd Number, be capable of Evenness: Nor any more than Fire can be cold, or the heat which is in Fire be subject to Coldness.

ness. But may it not be objected, that tho' an Odd Number, by the approach of an Even, will never melt into an Even, as it has been agreed among us, yet what should hinder the Even's supplying the place of the Odd, after that has given way and renounc'd its Existence? For I could not pretend to maintain, that the odd Number is not dissolv'd or incorruptible in Nature. Did this appear to me, we should easily make it evident, that on the prevalence of an even Number, the Odd or Three would quit its Post without hurt. We might assert the same of Fire and Heat, and other Instances: But of an Immortal Essence, if we are convinc'd that what is Immortal, is incapable of perishing, of Consequence the Soul, besides its Immortality, is incorruptible. But if that Point be not granted, we shall want other Proofs: — It cannot need further Demonstrations, says *Cebes*; for what can be exempt from Dissolution, if an Immortal and Eternal Being be liable thereto? — Then all Men must acknowledge that God, and the Essence of Life, and whatever else is Immortal, are also Indissoluble. — Yes indeed, says *Cebes*, the World does not dispute it. And the Gods, (says *Socrates*) I presume, will much more agree to it. Since therefore what is Immortal is also Incorruptible, what should hinder but that the Soul, being Immortal, should not be liable to Dissolution? — 'Tis a Necessary Consequence. — Therefore when Death makes its attack upon a Man, all that is Mortal in him dies, as is evident; but the immortal Essence, being incorruptible, evades the Shock and retires unhurt: We must, my dear *Cebes*, allow the Soul to be of such a Constitution; and then we must go further, and admit its Existence in a future State: — I have no Objections, replies *Cebes*, to take off from the force of your Reasons, *Socrates*: But if *Simmias*, or any other of the Company, has ought to except, he will do best not to disguise his Thoughts. For if he should procrastinate his Doubts, I know not what future Opportunity he will have of being satisfy'd in them: — But I have no manner of Scruples, says *Simmias*: Yet I must own that weighing the greatness of the Subject, and the frailty of human Nature, creates a kind of Diffidence in me of some of the Arguments. — You say very well

*Simmias,*

*Simmias*, reply'd *Socrates*; for tho' my first Positions may seem to challenge your Credit, yet they ought to be contemplated with the extreamest Care; and when you have sufficiently sifted them, and enter'd into all their Meanings, you will subscribe your Sentiments to mine; and follow me as far as is possible for a Man to do: And when they once seem clear to you, you will never desire to search after other Reasons.

But we ought, my Friends, to take this Reflection along with us, that if the Soul be Immortal, she demands our Care of her not only for the time of this transitory Life, but the great Eternity that lies behind it: For we ought to think, that the danger of neglecting our Souls is grievous: For if Death were a Dissolution of the whole Man, the wicked would be Gainers by the entire Mortality, to be disengag'd at once from their Bodies, their Souls and all their weight of Sins: But as we are convinc'd of the Soul's Immortality, there is no avoiding the Ills of Futurity, nor any Safety after Death, but in embracing Wisdom and Uprightness here. For when the Soul retreats to the Regions below, it carries nothing with it, but its habitual Manners and Principles, and the Nature of these are believ'd to affect its Welfare or Unhappiness, from the Moment of its launching out into the Depths of Futurity: For 'tis a general Notion that the Souls of the Dying are conducted by the same Dæmon, or Genius, (that watch'd over them in this Being) to a certain Place where all Flesh must be assembled to Judgment, and after Sentence be led by the same Guide to their allotted Mansions in the World below; there undergoing the Doom that attends them, and waiting the destin'd Hour, after a long Period and Revolution of Years, they are reconducted to Life: but this Journey is not what *Telephus* in *Æschylus* represents it; for he says 'tis one direct and even Path that leads to the Regions below; but my Sentiments on the Matter are different; for a Guide would be unnecessary, since no body could mistake his Way in a continued Path; and therefore 'tis reasonable to suppose it has many Breaks and cross intricate Windings: which Opinion of mine is supported by the various Forms of our Rites and Sacrifices: Therefore a Soul, endued with Temperance and Wisdom,  
readily

readily follows its Guide, and knows what it has to trust to; but that Soul which is contaminated with the corporeal Appetites, as I have above hinted, and is attach'd to the Interests of the Flesh by a long and servile Compliance to its Dictates, after many Sufferings, and much struggling about this visible Residence, is at length forcibly haul'd away by the Dæmon to whose Care it was committed; and when it arrives at the general Receptacle of Souls, if it goes unclean, and stain'd with Vices, if it has been provok'd to unwarranted Murders, or run into such Enormities as wicked and abandon'd Souls give way to, all the Spirits shrink from and avoid its Pollution, and not one is to be found consenting either to bear it Company, or become its Conductor: Thus destitute of Society or Consolation, it wanders about, 'till certain Periods of Time are accomplish'd; and then, by a strong Necessity, is translated to an Abode only fit to receive its Guilt. But whoever spends his Days in Sanctity and Temperance, has the Gods for his Guides and Associates, and goes to dwell with them in Realms of Joy and Tranquility. Numerous and wonderful are the secret Parts of this Earth: nor is the Soil just of that Nature or Extent as our Geographers fancy, I have been fully convinc'd by a learned Instructor. — How is that, *Socrates*? (replies *Simmias*.) I have heard many Lectures upon the Subject of our Earth, but am yet a Stranger to the Lesson you have learn'd, and would gladly participate of it. — I shall not want the Art of *Glaucus*, I believe, says *Socrates*, to relate this Doctrine to you; but to prove the Truth of it, I reckon would be above all the Skill of *Glaucus*: It were a Task beyond my Capacity to attempt; and tho' I were capable, yet the Period of my Life is too near for me to enter on so extensive a System: Yet no Considerations shall baulk me from giving you my Opinions concerning the Form and Parts of this Earthly World. — And we shall desire no more, (says *Simmias*.) — I am convinc'd, (replies *Socrates*) that if the Earth be round, and in the Centre of the Æthereal World, it has no need of Air, or any other Basis, to keep it from falling down; but the Heav'n being

equally

equally circumfus'd, and the Earth exactly pois'd by it self, is all the Support it requires: For any Thing that is justly pois'd, and in the Centre of any thing that surrounds it alike on every Side, can never verge or decline more to one Side than another, and therefore is stable, and rests in its Position. Therefore these are the first Principles of my Belief.— And well-grounded, says *Simmius*.— Moreover, replies *Socrates*, that the Earth is immense; and that we only inhabit from *Phasis* to the *Herculean* Pillars, on a small Part of it, like Ants and Frogs about Marshes and Water; that many other Inhabitants are dispers'd over other Parts of it, and that the whole Earth is full of Concavities of different Shape and Bigness, which are replenish'd with Water, and Clouds, and condens'd Air. That there is a pure Earth, which is lodg'd in the purer Element of Air, where the Stars are, and which by the Learned is term'd *Aether*: That our Earth is placed under this, and that its grosser Particles are always flowing down into the Concavities: That we are lodg'd in its Caverns, and fondly imagine we dwell on the upper Parts and Bosom of the Earth; as if one that was in the Depths of the Sea, should fancy himself on the Surface of the Water: and seeing the Sun and Stars thro' the Stream, should mistake the Reflection of those Lights on the Sea to be the Firmament, and so thro' a Sloth and Weakness should never lift up his Head, or emerge from the Flood, to discover the Difference between the Surface and the Bottom, or endeavour to be instructed therein by any one that knows better: 'Tis just the same Case with us, that dwell in the Bottoms of the Earth, and fancy our selves elevated on its Surface, and so miscall the Air, a Heaven; because thro' its liquid Element we discern the Stars to take their Motions; and this is owing to our Weakness and Indolence of Spirit, that will not permit us to aspire to the Knowledge of the upper Element: If we would dart up to a Communication with those Regions, or grow acquainted with them by Information, as Fishes, that by shooting above the Water, have a short Prospect of the Air we live in; so we should view the Beauties of this purer Earth: And if our frail Nature could go through the Disquisition, we should

should presently distinguish that to be the true Heaven, the Genuine Seat of Light, and the truly pure Earth. For this Earth that we inhabit, its Stones, and every Part of its Composition, are corroded and consum'd, as Things in the Sea are by the Salt Humours; nor is any thing produc'd in the Sea worthy of our Esteem, or perfect in its Nature; but it is full of deep Holes, Sands, and Heaps of Mud, and all its Earth a nasty Slime, as far short of the Beauties of our Earth, as they again are short of the transcendent Excellencies of that purer Earth. Perhaps it may be worth your while, *Simmias*, to hear the agreeable Account I can give you of this upper Soil that is lodg'd in the Heavens. — And I could hear it; says *Simmias*, with a Satisfaction equal to its Merits. — To begin then, my Dear *Simmias*, (replies *Socrates*) they say, that to survey this Earth from an Eminence, it appears like a Ball cover'd with different Skins, and diversified with twelve several Colours; but so very bright, that the Colours our Painters use, are but faint Imitations of their Splendor, so that the whole Soil is a Landschape glittering with this gay Variety; with Streaks of Purple of a wonderful Lustre; with Seams of dazzling Gold, and a Mixture of White, purer than our whitest Snows, and with all the other Colours in such Vigour and Perfection, that we never saw the like here; the very Cavities of that Earth are filled with such limpid Waters, and so liquid an Air, that they even shew like some beautiful Colour, and play so strongly with the Reflections of all Colours, that they seem one Species, ever shifting its Habit: All the Products of that Earth are proportionably charming, its Trees, its Flowers, and its Fruits: The very Mountains and Stones are bright and transparent: Our Gems here of greatest Price, Emeralds, Jaspers, and Saphirs, and all our other Jewels, are but little pieces of the common Stones of that Earth; for there are none but such there, tho' in greater Perfection: And the Reason of it is, that they are exempt from the Gnawings and Corrosions of Salts and Putrefactions, that fall from thence on us in a pestilent Congregation, whereby our Stones, and Soil, and Plants, and Animals, are infected and distemper'd. But all that Earth



is imbroider'd with Gems, and Gold, and Silver; and numerous Products of Splendor, in such immense Quantities, that it seems a Region to bless the Eyes of the Blessed. It is replenish'd likewise with living Creatures and Men, some that inhabit in the Centre, others in the Air, as we do about the Sea-Shores; and others that are planted in Sorts of Islands, not very distant from the Continent, and compos'd of Air: For the Air of that Climate does the Offices to them of our Seas and Water; and what is Air with us is an *Aether* there: Besides, all their Seasons are of that admirable Temper and Serenity, that they are long-liv'd, and never plagu'd with Illness. Nay, they as far transcend us in Sight, Hearing, Prudence, and all the Faculties of the Sense and Intellect, as Air is purer than Water, and *Aether* than Air: They have likewise Groves and Temples for their Gods, which the Divinities actually honour with their Presence, and whence they converse with the Inhabitants by Oracles, Divinations, and all Remonstrances of their Divine Familiarity. Their Sun, Moon, and Stars, appear to them in their genuine Essence; and in all other respects they are crown'd with Felicity conformable to these Instances. Such is the excellent Constitution of that Soil, and every thing belonging to it. Then there are in its Cavities large round Holes, some deeper and more expanded than the Country we inhabit; others that are indeed of an equal Depth, but less yawning; and others again wider, but not so deep: And these Holes have all a Communication with one another, by Vents and Passages of an unequal Width, thro' which great Stores of Waters are convey'd backward and forward the one to the other, and flow as into large Cups. And through the Pores of the Earth incredible Quantities of Water, both hot and cold Streams, are for ever running; and also large Rivers of Fire, and whole Torrents of Mud, some of a thick and some of a thinner and purer Nature, like those Floods of Fire, and sulphureous Matter that are thrown up out of Mount *Aina* in *Sicily*: And these Rivers fill up all the Cavities, thro' which they flow; and hold their Course upwards and downwards, as if in a large Vessel, running thro' the Earth,

which, in its Nature, seems to make one of the Abyſſes, and the very largest of them, and is open'd on both Sides: This *Homer* hath touch'd upon, when he ſays,

*Far hence, where th' Earth's most deep Abyſſes yawn.*

and in other Places, he, and others of the Poets have call'd it *Tarturus*; for into this Abyſs all the Rivers flow, and ſo out again: And all the Streams participate, and imbibe a Tincture of the Earth thro' which they run: And the Reason that they all have their Flux and Reflex thro' this Abyſs without Cessation is, that they meet with no Ground or Bottom: And therefore rise and fluctuate, as also the Air and Vapours which accompany them do; for they follow the Waters either mounting above the Earth, or descending towards us: And as in the Office of Respiration there is a continual Emission and Reception of Air, so there the Air, which, as I ſaid, accompanies the Stream in its Flux and Reflex, swells into vehement Winds: Now when the Waters are sent into the lower Abyſs, they flow into all the Channels of the ſeveral Rivers, and fill their Stream, (as at a Well with two Buckets one fills while the other is drawn up to be emptied) and hurrying from that Abyſs, they diffuse themselves back into their Channels; and they being replenish'd, flow into the Sinks and Cavities of the Earth, and thence as they find proper Vents, they make Seas, Lakes, Rivers and Fountains: Thence gliding back again through the Earth, some by longer, and some by shorter Windings, they all flow afresh into *Tartarus*; and all by a deeper Channel, than that by which they were sent out of that Abyſs; and also on different ſides of the Lake, tho' some enter again on the ſame ſide. But some flowing round the Earth again and again, like Serpents writhing their Bodies into folds, at laſt throw themselves into the Abyſs, and rise up to the very middle thereof; which is the utmost of their Extent, because the other half is higher than their level: There are besides many and vaſt Rivers, but four Principal ones. The largest whereof, and that which flows outermost round the Earth, is called Ocean. On the opposite ſide to this is the Stream of *Acheron*, which flowing through Deſart Places and

Sub-

Subterranean Cavities, flows at length into the *Acherusian* Marsh; where Numbers of the Souls of the deceased come, and stay certain destin'd Periods of Time, some longer, some shorter, and then are dispatch'd back to Animate the Bodies of Beasts. The third River flows between these Two, which disappearing not far from the Place where it rose falls into a prodigious Abyfs, fill'd with Fire, where it Establishes a Marsh much larger than our Seas, whose Water and Mud boils; thence it rises thick and muddy, and winding round the Earth runs all along by the *Acherusian* Marsh without mixing with its Waters, and at length having made several Turnings under the Earth, flows beneath *Tartarus*; and this River is call'd *Phlegethon*, part of whose flaming Streams sometimes make Ruptures, and are seen to flow up above our Earth. Opposite to this, the fourth River breaks out, and as 'tis said falls into a Place of Wildness and Horror; the Soil whereof is of a bluish Colour and call'd the *Stygian*, and here the River forms the Lake of *Styx*; and its Waters absorbing dreadful Qualities from thence sink into the Earth, and taking several turns meet the Stream of *Phlegethon* on the opposite side in the *Acherusian* Marsh. But it does not mix its Waters with either of These, but whirling round contrary to *Phlegethon* breaks into *Tartarus*. This River the Poets call *Cocytus*.

Now Nature having made this dreadful Disposition in her Works, when the dead arrive at such Place, as they are conducted by their respective Dæmons they are there judg'd, both those who have liv'd with Sanctity and Justice, and they who have yielded to the Impressions of Vice: And thereupon whoever are found to have observ'd some Decency in the Course of their Actions, are convey'd to *Acheron* in proper Vehicles ready for the purpose, and set down at the Lake: where they must stay to be purged, and suffer for the Crimes they have committed; and after such Purification are absolv'd, and receive Rewards suitable to the Merits of their good Actions: But they who, thro' the Grossness and Number of their Offences, have been guilty of Sacrileges, Murthers, and such other notorious Sins as seem to admit of no Expiations, are by a Doom suitable to their

Crimes forthwith plung'd into *Tartarus*, never to be redeem'd from thence. Others who have stepp'd into Deep, yet Venial Crimes (I mean such as who in heat of Passion have been Outragious to their Parents, and yet seiz'd with a sudden Repentance, have strove to make up for their Offence in future Acts of Piety, or such who have in a like hurry of repented Passion kill'd a Man) must of Necessity be thrown into *Tartarus*, but after a Years Continuance in that State of Horror, are thrown out by the Tide; the Murtherers through *Cocytus*, and the Disobedient Offenders through *Phlegethon*; whence they are resorb'd to the *Acherusian* Lake, where they cry out and invoke the Spirits of those they have murder'd or injuriously Invaded, and with submissive Sorrow and Prayers endeavour to deprecate their Crimes, and be suffer'd to enter the Lake; which if permitted, they plunge thro', and therein find an End of their Sufferings: But if they fail of such Permission, they are resum'd through the same Rivers back into *Tartarus*, and can have no Cessation of Torments, till they prevail on the Ghosts of the Injur'd to seal their Pardon: For this is the strict Tenor of their Sentence: But they who have liv'd in a Course of exemplary Piety, are releas'd from these subterraneous Prisons, and are exalted to Habitations in the pure and upper Earth; and whoever of them have been purified by the Practice of Philosophy dwell there Eternally without the clogg of a Body, in Mansions of more elevated Beatitude, whose Charms are almost Inexpressible, and especially by my small Remnant of Life. Wherefore, *Simmias*, upon these Motives we should labour to the utmost of our Strength to cherish Principles of Vitue, and lay out the Studies of our Lives to attain true Wisdom; since the Recompence is so Noble, and of so mighty Expectation: For though no Man in his right Sense ought Peremptorily to maintain that the Scene of Futurity directly Answers to the Copy I have drawn you of it, yet that the Circumstances and Abodes of our Souls hereafter will be in a manner such, (if that the Soul proves as Immortal as I conceive it) I think I ought to avow, and in that Assurance to think it worth my Hazard. For the Trial is promising, and we ought to dedicate our Hopes and Endeavours

Endeavours to it. And for this Cause I have protract-  
ed my Discourse on the Subject. And that Man may  
have good Grounds of such Felicities for his Soul, who  
neglecting the Pleasures and Cultivation of the Body as  
foreign to his purpose, thinks he has a better Work to  
perform: To pursue with Diligence, the Pleasures which  
are purchas'd by Knowledge, and to deck his Soul with  
its true Ornaments of Temperance, Justice, Fortitude,  
Liberty and Truth, and in that Garb to put it in a  
Readiness for its Voyage, against the time Fate shall re-  
quire its Presence: And you, *Cebes* and *Simmias*, and all  
these other Friends that are here, must drop off in your  
appointed Hours. As for my self, (as the Tragedian  
would express it) I'm summon'd by my Fate; and the  
Time presses on me to go Bathe; for in my Opinion  
'tis better to wash before I drink the Poison, and save  
the Women the Labour of doing it, when I am dead.

*Socrates* saying thus, *Crito* immediately reply'd: O  
*Socrates*, do as you please; but what Orders have you  
for me or any of us in relation to your Children, or o-  
ther Affairs? Or what can we do to oblige you in your  
last Moments? — I have no new Injunctions for you,  
said *Socrates*, but as I always have recommended to you,  
take Care of your selves, and then all your Actions will  
prove acceptable to me and mine, as well as to your  
selves, though you should not promise Services. But  
if you neglect your own Interests, and do not walk in  
those Paths I have formerly directed you, much less  
would you perform what you now should promise —  
Your Precepts (says *Crito*) shall be the Care of our Lives;  
but how do you Order us to Bury you? — Just as you  
please, (reply'd *Socrates*) if you can catch me, and that  
I do not slip from your Hold. Then with a Smile, ad-  
dressing himself to us; I cannot, my Friends, make this  
*Crito* conceive, that I am *Socrates* who have been in  
Conference with you, and digested my Discourse into  
a Method; but he will mistake me for that which anon  
you will find a lifeless Carcass: And therefore he asks,  
how I would be Buried. For I have been striving by  
many Arguments to convince you, that as soon as the  
Poison has done its Office, I shall be no longer amongst  
you, but retir'd to the Mansions of the Blessed; and  
though

though I have labour'd to comfort you and my self in this Manner, my Discourse has had no effect on *Crito*: Pray, Sirs, enter into Articles for me with his Incredulity, not for my forth-coming, as he bail'd me against my Tryal, but rather that I shall be quite gone, as soon as ever I am dead, that *Crito* may bear my Death with less Concern, and not imagine I am in any Misery when my Body is either laid in the Ground, or on the funeral Pile. And that he may not say, Now *Socrates* is laid out, now he is carried forth, and now he is laid in the Grave: For depend on it, my dear Friend *Crito*, that such wrong Expressions are not only a Fault in themselves, but likewise dangerous to the Soul: You must have a nobler Confidence, and may say my Body is buried; for *that* you may dispose of at your Pleasure, and as the Customs of the Place require.

Having said thus he rose up, and went into a Chamber in order to Bathe. *Crito* attended him in, and he directed us for to wait his Return: We accordingly stay'd without, and discanted upon the Topicks of his Arguments; and condol'd with one another the Calamity that attended us; and that we must hereafter live as Orphans depriv'd of the best of Parents. As soon as *Socrates* had done Bathing his Children were brought to him; for he had two small Boys and one something older; and likewise the Women of his Family came to him. When *Socrates* had spoke to them in the Presence of *Crito*, and given them his last Orders; he directed the Women and Children to be sent away, and about Sun-setting return'd to us; for he had spent a considerable Time in the Inner Room. He had not been long come back, or said much to us, before the Officer came from the Eleven Magistrates; who making his Approach to *Socrates* told him, I have observ'd a Behaviour in you, *Socrates*, far different from all my other Prisoners; for they Storm and Curse at me, when I tell them my Commission from the Magistrates, and that 'tis Time they should drink their Poison: But I have found you most Generous, most Gentle, and the best of Men that ever came under such unhappy Circumstances: and at this Time I am assur'd you will bear me no Enmity, but those, whom you know to be the Causes and Authors of your Ruin; you are not Ignorant of the Im-  
port

port of my Message; have Courage therefore, and call up all your Spirits to support you under this fatal Necessity. The Fellow having said thus retreated with Tears in his Eyes. *Socrates* looking upon him, bid him farewell, and told him, he would follow his Advice; and then turning to us, What a wonderful Good Nature (says he) is there in that Man! Nor is this the only Instance he has given me of his Candour, but has frequently been my Companion during my Confinement, and been most Tender to me; and now with what Sincerity he wept for me? But, *Crito*, let me obey my Sentence, and if the Poison be prepared, let it be brought; if not, let that Man mix it for me. — But, *Socrates*, (says *Crito*) I think the Sun is not yet down, but shines behind the Mountains: And I have known several, after the Orders have come, have delay'd drinking the Poison for some time, have eat and drank plentifully, and been indulg'd in whatever they desired. Wherefore be not hasty, as there is Time enough before you. — *Socrates* reply'd to this, *Crito*, perhaps those Men have their Reasons, and every Moment they spin out in such Delays is so much time gain'd to them: But I have a different Prospect before me; I do not propose the Time gain'd in retarding the Draught; but should only be a Jest to my self in doing so, in becoming fond and sparing of a Life that is now running to the very Dregs: So pray let me be observ'd, and give me my Way: *Crito* upon this gave the Sign to a Lad that was at Hand; who going out, after a short Stay, return'd with the Officer who bore the Poison mix'd in a Chalice. *Socrates* looking upon the Bearer, Give it me, (said he) my good Friend, and with it your Instructions what I am to do. — You have nothing to do (reply'd the Man) but to walk after drinking it, till you feel it begin to operate in your Legs, and then to lye down. He gave *Socrates* the Cup, who receiv'd it with a chearful Air, *Echechrates*, and without the least Confusion or Change of Countenance, but looking earnestly on the Fellow, as it was his Custom to do, ask'd him if he might not make a Libation of that Liquor. But being told there was but just so much mix'd as would serve to dispatch him. — I understand you, says he, but I may and ought to pray to the Gods to make my Journey happy; this I do heartily beseech

speech of them; and may they bless me in the Change: At these Words he lifted it up to his Head, and without the least Reluctance drank off the Poison.

We had all hitherto made a Shift to keep in our Tears; but seeing him take the Mortal Draught, we could no longer bridle our Sorrow, and it got to such a Head over me, that I was almost drowned with my Tears; and covering my Face, I did not so much bewail his as my own Fate, in being robb'd of so excellent a Friend: *Crito*, who had got the Start of me in Passion, not being able to stop his Tears, rose up: But *Apollodorus*, who had wept during the whole Conference, now gave a Loose to his Transports of Grief, and exclaim'd, and cry'd out so bitterly, that he put us all but *Socrates* in the extreamest Anguish: But he said, What are you doing, my Friends? You surprize me. I sent the Women away for no other Reason, but that they should not discompose me with their Wailings; and I have learn'd that I ought to die in Tranquility. Therefore be quiet, and shew your selves Men. We were asham'd of being thus reprimanded, and dry'd up our Tears.

*Socrates*, as soon as he found his Legs begin to stiffen, lay down on his Bed, as the Officer had directed him; who presently came and felt his Feet and Legs, and squeezing him pretty hard, ask'd him if he could feel it: To which *Socrates* reply'd, No: Then pressing his Ancles, and gradually moving up his Hand, he signify'd to us, that *Socrates* grew cold and was dying upwards apace, and that when the Poison reach'd his Heart he would expire; and that all his Belly was already froze. Then uncovering his Face, (for he before had cover'd it) *Socrates* utter'd these last Words, *Crito*, I owe a Cock to *Æsculapius*, do not neglect to pay it for me: *Crito* promis'd to do it, and ask'd if there was any thing else he would have perform'd; but receiv'd no Answer from *Socrates*, who soon departed; for the Man, uncovering his Face, found his Eyes fixt, which *Crito* perceiving, clos'd his Eyes and Mouth.

Such was the Exit of our Friend, *Echecrates*; a Man, in my Judgment, of the most exalted Goodness, Wisdom, and Justice that ever I met with.



Plato. Plato's dialogue of the immortality of the soul. Translated from the Greek, by Mr. Theobald, Author of the Life of Cato Uticensis. Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the Cross-Keys between the Two Temple-Gates in Fleet-Street, MDCCXIII. [1713]. Eighteenth Century Collections Online, [link.gale.com/apps/doc/CW0119293068/ECCO?u=monalumni&sid=bookmark-ECCO&xid=3a703d3f&pg=2](http://link.gale.com/apps/doc/CW0119293068/ECCO?u=monalumni&sid=bookmark-ECCO&xid=3a703d3f&pg=2). Accessed 29 Nov. 2021.