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ART. I.—*Foreign Missions and Millenarianism.* An Essay
for the Times.

ONE half of the nineteenth century has now passed away. It has been a period of advance in almost every department of human activity. The triumphs of industry, art, and education are such, that the world is invited to send up its trophies for a general exhibition in the metropolis of England. Should this invitation be generally regarded, a grand display may be expected as the result—a display at once creditable to the age and to the distinguished author of the scheme. All nations, all classes, all customs, all inventions will be there represented: and we may justly anticipate that the effect of such a celebration will be highly propitious, not only by showing what achievements have been made, but by affording facilities of comparison and competition, (the most effective stimuli to inventive effort) which may lead to still more important discoveries hereafter.

While such occasions are very properly observed by men of the world, the Church also, we apprehend, may well, in part at least, imitate this example. She too has been advancing, and at the close of half a century of unusual prosperity, if she be not called upon to assemble her representatives for a jubilee

calm and often joyful. One of the attendants having asked him if the light did not incommode him, he laid his hand upon his head and said—"Here there is light enough." Just as the day was beginning to break on the morning of the 24th of November, he was heard repeating the 51st Psalm. He stopped for a moment, and then as if making one last effort, exclaimed—"Lord Jesus! come to my help!" At the moment when the sun appeared above the horizon, the ransomed soul of the Reformer took its flight. Thus lived, and thus died, in his 39th year, John Œcolampadius, the Reformer of Basle.

Among the productions of his pen, his Commentaries on the Old Testament hold the first rank. They are, however, not all equal in value. With those published after his death considerable liberties were taken by his editors. During his life, he published an Exposition of Isaiah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, Romans; and only a few weeks before his death, he sent to the press a work on Job. Besides these exegetical works, he published translations of some of the Greek Fathers.

ART. III.—*A Life of Socrates, by Dr. G. Wiggers, translated from the German, with Notes.* London, 1840.

THE name of Socrates has been a household word among civilized men for thousands of years, and is likely to be so for ages to come. The pulpit, the senate, the forum, the gymnasium, the theatre, all contribute to this result. Even the plain farmer and mechanic often mention his name, and when a man is doubtful of the paternity of some saying, Socrates comes in as a sort of residuary legatee of the wit and wisdom floating on the tide of tradition in the shape of pithy sayings; so that it is not a rare thing to hear a *jeu d' esprit* or *bon mot* of Dryden, More, Fox, Franklin, or Randolph of Roanoke, ascribed to the Athenian. This only shows how large a place he occupies in the public mind, despite the remoteness of the time and place of his birth, the ignorance of many things under which he

laboured, and the heathenism in which he lived. It is, therefore, well for each generation to form some accurate idea of this Corypheus of reasoning, and to see at least something of his thoughts on philosophical and moral subjects. The swarms of little creatures, who often mention his name, and wish to be esteemed his imitators, commonly resemble him in nothing except their gross ignorance of the principles of revelation, with this difference, that they have the Bible before them and reject it; whereas he had it not, but seems greatly to have desired such a guide, as would make the dark places light and the rough places smooth, in his journey to immortality.

Socrates was the son of Sophroniscus and of Phaenarete. His father was a sculptor, and his mother a midwife. He was born at Athens, in the year 469 before Christ, the exact day of his birth being a disputed point. He was entirely destitute at any period of his life of personal beauty. Indeed his enemies compared him to the Sileni, and to Marsyas the Satyr. In Xenophon's Symposium, Socrates admits that his eyes were prominent, his nose depressed, and his mouth large. His body seems to have been as much out of good proportion as his head and face. In early life he was taught music, and poetry, and gymnastic exercises, according to the custom of his country. He also became a sculptor of considerable distinction, but was subsequently induced by Crito, a wealthy Athenian, to renounce that profession, and give his attention to the higher intellectual pursuits of the age. In the *Phaedo* he says: "I had an astonishing longing for that kind of knowledge which they call physics." This remark relates to the early part of his life. Some say that he was not over seventeen when he first began to attend the schools of men reputed eminent, such as Archelaus, Parmenides, Zeno, and Anaxagoras, who were called philosophers, and Evenus, Prodicus, and others, who were called sophists; a name, in fact, more suited to them in the modern than in the ancient sense. He also studied the writings of men of former ages, by no means slighting Homer, as his dialogues show.

Although at the schools he advanced rapidly in a knowledge of the prevailing systems of physics, mathematics, and astronomy, yet in subsequent life he esteemed these acquirements as

of little worth. The reason why he turned away from these schools with disappointment, not to say disgust, was, as himself informs us, that they promised much and performed little.

Socrates also derived great advantages from intercourse with women of talent, whose society he courted. He was not ashamed to learn from females, whatever might improve his mind or heart.

At length quite wearied with speculations, theories, sophists and philosophers, he gave himself no further concern with them, but exchanged *δαίμονια* or *ουρανία* for *ανθρωπεία*. In other words, he renounced speculative for practical philosophy. His mind turned with disgust from theories, which could show no solid basis of truth, to matters concerning which the truth might be known. He willingly left to the philosophers the high sounding name of divine or heavenly wisdom, which they arrogated for their doctrines, and candidly claimed for his knowledge no higher name than that of "human wisdom." When Cicero says that "*Socrates primus philosophiam devocavit e coelo et in urbibus collocavit, et in domos introduxit, et coegit de vita et moribus, rebusque bonis et malis quaerere,*" he gives us the true character of all that Socrates taught, that is, it was practical, not fanciful, it sought truth, not a plausible appearance. In making its way, its greatest opponents, perhaps, were the sophists, who, in that day, filled very much the position which Pascal justly represents the Jesuits as filling in his day. Not truth, not right, but specious pretence and a semblance of virtue served their turn far better than rectitude of principle or manly adherence to right. Socrates long and painfully noticed the effects of the teaching and example of these men, and at about thirty years of age, set himself to counteract their corrupt opinions and practices, and to teach the people virtue. He was the only man of his age and country, who seems to have regarded the celebrated inscription on the temple of Delphi, "Know thyself." By knowing himself, he came to know other people to an extent quite unusual in any age.

Socrates never delivered set orations or lectures, never formed classes, but delivered his sentiments wherever he could find his fellow-citizens, as in the market, in the porticos, in the gymnasium, or in the house of a friend. Dr. Johnson says, that Ed-

mund Burke was the only man he ever saw, who was as eloquent in private conversation as in public debate. The same seems to have been true of Soerates. The depth and earnestness of his mind seems not to have been influenced in the least by the size of his audience. His profoundest thoughts seem to have been delivered to a few friends. In this manner he spent his life, correcting false opinions, encouraging virtue, frowning upon deception, and seeking truth. Of course he was not burthened with great wealth. He did not inherit it, he did not seek it. On one occasion he said to Critobulus, "I think if I could find a reasonable purchaser, I should perhaps get five minæ for all my property, including my house."

In his domestic relations Soerates, as all men know, was greatly tried. The name of his wife, Xanthippe, has passed into a proverb. She seems to have been fairly entitled to pre-eminence among shrews and termagants. It is neither comely nor profitable to fill our pages with a recital of her bursts of temper and her violent deportment; it is sufficient to say, that although Ælian, Plutarch, and Diogenes may have recorded some things, which never took place, and so Xanthippe may be represented untruly in some respects, yet we cannot so dispose of all the evidence on the subject. Antisthenes said to Soerates, "What is the reason that, convinced as thou art of the capacity of the female sex for education, thou dost not educate Xanthippe? for she is the worst woman of all that exist, nay, I believe of all that ever have existed, or ever will exist." Soerates replied, "Because I see that those, who wish to become best skilled in horsemanship, do not select the most obedient, but the most spirited horses. For they believe that after being able to bridle these, they will easily know how to manage others. Now as it was my wish to converse and live with men, I have married this woman, being firmly convinced, that if I should be able to endure her, I should be able to endure all others." Making some allowance for the playfulness of this remark, there is no doubt much truth wrapped up in these few words. Many a truth is spoken in jest. We have heard of an eminently pious man in modern times, who in a season of melancholy, feeling that he had no cross, married a termagant, that he might have something wherewith to afflict his soul. Such were his meekness and

patience, that by the power of divine grace she soon become as devout and gentle as himself. His joy at her conversion brought with it recovery from his despondency, and they lived happily together ever after. But sober reason can never justify such marriages. The nature of that union, which God has always honoured when rightly formed, brings with it trials enough even when the parties are well matched, without seeking for contrarieties of taste and temper in order to test the virtues of either husband or wife. According to the notions of his age and neighbours, Socrates was no doubt a good husband. His patience was truly exemplary. We are not sure, however, that he bore his full share in domestic cares. Mere quietness of behaviour in a husband is but a small part of the duty he owes a wife. She is entitled to his best endeavours to make their home comfortable and agreeable. Nor is there any evidence that Socrates made proper efforts to encourage her to a different course of conduct, but was willing to keep her as a touch-stone of his philosophy. He did not fairly answer the question of Antisthenes, "Why do you not educate Xanthippe?" We also see a painful want of gallantry in concealing the faults of a wife. Gallantry, we call it, because the higher principle of Christian tenderness and delicacy could not be expected in a heathen man, surrounded by heathen neighbours. By this woman Socrates had several sons. Of these, three were living at the time of his death, but none of them seem ever to have become distinguished. Two of them were children when their father was taken from them; and the third, then a youth, called Lamprocles, seems to have enjoyed few advantages from intercourse with his father. This is not the only case in which distinguished men have neglected proper attention to their own families. With the ignorant, turbulent mother, and a negligent absent father, who ever attained to greatness or goodness? Ancient Athens, like modern France, "wanted mothers" and fathers too, who would make home what it ought to be. But he, who looks among heathen philosophers and Gallican infidels for a model family, is looking for the living among the dead. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit."

The *military* history of Socrates is not long, but is full of

interest. About the age of thirty-seven, at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, he went with a portion of his countrymen into Thrace for the recovery of Potidæa, an Athenian colony which had revolted. The rebels were supported by the Corinthians and other Peloponnesians. In this expedition, Socrates' great endeavour was to increase his power of enduring hunger, thirst, and cold. In this he succeeded to a remarkable degree, walking barefoot on ice and snow. His courage was not only undisputed but pre-eminent. Indeed the prize was awarded to him, but regardless of honour himself, or perhaps feeling that "the vote was the monument," and wishing to encourage Alcibiades, whose life had just been saved in battle by Socrates, and who was a favourite follower of his, the prize was given to him, and thus Socrates showed his disciple both how to earn and how to contemn applause. His next campaign was undertaken when he was at the age of forty-five. He went with the army to Delium, where the Bœotians defeated the Athenians. But the General of the latter, Laches, said, that if all his men had behaved as well as Socrates, the enemy would have erected no trophies. His third and last military expedition was undertaken at the age of forty-seven. The object of the campaign was the recovery of Amphipolis, in Thrace. This was a colony of Athens, and of great commercial importance. It had been seized by the Lacedæmonians, and its recovery was deemed very important. But the enterprise was a failure. It is very evident, that in engaging in military service, Socrates was actuated by no motives of martial renown. Love of country, which seems to be a universal passion in the minds of men not utterly debased, was that which impelled him. "I love my countrymen more than thine," he said to a Cyrenean. There is nothing even in true piety hostile to sober, well regulated, and ardent love of the land of our birth or of our adoption. The meanest man we ever saw was a New Englander, who ridiculed the place of his birth, and the peculiarities of his own kindred. Nor did Socrates love his country because of its favours to him, but because it was his. He said, "at Athens four measures of flour are sold for one obolus, the springs yield abundance of water, and I live contented with what I possess." He loved

the city of Athens with peculiar fondness, and assigned as a reason, "I am very anxious to learn something; and from fields and trees I can learn nothing; but I can indeed, from the men in town."

Socrates, as we learn from himself, never held any civil office but that of Senator. The Athenian Senate consisted of five hundred members, elected in equal numbers from the ten tribes established by Cleisthenes. The Athenian year was divided into ten months, and each month the Presidency belonged to a different tribe. By an established arrangement, a man could be Senator but for one year, and President of the Senate but one day. On a memorable occasion Socrates filled this office. In the battle off the Islands of Arginusæ, the Athenians had been victorious, but owing to the violence of the winds after the battle, it was found impossible to bury their dead. This, according to the superstitions of the country, doomed the deceased to great sufferings for a hundred years, and was therefore matter of rigid legislation. Six of the ten commanders on their return were thrown into prison, and thence brought to trial. By the pilots they proved that it was impossible to bury the dead. They also showed that they had left men with power and means to do all that could be done. This seemed satisfactory, and had the vote then been taken, they would have been acquitted by a large majority, but their persecutors managed to defer the vote and adjourn the assembly. Another day the people were again assembled under high excitement, occasioned by the enemies of the admirals, who had induced the relatives of the deceased to make great lamentation, and the question whether the admirals were guilty, and should be punished with death, and confiscation, was demanded in an illegal form, which it is not necessary here to explain, but Socrates refused to put it. The people became furious and used threats. Surrounding senators yielded to intimidation, but the President yielded nothing, and showed no disposition to do any thing but maintain the laws. For that day he and justice triumphed, but subsequently, under other auspices, the wicked sentence was decreed and executed on the six commanders, who had returned. He was the open and fearless opposer of the thirty tyrants, and but for the sudden

termination of their power, would doubtless have soon fallen a victim to their cruelty; but he carefully avoided civil honours and offices after his senatorship.

But whatever were the employments of Socrates, whether private or public, civil or military, from the time that he began to converse with the Athenians on moral and practical subjects, to the time of his death, he had one object in view, and he steadily pursued that, viz: the improvement of his countrymen in sound knowledge and practical virtue. In a good sense he was a man of one idea. The most inexperienced youth, the humblest citizen, as well as the sick, the gifted and the renowned, were objects of his solicitude. For forty years he assiduously and untiringly attempted the reformation of principles and manners among his countrymen, but with how little success, perhaps none have felt more than himself, till at last he died by the cruelty and wickedness of those, who should have defended and honoured him to the last.

Without entering at length into the controversy as to the particular tribunal before which Socrates was accused and by which he was tried, we yet freely give our opinion that it was not the Areopagus, but an inferior court, either that of the Heliastæ or Dicastæ, the particular organization of which need not now be explained. In the year 400 or 399 B. C., when Socrates was, as he says on his trial, more than seventy years old, he was arraigned. His accusers were Anytus, Lycon and Melitus. The first was the mouth-piece of the artizans and politicians, the second of the orators or rhetoricians, and the third of the poets. These persons, so diverse in interests, tastes, and pursuits, yet all agreed in hearty ill-will against the man, who had so often exposed their folly and their arts. The accusation they brought was in substance that "he searches into things in heaven and things under the earth, that he does not believe there are gods, that he makes the worse appear the better reason, and that he corrupts the youth by teaching them the same things." It is not possible in the limits assigned to this article, to give even a syllabus of his apology, as Plato calls his defence. It is condensed beyond almost any address of the kind we have ever seen or heard. The ability displayed in it is far beyond what we had even supposed it to possess, until we

examined it with care, and frequently. We very much doubt whether a speech more to the purpose, more free from faults, or bearing higher marks of truth, candour, modesty and manliness, was ever made by an uninspired man; and we wonder that it has not more frequently been eulogistically noticed by writers on judicial pleadings, as affording an admirable model to men who are wickedly accused of great crimes. We feel very sure that if our readers, who have never read it, would be persuaded to do so, they would thank us for calling their attention to so fine a specimen of unaffected simplicity and dignity. Having concluded his defence, properly so called, the vote was taken, and the majority of voices was against him. Unmoved by what had occurred, he continued his speech for some time, perhaps twenty minutes. From that we introduce a few brief extracts. Having declared that the result did not surprise him, except that the vote against him was so small, (three judges voting the other way would have acquitted him,) he says, "The man [Melitus] then awards me the penalty of death. Well! But what shall I, on my part, award myself?" And having rehearsed the course and innocence of his life, and declared his intention not to act out of character at his advanced age, he proceeds to say: "I am persuaded that I never designedly injured any man, though I cannot persuade you of this, for we have conversed with each other but for a short time. For if there was the same law with you as with other men, that in capital cases the trial should last not only one day but many, I think you would be persuaded; but it is not easy in a short time to do away with great calumnies. Being persuaded then that I have injured no one, I am far from intending to injure myself, and of pronouncing against myself that I am deserving of punishment, and from awarding myself any thing of the kind. Through fear of what? Lest I should suffer that, which Melitus awards me, of which I say I know not whether it be good or evil? Instead of this, shall I choose what I well know to be evil, and award that? Shall I choose imprisonment? And why should I live in prison, a slave to the established magistracy—the Eleven? Shall I choose a fine, and to be imprisoned until I have paid it? But this is the same as that which I just now mentioned, for I have not money to pay it. Shall I then award myself exile? For

perhaps you would consent to this award. I should indeed be very fond of life, O Athenians, if I were so devoid of reason as not to be able to reflect that you, who are my fellow-citizens, have been unable to endure my manner of life and my discourses, but they have become so burdensome and odious to you, that you now seek to be rid of them. Others, however, will easily bear them: far from it, O Athenians; a fine life it would be for me at my age to go out wandering and driven from city to city, and so to live! For I well know that, wherever I may go, the youth will listen to me when I speak, as they do here. And if I repulse them, they will themselves drive me out, persuading the elders; and if I do not repulse them, their fathers and kindred will banish me on their account."

"Perhaps, however, some one will say, Can you not, Socrates, when you have gone from us, live a silent and quiet life? This is the most difficult thing of all to persuade some of you. For if I say that would be to disobey the Deity, and that therefore it is impossible for me to live quietly, you would not believe me, thinking that I spoke ironically. If, on the other hand, I say that this is the greatest good to man, to discourse daily on virtue, and other things which you have heard me discussing, examining both myself and others, but that a life without investigation is not worth living for, still less would you believe me if I said this. Such, however, is the ease, as I affirm, O Athenians, though it is not easy to persuade you. And at the same time I am not accustomed to think myself deserving of any ill. If indeed I were rich, I would amerce myself in such a fine as I should be able to pay; for then I should have suffered no harm, but now—for I cannot, unless you are willing to amerce me in such a sum as I am able to pay. But perhaps I could pay you a mina of silver: in that sum I amerce myself. But Plato here, O Athenians, and Crito, and Critobulus, and Apollodorus bid me amerce myself in thirty minæ, and they offer to be sureties. I amerce myself then in that sum; and they will be sufficient sureties for the money."

The judges now proceeded to pass sentence, and condemned Soerates to death, after which he continued his affecting address, concluding as follows: "You, therefore, O my Judges, ought to entertain good hopes with respect to death, and to meditate on

this one truth, that to a good man nothing is evil, neither while living, nor when dead, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods. And what has befallen me is not the effect of chance; but this is clear to me, that now to die, and be freed from my cares, is better for me. On this account the warning no way turned me aside; and I bear no resentment towards those who condemned me, nor against my accusers, although they did not condemn and accuse me with this intention, but thinking to injure me; in this they deserve to be blamed.”

“Thus much, however, I beg of them. Punish my sons, when they grow up, O Judges, paining them as I have pained you, if they appear to you to care for riches or any thing else before virtue, and if they think themselves to be something when they are nothing, reproach them as I have done you, for not attending to what they ought, and for conceiving themselves to be something when they are worth nothing. If ye do this, both I and my sons shall have met just treatment at your hands.”

“But it is now time to depart—for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state is unknown to every one but God.”

Such are the last words of this astonishing man on this memorable occasion. It is impossible for us to conceive how a heathen man, without a revelation from God, could have spoken with more dignity, kindness, or propriety. Nor can we form a conception of a more corrupt state of society or of judicial proceedings than that, which consigned such a man to prison and to death.

When we seek the causes of so unjust a sentence, the first that probably strikes the attention of every man is envy. “Do ye think that the Scripture saith in vain, The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy?” is the challenge of inspiration, alike applicable to civilized, barbarous and savage men. Lord Bacon has well said, “A man that hath no virtue in himself, ever envieth virtue in others. For men’s minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others’ evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to obtain another’s virtue, will seek to come at even hand by depressing another’s fortune. . . Envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the streets, and doth not keep home. . . It is a disease in a

state like to infection. . . *Invidia festos dies non agit.*" And a greater than Bacon has said: "Envy is the rottenness of the bones," and "wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before envy?" In fact, a candid observation of human nature must bring us to the conclusion, that envy is a far more prevalent principle of human action than is commonly supposed, and that even among good men, it is probably one of the last roots of bitterness that is thoroughly plucked up. How terrible then must be its force in the hearts of men unrestrained by Christian motives and morals! Socrates felt its power. During his life he had maintained consistency in adhering to such maxims of virtue as were known to him. He had inculcated them upon others in a manner well suited to make a deep impression of the ignorance and folly, that reigned around him. His fame had extended far. Strangers often sought his acquaintance rather than that of all the other men of Athens. He was also known from his birth. To see a new man rise to such celebrity, was very provoking to many around him. Accordingly there was a remarkable agreement among all classes, artizans, poets, demagogues, sophists, and orators, to get rid of him. The state of things produced by long wars, the general decay of morals, the abounding superstitions, and the prevalence of practical atheism, all favoured such a result.

Nor could his teachings and example have failed to irritate the unjust, the covetous, the licentious, and the vain pretenders of every description. The sophists who wished to be esteemed wise and good, were in fact, the worst of men, both in principle and practice. They were in morals Jesuits. To know how they would regard so terrible a reprovcr, it is but necessary to learn how the Jesuits hate the name of Blaise Pascal, and the whole story is told. But every species of wrong-doer, judge, tyrant, priest, or citizen, was duly noticed by him, and in terms well suited to provoke resentment, if they were determined to persist in their evil practices. Evil men always hate a reprovcr. Nor docs the incorruptible character of their teacher diminish aught from their hatred. This popular hatred had also long been growing, and had had frequent opportunity of expressing itself at the theatre, for Aristophanes, in his play entitled *The Clouds*, had introduced Socrates by name, and had brought

against him very serious charges; and although his whole life and teaching had disproved the charges, yet this did not avail. So true is it, that he who lends a willing ear to falsehood for a long time, will come to believe it truth, and will act accordingly. The stage certainly requires no false charges in order to hand it over to just condemnation, but this may very truthfully be said of it, that among other countless evils, which it has introduced among men, it had no small part in bringing Socrates to an untimely grave.

Some have supposed that public odium was considerably excited against Socrates on account of his political opinions. This may have been true to a small extent, but profound silence seems to have been observed on this point in the trial. It is true, however, that Socrates did not think a pure democracy, such as existed in Athens, the best form of government, but preferred what he and the Greeks generally called an aristocracy; by which they meant not a hereditary nobility in power, but a body of men chosen for their virtues, and clothed with authority during good behaviour, competency, or life. He wished to see not the masses, but the best men of the country ruling its destinies. Nor did he make a secret of his opinions on this subject, nor did he fail to reprove the wrongs committed by the tools of the popular will. But there is no evidence that he dwelt at great length, or even with frequency on political subjects. His main business, as the whole history of the man shows, was with questions of morals, with casuistry, and with public and private virtue. But the sentence came, caused by what it might, and he, who had left his home in the morning in peace, went from the place of judgment to irons and a dungeon. "*Magno animo et vultu carcerem intravit,*" says Seneca.

The next day he would have been executed but for a custom, which caused a delay of thirty days. Every year the Athenians sent to Delos a vessel loaded with presents for the oracle of Apollo, and from the time that the vessel was adorned with a garland of laurel till her return, no one was allowed to be put to death. The vessel had been crowned the day before the condemnation of Socrates, and therefore till she had made her trip and returned, he was a prisoner in chains. At length the vessel was announced as in the port of Athens, and Socrates was

told that he must that day at the going down of the sun drink the hemlock.

The manner in which he spent the last day of his life is given us in the *Phædo* of Plato. We never look at this book without being reminded of two celebrated sayings of Cicero respecting it; one of which was, that he never read the arguments there given for the immortality of the soul without being convinced, but so soon as he closed the book, he began to doubt. The other was, that he never read the account of the death of Socrates without having his face suffused with tears. We cannot wonder that the Roman orator felt so in both cases. We should strongly sympathize with him in the first, had we no clearer or more solid ground of belief in the immortality of the soul than even the powerful mind of Socrates, groping through heathen darkness, was able to discover. "Life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel." And we should feel like Tully concerning the death of Socrates, were not our minds too busily occupied, despite the admirable simplicity of the narrative, with thoughts upon the horrible depravity of heathen nations, and with the deplorable condition of a man, comparatively virtuous, dying without any certain knowledge "of the way, the truth and the life."

The main subject of the whole day's conversation was that of the immortality of the soul, a subject well suited to the thoughts of a man so near the solemn close of his earthly existence. One cannot refrain from comparing the conduct of Socrates, on this, the last day of his life, with the account Dr. Adam Smith gives of the last days of David Hume. The Athenian is serious, calm and dignified; the Scotsman plays the jester and the buffoon. The former seems to be almost struggling to become a Christian, though in the midst of heathendom; the latter seems anxious to be a heathen though in the most enlightened kingdom of Christendom. It is not our purpose to review the argument of Socrates on the immortality of the soul. It could hardly be abbreviated without making it obscure. Parts of it, indeed, are clearly unsound, depending on the doctrine of the pre-existence of souls, and on the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Still, there is a candour and an earnestness in his statements, that must deeply impress every thinking man. The iron fetters had

been removed early in the morning, and the day passed off in easy and serious conversation with his friends, till the shadows of the mountains began to stretch far over the valleys. At last Socrates said, "Now destiny summons me, as a tragic writer would say, and it is nearly time for me to betake myself to the bath; for it appears to me to be better to drink the poison after I have bathed myself, and not to trouble the women with washing my dead body." When he had thus spoken, Crito said, "So be it, Socrates, but what commands have you to give to these or to me, either respecting your children, or any other matter, in attending to which we can most oblige you?" He replied, "What I always say, Crito, nothing new: that by taking care of yourselves you will oblige both me and mine, and yourselves, whatever you do, though you should not now promise it; but if you neglect yourselves, and will not live as it were in the footsteps of what has been now and formerly said, even though you should promise much at present, and that earnestly, you will do no good at all." "We will endeavour then so to do," said Crito; "but how shall we bury you?" "Just as you please," said Socrates, "if only you can catch me, and I do not escape from you." And at the same time smiling gently, says Plato, and looking round on us he said: "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that I am that Socrates who is now conversing with you, and who methodizes each part of the discourse; but he thinks that I am he whom he will shortly behold dead, and asks how he should bury me. But that which I some time since argued at length, that when I have drunk the poison I shall no longer remain with you, but shall depart to some happy state of the blessed; this I seem to have urged to him in vain, though I meant to console both you and myself. Be ye, then, my sureties to Crito," he said, "in an obligation contrary to that which he made to the judges; for he undertook that I should remain; but do you be sureties that, when I die, I shall not remain, but shall depart, that Crito may more easily bear it, and when he sees my body either burnt or buried, may not be afflicted for me, as if I suffered some dreadful thing, nor say at my interment that Socrates is laid out, or is carried out, or is buried. For be well assured," he said, "most excellent Crito, that to speak improperly is not only culpable as to the thing

itself, but likewise occasions some injuries to our souls. You must have a good courage then, and say that you bury my body, and bury it in such a manner as is pleasing to you, and as you think it most agreeable to our laws."

When he had said thus he rose, adds Plato, and went into a chamber to bathe, and Crito followed him, but he directed us to wait for him. We waited, therefore, conversing among ourselves about what had been said, and considering it again, and sometimes speaking about our calamity, how severe it would be to us, sincerely thinking that, like those who are deprived of a father, we should pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had bathed, and his children were brought to him, (for he had two little sons and one grown up), and the women belonging to his family were come, having conversed with them in the presence of Crito, and given them such injunctions as he wished, he directed the women and children to go away, and then returned to us, and it was now near sunset; for he spent a considerable time within. But when he came from bathing, he sat down, and did not speak much afterwards; then the officer of the Eleven came in, and, standing near him, said, "Socrates, I shall not have to find that fault with you that I do with others, that they are angry with me, and curse me, when, by order of the archons, I bid them drink the poison. But you, on all other occasions during the time you have been here, I have found to be the most noble, meek, and excellent man of all that ever came into this place: and, therefore, I am now well convinced that you will not be angry with me (for you know who are to blame) but with them. Now, then, for you know what I came to announce to you, farewell, and endeavour to bear what is inevitable as easily as possible," and at the same time, bursting into tears, he turned away and withdrew.

Socrates, looking after him, said, "And thou too, farewell, we will do as you direct." At the same time turning to us, adds Plato, he said, "How courtcous the man is; during the whole time I have been here he has visited me, and conversed with me sometimes, and proved the worthiest of men; and now how generously he weeps for me. But come, Crito, let us obey him, and let some one bring the poison, if it is ready pounded, but if not, let the man pound it."

Then Crito said, "But I think, Socrates, that the sun is still on the mountains, and has not yet set. Besides, I know that others have drunk the poison very late, after it had been announced to them, and have supped and drunk freely. Do not hasten then, for there is yet time."

Upon this Socrates replied, "These men whom you mention, Crito, do these things with good reason, for they think they shall gain by so doing, and I too with good reason shall not do so; for I think I shall gain nothing by drinking a little later, except to become ridiculous to myself, in being so fond of life, and sparing of it, when none any longer remains. Go then," he said, "and do not resist."

Crito, having heard this, nodded to the boy that stood near, and the boy having gone out, and staid for some time, came, bringing with him the man that was to administer the poison, who brought it ready pounded in a cup. And Socrates, on seeing the man, said, "Well, my good friend, as you are skilled in these matters, what must I do?"

"Nothing else," he replied, "than when you have drunk it, walk about, until there is a heaviness in your legs, then lie down, thus it will do its purpose." And at the same time he held out the cup to Socrates. And he having received it very cheerfully, adds Plato, neither trembling, nor changing at all in colour or countenance, but, as he was wont, looking steadfastly at the man, said, "What say you of this potion, with respect to making a libation to any one, is it lawful or not? "We only pound so much, Socrates," he said, "as we think sufficient to drink."

"I understand you," said Socrates, "but it is certainly lawful and right to pray to the gods, that my departure thither may be happy; which therefore I do pray, and so may it be." And as he said this, he drank it off readily and calmly. Thus far, adds Plato, most of us were with difficulty able to restrain ourselves from weeping; but when we saw him drinking, and having finished the draught, we could do so no longer; but in spite of myself the tears came in full torrent, so that covering my face, I wept for myself, for I did not weep for him, but for my own fortune, in being deprived of such a friend. But Crito, even before me, when he could not restrain his tears, had risen up. But Apollodorus, even before this, had not ceased weeping, and

then bursting into an agony of grief, weeping and lamenting, he pierced the heart of every one present, except Socrates himself. But he said, "What are you doing, my admirable friends? I indeed, for this reason chiefly, sent away the women, that they might not commit any folly of this kind. For I have heard that it is right to die with good omens. Be quiet, therefore, and bear up."

When we heard this, says Plato, we were ashamed, and restrained our tears. But he, having walked about, when he said that his legs were growing heavy, lay down on his back; for the man so directed him. And at the same time, he who gave him the poison, taking hold of him, after a short interval examined his feet and legs; and then, having pressed his foot hard, he asked if he felt it; he said that he did not. And after this he pressed his thighs; and thus going higher, he showed us that he was growing cold and stiff. Then Socrates touched himself, and said, that when the poison reached his heart, he should then depart. But now the lower parts of his body were almost cold, when uncovering himself, for he had been covered over, he said, and they were his last words, "Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it." "It shall be done," said Crito, "but consider whether you have any thing else to say." To this he gave no reply; but shortly after he gave a convulsive movement, and the man covered him, and his eyes were fixed; and Crito, perceiving it, closed his mouth and eyes. Plato adds, "This, Echerates, was the end of our friend, a man, as we may say, the best of all of his time that we have known, and, moreover, the most wise and just."

No doubt the reader's mind, like our own, has been wrought up to a high degree of painful interest, by this affecting narrative. Such an account could not well be fictitious. It is too simple, and bears all the marks of truthfulness. Its tragical effect on the mind depends rather on our being alone than in company. The death of Socrates has never been well acted on the stage. Indeed, it has seldom been attempted. One cannot, however, but admire the friendly attachment of Plato to Socrates, which leads him to "linger and dwell upon the circumstances of that awful tragedy with minuteness and particularity of

detail." This was natural and proper in a disciple of so great a man. A greater disciple did the same of a greater Master, as we see in John's Gospel. But enough of this.

The history, character, and fate of Socrates' teach us lessons which we should endeavour to learn and remember. Some of these have been already hinted at. Others may be gathered from other fragments of his life and teachings. First of all, Socrates is to be added to that long list of distinguished men, whose eminence is traced to the mighty influence of their mothers. To write a book in praise of such, and recount all their deeds, so far as they can now be gathered, would be no mean service to the world. But however long any mortal could make his history, he ought to close his book by saying that the half was not told, and that the time would fail him to tell of all whose lives deserved honourable mention in such a catalogue of female worthies. That Socrates was greatly indebted to his mother, may be inferred from his great admiration of her. In the *Theætetus* of Plato, he calls her "a very noble-minded woman." The longer we live, the more do we feel the vast importance of female, and especially of maternal influence; and we were not willing to let this single expression pass without embracing the opportunity of saying, that as it always has been, so it will be to the end of the world, that ordinarily a man must ask his mother whether he is to be a wise man or a fool, a blessing or a curse to his race, and we may add, a saint or a fiend for ever.

Nor is it possible for mankind to over-estimate the importance of a close adherence to the true principles of conducting our quest after knowledge. A eulogy on the Baconian system of philosophizing is not called for, because its praise is in the mouth of all who know what it is, and of multitudes, who are wholly ignorant of its leading principles. But there is great need of strict adherence to those principles in all departments of instruction. Sometimes, when we read the conversations of Socrates, we almost imagine that we are reading Locke or Bacon. But then ere long we are plunged into errors by a disregard of the true principles of conducting the inquiry. This is more so in physical than in mental and moral science. Indeed, Socrates seems never to have made any considerable

progress in physical science, even according to the crude opinions of his day. He says himself, "I once heard a person reading in a book, which he said was written by Anaxagoras, and saying that reason arranged all things, and was the cause of them. With this cause I was much delighted, and in some manner it appeared to me quite correct, that reason should be the cause of all things. If it be true, I thought, that reason arranges all things, it arranges and places every thing where it is best. Now, if any body wanted to find the cause by which every thing arises, perishes, or exists, he must find the manner in which a thing exists, suffers, or acts best. For this reason I thought only that investigation, the object of which is the most excellent and the best, to be adapted for man both for himself as well as other things; and he who succeeded in this must, at the same time, know that which is bad, for both are objects of the same science. Reflecting upon this subject I was delighted, as I thought I had found in Anaxagoras a teacher after my own heart, who could open my eyes to the causes of things. Now he will first tell thee, I thought, whether the earth is flat or round; and after he has done this, he will also show thee the cause and the necessity of it; and which ever is the better, he will prove that this quality is the better one for the earth. If he tell thee that the earth is in the centre, he will at the same time show thee that it is better for it to be in the centre. I was willing, if he would show me this, not to suppose any other kind of causes, and hoped soon to receive information about the sun, the moon, and other stars, pointing out the mutual relation of their rapidity, their rotation, and other changes, and how it was better that each should act as it acts, and suffer as it suffers [or be acted on as it is acted on.] For, as he said they were arranged by reason, I did not think that he would assign any other cause to things than that their actual qualities were the best. As he assigned to all things their causes, and ascertained them in all things in the same manner, I thought he would represent that which is the best for each, as the good common to all. I would not have given up my hopes for any thing; with great avidity I took up his books, and read them as soon as I found it possible, in order that I might quickly learn the good and the bad. But, my friend, [he is addressing

Cebes] I was soon disappointed in this hope; for in the progress of my reading, I discovered that the man no longer applied his principle of reason, and mentioned no causes by which to classify things; but declared air, ether, water, and many other strange things to be causes. This appeared to me just as absurd as if somebody should say, Socrates does every thing which he does with reason; and afterwards endeavouring to point out the motive of every single action, he should say in the first place, I am sitting here because my body is composed of bones and sinews, &c. I should have liked very much to have obtained some instruction, from whomsoever it might have proceeded, concerning the nature of this cause. But as I did not succeed, and as I was unable to find it out of myself, or to learn it from any one else, I set out on a second voyage in search of the cause."

In moral philosophy Socrates was certainly more successful. He had no doubt some aid from the prevailing opinions both of the common people and of the philosophers of his day; yet the notions that obtained in the best systems were so crude, so mixed up with fatal errors, and withal so modified to suit a depraved heart and depraved manners, that it is not easy to decide either how much he was indebted to his predecessors, or how much posterity was indebted to him. When he succeeds in making any thing of importance plain and clear, it is evident that he has either received it from tradition, or that he obtained it by means of the inductive system of philosophizing. But how much is attributable to the one cause, and how much to the other, no man can now certainly decide. We are inclined to the opinion, that the influence of Socrates for good, was rather in bringing into merited disrepute prevailing errors, and even systems, than in developing new ideas or notions. It must also be acknowledged that he did important service in presenting, both by precept and example, in the most striking manner, the necessity and value of strict, unbending justice. We have already seen Plato's estimate of him. Xenophon says that he "was so pious that he undertook nothing without asking the counsel of the gods; so just, that he never did the smallest injury to any one, but rendered essential services to many; so temperate, that he never preferred pleasure to virtue; and so

wise, that he was able in the most difficult cases, to judge what was expedient and right. He was eminently qualified to aid others by his advice; to penetrate into men's characters; to reprehend them for their vices, and to excite them to the practice of virtue. Having found all these excellencies in Socrates, I have always regarded him as the most virtuous and the happiest of men." But in estimating the value of the testimony of both Plato and Xenophon, we must remember that they were intimate friends and followers of Socrates; and, what is more, their standard of piety, justice, temperance, and wisdom, was very different from that adopted even by the masses of men in countries where the light of God's word clearly shines among the people. Yet it is impossible to read the apology of Socrates without being struck with the inflexibility of his mind on such matters as seemed to involve justice and the laws. In one place he observes, "Perhaps, however, some one may say, 'Socrates, are you not ashamed to have pursued a study, from which you are now in danger of dying?' To such a person I should answer with good reason, you do not well, friend, if you think that a man, who is even of the least value, ought to take into the account the risk of life or death, and ought not to consider that alone when he performs any action, whether he is acting justly or unjustly, and the part of a good man or bad man." Afterwards he says, "To act unjustly, and to disobey my superior, whether God or man, I know is evil. I shall never, therefore, fear nor shun things, which, for aught I know are good, before evils, which I know to be evils." "O Athenians, I honour and love you: but I shall obey God rather than you; and as long as I breathe and am able, I shall not cease studying philosophy, and exhorting you, and warning any of you I may happen to meet, saying as I have been accustomed to do, "O best of men, seeing you are an Athenian, of a city the most powerful, and the most renowned for wisdom and strength, are you not ashamed of being careful for riches, how you may acquire them in greatest abundance, and for glory and honour, but care not nor take any thought for wisdom and truth, and for your soul, how it may be made most perfect?" "Be well assured, if you put me to death, being such a man as I say I am, you will not injure me more than yourselves."

It was customary in capital cases both in Greece and Rome, for the prisoner to have his family and relatives brought into court, that their presence might plead his cause. Socrates would not resort to such an artifice, but said, "I too have relatives; for to make use of that saying of Homer, I am not sprung from an oak, nor from a rock, but from men, so that I too, ye men of Athens, have relatives, and three sons, one now grown up, and two boys: I shall not bring any one of them forward and implore you to acquit me. Why then shall I not do this? Not from contumacy nor from disrespect to you, O Athenians. Whether or not I am undaunted at the prospect of death is another question, but out of regard to my own character and years, and that of the whole city, it does not appear to me to be honourable, that I should do any thing of the kind at my age, and with the reputation I have, whether true or false." "It is not difficult to avoid death, but it is much more difficult to avoid depravity, for it runs swifter than death. And now I, being slow and aged, am overtaken by the slower of the two; but my accusers, being strong and active, have been overtaken by the swifter, wickedness. And now I depart, condemned by you to death; but they condemned by truth, as guilty of iniquity and injustice: I abide my sentence and they abide theirs." Indeed Socrates often teaches in substance that a man is not hurt till his soul is hurt, that wickedness depraves the soul, and that no natural evil, not death itself, is to be compared to moral evil.

Schleiermacher thus estimates the value of Socrates as a philosopher. He says, "With Socrates most writers make a new period to begin in the history of Greek philosophy; which, at all events, implies that he breathed a new spirit and character into those intellectual exertions of his countrymen, which we comprehend under the name of philosophy, so that they assumed a new form under his hand, or at least, that he materially widened their range. But if we inquire how the same writers describe Socrates as an individual, we find nothing that can serve as a foundation for the influence they assign to him. We are informed that he did not at all busy himself with the physical investigations which constituted a main part of Greek philosophy, but rather withheld others from them; and that even with

regard to moral inquiries, which were those in which he engaged the deepest, he did not by any means aim at reducing them into a scientific shape, and that he established no fixed principle for this, any more than for any other branch of human knowledge. The base of his intellectual constitution, we are told, was rather religious than speculative, his exertions rather those of a good citizen, directed to the improvement of the people, and especially of the young, than those of a philosopher; in short, he is represented as a virtuoso in the exercise of sound common sense, and of that strict integrity, and mild philanthropy, with which it is always associated in an uncorrupted mind; all this, however, tinged with a slight air of enthusiasm. These are no doubt excellent qualities; but yet they are not such as to fit a man to play a brilliant part in history, but rather, unless where peculiar circumstances intervene, to lead a life of enviable tranquillity, so that it would be necessary to ascribe the general reputation of Socrates, and the almost unexampled homage which has been paid to him by so many generations, less to himself than to such peculiar circumstances."

Subsequently Schleiermacher supposes that much, which Plato ascribes to Socrates, was rather out of compliment to his master than out of regard to truth. Like Dr. Johnson, who chose to ascribe to a living man the poems of Ossian rather than to any bard or bards, who might have lived in former days, seeming to forget that to be the author of such poems was far greater honour than to be their compiler. The conclusion of Schleiermacher's observations is this: "On the whole we are forced to say, that in giving Socrates a living share in the propagation of that philosophical movement, which took its rise from him, Plato has immortalized him in the noblest manner that a disciple can perpetuate the glory of his master; in a manner not only more beautiful, but more just, than he could have done it by a literal narrative."

We believe it was never contended that Plato wished to make mankind think that Socrates uttered every word or idea that he ascribed to him; but it must be admitted, we think, that the Platonic philosophy was vastly indebted to Socrates, that its main principles on moral subjects were drawn from him, that he gave an impulse to the minds of his followers, and

opened up to their view a new world of thought and inquiry, and that this was so true of Plato, that he felt rather honoured than degraded, by acknowledging at every step his indebtedness to his master.

Nor should it be forgotten that Schleiermacher was a German, and loved "the infinite," which in plain Anglo-Saxon means something which a class of men think they know, but do not; while Socrates had a mind that constantly sought clear, definite, exact ideas of all subjects. Had Socrates and Schleiermacher lived in the same age and been in the same University, the German would have despised the Greek until he had felt his power in bringing down the self-conceited, and then he would cordially have hated him, because he must have feared him. Indeed it is impossible for us to read Plato without receiving the impression, that Socrates had as powerful an intellect as we have any record of in the annals of mind.

Schleiermacher says that Socrates was tinged with enthusiasm. He, doubtless, refers to the belief of the Athenian, that he was guided in his course of life by a *dæmon*, or good spirit. That Socrates did so believe, cannot be denied. Thus in his *Apology* he says, "Perhaps, however, it may appear absurd, that I, going about, thus advise you in private and make myself busy, but never venture to present myself in public before your assemblies and give advice to the city. The cause of this is that which you have often and in many places heard me mention: because I am moved by a certain divine and spiritual influence, which also Melitus, through mockery, has set out in the indictment. This began with me from childhood, being a kind of voice which, when present, always diverts me from what I am about to do, but never urges me on. This it is which opposes my meddling in public politics; and it appears to me to have opposed me very properly. For be well assured, O Athenians, if I had long since attempted to intermeddle with politics, I should have perished long ago, and should not at all have benefitted you or myself. And be not angry with me for speaking the truth. For it is not possible that any man should be safe, who sincerely opposes either you or any other multitude; and who prevents many unjust and illegal actions from being committed in a city; but it is necessary that he who in earnest contends for justices

if he will be safe for but a short time, should live privately, and take no part in public affairs." So far as we remember, this is the fullest account any where given by Socrates of this mysterious subject. When Simmias asked Soerates about the nature of this dæmon, he received no answer at all. The conjectures on the subject have been almost endless. Some have supposed the dæmon to be a guardian angel, while others have said it was the devil. Some have said it was all a fiction, on the part of Soerates, to inspire reverence for his character. The following remarks are offered as containing the sum of all that appears clear to us. The first is, that the word dæmon, as used by Soerates, was always used in a good sense. This was universally understood. Aristotle explains it to mean either the Deity, or an effect produced by the Deity. The second is, that such was the ignorance and superstition of those times in Athens, that it is impossible to learn, from the terms used on psychological subjects, what were the precise ideas often intended to be conveyed by the shrewdest men. The third is, that there is not the slightest evidence that Soerates was inspired by the Holy Ghost, and supernaturally instructed by Jehovah in the way of knowing and pleasing him. The fourth is, that no effect or influence is ascribed to this dæmon beyond what might be accounted for on purely natural principles, provided a man had strong common sense, were capable of acquiring prudence by experience, were in the habit of obeying his conscience so far as he had light, and withal were sufficiently superstitious to regard certain opinions or presentiments as divine monitors. We do not profess to solve the whole matter, much less would we intimate that much could not be said against our mode of accounting for the effects produced, but to us it seems sufficient. If any can present a better hypothesis, it will be no offence to us.

We had designed giving some extended views on the Soeratic method of teaching and reasoning, but this has been done so often and so fully, that we hasten to make remarks on two points, rather more germane to the general design of this journal. The first is that Soerates possessed great earnestness of character and uncommon firmness of belief in the religious opinions which he held. Whatever greatness he possessed over the mass of thinking men in his own age, seems to have been

attributable to these causes, and especially to the latter, as the parent of the former. One can but admire to hear him saying, "What has befallen me appears to be a blessing: and it is impossible that we think rightly who suppose that death is an evil. A great proof of this to me is the fact, that it is impossible but that the accustomed signal [from the daemon] should have opposed me, unless I had been about to meet some good. Moreover, we may hence conclude that there is a great hope that death is a blessing." "We are not to be anxious about living, but about living well." "It is on no account good or honourable to commit injustice." "Neither ought one who is injured to return the injury, as the multitude think, since it is on no account right to act unjustly." "It is by no means right to do evil in return when one has been evil-entreated." "It is right, my friends, that we should consider this, that if the soul is immortal, it requires our care not only for the present time, which we call life, but for all time; and the danger would now appear dreadful, if we should neglect it. For if death were a deliverance from everything, it would be a great gain for the wicked, when they die, to be delivered at the same time from the body and from their vices together with the soul: but now, since it appears to be immortal, it can have no other refuge from evils, nor safety, except by becoming as good and wise as possible." "I should choose rather to suffer unjustly than to act unjustly." "There is a certain depravity in the soul."

These and many like religious and moral opinions, Socrates expressed with a degree of earnestness quite peculiar to himself, and with a degree of firmness in his faith that probably has no parallel among the heathen. The truth is that the element of faith in some form, and to a considerable extent, must enter into every truly great character. In the formation of a virtuous character it is essential. If Socrates rose far above his cotemporaries, it seems to us that it was more owing to this than to any other one cause. We need not assure our readers that we use the word *belief*, in this connection, in the general and not in the evangelical sense.

The other leading remark that presses itself upon us, in the review of the life and teachings of Socrates, is that a revelation from God is absolutely necessary to prevent, even in the most

sagacious men, fatal errors both in faith and practice, and to give a necessary degree of certainty to our religious belief. Indeed, it seems to us that one of the most powerful popular arguments might easily be constructed, out of the admissions of Socrates, in favour of the indispensable necessity of a well-authenticated and well-proven revelation from heaven. If native strength of mind, prodigious powers of reasoning, conversation with the most learned men among the heathen of many countries, and incessant reflection and inquiry on such subjects, could in any case have given sufficient light to guide the soul, it would have done it in the case of Socrates. Yet what do we find? In his practice he interlards his conversation with oaths, swearing by the names of the gods of his country, when an oath is by no means called for. Sometimes he speaks of the Deity, of God, and then again of the gods, so that whether he worshipped one, or twenty, or a thousand gods, none can tell. Even when *in extremis* he calls on Crito to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius. What miserable uncertainty is here! In his Apology he says, "Do I not, like the rest of mankind, believe that the sun and moon are gods?" Indeed the whole subject of futurity, and of religious truth in general, was in his mind dreadfully vague. Hear him: "To die is one of two things; for either the dead may be annihilated, and have no sensation of any thing whatever; or, as it is said, there is a certain change or passage of the soul from one place to another. And if it is a privation of all sensation, as it were a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream, death would be a wonderful gain. For I think that if any one, having selected a night, in which he slept so soundly as not to have had a dream, and having compared this night with all the other nights and days of his life, should be required on consideration to say how many days and nights he had passed better and more pleasantly than this night throughout his life, I think that not only a private person, but even the great king himself would find them easy to number in comparison with other days and nights. If, therefore, death is a thing of this kind, I say it is a gain; for thus all futurity appears to be nothing more than one night." Here is the light of nature shining to guide a man, and it brings him to the conclusion that the gulf of annihilation is not so dark and dreary

after all; that to be annihilated is gain over this life. But let us hear him through. "But if on the other hand, death is a removal from hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my judges? For if, on arriving at Hades, released from these, who pretend to be judges, one shall find those, who are true judges, and who are said to judge there, Minos and Rhadamanthus, Æacus and Triptolemus, and such other of the demi-gods as were just during their own life, would this be a sad removal? At what price would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, Hesiod and Homer? I indeed should be willing to die often, if this be true. For to me the sojourn there would be admirable, when I should meet with Palamedes, and Ajax son of Telamon, and any other of the ancients who has died by an unjust sentence. The comparing my sufferings with theirs would, I think, be no unpleasant occupation. But the greatest pleasure would be to spend my time in questioning and examining the people there as I have done here," &c. One cannot but exclaim, what a poor miserable place is even the fancied heaven of the heathen. On the morning of the day of his death, he says to Cælia: "To commit violence on one's self, they say, is not allowable." Even self-murder was only *reported* to be a sin. He says expressly, "I speak from hearsay." Then speaking of his own death he says, "I hope to go amongst good men, though I would not positively assert it; that, however, I shall go among gods, who are perfectly good masters, be assured I can positively assert this, if I can any thing of the kind." Afterwards he says: "I am well aware that arguments which draw their demonstrations from probabilities are idle; and unless one is on his guard against them, they are very deceptive, both in geometry and all other subjects." In this way he himself surrenders no small part of the ground taken for the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Indeed, wherever we turn in his writings we find him stumbling at straws, perplexed with things made so plain in Scripture, that a little child in a Christian family knows them, and the whole future enveloped in doubt. We turn from even the greatest heathen philosophers to the holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and we bless

Him, who is the Father of Lights, and who revealeth these things to babes. For ever blessed be God for his written word. It is indeed a light shining in a dark place.

Socrates was hardly dead till the Athenians repented of that injustice, which had deprived their city of so great a man. They closed all the palaestra and gymnasia. They condemned Melitus to death, and banished his other accusers. They are even said to have erected a bronze statue to the honour of Socrates. This would not reprove their vices. So fickle is popular opinion of merit and demerit. But we must come to an end.

ART. IV.—*Three Absurdities of certain Modern Theories of Education.*

ETYMOLOGICALLY regarded the words *synthesis* and *analysis* may be said to define themselves. The one is a *separation*, a *taking apart*, the other a *putting*, or *binding together*. And yet, like other terms, which are the converse of each other, they may be and often are, both mentally and practically interchanged. What is synthesis, when viewed under one aspect, is analysis when regarded under another. What is analysis practically, becomes synthesis theoretically. What is analysis chronologically, or in the order of time, becomes synthesis logically, or in the order of ideas. The process from particulars to universals experimentally, is often the index of just the reverse proceeding in the operations of the mind. For example, the analysis of water outwardly, into the elements oxygen and hydrogen, may be the mere proof of the assumed mental synthesis. Again, they necessarily imply each other. Every true view of a whole, as a whole, implies some scientific consideration of parts, regarded as parts of that assumed whole; and every scientific examination of parts, as parts, implies some consideration of a whole, as the whole of which they are parts. In other words, not only does every true theory imply some induction, but every sound induction implies some *a priori* view (*a priori* we mean in respect to this particular induction) to make