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ART. I.—GREEK IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

*Dissertationis de Græcis Medii Ævi Studiis Pars prior. De Græcis per Occidentem Studiis inde a Primo Medio Ævo usque ad Carolum Magnum.* Scripsit FREDERICUS CRAMER. Sundiæ, 1849. In Bibliopoleo Lœffleriano ap. C. Hingst. 4to., pp. 44.

*Dissertationis de Græcis Medii Ævi Studiis Pars altera. De Græcis per Occidentem Studiis inde a Carolo Magno usque ad Expeditiones in Terram Sanctam Susceptas.* Scripsit FREDERICUS CRAMER. Sundiæ, 1853. In Bibliopoleo Lœffleriano ap. C. Hingst. 4to., pp. 65.

It is somewhat remarkable that the investigation of the fortunes of Greek studies in Western Europe, during the long decline of learning, should have been delayed until the most recent years, and that, among the multitudes who have assiduously devoted themselves to classical philology and to mediæval antiquities, no one should have anticipated Herr Cramer in the discussion of this obscure but interesting topic. The examination of old manuscripts, and the determination of the dates of their execution, might have naturally stimulated such an inquiry; but the erudite and the ignorant, with rare exceptions, have been equally content to accept, as the starting point of their speculations about the modern history of Greek philology, the commonly received belief, that the knowledge of Greek became extinct in the west soon after the fall of the Western empire; and that it was not revived till the anxieties and agitations of the Byzantine court, preceding the conquest of Constantinople, dispersed through the more tranquil and flourishing cities of Western Europe, emigrant scholars and accomplished ambassadors, who never returned to the troubles they had left behind, but preferred the quiet honours of a Greek professorship in an Italian university, to the harassing distinctions of a sinking empire. It is to this period that Humphrey Hody

is the most fatal and melancholy, and is sure to be visited with God's severest judgments. And, considering the proneness of man's nature to contention and bloodshed, it is something to have the great truth impressed on the memory of mankind, even by secular history, that it is love alone which overcometh the world, and that "blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

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ART. IX.—PLATO'S PHÆDON.

*Platonis Opera Omnia ad Fidem Optimorum Librorum denuo recognovit et una cum Scholiis Græcis emendatius edidit* GODOFREDUS STALLBAUMUS, *Prof. Lips. Gymnasii Thomani Rector.* Nova Editio Stereotypa. Lipsiæ Sumtibus et Typis Caroli Tauchnitii. 1850. 8 vols.

*The Works of Plato. A New and Literal Version, chiefly from the Text of Stallbaum. Vol. 1: containing the Apology of Socrates, Crito, Phædo, Gorgias, Protagoras, Phædrus, Theætetus, Euthyphron, and Lysis.* By HENRY CARY, M. A., Winchester College, Oxford. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1848.

*Schleiermacher's Introductions to the Dialogues of Plato.* Translated from the German, by WILLIAM DOBSON, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College. Cambridge, 1836.

To Schleiermacher is unquestionably due the praise of having suggested the best arrangement of the Dialogues of Plato, which has yet been made. The key to his scheme is furnished by Plato himself, in that memorable passage of the Phædrus in which Socrates repudiates the notion that letters are "a medicine for memory and wisdom." The points in which written instructions are likely to be deficient, are briefly and pungently intimated, and the true method of successful teaching, which consists in awakening curiosity, stimulating spontaneous activity, and turning learners into ardent and interested inquirers—are happily illustrated. Schleiermacher conceives that the model, after which Plato composed his works, was that of animated oral instruction, and that he has attempted to imitate, as nearly as possible, the process by which an intelligent teacher quickens and directs the mental energies of his pupils. His aim has been, not to impart results which could be treasured up in the memory, and which frequently convey no real knowledge to the mind; but to make

his disciples work out for themselves and produce, by their own spontaneous activity, the truths which he seeks to establish. He has endeavoured, not to think for them, but to make them think for themselves. Guided by this principle, he has adopted the form of dialogue, and infused into it a degree of life and animation which it has in no other hands. The very perfection, however, to which he has carried it, becomes a source of obscurity. The most continuous attention is required to keep up the thread of discussion, and, as he was particularly anxious to guard against the form of knowledge without the power, the most intimate sympathy with his own mind is constantly exacted, in order to detect his real purpose. In the hands of Schleiermacher, his works constitute a regular gradation, and his philosophy comes out as an organic whole. Bekker, in his splendid edition of the text, has adopted Schleiermacher's arrangement, and has paid him the distinguished compliment of being the *Restorer of Plato*. For a critical vindication of the grounds upon which the arrangement has been made, we refer to the General Introduction, which comes first in the translation of Mr. Dobson, mentioned at the head of this article. Unless Mr. Bohn's series supplies the deficiency, we have nothing in English that deserves to be called a translation of Plato's works. The version of Taylor—the only one pretending to completeness—is often inaccurate, and in some parts, intolerably obscure. The series of Bohn, of which the first volume appears in our rubric, we have examined only in relation to a single dialogue; but we can hardly hope to see any translation in our own language, equal to that, as far as it was prosecuted, of Schleiermacher in the German.

We do not profess to be disciples of Plato; our partialities and affinities are all, on the other hand, with his illustrious scholar, whom he himself pronounced to be the "intellect of his school." Still we are prepared to render all proper homage to the divine genius of the master, to admire the skill with which he has turned philosophy into poetry, and converted speculation from a barren waste of briars and thorns into a garden of delightful and refreshing flowers. We are not insensible (who can be?) to the exquisite graces of his style, the grandeur of his thoughts, and the inspiring elevation of his aims. The world owes him a debt of gratitude for the service which, in modern times, his works have rendered to the cause of truth. The most potent weapons by which the progress of a low and sensual philosophy has been arrested, have been drawn from his armoury. It was he who stood in the breach against the artful sophistry of Hobbes, and vindicated the eternal principles of right, and he, too, has furnished the most striking illustrations of the doctrine which the French interpreters of Locke overlooked or despised, that there is more in the mind than experience puts there. In every department of modern speculation, his influ-

ence has been felt. The greatest philosophers of the age have vied in their encomiums upon him; and we presume that he is now better understood, than at any previous period since he wrote his immortal works. But the reaction in his favour, considering the quarter from which the impulse came, raises a presumption, which a patient study of his writings serves to confirm, that his philosophy contains the germs of speculations which, developed in one way, conduct to absolute idealism, and, in another, to what Sir William Hamilton calls, presentative idealism. The dualism of nature finds no place in his scheme. He is essentially rationalistic, and we have been amused at the ease with which Schwegler, in his History of Philosophy, has translated his doctrines into the dialect of Hegel. While protesting against the scope and spirit of the system, we may be allowed, however, to express our approbation of particular parts, especially when interpreted upon the principles of common sense. The immortality of the soul, as unfolded in the Phædon, we have always looked upon as a precious gem; and the whole conversation of Socrates, in his last hours, we have been accustomed to prize, as among the richest legacies of ancient genius. The Phædon is, indeed, an important contribution to natural theology. Its aim, according to Schleiermacher, is to describe the philosopher in death, as the Symposium or Banquet had described him in life. This is a noble subject, and we propose to give a brief analysis of the dialogue, accompanied with a running commentary, as far as it touches upon the question of immortality. A critical estimate of Plato we reserve for another opportunity.

The Phædon, which has a double title, *Φαίδων, ἢ περὶ ψυχῆς*, derives one from the name of the person who is made to narrate the discussions it contains, and the other from the subject which those discussions principally embrace. Phædon is represented as relating to Echecrates, at Phlius, the conversations of Socrates on the last day of his life, with his intimate friends who had visited him in prison. This Phædo was indebted to Socrates, not only for the emancipation of the mind by the lessons of philosophy, but for the emancipation of the person by redemption from slavery. He was a native of Elis, of noble descent, but having lost his property in early life, he was sold into bondage at Athens. Socrates, in passing the house where he lived, was struck with his intelligent and ingenuous look, and prevailed upon one of his friends, Alcibiades or Crito, to purchase his freedom. From that time forward, Phædo became a disciple of Socrates, and adhered to his master, with the most affectionate attachment, to the last. He subsequently founded a school at Elis, in which he perpetuated the spirit and method if not the doctrines of the Socratic philosophy. The other title—Concerning the Soul—indicates the subject of the conversations in question. The point which Socrates proposes to

establish is that death, so far from being an injury, will prove a real blessing to the good man, or the man who devoted his life to philosophy. This, of course, implies that the soul shall continue to exist, and hence the first step in proving the proposition is to prove that the soul is immortal. The discussion assumes the form of a forensic argument. Socrates appears before his friends as judges to vindicate the calmness, confidence, and hope with which he was awaiting the execution of his sentence. He was in no consternation or alarm; he was not even sad or dejected. This strange dignity and serenity of mind he asserts to be just and reasonable; precisely the deportment which befitted a philosopher; and the ground on which he maintains his proposition is, that the philosopher has hope in his death. If I can make out this point, he says to his friends, you must acquit me of everything unworthy in my present demeanour. The whole discussion, then, may be reduced to these two questions: first, shall the soul survive the dissolution of the body? and if so, second, shall its future condition be at all determined by its present character? These are certainly the most interesting questions which humanity can agitate, and no one who feels that life is an earnest and solemn reality can study, without emotion, the profoundest efforts of human reason to solve the mystery of our being. It is delightful to reflect that, upon these points, the mind of Socrates became clearer and clearer the nearer he advanced to his end. The words with which he closed his apology—that sublimest production of uninspired mortality—indicate a lingering doubt. “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.” His thoughts were no doubt intensely occupied with his prospects and destiny during the thirty days which elapsed between his trial and execution, and it was most cheering to see that he had attained such stability of opinion as to express, on the last day of his life, a firm and unshaken confidence that good would befall him in the other world; that, after having drunk the poison, he should depart to some happy state of the blessed.

The art is exquisite by which the question of immortality is introduced for discussion, and the subject reduced to the forensic issue which it is made to assume. Everything is natural, everything happens just as we should antecedently have supposed. The friends of Socrates enter the prison just as his leg had been released from the chains. They find him rubbing it. The change in his physical sensations leads him to remark on the unaccountable alternations of pain and pleasure; and the mysterious providence, which had inseparably united what, in their natures, were essentially diverse. It struck him as a fine topic for a fable, and he fancies the manner in which Æsop would have treated it, if it had been suggested to him. The mention of Æsop reminds Cebes

of the circumstance, that Socrates had employed himself in prison in turning the fables of Æsop into verse; and as several had asked him, and particularly the philosopher Evenus, why Socrates had done so, he takes occasion to seek an explanation. Socrates satisfies the inquiry, and, in return, sends a message to Evenus. This message is the immediate occasion of the whole subsequent discussion. "Bid him farewell," says Socrates, "and if he is wise, tell him to follow me as soon as he can." To this Simmias confidently replies, that Evenus would be very far from complying with any such advice. It was evidently, in the judgment of Simmias, a very foolish thing to wish for death. Socrates now prepares to lay down and support the thesis, that death is a real blessing to the philosopher, and that he will desire it with an ardour proportioned to the progress he has made in wisdom. But before discussing this point, he obviates the objection which might be drawn from the apparent sanction which the doctrine gives to suicide. If it is a blessing to die, the sooner the better; and, as every man has it in his power to depart when he pleases, it will be his interest to do so. Socrates rebuts the objection by an argument against suicide which Paley has formally disclaimed. Life is a trust, and we have no right to renounce it upon our own authority. God gave, and God must take away. We are the divine property, and it is not for us to dispose of ourselves. But, rejoins Cebes, if we are the servants of God, and bound to his service, then death is the escape of a fugitive slave from his master. The wise man, consequently, should revolt from it, as destroying a relation which is pleasant and honourable. Very true, admits Socrates, if death were the end of the man. But there is the fallacy in the argument. The soul still lives, and its relation to God is not destroyed. "If I did not think," says he, "that I should go first of all amongst other Deities who are both wise and good, and next, amongst men who have departed this life, better than any here, I should be wrong in not grieving at death. But now, be assured, I hope to go amongst good men, though I would not positively assert it; that, however, I shall go amongst gods, who are perfectly good masters, be assured I can positively assert this, if I can anything of the kind." In this way the subject is fairly introduced; his friends are constituted judges, and he pleads his cause at their impartial tribunal. To appreciate the force and pertinency of the argument, we must bear in mind the peculiar form of the question. It is not directly whether the soul is immortal, or whether the good shall be happy hereafter; but whether a wise man should be reluctant to die. In giving a negative answer, the great doctrine of life and immortality is adduced as the principal argument. The philosopher should welcome death, because he will still continue to live; and to live in a better and happier state than the present. The point of view from which all the reasonings, and

particularly the arrangement of the arguments of Socrates, must be contemplated, is plainly enounced by himself. "I wish to render an account to you, my judges, of the reason why a man who has really devoted his life to philosophy, when he is about to die, appears to me, on good grounds, to have confidence, and to entertain a firm hope that the greatest good will befall him in the other world, when he has departed this life."

1. The first argument is that death, after all, is only the consummation of philosophy—the completion of that which philosophy had begun, and to which its whole discipline had been directed. Those who properly engage in the pursuit of it have no other aim than to fit themselves for the act of dying, and for the state of death. This beautiful and striking thought has been transmitted from writer to writer, but in none is its significancy so fully and pregnantly unfolded as in the illustrations of Socrates. "*Tota philosophorum,*" says Cicero, "*vita commentatio mortis est.*" But in what sense is death the consummation of philosophy? To apprehend the doctrine of Socrates upon this point, we must fix clearly in our minds what he means by philosophy, and what he understood to constitute the pursuit of it. Philosophy with him was not mere speculation—the mere exercise of thought and reflection. To know was not simply to perceive that a thing was true. From a failure to seize the true point of the Socratic doctrine of knowledge, has arisen a corresponding misconception of the Socratic doctrine of virtue. Socrates certainly resolves wisdom into pure speculation, and virtue into science or a form of intelligence. But speculation with him is not a bare perception of the realities of things, or the consistency of thought; and science is not the developed evolution of a series of notions or cognitions. To know was to be in harmony with the truth; to speculate was to feel its power. Philosophy was a life, and philosophic thought the energizing of a being from the fulness of its life. The mind was the *home* of eternal verities—the place where they abode, not as occasional visitors or transient guests, but as the permanent proprietors, who had all its mansions adjusted to their own nature. The correspondence betwixt this representation of philosophy and the Scriptural representations of religion, subjectively considered, is too obvious to escape the dullest apprehension. True piety is a life and not a creed—the energies of a new nature, and not the formal apprehensions of a sound logic. The creed presents the means which produce, awaken, and regulate the motions of the living principle; it furnishes the occasions and conditions of its manifestations, just as sense and experience develop in consciousness, without constituting the primordial elements of human knowledge. The creed brings out the religion, but does not constitute it. Still the creed is as necessary to piety as the world of sense and the phenomena of experience to real science.

The question next arises, what are these *truths* that constituted science? Were they the facts and events of the phenomenal and changing world about us? Were they the things which the eye sees, the ear hears, and the hands handle? So far from it, that these were the things which kept the mind from the embrace of truth. Real truth, that which alone was worthy of the name, and which could be dignified as knowledge, was conversant only with the permanent, the unchanging, the eternal. It had to do with the real essences of things, not with their shifting forms. There could be, according to Socrates, no science of the phenomenal and transitory. Sense dealt with them—intelligence with truth. But what, again, were these unchanging essences? The answer to this question introduces us to the whole subject of the Platonic doctrine of ideas. Without insisting upon the various senses in which the word *idea* is employed by Plato at one time to indicate the common properties of individual things by which they become genera and species; at another, to express the laws of belief, the constitutive and regulative principles of human knowledge—at one, as equivalent to final, and at another, to efficient causes; without agitating the question about the objective reality and substantial existence of ideas; it is enough for our present purpose to state the sense in which, in the present instance, Socrates seems to us to have employed the term. They are, briefly, those perfections of the divine nature, those principles, so to speak, which underlie the whole fabric of existence, and give to everything its form and shape. They are the *reasons* of its being what and how it is. The good, the beautiful, the just—these were ideas, these were truth; they were the principles which the phenomenal and changing might be made to represent—which actually underlay them. They were the reasons, the final causes of all things. Ideas, in other words, are the plan of the universe in the great principles on which and ends for which it has been founded. Now, knowledge was the living participation of these ideas: a man knows only in so far as he can abstract his thoughts from all converse with the phenomenal and changing—the forms which conceal truth—and hold direct converse with these fixed and eternal realities in their simple and uncompounded essences. When his mind was made homogeneous with them, then, and only then, could he be styled a philosopher. Hence the discipline of philosophy was a discipline of abstraction from the world—of separation from matter and material forms—and a constant effort to bring ourselves into the condition of pure spirit.

This is what death does for us—it completes that separation after which we had been laboriously striving. It brings us into contact with pure ideas—no longer shrouded under the veil of sense, but revealed in their essential loveliness and beauty. It introduces us into the very state after which we had been ardently

aspiring. Those, consequently, who are in love with wisdom study to die—and death ought to be a welcome visitor. They have longed to be released from the thralldom of sense, and death comes in answer to their prayers. How absurd to grieve at that, in its full consummation, which they have already partially acquired, and have professed themselves anxious completely to attain.

In the development of this first argument Socrates insists, as the indispensable condition of philosophy, upon what in a wider though analogous sense, our Saviour makes the indispensable condition of salvation—the crucifixion of the flesh. Self-denial is the first lesson inculcated in both schools. Socrates traces the necessity of it to the barrier which the sensible world interposes between the mind and truth; our Saviour to the barrier which depravity interposes between ourselves and a holy God. The highest consummation of humanity, according to Socrates, was converse with pure ideas—according to our Saviour, communion with the Father of lights. But, if Christianity had dawned upon the mind of Socrates, he would have seen that the true seat of his ideas was the bosom of the Almighty, and that the only form of coming into full participation with their beauty was in fellowship with him. We can trace in this philosophy a yearning after, and a preintimation of the wisdom which descended in Jesus. There is here a feeling after God which to our minds is inexpressibly touching. He had glimpses of that truth which makes Christianity the glorious gospel of the blessed God. And is it not a shame that, while self-denial is so nobly and earnestly preached by a heathen, there should be philosophers among us, who do not scruple to proclaim that pleasure is the chief good? that the only inquiry which becomes us, is what we shall gain or what we shall lose? Socrates in this very argument exposes the hollowness of their virtues. He shows that those habits, however materially good, which have been cultivated merely as a means to an end, are in no proper sense virtuous at all. The temperance of such men is intemperance—their justice fraud, and their fortitude cowardice. Wisdom, that is, the highest perfection of our being, must be sought for itself—it is the chief good—and to subordinate it to any other end is to renounce it.

The defence of Socrates is admitted by his friends to be complete, provided it can be shown that the soul continues to subsist after death. The probabilities that in that case it shall attain to wisdom are clear and cogent. But the doubt arises, may it not be destroyed and perish with the body? In this great shock and convulsion of nature, may there not be a total extinction of our being? To this point, then, the immortality of the soul, Socrates next addresses himself.

1. The law from which he first deduces his conclusion, is the reciprocal production of contraries. By a copious induction,

extending to everything that admits of generation, he shows that contraries are not only produced from contraries, but that the process is regularly reversed. Waking is produced from sleeping, and sleeping, in turn, is produced from waking. The mode of production in each case is the process of transition between them. On the same principle, life is produced from death, and death from life. The living are only the dead revived, and the dead are only the living departed. Hence existence is an endless circle. Nothing new is created—nothing old is destroyed. Socrates even maintains that without this ceaseless circulation of existence, the universe would come to a stand. All things would be finally absorbed in death. Hence the ancient belief seems to be justified, that the souls of the departed go to Hades, and afterwards return to earth.

2. In the next place, the existence of souls after death is rendered credible by their demonstrable existence before our birth. That they existed in a previous state, Socrates infers from the very nature of knowledge or science. This he makes to be reminiscence. The development of this thought is one of the most beautiful passages of the Phædon, and lets us into the distinguishing feature of the Platonic psychology. Knowledge, as we have seen, is the participation of ideas,—ideas are those eternal principles, which, existing first as reasons or final causes in the Divine Mind, become, in their expression or representation through matter, the efficient causes of the mode and manner of existence to every individual object. No concrete being exactly corresponds to these ideas, and yet the concrete beings around us constantly suggest them to our minds. Experience presents us with approximations, and nothing more. What excites in us the pure and perfect idea? We have the idea of equality—an idea which never fluctuates nor changes. Nature presents us with no instances of its absolute exemplification—so that it could not have been borrowed from without. We have the ideas of the good, the beautiful, the just: these have been imparted by nothing which falls under the cognizance of the senses. The phenomena of experience only *recall* them. They were in the mind before, forgotten or covered up; and experience does nothing but furnish the occasions on which they are revived. In the order of nature, they are evidently prior to sensible impressions, and hence must have belonged to us before we were endowed with sense. Man, consequently, must have existed in a previous state, and all true knowledge is reminiscence. If he existed before he was born, there is nothing incredible in supposing that he may exist after he is dead. That is, if his birth was one species of death, his death may be another species of birth. This analogy is not peculiar to Socrates or Plato; neither was the general doctrine of the preëxistence of the soul. Aristotle assures us that the ancient philosophers were afraid of nothing more than this one thing, that anything should be made out of nothing

preëxistent. "And therefore," as Cudworth remarks, "they must needs conclude that the souls of all animals preëxisted before their generations. And, indeed, it is a thing very well known, that, according to the sense of philosophers, these two things were always included together in that one opinion of the soul's immortality, namely, its preëxistence as well as its postexistence. Neither was there any of the ancients before Christianity, that held the soul's future permanency after death, who did not likewise assert its preëxistence; they clearly perceiving that, if it were once granted that the soul was generated, it could never be proved but that it might also be corrupted. And, therefore, the assertors of the soul's immortality commonly began here, first to prove its preëxistence—proceeding thence, afterwards, to establish its permanency after death." But the Socratic doctrine is peculiar in the mode of proof. Other philosophers depended upon the metaphysical speculations connected with causation. They could not admit creation—the production in time of an absolutely new being. Hence they were compelled to postulate the eternity of souls as well as of matter. But Socrates rests his proof upon the very nature of knowledge. We have ideas—that is a fact about which there can be no manner of question: it is equally certain that we did not derive them from sense or experience; we did not get them after we came into the world. We must, therefore, have had them before; and if so, we must have existed before we were born. That these ideas could have been infused at the time of birth, or, as modern philosophers would express it, could have been concreated with the soul, is untenable, upon Platonic principles, in a double aspect: 1. Ideas are eternal and immutable, and inseparable from intelligence. They exist as they are understood. Their character is to be intelligible; and hence, being eternal themselves, they necessitate an eternal reason or intelligence. 2. Creation is impossible. The soul never could have begun to be, strictly and absolutely; and therefore, what in modern systems would be only a doctrine of innate ideas, or ideas concreated and connatural with the soul, in the school of Plato was obliged to imply the preëxistence, and even the eternity of the thinking principle.

Having established to the satisfaction of his friends the preëxistence of the soul, Socrates now proceeds to the positive proof of its continued existence after death; and in this part of the argument he advances one step farther in unfolding his doctrine of knowledge, and the relation of ideas to intelligence. Here the discussion most strictly corresponds to that part of the title which leads us to anticipate a dissertation on the nature of the soul. The question is, can it be destroyed by death? Socrates answers that, being simple and indiscerptible, it is not subject to the only modes of destruction with which we are acquainted, or which, upon the

principles of ancient philosophy, are conceivable. As there is no such thing as annihilation, the resolution of a compound into its parts is the only destruction that can be admitted. But the soul is not a compound—cannot, therefore, be decomposed, and cannot, therefore, be destroyed. Thus far the argument is the same as that which is currently known among philosophers and divines as the metaphysical argument, and with which all are familiar as developed and illustrated by Clarke and Butler. But in the common form of stating it, the simplicity of the soul is inferred from the simplicity of consciousness. The indivisibility of the person is only another mode of enunciating the indivisibility of thought. This, however, is not the process by which Socrates reaches the conclusion in the dialogue before us. He infers the eternity and immutability of the soul from the eternity and immutability of ideas with which it participates in knowledge. Ideas are simple and indestructible—the mind is like them—the mind, therefore, is simple and indestructible. The process of argument is this: there are evidently two worlds—the world of ideas and the world of sense: the world of sense is phenomenal, visible, changeable; the world of ideas is substantial, invisible, and permanent: one is peopled with realities—the other with appearances. We also consist of two parts—a soul and a body. Now, the body is evidently a part of the world of sense: it is adapted to it, and belongs to it; being visible, changeable, and compound. The soul, on the other hand, is analogous to the world of ideas; it feels at home in conversing with them; they are its proper aliment and perfection; it is conscious of degradation in being absorbed in sense—conscious of restraint, of violence done to its own proper nature. As, therefore, the body is the link which connects us with the compound, phenomenal, transitory, finite, and perishing, so the soul is the link which connects us with the simple, real, permanent, infinite, and everlasting. The soul could not know, if it did not possess a nature analogous to that of ideas. It must be like them, in order to communicate with them. This is the great argument of the Dialogue, and it is essentially Socratic and Platonic. Immortality is thus made the condition of the possibility of knowledge.

We are happy to say that, in this general view of the connexion of knowledge and immortality, we are sustained by the conclusive authority of Schleiermacher. "Let it not be overlooked," says this eminently Platonic writer, "that the possibility and truth of knowledge are continually and repeatedly interwoven with the allegations of proof respecting immortality, and that, as regards our author, the two are in fact most intimately combined. For the endeavour after knowledge could not exist at all under the form of a wish to die, not even in a philosopher, if it were necessarily, at the same time, a wish for annihilation. And if the soul is to appre-

hend the essentially existent, which is not subjected to origination and destruction, and to all the conditions of imperfect existence, it can only do so, (according to the old principle, and one which in this argument must be always borne in mind, that like is only apprehended by like,) as existing similarly, and in the same manner with that essential existence. Thus, then, the immortality of the soul is the condition of all true knowledge, as regards men; and conversely, the reality of knowledge is the ground upon which the immortality of the soul is most certainly and easily understood. Hence, in the former dialogues also, in which knowledge was investigated, immortality was always pre-supposed and investigated simultaneously; and one may say, that from the Gorgias and Theætetus downwards, the two subjects are continually approximating in their progress, until they are at last in this dialogue most closely combined."

It is impossible to read this part of the Phædon without being struck with the grandeur of the thought; and though the cold sensationalist may turn from it with listlessness and indifference, or sardonically declare that there is nothing in it, we cannot but feel that what is so noble, so inspiring, so sublime, must be something more than a mere dream of the fancy. We confess that to us there is something in it. We believe that there is a necessary connection between immortality and knowledge, when knowledge is taken in that high sense in which it is discussed by Plato. We would use the connection as a proof of the existence of God, of that Eternal Mind, whose perfections and energies as they are displayed in the works of His hands, are the true originals of the ideas of Plato. Intelligence and ideas reciprocally imply each other; and as there are principles which we are compelled to recognize as necessary, eternal, immutable truths, there must be a necessary, eternal, immutable Spirit. Eternal truth implies an Eternal Mind. Plato's argument is inconclusive in reference to the human soul, because its knowledge and existence are alike derivative. It applies only to the first and underived intelligence. But still, the honour which is put upon man in making him capable of resembling God, in that which demonstrates his essential being, is a presumption that the like consequence shall attend knowledge in his case. If knowledge in God is necessarily connected with immortality, it is extremely credible that in giving man one, He designs for him the other also. The Neo-Platonists were so strongly impressed with this connexion that they made the human soul only an emanation from the divine, which eventually returned to it and was absorbed into it; and it has struck Cousin and the Eclectic philosophers so forcibly, that they have represented human reason as absolutely impersonal—as, in fact, the reason and intelligence of God manifesting itself in our spontaneous processes of judgment. If ideas are eternal and immutable,

and yet the condition of their existence is that of being intelligible, it is self-evident that there must be an Eternal Mind. But, as we can conceive of created spirits, there is no difficulty in conceiving that they may be endowed with capacities of knowledge—with capacities of apprehending that which is entirely independent of their own existence. Had Plato once admitted the doctrine of derivative spirit and derivative intelligence, he would have seen that the doctrine of reminiscence was altogether unnecessary. All that philosophy could have inferred from the nature of knowledge, was the great first Spirit, and the prime seat and original fountain of these essential forms of intelligence.

There is still another aspect in which the argument may be presented. Immortality is an original element of consciousness, a native and indestructible law of belief, but lies latent and concealed until it is developed in some act of knowledge. Like every other regulative principle of our nature, it is elicited in consciousness, on some occasions in experience. As personal identity is manifested in memory, so the belief of immortality is unfolded in the consciousness of possessing eternal and unchanging truth; and in the same way that memory may be said to prove personal identity, may knowledge be said to prove immortality.

The rest of the Dialogue, so far as it bears argumentatively upon the question of the continued existence of the soul after death, is taken up with the answer of objections, or rather with the refutation of two conceivable hypotheses: the first, that it is the result of combinations, analogous to harmony in music; the other, that, though stronger in itself, and much more durable than the body, it may yet finally wear out and perish in some of its deaths. Before articulately refuting these schemes, Socrates gives advice in relation to the value and authority of reason, and the danger of being seduced by sophistry to despise it, that reminds one very strongly of a passage in Butler's Analogy. Reason is one thing, and reasoning is another; and because arguments are sometimes perplexing, and both sides of a question may, by ingenuity, be rendered plausible, we should never permit ourselves to doubt the reality of truth, or to distrust the authority of our primitive beliefs. Hatred of reason and hatred of our species, misanthropy and scepticism, are traced by Socrates to a similar source.

His refutation of the first hypothesis is chiefly of value now, as it indicates to us the manner in which a similar theory in modern times—that which makes the soul a result of organization—may be answered. The principles in each case are essentially the same. The aim of both schemes is to explain the apparent simplicity of consciousness, and yet to admit no substantial existence but that which is material and visible.

The refutation of the second hypothesis is rendered particularly interesting by the account, with which it is introduced, of the

philosophical studies of Socrates. We see how he was led to the doctrine of ideas; and in tracing the steps of his progress, are put in a condition to apprehend the real import of the doctrine. He began with physics, but soon became disgusted with the very nature of the inquiries with which the physical philosophers were occupied. They were not exploring the causes of things—the real point at which philosophy should aim—but rather investigating the conditions which were indispensable to the operation of causes, and absurdly mistook these conditions for the causes themselves. He soon perceived that any philosophy which confined itself to the external phenomena that strike the senses, could never penetrate to the causes or principles of things. It must always miss the *real*. Why, for example, says Socrates, am I sitting here? The naturalist thinks that he has answered the question when he has explained the anatomical structure by which my body is enabled to sit—the arrangement of bones, muscles, and sinews, without which such a posture would be impossible. But in all this we have only the conditions which are necessary to the effect—the instruments of the cause, but not the cause itself. The real cause was the decree of the court which condemned him to prison, and the determination of his own mind to abide the decision. Following this track of inquiry, Socrates is conducted to the conclusion that the supreme principle, the true cause, in every case, must be sought in intelligence; and consequently true causes and true principles are only another name for *ideas*. Ideas may therefore be represented as the *reasons* why things are what they are—as that which makes them to be what they are—their real in opposition to their phenomenal existence. Why is sugar sweet? It would be idle to say, that it consists of such and such chemical elements. These do not explain the property; they only indicate certain external conditions under which the property is manifested. The true reason is, that sugar participates of that idea or essence which we denominate sweetness. This essence is real being. Now, we know things only as we are able to seize these essences. These being the true causes, philosophy, which is the doctrine of causes, is realized as far as it is able to penetrate to them; they are at once the *principium essendi* to things, and the *principium cognoscendi* to us. Matter furnishes the conditions of their outward manifestation. In themselves, they belong essentially to intelligence, and can be directly known only by intelligence. They have no outward subsistence. By virtue of their relations to the things which they constitute and animate, they fall accidentally under the categories of space and time; but they are essentially strangers to both. They have neither beginning nor end—they are eternal, incorruptible.

The principle being established, that ideas are the true causes of things, Socrates is now prepared to establish the permanent

existence of the soul. We shall abridge his arguments in the words of one of the greatest admirers of the Platonic school. "It is the peculiar character of a true principle, of a true cause, to exclude its contrary, and even the contrary of what flows directly from it. Now, the soul is the principle, the cause of life. If you should ask what makes such a body warm, I would not answer—although the answer would be true, but explains nothing—that it is *heat*; but, going first to the principle, I would reply with precision, that it is fire. If one asked what makes such a person sick, I would not reply, disease—but, fever. So, in the present case, ascending to the primitive idea, to the principle, to the cause of life, I say that it is soul. As, now, soul constitutes life, and excludes, in its quality of principle, the contrary to what it constitutes,—as that contrary is death—it must necessarily exclude death." The soul, therefore, is essentially immortal; and, if immortal, imperishable.

Here the argument for immortality ends. The rest of the dialogue is taken up in explaining the different destinies of men after death, and closes with a touching description of the last hours of Socrates.

The great practical principle which Socrates was anxious to inculcate was, that we shall live hereafter in proportion as we die here, and that we shall die hereafter in proportion as we live here. This is the doctrine of One greater than Socrates. The Son of God has declared that "he who loseth his life shall find it, and that he who finds it shall lose it." How should it stimulate us to the most exalted self-denial, when we compare our motives and inducements with those which only glimmered feebly upon the mind of the pagan sage! He felt after immortality, and longed for it; he toiled, and suffered, and died for it. We see it in the light of the gospel, but we hardly deem it worth the surrender of a lust or the sacrifice of a passion. A glorious feature is revealed, but we cleave to the earth. The love of wisdom inspired Socrates with a desire similar to that expressed by the Apostle—to depart and be with Christ. Has the love of wisdom, of holiness, of truth, no charms for us? Do we burn with no ardent zeal to attain the perfection and achieve the glory of our nature? Let all who read these lines catch the impulse of a noble and generous ambition. Let them resolve to vindicate the native grandeur of their souls, and, by the untiring pursuit of virtue and knowledge, seek for glory and honour, and make their immortality the blessedness of eternal life. We can all be more than philosophers,—we can be good and true. Let not the heathen sages rise up in judgment against us.