entrusting her to the care of his attendants, amidst cries of passionate grief, which had broken forth from her afresh at the sight of them now come to bid their last farewell. The occasion naturally leads to the conversation which follows a discussion, according to Plato, on the immortality of the soul,—Socrates interrogating and arguing with all his wont­ed vivacity ; whilst the party around him answer and listen with eager interest, and, as may naturally be conceived, with undescribable sensations of mingled delight and pain. Crito would have dissuaded him from this exertion, for he feared, from what he had been told by the executioner, that the heat of the body thus produced, would add to his discomfort in his last moments, by rendering the effects of the poison more lingering. He only observed, that “ it mattered not ; the executioner should only be ready to do his duty, and mix the draught twice, or even thrice over, if it should be found necessary.”@@1

The discourse being brought to a close, he rose to pro­ceed to the bath, as an immediate preparation for his death; when Crito detained him for a while, to ask his last com­mands about his children, or **any** other matter in which their services might gratify him. He replied, “ that he had no­thing new to say beyond what he had ever been saying,— that by attending to themselves, they would most gratify him and his, as well as themselves, in all they might do, though they might even make no promise now ; but that if they neglected themselves, and were unwilling to follow in the track pointed out in all that he had said to them up to this last occasion, all that they could do would be of no avail, however much, and however earnestly, they might promise at the present moment.”@@8 Crito assented to this advice, but in his eagerness still to do some act of kindness to his revered friend, subjoined, “ But in what way are we to bury you?” This mode of speaking of his burial, gives occasion to a very characteristic reproof from him, of this solicitude on the part of Crito. “ As you please,” was his answer, “ if at least you can take me, and I do not escape from you.” Then gently smiling, and looking off to the surrounding company, he added, “ I cannot, my friends, persuade Crito, that I am the Socrates that is now convers­ing, and ordering every thing that has been said ; but he thinks that I am that man whom he will shortly see a corpse, and asks how you should bury me. But what I have all along been talking so much about,—that when I shall have drunk the poison, I shall no longer stay with you, but shall, forsooth, go away to certain felicities of the blest,—this I seem to myself to have been saying in vain, whilst comforting at the same time you and myself. Bail me therefore, to Crito the opposite bail to that which he bailed me to the judges; for he was bail for my staying; but do you be bail for my *not* staying when dead, but going away ; that Crito may bear it more easily, and may not feel aggrieved for me, as if I were suffering something dreadful, when he sees my body either burning, or being interred ; nor may say at the burial, that he lays out, or carries out, or inters *Socrates.* For,” he continued, turning himself again to Crito, “ be as­sured, excellent Crito, that the speaking improperly is not only wrong in itself, but also produces some evil in the soul. However, take courage, and say that you are burying *mg body;* and bury it as may be agreeable to you, and in the manner you may hold most lawful.”@@3

He then went into another apartment to bathe, Crito fol­lowing him, whilst the rest of the party awaited his return. After bathing, he received his children,—two of whom were yet little ones, the third a youth,—and the females of his family. Having conversed some time with these in the presence of Crito, and given them his final commands, he dismissed them, and came out again to the assembled friends. This affecting interview had occupied a

considerable time, and when he returned, it was near sunset. He had not long sat down, when the officer of the Eleven presented himself, and respectfully intimated to him that the fatal moment was at hand. The noble and gentle de­meanour of the philosopher during his imprisonment had won upon this man ; and used as he had been to the scenes of execration and horror within those w alls, he was struck by the contrast in the case of Socrates, and bursting into tears as he gave his message, turned himself away, and re­tired. Socrates himself was touched by this demonstration of considerate feeling. He cordially returned the saluta­tion, promising *a* ready compliance with the order. Then addressing the company, he observed, “ How courteous the man is! through all the time he would come to me, and would converse with me sometimes, and was the best of men ; and now how generously does he weep for me!” He then called for the poisoned cup. Crito's affection would still have delayed it, for he urged that the sun was not yet gone down, and that others on the like occasions had not used such despatch, but had supped and drunk beforehand as they pleased. Socrates answered that this might be rea­sonable for others; for him it was reasonable not to do so; and persisted in requiring the cup to be brought. The pro­cess of bruising the hemlock took some time ; but at length the man who was to administer the poison came with it now ready for the draught. He calmly inquired what he was to do ; and, being told that he was only to walk about after drinking it, until he found a heaviness in the legs, and then to lie down, he took the cup into his hand without the slight­est change of colour or of countenance. But before he put it to his lips, partly, it seems, from religious feeling, and partly in humour, he further asked whether he might make a libation to any one from the cup. Nor did even his usual quaint manner of putting a question, which he knew would somewhat surprise the hearer, forsake him on this occasion ; for he looked at the man, at the same time, with that pecu­liar glance usual to him, which his contemporaries jocosely designated by a word denoting its resemblance to the man­ner in which the bull glares around him with the head down­ward. Learning that the whole draught was not more than sufficient for the fatal purpose, he said, “ At any rate one may, and ought to pray to the gods, that the migration hence to those regions may be prosperous; which indeed I do pray, and so may it be!” With these words, he drank off the poi­son with the most perfect composure and readiness.

At the sight of this, the bystanders could no longer command their emotions. Their tears flowed profusely. Some rose up from their seats,—Crito set the example,— and covered their faces, to give vent to their sorrow. Apol­lodorus sobbed aloud. He gently expostulated with them for this outbreak of grief, saying, “ What are you doing, my friends, so strangely ? I indeed sent away the women not least on this account, that they might not offend in such a way ; for I have heard that one ought to die amidst auspi­cious sounds : I pray you, therefore, be tranquil, and bear up.” This rebuke had the effect of repressing their tears. The heaviness which he had been led to expect from the working of the poison now began to come on, and he left off walking, and reclined, with his face upward, and covered over. The torpor gradually spread towards the upper re­gions of the body,—the lower parts becoming, one after the other, congealed, and insensible,—until it reached the heart. In this interval, he uncovered himself, and said, “ Crito, we owe a cock to Esculapius ; pay it, I pray you, and neglect it not ;” intimating probably that now all the diseases of life were healed, and that he was restored to real and pure ex­istence by the death of the body. These were his last words. Crito asked whether he had any thing more to say, but re­ceived no answer. There w as no further indication of life,

@@@, Plato, Phædo, p. 63, d. *et* *sqq.*

@@@t Ibid. p. 115, a. *et* *sqq.*

@@@’ Ibid.