

After what has been brought to mind, one cannot doubt either the reality or importance of love. Instead, therefore, of wondering why a philosopher for once in a way writes on this subject, which has been constantly the theme of poets, rather should one be surprised that love, which always plays such an important \_rôle\_ in a man's life, has scarcely ever been considered at all by philosophers, and that it still stands as material for them to make use of.

Plato has devoted himself more than any one else to the subject of love, especially in the \_Symposium\_ and the \_Phaedrus\_; what he has said about it, however, comes within the sphere of myth, fable, and raillery, and only applies for the most part to the love of a Greek youth. The little that Rousseau says in his \_Discours sur l'inégalité\_ is neither true nor satisfactory. Kant's disquisition on love in the third part of his treatise, \_Ueber das Gefühl des Schönen und Erhabenen\_, is very superficial; it shows that he has not thoroughly gone into the subject, and therefore it is somewhat untrue. Finally, Platner's treatment of it in his \_Anthropology\_ will be found by every one to be insipid and shallow.