

seventy-two years of age and broken-hearted. They may leave him alone, the orthodox Romans, the righteously indignant friends of Senator and Pope. For that noble heart, hell itself could scarcely reserve any sorer punishment than the consciousness of a life's labour wasted by one fierce outbreak of Berserker revenge.

The body of the dead king was laid in the mighty mausoleum which he had built for himself outside the north-eastern corner of Ravenna. There the structure still stands, massive if not magnificent, no longer now the tomb of Theodoric, but the deserted Church of St. Maurice della Rotonda. It is built of white marble, and consists of two stories, the lower ten-sided, the upper circular. The whole is covered with an enormous monolith weighing two hundred tons, and brought from the quarries of Istria. It is hard even for the scientific imagination to conjecture the means by which, in the infancy of the engineering art, so huge a mass of stone can have been raised to its place. In the centre of the upper story of the building stood, in all probability, the porphyry vase which held the body of the great Gothic king. The name Gothic must not lead the visitor to expect to see anything of what is technically called Gothic architecture in the building. The whole structure is Roman in spirit; square pilasters, round massive arches, a cupola somewhat like that of Agrippa's Pantheon. The edifice, however, of which upon the whole it most reminds us is the great Mausoleum of Hadrian, such as it must have appeared in the centuries when it was still an imperial tomb and before it became a papal fortress. And probably this was the example which hovered before the mind of Theodoric, whose work was not undertaken in the spirit of mere vainglory. Believing that he was founding a dynasty which would rule Italy for centuries, he would construct, as Hadrian had constructed, a massive edifice in which might be laid the bones of many generations of his successors.

As it turned out, the great mausoleum became a cenotaph. Theodoric himself was buried there; but when Agnellus, three hundred years after his death, wrote the story of the Bishops of Ravenna, it was a matter of public notoriety that the tomb had long been empty; and the belief of the chronicler himself was that the royal remains had been cast forth contemptuously out of the mausoleum, and the porphyry urn in which they were enclosed, a vessel of wonderful workmanship, placed at the door of the neighbouring monastery. Why should there have been this mystery about the disposal of the body of the great Ostrogoth? Thereto is attached a little history, which, if the reader has patience to listen to it, links together in curious fashion the name of the Pope who sent St. Augustine to convert the Saxons, and that of the Pope who in our own day wielded and lost the power of the king both at Rome and at Ravenna.

One day rumours are heard of some important discovery made by the workmen and not reported to the Commission. Enquiries are commenced: two workmen are arrested: by coaxing and threatening, the whole grievous history is elicited from them. A few days previously the navvies had come suddenly upon a skeleton, not in but near one of the tombs. The skeleton was armed with a golden cuirass: a sword was by its side and a golden helmet on its head. In the hilt of the sword and in the helmet large jewels were blazing. The men at once covered up the treasure, and returned at nightfall to dig it up again and to divide the spoil. At the time when the slow-moving Commission set its enquiries on foot the greater part of the booty had already found its way to the melting-pot of the goldsmith or had been sent away out of the country. By keeping the prisoners in custody, their share of the spoil, a few pieces of the cuirass, was recovered from their relatives in the mountains. These pieces, all the remains of the whole magnificent "find," are now in the museum at Ravenna. Great precautions were taken afterward by the Commission. A trusted representative was always present at the excavations by day; the city police tramped past the diggings at night. But the lost opportunity came not back again, no such second prize revealed itself either to the labourers or the members of the Commission. Now, to whom did all this splendid armour belong in life? Of course the answer must be conjectural. It was given by the archaeologists of the day in favour of Odoacer, and the bits of the golden cuirass in the museum at Ravenna are accordingly assigned to him in the catalogue. But Dr. Ricci, an earnest and learned archaeologist of Ravenna, argues with much force that the scene of Odoacer's assassination took place too far from the Rotonda to render this probable, and that there has never been a dweller in Ravenna to whom the skeleton and the armour can with more likelihood be assigned than Theodoric himself. We may imagine the course of events to be something like this. During the reign of his grandson the body of the great king in its costly armour remains in the royal mausoleum, guarded perhaps by some of his old comrades-in-arms, or by their sons. Troubles begin to darken round the nation of Theodoric, the Roman population of Ravenna stir uneasily against their Arian lords; monks and hermits begin to manufacture or to imagine such stories as that told to Gregory concerning the soul of the oppressor being cast into the crater of Lipari. The inmates of the monastery of St. Mary, close to the Rotonda, hear and would fain help this growth of legend, so fatal to the memory of the Ostrogothic king. Suddenly the body with its golden cuirass and golden helmet disappears mysteriously from the mausoleum. No one can explain its vanishing, but the judgment of charity will naturally be that the same divine vengeance which threw the soul of the king down the volcano of Lipari has permitted the powers of darkness to remove his mortal remains. The monks of Santa Maria, if they know anything about the matter, keep their secret; but some dim tradition of the truth causes the cautious Agnellus, writing three centuries after the event, to say, "as it seems to me he was cast forth from the tomb." So the matter rests till, thirteen centuries after the deed was done, the pick-axe of a dishonest Italian navvy reveals the bones of Theodoric.—*Italy and her Invaders, by Thomas Hodgkin.*

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF SCHOPENHAUER, THE PESSIMIST.

No kind of ratiocination is more vicious than that which seeks to draw conclusions as to the soundness or unsoundness of any philosophical or religious system from the merits or demerits of particular persons who happen to profess it. But the founders of religions and philosophies are in a very different position in this respect. Their teaching is but one expression of themselves—a reflection of their own individuality; or, as Aristotle speaks, an external embodiment of their inner being, and is best judged of, when that is possible, in connection with other manifestations of their personality. Their lives often throw a flood of light upon their doctrines. Let us, therefore, consider briefly what manner of man Arthur Schopenhauer was. His life may be read at large in the pages of Gynner, Tranenstad, and Lindner, and in the instructive little English work which Miss Zimmern has compiled from these and other sources. The son of a wealthy and well-educated merchant of Dantzic, for whom he claimed Dutch descent, and of a clever and vivacious woman, he lost his father at the age of eighteen. Soon after he abandoned the commercial career upon which he had entered, and after passing a short time at Gotha, betook himself to Weimar, where his mother was residing. She, however, stipulated that he should not live with her. "Your way of living and of regarding life, your grumbling at the inevitable, your sulky looks, your eccentric opinions, which you deliver oracularly and without appeal—all this disquiets, fatigues, and saddens me. Your mania for disputation, your lamentations over the folly of the world and the misery of mankind, prevent my sleeping and give me bad dreams." On attaining the age of twenty he entered at the University of Gottingen, where, besides the humane letters, he studied chemistry, medicine, natural history, and the religions and philosophies of the East. In 1811 he quitted the University of Gottingen for that of Berlin. Thence he went to Dresden, and in 1818 he paid his first visit to Italy. In 1820 he returned to Berlin, and began to lecture as a privat-docent, but attracted no audience. In 1823 he went to Italy again, and again came back to Berlin in 1825, and remained there until 1830, when he fled at the approach of cholera, and took up his abode in Frankfurt, attracted there by its reputation for salubrity. It was in that city that he finally fixed his residence. He never left it from 1833 until his death.

Such are the principal landmarks in his lonely self-engrossed career. His life, through all that tract of years, was led in a routine of study, *table d'hôte*, flute playing, walking, and sleeping. He never married, and appears to have declined, as far as possible, all the ordinary duties of life. His chief amusements were the theatre and music, and the contemplation of works of plastic and pictorial art. The picture which Miss Zimmern, a professed admirer of him, gives of his manners is not winning. She attributes to him "boisterous arrogance" and "vanity in the worst sense of the word." "Neglect exasperated him, he was easily angered, suspicious, and irritable." "The heavy artillery of abusive utterance characterized his speech." "Loss of fortune was of all ills most dreaded by him." "The slightest noise at night made him start and seize the pistols that always lay ready loaded. He would never trust himself under the razor of a barber, and he fled from the mere mention of an infectious disease." He professed a great respect for the memory of his deceased father, but to his living mother he exhibited "a shocking want of filial piety." In politics he was a strenuous advocate of absolutism. Patriotism he judged "the most foolish of passions and the passion of fools." Like Voltaire, he held the people to be "a collection of bears and swine," and he regarded all pleadings for their liberty, freedom, and happiness as hollow twaddle. Naturally, therefore, the great uprising of 1848 against the crowned oppressors of Germany was detested by him. How strong were his sympathies on the other side may be inferred from the fact that all his fortune was bequeathed to the survivors or representatives of the troops who carried out the murderous task of re-establishing the tottering edifice of Teutonic despotism. In the pleasures of the senses he indulged freely. Wine, indeed, soon mounted to his head. He was obliged, therefore, to content himself with shallow potations. But he was a great eater, and, as Miss Zimmern euphemistically expresses it, "he was very susceptible to female charms," with a preference, as that lady is obliging enough to note, for brown women. His landlady at Berlin, it may be assumed, either was not charming or was not brown, as he distinguished himself by kicking her downstairs with such violence as permanently to cripple her, and was in consequence condemned by the proper tribunal to maintain her for the rest of her natural life. He appears in practice to have approximated to the Byronic standard of the whole duty of man—Lord Byron, indeed, was one of his favourite poets—"to hate your neighbour, and to love your neighbour's wife." "The more I see of men," he writes, "the less I like them. If I could but say so of women, all would be well." His constant aim, as he says in many places, was to acquire a clear view of the utter despicability of mankind, and it must be allowed that he supplied in his own person a strong argument in favour of that doctrine. The sole virtues, using the word in its most elastic sense, with which I find him credited, were love of his spaniel and occasional doles to his poor relations, which, however, could have been no great tax upon his fortune, for at his death his patrimony, in spite of sundry bad investments, had nearly doubled.—*"Ancient Religion and Modern Thought," by W. S. Lilly.*

LADY TALBOT, while visiting one of the large works in Sheffield the other day, asked one of the men if he were going to vote for her husband, who is a Conservative candidate for one of the divisions of that town, whereupon he replied: "Well, mum, you see we vote by ballot now."