

slain. Rüdiger von Bechlarn comes and sees the misery; Etzel and Krimhild require him to take part in the fight, which rouses in him a heart-rending conflict. On the one hand are his friends to whom he had shown hospitality; on the other, his King, who had made him rich, and his Queen, to whom he had sworn implicit obedience in Worms. In his distress the hero turns to God for counsel and guidance, and, according to the opinion of the time, the Lord wished a man's duty as a vassal to take precedence of all other duties. So, after a hard inward struggle, Rüdiger resolves to fight for his King and his Queen. Giseler thinks that Rüdiger is bringing peace, and breathes more freely. But alas! the Margrave only announces his readiness to fight against his friends. He addresses Gunther, Gernot and Giseler in words full of sympathy and sorrow, and just as he is going into the fight, Hagen calls to him and begs for his shield, which Rüdiger gives him, touching even this grim nature by such an act of kindness. Gernot and Rüdiger fall by each other's hands, the latter being killed by his own sword, which he had given to King Gernot in Bechlarn. The news of Rüdiger's death is told to King Dietrich, who had held aloof from the fight. He sends old Hildebrand, escorted by the whole host of the Goths, to learn how it happened. Sharp words arise between Volker and the wild Goth warrior Wolfhard; from words they come to blows, and all the heroes who meet there, except Gunther, Hagen and Hildebrand, fall in the strife. On learning of the loss of all his followers, Dietrich breaks out into bitter lamentations over his fate, and over each of the fallen. He then sets out to subdue Hagen and Gunther, whom he vanquishes and leads in chains before Krimhild, after exacting from her a promise to spare them. She demands that Hagen should give up the stolen Niebelungenhoard, and when he replies that he has sworn not to give it up as long as one of his masters still lives, she has Gunther, her brother, slain, and brings his head to Hagen. "It has come to pass as I thought," says he; "no one knows where the treas-

ure is save God and myself, and from thee, thou Fury, it shall ever be hidden." Then remembering Siegfried, Krimhild draws his sword, which Hagen has on, out of the sheath, swings it high with both hands, and strikes off the warrior's head, to the horror of Etzel. Hildebrand, seeing the Queen thus violating the trust put in her, springs forward and kills her, too.

Thus the King's feast had ended in woe, as joy always at last turns into sorrow.

This Epic has been called "A song in praise of loyalty;" and it is in fact this virtue which shines through all the prominent characters of the poem. It diminishes the individual guilt of the leading personages by representing their actions as forced upon them by stress of circumstances, or by a conflict of noble motives.

The Niebelungenlied, as Lachmann has proved, is not the work of one single author. It is a compilement of several ballads, for in most of these songs we recognize great differences in conception, treatment and style.

So, instead of speaking of a poet, we can only speak of the man who arranged and revised the poem.

We possess ten complete manuscripts of the Epic, and a great number of those which contain fragments of it. One of the former manuscripts was discovered on castle "Hohenems" in the Tyrol, and is now in Munich. Another, which was found in the same castle afterwards, came into possession of Baron von Lapberg, and is now at a private library in Donaueschingen (Bavaria).

Chicago's ambition is in a fair way to be gratified. M. Palacio, a Spanish architect, has designed a magnificent and most astonishing monument to perpetuate the memory of Christopher Columbus, and to serve as a perennial remembrance of the first Spanish-American Colonial Exposition. At the cost of about six millions of dollars he proposes to build a colossal sphere 984 feet in diameter, crowned by the vessel which carried Columbus to the New World, and encircled by a platform more than half-a-mile in length.